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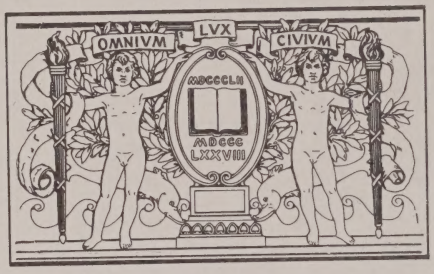

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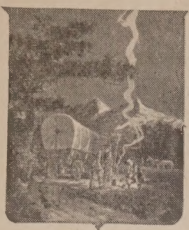

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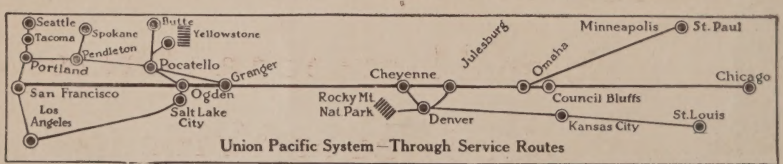

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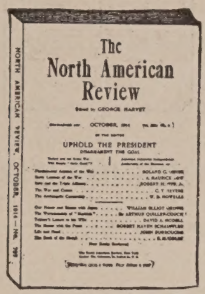

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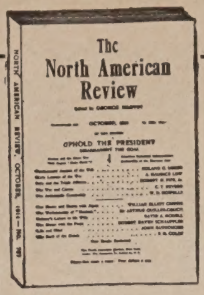

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went out to Roumania before that country's entrance into the great struggle. The diary and letters from which the extracts are made in the present paper form a consecutive story of Roumanian conditions since the commencement of the War. Lady Kennard is a great-granddaughter of John Jay.

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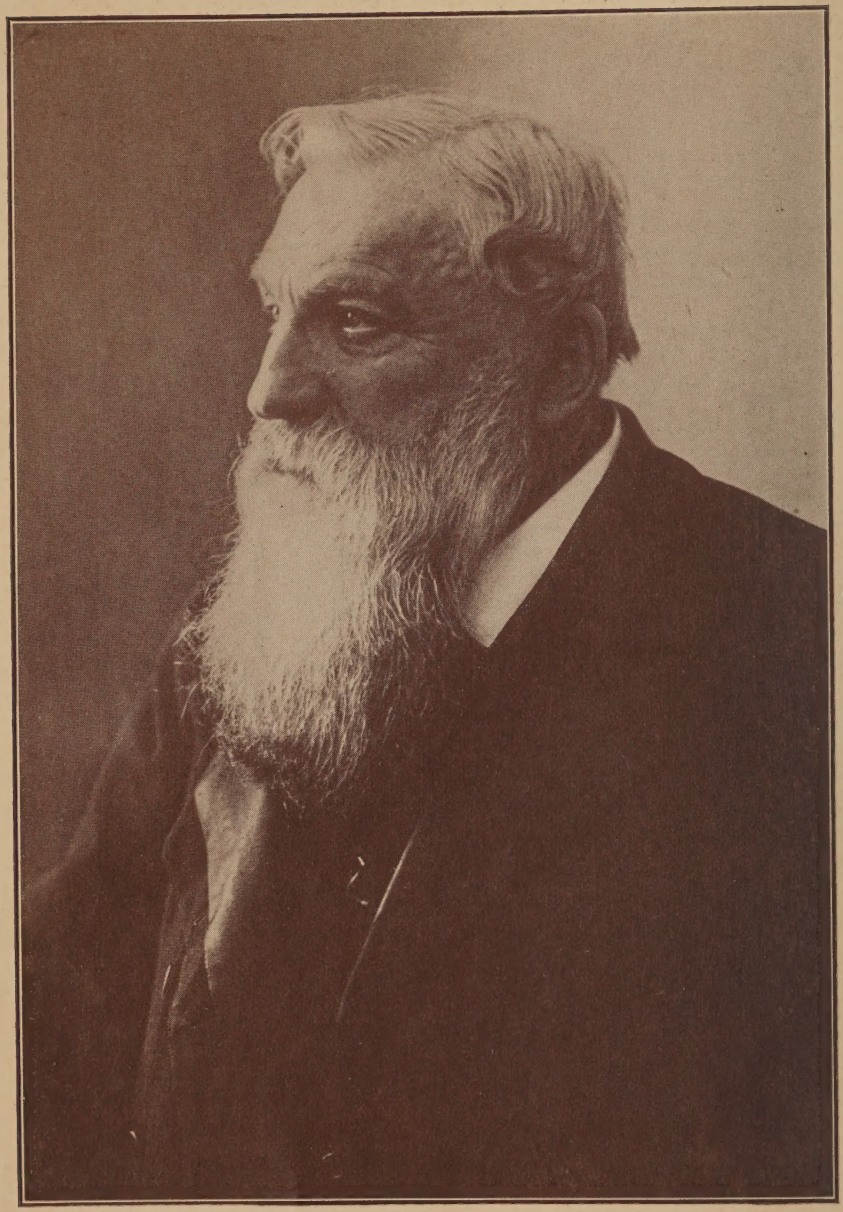

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"THANK GOD FOR WILSON"

THE PRESIDENT AT HIS BEST

BY THE EDITOR

We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith * * *

This was the resolute adjuration addressed by the great Apostle to the distracted Ephesians nearly two thousand years ago, and this is the unflinching message of our own chosen leader upon the eve of the most crucial year in the history of our country and of the world. The die is cast irrevocably and there is no middle course. The powers of light must prevail over, or succumb to, the rulers of darkness. " Only a miracle can bring peace," declares Maximilian Harden; " either Germany must be crushed or her enemies must be defeated; there is no alternative." And Harden speaks the truth,—as we speak the truth when we repeat what we said last month: that at no time since the battle of the Marne has the outlook been as black as it is today. Advantages gained in sporadic battles, such as that of General Byng, only to be lost immediately in full or in large part, avail nothing. Not only in the East, where Russia and Roumania are releasing millions of trained German soldiers for service elsewhere, but on the decisive Western front, the situation is bad, bad, bad.

Cheering assurances we receive without number from honest but incompetent observers, but they have small basis in fact. The allied forces are not in condition to withstand with surety or confidence the terrific onslaught which Germany is bound to make within six months. As we have said over and over again, *America* must win the war, and there is not a month, not a week, not a day, not an hour, to be lost.

The great crisis may come at any moment between January and July.

It is a fearful responsibility that Fate has put upon the President, and he has the sympathies and the prayers of millions, but it is none the less maddening that he should persist in attempting to bear the whole burden alone. Again we implore him to abolish the latest makeshift for a War Council, comprising overworked heads of departments, charged to meet *once a week,* and draw to his aid the five biggest minds in the country—men of the calibre of Chief Justice Edward D. White and Elihu Root—and hold them at work *every day* and *every hour* that may be within the range of physical possibilities. Surely if, as the President plainly warned our Allies, unified direction is essential abroad, it is no less a requisite at home.

Readers of this REVIEW need not be reminded that, within a month after war was declared, we directed the attention of the President to the fact that every Power in conflict had been "driven to this recourse" and depicted as "the overpowering and pressing need" such a "concentration of direction of manifold divergent forces" as would constitute "a combined sieve and buffer" and enable him to achieve effective co-ordination. Now, after six long months, we read limply in the Washington dispatches that "as the war has progressed the need of a more effective co-ordination of effort has become increasingly evident," that "heads of departments have looked at problems only with the idea in mind of solving their special difficulties," and that "this lack of teamwork, with its resultant reduction in efficiency, is responsible for the decision to establish a new War Council," consisting of the six members of the old Board of National *Defense* and five additional supernumeraries.

Bitter experience enforced reluctant and belated admission of the necessity, but, alas, the change is not for better, but for worse. The larger the body, of course, the less useful it is bound to be. In point of fact, the new Council is not a Council at all; it is a weekly town meeting "held every Monday morning," when of all times each member should be at his desk. Nobody possessed of a grain of common sense can fail to realize that such a contrivance is useless as of the present and hopeless for the future;—a doubly discouraging circumstance because—

What this Government needs is vision.

No whit less vital than the present urgency is heed to the future. Of what avail are "all the resources of the civilized world" if those resources are not utilized? Our Allies are dragging into service every conceivable aid in Europe and India and Africa, but they look perforce to the United States to muster South America and Japan, and even perhaps China. The President must realize that; he has vision, splendid, wide and far-reaching; but how can that vision be brought into action while smothered, as now it surely is, in a mass of details?

It is only fair, moreover, to warn the Government that the remark is becoming far too common that everything this Administration does is "partisan, petty and personal." Denying, as we do with indignation, all such accusations, we nevertheless cannot fail to recognize the wisdom, even the necessity, of taking most scrupulous care to lend no color to such aspersions. In a time like this, when feelings are tense and hearts are being wrung, when political ambitions and personal jealousies are rife and when even the flimsiest of excuses are sought by the wilfully discontented, every act of a great leader should not only be but luminously and unmistakably *appear to be* disinterested and noble. In no other way can a great people be kept as wholly united as the President believes this Nation now to be.

Needless to remark, these reflections pertain only to acts having to do with the practical prosecution of the war which are susceptible of wilful misinterpretation or of unwarranted inference. In power and lucidity of expression the President stands today without a peer,—a fact universally acclaimed in appreciation of his latest declaration and overshadowed only by his amazing ability, unsurpassed since Jefferson, of voicing the inmost aspirations of the American people. To them, of course, in a technical sense, through their Congress, the great Message of December 4th was spoken, but none the less, in reality, it was addressed to the whole world, to our Allies and to our enemies alike. While its chief significance lay in the serving of notice upon the foes of civilization that the Scotch-Irish, American, Presbyterian heel is rooted in the ground, it breathed a spirit of magnanimity for which, in like circumstances, one may search history in vain for a precedent. Humanity was its foundation and democracy its keystone. It was directed "not against flesh and blood

but against principalities" and "the rulers of darkness."

Therein we find the underlying and most vital distinction between the thoughts and purposes of the English Marquis and the American President. Lord Lansdowne would treat with the German autocracy, Mr. Wilson with the German people; the one, as the undisputed leader of the British aristocracy, would recognize as an equal only a governing class corresponding to his own; the other, pre-eminent as the head of the greatest Republic, can hear only "the voices of humanity that come from the hearts of men everywhere." To impute unworthy motives to the most experienced statesman of England, backed not only by his own powerful class which has contributed its all in men and money to the great cause but also by the foremost minds of the Liberal party, headed by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gilbert Murray, is the height of absurdity. Not lack of patriotism, but the effect of tradition, the point of view, quite likely in no small degree apprehension of the menace to aristocracy signified by the outburst in Russia, constituted the root of Lord Lansdowne's proposal on behalf of a group which would be the last but one in the world to fight to "make the world safe for democracy."

In point of fact, Lord Lansdowne's suggestion of a restatement of war aims as a matter of policy differed in no respect, upon its face, from the actual proposal from Russia which the President's personal representative supported in conference; it was the hidden meaning, the covert assault upon the dashing element now in political control that brought down upon his head the objurgations of Northcliffe and Lloyd George. To our mind the incident, slight as it may seem, presages in England, simultaneously with the return of the millions of soldiers, a fresh outbreak of the unending and irrepressible conflict between classes and masses, between ancient, rooted aristocracy and modern, eager democracy,—a strife from which even an inoffensive and impotent royalty can hardly escape unscathed.

Far more surprising to us than his call for a declaration of war upon Austria, an inevitable happening sooner or later, was the President's thinly veiled threat of economic ostracism of Germany to follow a military settlement. When the fact became known, some two years ago, that a similar programme had been adopted at a secret conference of the British and French in Paris, the outcry against it as unduly and unwisely vindictive was so strongly intensified by the marked disap-

proval of the American Government that Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey hastily abandoned the idea, and it has never since been heard of. We can picture the amazement of the original sponsors at the revival of the proposition by the President himself in foreseeing "untoward circumstances" which might render impossible the admission of Germany "to the free economic intercourse which must inevitably spring out of the other partnerships of a real peace."

That was going far but, even so, hardly farther than what has been generally interpreted as a demand for the overthrow of both the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs as a *sine qua non* of negotiations. No ultimatum such as that has ever been presented or even hinted at by either Britain, France or Italy; it seems, moreover, to be negatived by the President's plain assertions that "we intend no interference in the internal affairs" of Germany and that "we do not wish in any way to impair or to re-arrange the Austro-Hungarian empire." It is a nice point at best and one so vital as bearing upon our fundamental traditions, no less than upon our future attitude, that we wish the President might have spoken with such definiteness as would have rendered misconstruction impossible. We are convinced, however, that all he meant to convey was that the United States could have no dealings with a Government whose pledges are worthless or with a vassal of such a Government. There he stands upon solid ground; further he could not go without violating unbroken American policy. How the peoples of the two countries shall remedy the existing defects, whether by deposing or by controlling their present rulers, "is no affair of ours"; the only "ultimatum" is that it must be done before they can resume their places in the family of self-respecting nations. That is all.

Not the least of the many merits of the great paper are its noticeable omissions. A less sagacious and wide-reaching mind, striving for popular approval, would have been sorely tempted to pile Ossia upon Pelion by recounting at length the specific grievances of individual States. The President did none of this. While depicting clearly a true conception of the inherent right of every well-defined community, great or small, to life and liberty and pursuit of happiness and while voicing sympathy with those who have suffered most and whose opportunities for natural development are unfairly restricted, he did not pretend by even the faintest sug-

gestion that America would have gone to war to avenge either Serbia or Belgium, to restore Alsace-Lorraine, to give Trieste to Italy, to re-establish Poland, to save France or to protect England,—he knew full well that the American people would never have held any one or two or three of these objects to constitute adequate cause for intervention.

He did not even recur, except by vaguest indirection, to an assumed obligation upon our part to "make the world free for democracy," having doubtless, upon reflection, reached the correct conclusion that, in setting an example of free government at its best and in affording a refuge for all oppressed human beings, America performs her full and most effective part in the service of mankind. Nor did he even refer to the rapacity of Germany in seeking to acquire the railroad from Berlin to Bagdad—a doubtful grievance which clearly outgrew its proper perspective in the Buffalo speech,—possibly because he imagined the smile that would illumine the face of Uncle Samuel if, by chance, some day, we should decide to build a road through Mexico into South America, and Germany or Britain should protest against our reaching out for unlimited power in the Western hemisphere.

Brushing all incidentals aside, with a wide sweep and a bold brush the President portrayed the great issue of Human Freedom versus Human Slavery as it has never been presented before. From the imperishable document which has issued from his mind and heart nothing should be taken away and to it nothing need be added. The case is made for all the world and is complete.

"Our present and immediate task is to win the war, and nothing shall turn us aside from it until it is accomplished."

*"Stand therefore * * * taking the shield of faith."*

Those querulous persons who constantly bemoan as unfortunate the President's acknowledged habit of depriving himself of valuable information, which they would be only too happy to convey, by communing chiefly with himself must have waked up when their eyes lit upon this spirited utterance in the famous Message to Congress:

> I hear the voices of dissent—who does not? I hear the criticism and the clamor of the noisily thoughtless and troublesome. I also see men here and there fling themselves in impotent disloyalty against the calm, indomitable power of the nation. I hear men debate peace who understand neither its nature nor the way in which we may

attain it, with uplifted eyes and unbroken spirits. But I know that none of these speaks for the nation. They do not touch the heart of anything. They may safely be left to strut about their uneasy hour and be forgotten.

That is to say that, without claiming to possess the amazing agility which enables Mr. Bryan to "hold both ears to the ground," the President would have it understood that he is not deaf and that, even though the windows be shut and fastened, he can hear, possibly through the cat-hole in the back door, what is going on outside. Whom, if anybody, in particular, we wonder, had he in mind? Those who "here and there fling themselves in impotent disloyalty" against "calm, indomitable power" might readily be identified with the notorious "little group of wilful men" and we can easily visualize the revered Doctor Eliot, happily not now an ambassador, as one whose peace debates can be viewed serenely "with uplifted eyes and unbroken spirits." The badger lafollette, too, appears luminously upon the political horizon at the head of the restless beings who "strut about their uneasy hour" and who, in common with the President, we hope, with less assurance than we should like to feel, may soon "be forgotten."

But whence issues "the criticism and the clamor of the noisily thoughtless and troublesome,"—or should it have been the thoughtlessly noisy? That is what puzzles us. We cannot recall any noticeably strident outbursts; indeed, all things considered, we should say that folks generally have kept pretty quiet. Can it be that the President was thinking of our best beloved Colonel? It is possible. Although never quite what you would call noisy, the Colonel is no pussyfooter in walk or in speech; in fact, we can think of few sounds so penetrating as his sibilant whisper. He may be a bit troublesome, too, at times; he certainly tries to be; but thoughtless? oh, no; as between Presidents, we should hardly say that. And yet, as we canvass the names of offenders to whom the term might have been applied in a moment of petulance and resort to the trustworthy process of elimination, we find nobody else left, as he himself would remark, in the ring. We guess the Colonel is the man.

Well, seriously, it is too bad. The time is not far distant when the Government will need all the help it can get from every intelligent and patriotic leader of men and from none more than from Mr. Roosevelt, whose personal following is

still the greatest and most devoted in the country. We wonder sometimes whether the President appreciates how many hundreds of thousands of loyal citizens feel a sense of personal tragedy in the shelving of one who must be regarded as the most generally recognized, if not actually the foremost, patriot in the land, in this hour of the Nation's greatest peril. Because the country acquiesced in the President's correct judgment that only professional soldiers should be entrusted with high commands in France, it does not follow and it is not the fact that the country is pleased to have Mr. Roosevelt ignored or is unaware of the value of the unique service which he might render.

While deprecating, as we do, speculation as to "what might have been," it is folly to disregard the lessons of experience in seeking true guidance for the future. The Root Mission to Russia was doomed to failure from the start, partly through the socialistic propaganda from this country, aided and abetted by the racial activities of Mr. Samuel Untermyer, known then to be an intimate counsellor and now, in fact, a member of the Administration, and partly through Russian ignorance which visualized our foremost statesman as a representative of capitalism. Whether Mr. Roosevelt, who was immune to all such accusations and is the only American whose name is familiar to any considerable number of peasants and workingmen, could have saved the situation is perhaps a question, but there can be no doubt whatever that his great fame and powerful personality would have enhanced the possibility enormously. And, strictly between ourselves, we doubt if he would have ever come back, to become "noisily troublesome" as either a critic or a candidate.

But let that pass. As matters now stand, we have paid out, "on acct. Russia," nearly two hundred million dollars, to no effective purpose whatever, and are "holding up" a hundred and fifty millions more, already allotted but not likely to be delivered until some basis for the rosy hopes and "faith in the Russian people" intermittently heralded by the State Department shall put in an appearance. So far as one can perceive, we are waiting, Micawber-like and quite impotently, for "something to turn up." Is that wise? Can nothing be done or even attempted? Too late! Nonsense! It is never too late to try. Some thought and still think that we were somewhat slow in entering the great war

for civilization and in preparing to do so effectively, but if the President is right, as we trust he may be, in his assurance that now "as a Nation we are united in spirit and intention," surely it was "better late than never."

May it not be so in this case? Consider! We have just reversed our traditional Eastern policy to accommodate Japan; we have acknowledged the rightfulness of her claim to special privileges in China, without consulting China and against China's protest; surely Japan cannot be ungrateful for the one great concession which she has sought in vain for years. Japan, moreover, is our ally—or should we say co-belligerent?—and occupies a position more like to our own than any other nation; Japan claims to be eager to do more than she is doing in the war; Japan has an army of millions of trained soldiers, a large portion of whom are in Manchuria; Japan is pleading constantly, through her visiting Missions, for an opportunity to co-operate along all lines with the United States.

Why not give her the chance? Why not send to Tokio immediately a competent Mission to devise ways and means by which the two nations may jointly strive to serve the great cause by inducing and helping Russia to strike Germany in the East,—if not this year or the next, in the year following or in the year following that? It is wholly practicable. What one country lacks in material or men the other possesses, and both can build ships to traverse the open Pacific highway. The sole requisite is the inspiration, leadership and driving force of a Theodore Roosevelt, a former President, as the head of a Mission, whose mere arrival in Japan, testifying recognition as an equal and the friendship of a sister State, would be celebrated as no event has been acclaimed since the triumphant return of Togo. It would be much to ask of him at this late day, we confess, but he would go. He may not have the technical qualifications of a corps commander, but Our Colonel is a true soldier; neither slacker nor quitter, and a patriot from top to toe; as he has given all four of his sons, so would he give himself without a murmur.

But if, for some diplomatic reason which we cannot conjecture, Japan's proffered co-operation must be rejected and Russia is to be left to the tender mercies of two American attachés, whose conflicting declarations necessitate repudia-

tion at frequent intervals by the State Department, what of South America as a field for effective endeavor by one of Mr. Roosevelt's great prestige? Surely, if given time and encouragement, the twelve Latin-American countries which have severed relations with Germany could accord invaluable assistance to the Allies in supplies and even in men. Brazil alone has increased her army of 35,000 soldiers to 200,000 and has many more available in reserve, fully equipped with artillery and rifles and lacking only machinery for the manufacture of ammunition which this country could furnish. Thanks to the sagacity and influence of Ambassador da Gama, moreover, her fidelity to the common cause is unquestioned. Argentina, with her vast productive capacity, still quivers in the balance, but no nation has better cause for war upon the ruthless Huns who would leave "no trace" of her ships and men, and one cannot doubt the spirit of the people when a great popular journal like *El Diario,* commenting upon the latest Message to Congress, acclaims the President "the evangelist of democracy" and adds:

> With men such as this at its head the great Nation of the North can march to glory unimpeded. Modern democracy has found its prophet. The message clearly shows that peace will be the task of the people, not of the governments, and that the war is purely one against imperialism. President Wilson's words must resound throughout the world, and in no place more than in the Americas.

The danger lies in the neglect and inattention of "the great Nation of the North," to which these countries look for inspiration and leadership. Months ago Director General John Barrett of the Pan-American Union warned the Government of the urgent need of counteracting the effect of German propaganda throughout South America, produced evidence of the activities of a swarm of German agents whose efforts might "completely nullify all the apparent advantages of Pan-American co-operation and support in the war" and pleaded for the dispatch of a Mission to co-ordinate the work of the twelve belligerents and to combat the enemy in the eight remaining neutral countries. The Cologne *Volkszeitung* bears out Mr. Barrett's assertion by insisting that no efforts be spared to intensify and increase the existing "dislike of Americans" by convincing the people of Argentina and Brazil that the United States "has not gone into the field purely for commercial reasons but for political ones."

Again we ask: Is there not here an opportunity for Mr. Roosevelt as the head of a Mission fully supported by the Government, to render immense service to the country, not only during but, in its continuing effect, after the war?

Again, too, as before, we inquire: If, for some inexplicable reason, South America, like Russia and Japan, is a prohibited zone, is there not work to be done at home which nobody can do as well as our best beloved Colonel? Just at present we are not only in the honeymoon of the war but in a flush of enthusiasm over the President's thrilling declaration. But that condition cannot continue. There will come lulls in America as there have come lulls in England and in France. It is not going to be a simple or easy task to maintain a high pitch of patriotic fervor throughout a vast country containing a hundred millions of diverse and partly hostile nationalities. People grow weary and listless as they become accustomed to changed and none too agreeable circumstances. Abroad, where this natural feeling has appeared as a positive menace more than once, despite the proximity and imminence of peril, recourse has been had to popular leaders,—to men sure of great audiences who could go straight to the masses and arouse them by the magic of voice and personality to a degree impossible of achievement through the printed word. Who better than Mr. Roosevelt could be found to draft for such service as the head of a group of famous speakers like Senator Borah, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Lenroot, Mr. Beck, Mr. Littleton, Mr. Herrick, Mr. Malone, Mr. Mitchel and scores of others who would gladly respond to the call? We might even say a few words ourselves.

These, of course, are mere suggestions, submitted with due faithfulness as component parts of counsel besought but hardly common, in response to the President's sound declaration that, if we are to win the war at all, we must all " stand together night and day until the job is finished," regardless presumably of past differences and heedful of the fact that " we are all of the same clay and spirit and can get together if we desire to get together." The one point we would make is that in Theodore Roosevelt the country has a great asset which the Government is not utilizing to full or even partial advantage and that, if the President would hardily put aside his preference for " dif-

fering radically with a man when he isn't in the room" because "when he is in the room the awkward thing is that he can [and probably would] come back at me and answer what I say," and summon his predecessor for a frank conference, he would go far to achieve the unity which he truly pronounces essential to success. Our Colonel himself opened the way when he enthusiastically endorsed the great Message as "a solemn pledge" and insisted that "the American people must devote themselves with grim resolution and wholehearted purpose to the effective translation of this pledge into action,"—which is, above all else, of course, what the President most ardently desires.

We have only to add that Colonel House himself could not be more disinterested in this matter than we are—a fact which should be apparent when in candor we confess that we had reserved for Our Colonel a cell adjoining our own on the second floor or tier, or whatever you call it, back, in Burleson Gaol, and we shall miss him terribly.

We infer from desultory reports from abroad that, when these words appear in print, the Colonel White House Mission to Europe will either be on its billowy way home or safely discharged at an American port formerly known as New York; so, at any rate, we hope and shall pray tonight. It was hardly a visit; rather a call, following the precedent established by Mr. Root and his associates, who took one look around Petrograd and skidded back as rapidly as a Siberian locomotive could point the way. Consideration of the actual achievements of the European party must await necessarily an official revelation from Mr. Creel, but a fairly consecutive account of the pilgrimage can be pieced out from scrappy cablegrams to the public prints.

Our recollection is that, in our record last month, we left our representatives in segregated taxi-cabs scurrying about London for conferences with fellow under-secretaries, but we were not then aware that Colonel House himself had moved into the apartment in Chesterfield House in South Audley street formerly occupied by Mrs. Nicholas Longworth—a coincidence of some historical political significance—and that upon the verge of retirement he issued the following excellent statement of plan and scope:

> One hundred and forty-one years ago the makers of our nation laid down the doctrine that governments derive their just powers

from the consent of the governed, and are instituted among men to give security to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We intend to live and develop under this doctrine which is now at stake, and we feel that our being would not be justified if at this critical hour we failed the other democracies who share with us in this lofty and just conception of the dignity of man.

Since 141 from 1917 leaves 1776, a somewhat memorable year in the annals of this Republic, and since the declaration referred to was addressed most particularly to the nation whose guest he was, we thought at first that the Colonel had mislaid his abundant store of tact, but realizing upon reflection that the forefathers on both sides are long dead and buried we could find in the allusion only a gentle reminder of continuing independence, which doubtless served a useful service without necessarily imputing the actuating motives of George the Third to George the Fifth, with whom the Colonel was about to dine in peace and harmony. What he said was so, anyhow.

The welcome extended to the Mission by the London press was all that could have been desired. The *Times,* in particular, was most enthusiastic over the timely arrival of Colonel House and his "chosen band of distinguished men," all of whose biographies, barring that of Mr. Auchincloss, which apparently was not quickly available, it printed for the information of its readers and, in some respects, we have to confess, to our own enlightenment. It also commended highly Secretary Lansing's "very direct and pointed statement that the conference which Colonel House will attend as a full member will be anything but a Peace conference," for which "it was known some weeks ago Colonel House was collecting data,"—thus shrewdly forestalling the possible misapprehension to which we made passing allusion last month.

Later in the week, according to the special correspondent of the *World,* the Missionaries were "entertained at luncheon by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace," after having been introduced by Walter Hines Page, "the Ambassador here." Meanwhile Colonel and Mrs. House had dined *en famille* with their Majesties. "It was," notes the Boston *Evening Transcript,* "their first meeting since the *Lusitania* was sunk." The Colonel was in London at the time and had an engagement for dinner at the Palace when the news came; whereupon, the *Transcript* continues:

> Colonel House cut short his visit. He sent his apologies to the

King with the message that, "This means war," and the promise to write him a letter on his arrival in America, and sailed for home on the next ship. That was in 1915. When the King was sending a Mission to America in 1917, the story goes that he charged one of the members to look up Colonel House and tell him that the King of England was still waiting for that letter.

It is not probable that the matter was referred to even jocosely at the dinner in the presence of the ladies.

The first meeting of the conferees was a notable affair. It took place in the famous council chamber in Downing street, where English history has been made for centuries, around the table at which the draft of a certain Stamp Act, with which our forefathers were familiar, was approved. The British Empire was represented in a political way by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Earl Derby, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, Viscounts Reading and Northcliffe, Lord Rhondda, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. In the absence of Colonel House,—it being matinee day,—the United States was represented by Son-in-law Gordon Auchincloss, Esq., of No. 61 Broadway, just south of Rector street, who thought at first of sending his stenographer but finally decided to attend in person. As became his rank, he sat directly beneath the famous portrait of Sir Francis Bacon, the only one in the room, under which Benjamin Franklin had pleaded and protested and Adams and Jay had negotiated. The only speech reported was the Premier's, but a pleasant occasion was reported by all.

The departure of the Mission was celebrated with mutual felicitations. The Americans, according to the *Times,* not only proved themselves to be "specialists of exceptional ability and distinction," but in return of compliment, according to Sir Edward Carson, they were "lost in astonishment and amazement at the organization and effort put forward by the British Empire,"—discoveries upon both sides as gratifying as they seem to have been surprising. Before leaving, moreover, Colonel House himself, "virtually for this purpose," in the words of the *Times,* "the Government of the United States," expressed his official pleasure and personal satisfaction.

The trip to Paris was made in record time and all arrived in excellent condition. Promptly on the following morning, Mr. Grasty cabled to the *Times,* Colonel House

"called all the Americans together to agree on a procedure" and, there being no open dissent, his plan was adopted. From that day forward the accounts are vague. There seem to have been conferences, some "allied" and some "inter-allied," but reporters were not admitted and we shall have to await as patiently as may be Mr. Creel's elaborated version in the *Official Bulletin.* All we really know now is that Colonel House's very sensible suggestion to the other Premiers that all speeches be barred except one little one by Monsieur Clemenceau at the beginning of the session was adopted and the prospective flow of oratory was effectually dammed until the close of the conference when, in response to a polite request from Monsieur Clemenceau himself, cordially supported by the others, Colonel House spoke as follows:

M. Clemenceau, the president of the French Council, in welcoming the delegates to this conference declared that we had met to work. His words were prophetic. There has been co-ordination and a unity of purpose which promise great results for the future. It is my deep conviction that by this unity and by concentrated effort we shall be able to arrive at the goal which we have set out to reach.

In behalf of my colleagues I want to avail myself of this occasion to thank the officials of the French Government, and through them the French people, for the warm welcome and great consideration they have shown us. In coming to France we have felt that we were coming to the house of our friends. Ever since our Government was founded there has been a bond of interest and sympathy between us—a sympathy which this war has fanned into a passionate admiration. The history of France is a history of courage and sacrifice. Therefore, the great deeds which have illuminated the last three years have come as no surprise to us of America. We knew that when called upon France would rise to a splendid achievement and would add lustre to her name.

America salutes France and her heroic sons and feels honored to fight by the side of so gallant a comrade.

As graceful a little speech as we have read in many a day and, so far as we know, the first the Colonel ever made in French.

Precisely what was accomplished is yet to be revealed. "Except for standardization of airplanes," Mr. Lowell Mellett cables to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* "it was not made known what decision had been reached at the meetings." One proposal of no slight importance, according to the same authority, was rejected. "Ambassador Maklakoff, of Russia," Mr. Mellett informs us, "urged the allied

statesmen to make a restatement of war aims" and "Colonel House joined with Maklakoff in this request," having already "impressed upon all leaders President Wilson's view that a joint, frank and full statement of exactly what the Allies are fighting for would be a 'military measure' of supreme importance," but the Council adhered strictly to the limitation fixed by Secretary Lansing and "postponed the war aims discussion,"—a fortunate decision, to our mind, in view of the fact that since then the President himself has outlined the great purposes of the war so much better than the Council could possibly have done that comparison would be invidious.

Mr. Crosby, Secretary McAdoo's most capable assistant, we understand, is to remain in London, as he should, and as we wish Mr. Bainbridge Colby, the most observant and imaginative member of the Mission might; but the others will soon be home and we shall be glad to hear what they have to say to our suspicion of last month that our Allies propose to accept our essential aid without according us directive participation—a programme which, we declare flatly, as the Jacksonian Democrat of Tennessee remarked of infant damnation, "the people won't stand for."

Pending their arrival, it is but fair to assume that, unless it should transpire that Colonel House, while in London, secretly connived at Lord Lansdowne's hurling of a monkey wrench into the political machinery at a most inopportune moment, no harm can result from the pilgrimage; and, of course, much good may ensue. Let us hope so.

Meanwhile, may not this beginning of our most crucial year be regarded as a fitting time to revive the famous shibboleth of the Democratic text-book of 1914:

"*War in the East,*"—our war now.

"*Peace in the West,*"—Mexico notwithstanding.

"*Thank God for Wilson,*"—with his Scotch-Irish, American Presbyterian heel rooted in the ground.

Make it so!

ARE WE TO HAVE A BENEVOLENT DESPOTISM?

THE question may be asked in all seriousness: Are we, as a by-product of the war, to have a benevolent despotism?

There is a familiar saying, that that is the best possible form of government; the truth of which we do not concede, though we cite it for reminder's sake. There is also a strong tradition in favor of such a system in war, as Macaulay makes the Elder Consul, "an aged man and wise," remind the Conscript Fathers; and it is upon that principle that we have invested the President, and under and through him various Boards and Commissioners, with extraordinary and autocratic powers, and that we have acquiesced in and even applauded such dictatorial acts as never before would have been tolerated for a moment. In the Civil War the National Government was charged—chiefly by Copperheads, the People's Council and Pacifists of that time—with violating the constitutional rights of the people. But its most extreme measures were mild and trifling compared with what is now being done every day without demur or comment—save from a few Bolshevik Pacifists, the Copperheads of this time. In the crucial days of John Adams's administration, Alien and Sedition laws were enacted which then were, and ever since have been, regarded as odiously oppressive and dangerous to liberty. Yet they were innocuous by the side of what is now in force; to which all the people, save the Bolsheviki, say, Amen!

Now, we are not protesting against these things. On the contrary, we heartily approve them. We invoke the strictest enforcement of these laws, strenuous as they are; and if we were to offer any criticism it would probably be, that some of the laws are not strenuous enough, and that they were not enacted, or being enacted were not enforced, as promptly and as unsparingly as they should have been. We try to be cool and self-restrained, but we confess that it filled us with indignation to see enemy aliens left free to prowl at will around our docks and shipping and munitions plants and elsewhere, and then to hear of important information being betrayed to the enemy, and of fires on ships and explosions in factories. "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" said a General who knew his business, at a decisive moment. A little "shooting at sunrise" would have rid us of a few German spies, and would have saved many good American lives.

We are not discussing, however, the propriety of dictatorial war measures. The question of interest, which it is by no means too early even now to raise, is the extent to which

the system thus established in war will be retained and perpetuated after the return of peace. We do not mean that there is any danger of its arbitrary and forcible retention, its imposition upon the people against their will. That is simply unthinkable. But will the results of this war-time dictatorship be so beneficient, and so manifestly applicable to times of peace, that the nation will desire its retention? Frankly, while we wish for the greatest possible success and beneficence of the war measures, as war measures, we most earnestly hope that there will be no desire, and no occasion for a desire, for their retention after the war. But we serve notice here and now that it rests with the American people to determine whether that shall be the case or not, and that if they do not want both a desire and a demand for the " benevolent despotism " to arise, they had better bestir themselves to head off such a calamity.

The whole question turns upon the point of efficiency. We have learned, or we are learning quite rapidly, the need of such efficiency as before the war we never so much as dreamed of. We are attaining such efficiency, and are going to attain it in a very high degree. And having attained it, we shall, let us devoutly trust, insist upon retaining it. But how? Must it be kept by the same methods by which it was won? If the dictatorship teaches us efficiency, must we retain the teacher in order to keep up the practice of the lesson?

Here is an example: Before the war we did a tremendous lot of talking about rehabilitation of the American commercial marine, but we did very little actual rehabilitating. The war—our entry into it—brought things to a crisis, and the Government jumped in as the autocrat, dictator, despot, of the shipping world. The result is that our commercial marine is being rehabilitated by the proverbial leaps and bounds, and at the end of the war may be the biggest in the world. Now, in order to maintain that marine, will it be necessary for the Government to continue in ownership and control, or will private enterprise prove sufficient to keep it going at the standard which the Government shall have set?

Another case: The railroads. They have been so monkeyed with and whipsawed that we don't wonder at their not having exhibited a super-millennial degree of perfection; though in the circumstances we think that they have done amazingly well. But, see: A little while ago, for the sup-

positious sake of efficiency, the Government insisted upon "unscrambling" them. All "pools" and combinations were broken up. Systems were dissolved. No two roads within a hundred and eighty degrees of latitude or longitude of each other were permitted to be under the same management or to be managed in concert. The result was—well, never mind. But, anyway, under the stress of war and its requirements of the most efficient transportation, the Government was quickly led to contemplate the very extensive "scrambling" of the roads, and the "pooling" of them on a scale never before attempted by even the most daring "Napoleon of Finance." Of course, the Government purposed itself to be the boss of the "pool." Now, suppose that the pooling of the railroads proves to be undeniably in the interest of efficiency and economy, as we have no doubt it will, what next? After the war, are we going back to the old futile methods and inefficiency? If not, and we don't think we are, how will the war-time efficiency be maintained? By perpetuating the Government-controlled pool? Or by letting private management maintain a rational degree of pooling?

We might raise similar questions concerning other matters—the control of the wheat market, food conservation, the coal supply, and what not. The Government is taking hold of them all, like a benevolent despot, for our good. More power to it! What we want now is to win this war, no matter how many pet theories of political economy are laid upon the shelf. It is to be hoped that the people will not only acquiesce in but also will loyally and energetically co-operate in the new system, until that end is gained. But it is with equal earnestness to be hoped that both Government and people will regard these extraordinary measures as war measures, which ought to lapse with the war and to be replaced with a private control which will be just as honest, just as economical and just as efficient as that of the Government. We should regard it as stultifying to say that that is impossible. We do not believe that there is any such virtue in a name or a system as to make it possible for men associated in a "government" to do things which it is impossible for men associated in "business" to do.

Two things are necessary to relieve us of the necessity of continuing a benevolent despotism. One is, for business men to recognize, to accept and to practice the lessons which the

Government is presenting to them. They must act upon the principle that whatever the Government can do, they can do; and that in the new era which we are entering it is necessary for them to do it, if they are to remain in business at all. The other is, for the Government to give them a fair chance to do this. It would be intolerable for the Government to handicap any industry with vexatious conditions until its efficiency was badly impaired, and then take control of it itself and, by abolishing those vexatious conditions, make easy its restoration to efficiency, and then make that a pretext for perpetuating its control. Men and corporations must have the same chance to succeed that the Government has; the same freedom from hampering and oppressive conditions.

We confess to cherishing old-fashioned individualistic notions to so great a degree that we prefer a Government which confines itself to governing, to one which undertakes to run all the businesses of the land. It is, in our view, the province of the Government to see to it that businesses are conducted honestly, and in a way compatible with good morals and the public welfare. Within such limits and under such control, business is best left to private initiative. But the Government must set bounds and fix rules within which business success will be possible, and business men must learn that success is possible within those bounds. It will be one of the greatest of all the by-products of the war to have both those lessons so fully learned that with the return of peace we shall return from Government administration to private management without the slightest impairment of efficiency or integrity. It can be done, of course.

RODIN

So dizzying is the speed with which new conceptions in art, new æsthetic movements, succeed each other in our febrile age, that he who today makes kindling-wood of the sacrosanct structure of tradition, tomorrow finds himself sorrowfully collecting the disrupted timbers of his own once revolutionary edifice, whilst the younger generation contemptuously turns its back upon him as a mere architect of reaction. Thus today the young lions of art dismiss Claude Monet, that once distrusted iconoclast, as what our French allies call "old hat"; even among the Ladies' Art-Study Clubs of Ohio and Nebraska, Monet is doubtless

considered as tame and academic as Gérôme or Bouguereau. Yet many of us who carry a walking-stick for adornment rather than support can remember when Monet was an "issue." Where, too, are the "Wagnerites" of the later eighties, now that *Götterdämmerung* is fed to school-girls along with *Little Women* and a subscription to *St. Nicholas?* And today we are witnessing the easy assimilation of those once formidable Bolsheviki of contemporary letters, the *Vers-librists,* and their kindred in the domains of music and painting and sculpture, the fire-eating Futurists. As for Richard Strauss and his once blood-chilling *Zarathustra* and *Heldenleben* and *Elektra*—why, they have long since been taken to our bosoms along with Papa Haydn and Mozart, and tomorrow will be arranged for the farm-house phonograph, where they will contribute to the simple bucolic joys already enlarged by gasoline and neighborly telephone gossip.

It need not, therefore, surprise us to know that before his death Auguste Rodin had come to be looked upon with tolerance by the young radicals of contemporary sculpture as antiquated, conventional, academic. Yet in his own day of dawning glory, how splendid an apparition was Rodin, as, in the early years of this century, his audacious and perturbing genius broke upon the art-world of Europe and America!

When, in 1895, a monument of Victor Hugo was ordered from Rodin for the Panthéon, and Rodin responded with his great statue of the poet, seated, nude, on a rock under the partially concealing folds of a cloak, what an uproar arose! The administrative staff of the Department of Fine Arts were unspeakably shocked. They had expected, as Judith Cladel relates in her sympathetic Life of the sculptor, a solemn and respectable Victor Hugo in the frock-coat of an Academician. Why this semi-naked parody of a revered national figure? But today the once outrageous statue stands in the garden of the Palais Royal, and students and art-lovers make pious pilgrimages from afar to look upon it. And then, soon after, came the furious war over the amazing *Balzac.* It became a "case"—the *affaire de Balzac.* For months the café-concerts and music-halls spilled their gutter wit upon the "scandalous" statue and its maker; peddlers sold ribald plaster replicas of it, caricaturing the strange brooding figure, cloaked in mysterious majesty, as

a seal or a heap of snow. Today this work of profound and intrepid genius is acclaimed as one of the supreme projections of the creative imagination.

Two years after the disclosure of the *Balzac* to the horrified public of Paris, Rodin's show at the Exposition of 1900 initiated the world-wide recognition that came to him swiftly thenceforth, and for more than a decade he knew what it was to be a Personage. He died last month one of the towering spiritual figures of his time, and the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo. He was not, of course, the isolated revolutionist that casual commentators have assumed him to be. He came of a long line of sculptors who had endeavored to relate their work more intimately to human life and emotion, who sought to make bronze and marble more richly expressive. Rodin owed much to Puget, Falconet, Rude, Barye, Carpeaux. He has been uncritically regarded as a wondrous "sport" (in the botanical sense); but he was far from that. He was the result of a natural and inevitable progression, an inspired son of his time. He was one of the stormy romanticists of the last century. Born a generation later than Wagner, he had much of the expressional intensity of that Promethean exponent of the romantic impulse. And he had Wagner's range, as well as his intensity, of expression. He could swing largely and easily from the violence and terror of the tremendous *Gate of Hell* to the lyric sweetness of *Spring* and *Adolescence*. His chief contribution to the art of sculpture was that he made it almost articulate. He conferred upon it not only an added eloquence, but a new kind of eloquence. He made it sing and rhapsodize and lament: he made it canorous, an instrument of lyric and tragical speech. He is as intimately akin to Wagner and Schubert, Blake and Rossetti and Whitman, as he is to Donatello and Michelangelo. He was a simple and sincere attendant upon the secret ways of Nature, a life-long disciple of classic art; yet he was able to exhibit to his time its restless, passionate soul. He is still (despite the supercilious Futurists) as modern as tomorrow's sunrise, and as immortal, probably, as sorrow and beauty.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel
And all the Martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throng of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever Blest. Amen.

A ROUMANIAN DIARY

BY LADY KENNARD

[The following extracts from Lady Kennard's diary and letters which are to be published shortly in book form in this country present a vivid picture of Roumania's entrance into and participation in the war. Lady Kennard is the daughter of the British Minister to Roumania.]

August, 1916.—War is really coming. Our street today looks quite martial; there is a remount office at the end of it, and streams of men go in and out there all the time. We have been warned that all the telegraph wires to Austria-Hungary will be cut tomorrow. Of this the enemy envoys, apparently, know nothing. There is to be a Crown Council tomorrow night to deal with final private affairs, though it is hoped that the Germans will regard it as the terrified result of a haughty ultimatum which they sent Roumania this week. The attack is planned for tomorrow. Things are getting exciting, but one still hesitates to credit that the moment has come at last.

It is said that our first taste of warfare will be an aerial bombardment. I have ordered water to be kept in all the bathtubs from today forward, and am having a tap connection provided between the garden hose and the pantry. All the blankets are piled in the front hall. Perhaps in this manner we can ensure a slight protection against fire.

The Roumanians are not over-confident. In fact, they don't expect to begin by winning. They say there will be reverses, losses near the Danube towns; this because the Russians have not yet arrived and may come rather late.

Later.—Hurrah! the die is cast. All the telephone wires have been cut, the enemy envoys are to be packed off this evening, and mobilization for active service begins at midnight. We have already been declared "under martial law." War will be declared in Vienna, a little bit late, by the Roumanian minister. I met the German minister here

walking towards his Legation this morning, and wanted to make a face at him. That is the way one feels.

Later.—Well! the passes are half taken, wounded are coming in, also prisoners. It is really war, and I am really in it!!!

Bucarest is quite calm. Orders have come round to extinguish all the lights in view of the Zeppelin raids which have actually begun. I had only one little green light burning in my house last night when the first one was signalled, and the police came and told me to put it out. I was so snubbed that I did not attempt a candle, and sat through the raid in the dark.

All the church bells rang wildly when the signal came through, and the guns were infernal, popping like mad. I counted twelve searchlights and tried to believe in the actuality of the happening, but honestly, if I had not hurt myself by bumping into a tin trunk in the dark, I should feel today as if I had dreamt the whole thing. One thing, however, struck me forcibly, and will remain as a humorous recollection until I die: in this quiet town, lying peacefully under a starlit heaven with no sound of traffic to spoil the silence, the sound that deafened us was not the shooting, but the dogs!!

September, 1916.—All is still safe and quiet; so far we have not even had food difficulties. Zepps crossed the Danube last night and were signalled here, but there was too much wind for them, presumably, for they never arrived.

I have fallen into regular hospital routine, and have been given charge of one of the pavilions into which our own institution is divided.

Everybody is in the highest spirits; the Roumanian advance is almost brilliant, and one can hardly credit the *communiqués* that come in, they are so splendid.

Later.—It has been a wild twenty-four hours! Today, at three o'clock on a sunny afternoon, I drove back to my hospital. In the open market-place, which is the half-way house, I noticed all the people looking up and gesticulating, and then for half an hour I was really in the war, for there were six Taubes overhead all dropping bombs.

As we neared the hospital shrapnel began to fall. The bombs, of course, fell all round. I picked up one man wounded and unconscious and took him on with me in the car. A woman was killed at the gate of the hospital and

one man died on the doorstep. There are barracks just near by, and all the soldiers got out of hand and fired their rifles madly in all directions. Two men wounded by their own comrades were carried in to us afterwards. We settled down to work, and had three operations between four and seven. Just as we were preparing to go home stretchers began to come in from different parts of the town where bombs had fallen. I wired home not to expect me till they saw me, and we worked on till 9:30, when all the operations were over. The wounded were all over the town, and all the other hospitals filled up too. The casualties were thirty dead and over a hundred wounded, for the streets were crowded when the Taubes came. The beasts flew round and round, thus hardly a quarter of the town escaped. All our airmen had gone to the front. I suspect spies of having informed the enemy; there was nothing to stop them and they did just what they liked. They flew very, very low, and I saw the pilot's face in one quite plainly as he turned. I got home to find that five large pieces of shrapnel had fallen in the garden. Apparently the confusion in the town whilst the actual raid was going on was terrific. The troops lost their heads and fired quite aimlessly, killing men and women before they could be stopped.

One couldn't be excited in the hospital, there was no time. If a doctor is cutting off things and calls out "*pansement*" or "*aquæ lacta*" like a pistol-shot at you, you somehow find it even if you don't know what it is. One just works without the faintest understanding of what one is doing. After it was all over we collapsed, and sat in the model hospital kitchen with a petrol cooking-lamp for our only light (the electric light had been turned off at the main and we operated by candle illumination only), and drank hot tea and Zwicka and tried to recover. . . .

On the way home I drove past a house where live some friends of mine. They had a most wonderful escape in the night; fortunately all were alive, no one knows why. Three bombs must have hit their house, which was all dropping to bits, and all the windows were blown into the rooms, and one wooden bed looked like a sort of fancy pincushion as a result. Every single thing except the four people who lived there were shattered, a huge hole gaped in each bedroom, and there were apertures in the walls made by bits of the pavement forced in from outside.

It had ceased to be surprising this afternoon when those devils flew back to us again just after we had got to the hospital after lunch and were well started on an operation! But this time we nearly had a panic with the wounded. I stayed on in the ward with the helpless cases, for they said: "If you will stay with us, we are not afraid." The lightly wounded were sent to the cellar.

As I write it is about 6:30, and, according to the time the Taubes take to reload, they should be back by seven. I worked out the ethics of one's feelings towards them today at lunch and came to the conclusion that: (1) if one is killed one does not mind; (2) if one is wounded one only minds for a time; and (3) if one is neither one minds less. But something from outside should be done to help us, for this has become a bombarded town and is defenceless. Our own aeroplanes are needed at the front, but some French aviators are expected today, which will make us feel a little safer. The hospital, standing as it does in the center of a military quarter, is an objective for the raids, and I must honestly confess that I don't like going back there a bit. But we now have a dozen really serious cases which require hard nursing, and one knows that if one did not go perhaps no one else would. . . .

It is all so wonderful to me! To see the big muscles cut away and through, to see a horrible wound grow daily less painful instead of a life lost through gangrene. A man pumping blood three days ago from a main artery is today eating heartily and getting well. Contrary to all existing regulations, I have procured permission to give hot tea and a cigarette after the operations when the men ask for it themselves and no active injury can result. It saves their *morale* and quiets their nerves. They have the wonderful recuperative power of undeveloped nervous systems, and many can stand almost anything without anæsthetics.

Curious! A month ago I felt faint when I saw blood or smelt a nasty smell. . . .

Later.—I went round to the hospital to find that a patient had been killed in his bed in pavilion number three. The men there are clamoring to be moved, and if this sort of thing goes on the whole place will have to be evacuated, though there is no alternative site where greater safety can be provided. But a panic would be fatal. It would spread to the town and bring about a rush for the trains.

October, 1916.—I have not had the heart to keep this diary for the last few weeks, the situation has so completely changed. Our air-raid excitements (which, by the way, have completely stopped) seem to have faded into absolute insignificance and into a very distant past when one still had a sense of humor.

But it was all too true. The Germans were just—waiting. Waiting their own time, and that time came. We hardly know ourselves what has happened or how far and fast our army has retreated, but we know that things are very serious from the complete absence of reliable news.

We are told that French and British officers are coming. They may save us yet, but they must come soon. Some of the Roumanians were splendid. These are the peasant sons of peasant warriors who fought and won through in the days when war was war, not massacre. They are uncivilized enough to remember the fighting science taught them in folk-songs: "Strike—strike hard!"

The arrival of a French command may still save the capital, but one doubts it, for the passes are obviously falling with incredible rapidity, and the wounded are coming in in hundreds.

We now have thirty-five cases in each of our wards, planned to hold fifteen. They are packed like herrings, poor wretches, and lying two in a bed. We keep one room for gangrene cases; but what is one room? And there is no real operating-hall. Still one does the best one can. And the doctor is a hero. . . .

We all had champagne tonight for dinner. Stocks are low, but if the Germans are really invading us—well, we certainly don't intend to leave anything worth having. We had a great discussion as to the rival merits of flight in a possible train or in our own visible motor. And we voted against the motor, for we shall have two hundred miles at least to travel, and the motor is weak. It is possible that spies may blow up the only railway line when the last moment comes. A Roumanian general came to tea and said: "We shall leave by night." I said: "Where to?" He answered: "God knows!"—which was encouraging!

We are assured that if the army can hold the remaining passes for a fortnight, we shall be all right, for by that time Russian reinforcements will have arrived, also the French officers. But then we are told such a lot—that the

Germans are already here, for instance. Anyway, the net result of this scare is quite unnecessary discomfort. If I pack as I am urged to do, why, then I want to start. To pack and stay is silly.

At present preparations are in full swing to expedite us in two days' time, at dead of night, in a darkened train, so as to fool German aeroplanes, who are certain to follow the train and bomb it. The banks are packing, and, as far as I can judge, that train will contain seething crowds of humans, innumerable tea-baskets, and millions of money, besides the Government officials. They are now planning to pick us up in a round of motor-lorry loads, luggage included, at 1 A. M. It will be a sort of modern Noah's Ark. If the Germans succeed in cutting the only railway line, we shall have to run their bombardment at Constanza and go off in a Russian man-of-war to Odessa. Whatever transpires, we shall not know until we have passed Ploesti where we are going; we start "destination unknown"—if we start. . . .

Later.—The news is bad again, and a second fiat has gone forth: we are to be deprived of our luggage, as evacuation is really imminent.

I have never spent an odder day. We packed jam and sugar and all available soap into every spare corner. We all frankly forgot our lunch until past two and then found nothing in the house, so went without. We were told that we had twelve hours to finish up in and that the boxes would be called for at midnight. Of all the many terrible packings that I have done on Eastern caravan journeys, this has been infinitely the worst. I know that I will wish that I had sent none of the things which now seem indispensable and that I will need all which I left behind. I have racked my brains to think of a place for three precious bottles of champagne, and have decided to stow them in a hold-all with the family eiderdowns. The linen-trunk is stuffed with jam—jam that came from England, and possibly the last that I shall ever eat. I get occasional attacks of maudlin sentiment over small possessions which I am obliged to leave; on the other hand, am abandoning articles of considerable value without a qualm. Not a bed has been made in the whole house, and, once the luggage has gone, we shall have to camp out on sofas.

I went to the kitchen to try and get a little tea, and

when I came back found a large party of friends with their servants, luggage and children in the drawing-room, asserting cheerfully that they had come as they thought " it would be nicer for us all to go together." I'm in the state of mind where I would say " Yes " to anything until the moment arrived when I said " NO," then, if the person argued, I would shoot it—I mean her—him. All the luggage is stacked in the drawing-room—train luggage, house luggage, friends' luggage, servants' luggage. It is pandemonium.

Now I am lying down waiting for tea. Every bone in my body, every nerve in my mind aches with excitement. Of the military situation the English papers could tell us more than we know ourselves, for we hear not one blessed thing. Except that the luggage goes tonight and we tomorrow—if only we knew where to!!

Besides, the only certain thing is that the luggage goes tonight. For all we know the plans may have changed by tomorrow, and we shall be sitting here without one single practical belonging in the world.

November, 1916.—Half my prophecy came true: we are still sitting quite solidly in Bucarest. Luckily, however, our luggage never left us, for the panic quieted with incredible rapidity and we were told that all danger was over. The Germans were repulsed at the frontier during the days that we got no news and have not advanced since. The French General Staff has arrived and installed itself in a manner which gives us confidence most disproportionate to the small amount which reason tells us that it is humanly capable of accomplishing. A British aviator flew over in his aeroplane from Salonika, and this gives us the cheerful feeling that we are in touch with our own army. This despite the fact that a conquered Serbia lies between. The only direct consequence of the panic is that innumerable people seem to be lost, and the general mix-up is indescribable. I myself simply cannot understand why the Germans are not already here.

The youngest son of the Queen has died after terrible suffering. At such a moment it seems almost more than a woman should be asked to bear. Nevertheless his mother still works at the hospitals, and her soldiers love to see her.

Later.—The news is bad again, and the advancing Germans are reported to be in the plains and well over the Austrian frontier. Up to the present moment there are no

signs of panic, and it is possible now that there will not be another even if we do have to leave in a hurry. For the population has not only learnt a lesson during the first scare, but also it has had time to get used to the idea that the loss of a capital does not necessarily mean the loss of a country. I fancy that a great proportion of the society people who have nothing to do with the Court or with the Government will not attempt to leave the capital even if the Germans arrive. What would be the object? They are non-combatants and can do the Germans no possible harm, and it will serve the Roumanian cause better to leave every facility for those who have to go and "carry on" in whatever place they may finally land in, which place will be the less overcrowded for each individual who stays behind.

The warning has once again gone round to all who will have to leave when the moment comes for them to hold themselves in readiness for an immediate start, and I believe that, at the slightest further enemy advance, we shall really be off at last. The Queen has sent her children to the country, where they are supposed to be out of the immediate danger of air raids. She herself intends to remain here until the last minute, and is wonderfully plucky and calm.

Later.—Quite an excitement!!! All the whistles are blowing madly and all the bells are ringing. This heralds another big raid. I wonder if it will really come off; we have not had a serious one for weeks, and one has begun to mistrust all these warnings which so often culminate in nothing.

Yes, here they come. The big new guns do make a noise compared to the miserable little pops we used to hear. *Blasé* as I have grown, this is unusually thrilling, and I am going out to see what is happening.

Later.—Well, that was the worst attack we have ever had. It lasted well over an hour. Bombs fell near the Bank and the Post Office; and, of course, in the vicinity of every hospital. The town dies away nowadays at the first alarm, the streets empty as if by magic, consequently few people are killed. Apparently thirteen bombs exploded in the garden of the country house where the Royal children were sent last week, but nobody was hurt, although the house was hit. Even the fires which started were safely extinguished. It must have been a narrow escape, and proves how well informed are the Germans of all current events.

Now that the excitement is over, we have other and more important things to think about, for the order has come to start, and to start as soon as possible, for Jassy.

December, 1916, JASSY.—Well, we have reached Jassy, and have not yet recovered from the surprise of having actually got somewhere and being able to sit down.

This country town which has so suddenly been called upon to turn into a capital is by no means fitted for the part. Situated as it is close to the big oil-fields, it was already overcrowded before the war broke out, and the builders have been trying vainly for the last two years to keep pace with the steadily growing importance of the place. It is exactly like seeing a country bumpkin dressed up in evening clothes as one finds them parodied on the musical comedy stage. Stone palaces built in modern Russian style brush the mud walls of peasant huts. The streets straggle about without aim or object and lead nowhere; there are hardly any shops. There is, or rather was, one restaurant near the station. I say *was,* because there will soon be nothing left of it. People literally besiege its doors, and the walls shake from the influx of the crowd.

I believe that the Court got here this morning, but has not been seen. One presumes that the Royal Family at least will be given a roof to cover it. I tremble to think what would have happened to us had not these dear people taken pity on our plight. Dozens of our fellow-travelers are still wandering forlornly about in a despairing search for rooms. Our arrival was totally unexpected, as Jassy had been without news from the capital for two days. No one knows what is happening in Bucarest, or how near the Germans are, or whether those left behind will still have time to get away.

I possess two boxes of English soap, which have to be guarded as if they contained the Crown Jewels. We allow ourselves a soap wash once a day, and even then the cake dwindles visibly. We have not had a bath since we started, and see no prospect of ever having another. The men decided to visit the public baths which exist, it appears, in the town, but one of the newly arrived English doctors flew round on a bicycle warning them each in turn not to go because there was an epidemic of mange amongst the poor who patronized the establishments. Nice place, Jassy! And we have got to live here now until the war is over!

Later.—The situation, from a state of things chaotic, but directly traceable, has become completely and absolutely obscure. An ominous silence broods over us, not a telegram has come through for a week, and we are in the blackest ignorance of everything except Jassy. I have unpacked nothing. For all that we know, the Germans may be advancing upon us rapidly.

As far as any news is concerned, we hear only the fantastic stories told by arriving refugees. And most of them are disinclined to talk of anything but their own immediate physical discomfort and fright. The only thing that we definitely know is that the Germans are in Bucarest!

I had not thought that we could possibly enter into a new phase of horror, but it was born on Boxing Day, when the first whispers reached us of the destruction of the oil-fields. Frankly, we had, each and every one of us, completely forgotten the oil! A man, a friend of ours, drove up in a motor, streaked with grime, weary and dead to the world. After lunch he started to tell his story, fortified by a big cigar.

He had been one of a party who went out alone to the petrol city to destroy. No one would give them help, and he told us wonderful accounts of the scenes which he had witnessed. The first step had been to capture every single man and boy who knew anything about the petrol plants and deport them bodily to Moldavia, so that the Germans should find no skilled workmen to brutalize to their own profit. And then a few pairs of hands sufficed to crumble and lay in ashes what many hundreds of brains had worked to build. First they broke up all the machinery—the how of the happening is immaterial; the most primitive and brutal weapons served them best. Then they poured benzine from the roofs of factories down their walls and set them alight, they dug trenches round the vats and started blazing channels of flame towards the reservoirs. These blew up each in turn, and soot and fumes made of what had been sunlight an eternal night where the Fire King went mad. Town by town saw the destroyers come to let hell loose, and factory after factory writhed in a death agony of twisted iron to send jets of poison fumes after the four small flying motor-cars. The devastation left by a retreating army lay before them, turmoil of an enemy drunk with success stirred in the wind-gusts that fed the flames from the south. Twice

did the destroyers miscalculate the time at their disposal, and they were badly hurried in one place. The enemy arrived sooner than was expected, and there was no time to dig the trenches—just one little match sufficed to start a burning inundation from unskilfully burst vats. Some one shouted, "*Run!*" just before the explosions began.

The man who told us the story ended each sentence with the words: "It was the fact that it was daylight—and nevertheless dark—which made everything so much worse."

One can hardly credit the fact that those few little men have so effectually accomplished what they set out to do that it will be six months before the Germans can squeeze a drop of petrol from the saturated earth, and yet that is what they affirm so quietly that one can but accept the statement—and be grateful. We are told today that a German wireless message has been intercepted from Berlin which sends the conquerors orders to send at once to Germany all the petrol that they can manage to expedite. And this has reconciled us to the despair which imagination taught us to catch in the evening breeze tonight when we motored back a little way with the teller of the story along the road that he had traveled.

It is part of the general contradiction of things that this destruction of the oil-fields, which is the most important happening of our corner of the war, should remain the one which has, locally, at least, made the smallest stir.

Later.—We have suddenly realized today that we have got back to the frame of mind in which we spent our last weeks in Bucarest. And this is discouraging. In other words, we are back in a sort of *cul-de-sac* which has, nevertheless, one small outlet, wofully inadequate, in the shape of that blessed single line to Russia. According to all the various contradictory information we get, the Germans are not going to sit still and are moving forward rapidly.

The only defense that lies between us and them is the famous Sereth line, which the Roumanians and Russians alike believe to be impregnable. But one cannot tell if it is going to hold until it has been tested—and if it is tested and gives way—why, they will be here. That's all!!

January, 1917.—Letters from England arrived on New Year's Day, and have done much towards restoring us to a normal state of British phlegm. I must honestly confess that these letters, written just at the moment of our worst

plight when we were flying from Bucarest with all known things unpleasant, and all things unknown subject for serious dread, seem to show an apparent indifference to our possible sufferings which has brought acute annoyance to us. I think that one amongst fifteen newspapers mentioned Roumania—just that and no more. It made us all rather angry at first to realize that we must appear so utterly unimportant, but afterwards we lost ourselves to all actuality in reading the stories of fighting in France. People at home are "in a war." Here we can only produce a *mêlée.*

The situation grows daily more complicated and there is every element of trouble. There is some friction between the Roumanians and the Russians on every possible point, from fighting policy to military etiquette. The last question, which has bubbled over, is the one as to which of the two nationalities is to run the hospitals, the few there are. The Russians say that, as they have taken over the whole of the front lines and allowed the Roumanian army to retire for a well-earned spell of rest, there will be no Roumanian wounded, and they want all the hospitals emptied of their Roumanian staffs and turned over, together with all available supplies, to the Russian Red Cross. The Roumanians, one and all, are naturally wild at the idea and definitely decline to comply.

Meanwhile we have even been allowed to receive reliable news from Bucarest. The German administration is apparently allowing individuals to leave for Jassy without the formality of a passport. This is such a surprising fact that we credit them with all sorts of evil and mysterious motives for what is probably only an oversight soon to be rectified. The fact remains that a Roumanian officer arrived in Jassy today after spending three days in Bucarest wearing mufti quite unmolested. Apparently he just got on his bicycle when he was bored and rode away from the town!

He tells us that the new king is proclaimed and that all is quiet and well ordered. A small army of pro-Germans —we have known them well by name and sight for over a year—met the German General Staff at the gates of the city, and tendered bouquets. It is hard not to be instantly furnished with an obvious adjective, but it is only fair to insist upon the fact that individuals who hold systematically to one idea and to one party cannot be termed traitors for the simple reason that the party may not be one's own.

My doctor arrived from Roman, distant an hour's normal train journey. It took him twelve, hanging on to an engine together with fifty other men. Some dropped off quite quietly into the snow-drifts when they grew tired. On every skyline, he added, and in every valley, they saw horses with broken legs, left to die, turning and turning in endless circles of pain, and he heard them screaming despite the uproar of machinery which drowned most hearing.

In our English hospital there is a man who has had his foot amputated. He lay pinned under a burning car. A hatchet was brought by a doctor to a French officer standing near, and the doctor said: "Do it if you can; I have no instruments and feel paralyzed." The Frenchman did the thing in the whole horror of the sunlight, whilst the Russian privates who were his charge took advantage of the opportunity and pillaged private passenger luggage on the train!

Later.—I think that it can be definitely assumed now that all danger of our being obliged to leave Jassy in the immediate future is over. Russians and Roumanians alike are standing on the Sereth, and the Germans do not seem to be particularly anxious to cross. A little success does much to restore balance, and we have already voiced the somewhat ambitious dream of seeing the enemy driven back in the spring. I ask for only one reward for all that we are going through, and that to drive down behind them in my motor! It would be worth anything to go back like that—into our own house. . . .

But disease is coming, and that was a horror which we had forgotten. There is a terrible shortage of wood, and, in the absence of all other material, fire is the only reliable disinfectant. Lice overrun the hospitals and we are unable to combat them, for we have no serums and no disinfectants. Petrol, which might serve our purpose at a pinch, is also lacking now. The doctors are reduced to vinegar.

March, 1917.—The Russian *coup d'état* has come and the Government here is having some anxious moments. It is unlikely, however, that anything serious will transpire. The Royal Family is very popular and is faithfully served by the administration. All Russians, of course, are in a ferment, but it is reassuring to notice that they have not lost sight of the common ideals of the war.

Telegraphic news from America is palpitating, and brings the end of the war within sight, at any rate, of our

own generation. Unfortunately everything worth doing takes an immense amount of time in this world, and one cannot hope for things to begin to happen for a long time. It is rather discouraging that the crisis in Russia should have come to a head at this moment, speaking, naturally, from our own point of view, which is the only one that appears, through force of circumstances, important. The Roumanians and Russians were just learning to stand up to their three-legged race, and now all the knots have had to be loosened to give the latter a chance to stretch cramped knees. We had begun to talk of a big spring offensive, and now the only thing that is obvious is that waiting will be our indefinite lot.

Later.—The war situation has come to a complete standstill: it is hard to believe that anything more can ever happen here.

Seven hundred thousand Russians are said to be on our front, who could, undoubtedly, just sweep across the country, driving all before them, and lead us back into Bucarest. But their very numbers make them a difficult army to equip and feed. At present they lack munitions, fodder, guns and railways, so it all looks pretty hopeless, and one can but be thankful for them as a definite, solid buffer which will require a lot of moving. There are very few enemy divisions in front of them, and we are told that these consist principally of Turks and Bulgarians. It makes one rather ill to think how easy complete victory could be and how unlikely it is.

May, 1917.—We are told that we stand upon the brink of action. Certain it is that at no time since she entered the war has Roumania stood to the fight so well prepared as now. In retrospect, it is wonderful to realize all that has been accomplished despite inexperience and shortage of material. The word "starvation" makes us smile nowadays, for we are almost surfeited by the luxury of supplies brought by regular transport systems from Russia. Further, the whole undulating surroundings of Jassy are cloaked green with growing corn.

It has been interesting to discover what solace can be found in days of the most anxious uncertainty by contact with things young and care-free. All the English children were sent home months ago, and we miss their atmosphere so horribly that anything small and happy finds welcome

here. I have noticed that Roumanians who took but the most cursory interest in a nursery world before they went to war have become almost ostentatiously parental lately. The whole aspect of Jassy has lost the impression it used to give of having been a most ill-chosen picnic site where it had very lately and copiously rained. We can almost flatter ourselves that we live in a flourishing military center. French blue and gray and English khaki almost predominate about the streets now that the Russian units have moved into scattered canvas cities.

Needless to say, there is much that still remains to be done. The army no longer starves for the necessities, such as ammunition and sanitary supplies, but it hungers for delicacies and details. These will all come, in time, I suppose, just as the other and more immediate requirements came; but it would be a tragic mistake to launch forth again without them. The Roumanians, luckily, realize the danger of such action, and their leaders are too clever to stumble into the pitfall of foolhardiness which always lurks for those who have lately escaped from danger. But the army, as a whole, is straining to take the offensive, and it is so wonderful that the men should feel thus after all that they have suffered that it seems almost cruel to tie their hands. English and French officers alike agree that a capital fighting force has grown up, no one quite knows how, out of the demoralization of the last few months, and it is impossible to give a sufficiency of credit to the leaders who have built it up.

June, 1917.—I have been wondering whether any one would care to read this diary. Roumania is deserving of notice and appreciation. She has proved herself, and in the greatest manner which does not savor of ostentation. All that has been lately accomplished spells silent work and no small devotion to what has grown in this our century to be the greatest cause. Strangers who had knowledge and experience, who came to put machinery in motion, remain here, it is true. But they stay to work, and are no longer required to lead. The army trusts its officers, the nation appreciates its King. And we outsiders feel that we want to go home and tell the family of Allies that our little brother Roumania has grown into a man of whom we have reason to be very proud.

THE FRENCH KINGDOM OF JERUSALEM

BY ALFRED EMERSON

No less than three spokesmen of high position in and under the British Government have abandoned the reserve which combatant nations commonly and rightly maintain about their intended disposals of their conquests as long as a fight is on, with reference to Palestine. In the words of the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Balfour, "the Government views with favor the establishment of Palestine as a national home for the Jewish people, and will use its best efforts for the facilitation of this object." Now, the British Government is not given to quixotic fireworks. It means what it says. And it must have given the amplest consideration to the problem of what it ought to do, could do and would do, why, how, where and when, with the support of its own people and of its Allies reasonably assured, before reaching this momentous decision. It must be extraordinarily confident not only of the complete victory of its armed forces in that quarter of the world, but of an early triumph in the heart of Judea, to publish its purpose thus broadcast when its troops only stood at the gates of Palestine.

At this writing the advance of a British army from Egypt across the repellent Sinai peninsula, and its successive occupations of Gaza, Ascalon and Joppa have brought General Allenby's outposts to within four miles of Jerusalem, where they have halted to bring up their reënforcements and a siege-train. Already the press mouthpieces of the German Government are laying all the stress they can on the poor fortification of Jerusalem, and upon its very insignificant strategic and economic value. But even they cannot gainsay the prodigious *retentissement* that England's prob-

able early seizure of the Holy City is bound to have in the Moslem, Jewish and Christian world, whether a Christian Te Deum be sung in the mosque of Omar on Christmas Day, 1917, or not. Certainly the native population of Judea and Syria, Arab, Syrian, Greek, Jew and Roman Catholic, has nothing but the harshest oppression to thank its Ottoman rulers and their German advisers for, and will quickly learn to regard the surrender of county by county to the Franks as a happy deliverance.

Altogether, the present moment would be a unique one for America to launch a naval and military expedition at Antioch and the contiguous region of north Syria. Failing this decisive secondage, England's unaided and fairly rapid successes in Palestine foreshadow the slower Allied conquest of all Syria even so, before which no serious campaign across Anatolia overland can be contemplated after Russia's military collapse. In any case, the impending fall of Jerusalem lifts England's two fronts in Asia Minor into sharp prominence, and it will inevitably lend much force to the long unaccountably disfavored plan of hitting the enemy hardest wherever he is the weakest. In other words, their victory at Jerusalem may persuade the western nations to conduct their offensives in eastern Europe and in Asia Minor in earnest. Their contrary course heretofore is responsible for their worst collective disasters both east and west.

We are widely familiar with the story and the glory of Solomon's capital in ancient times; not so with its fortunes under the Roman Empires West and East, under its Moslem caliphs and sultans, and under their western adversaries the Crusaders. My discussion of the last phase of its medieval history is suggested by the reflection that no chapter of the Holy Land's experience is fraught with better lessons for public men observing its wretched present and solicitous for its happier future to remember than Europe's former great effort to embody Syria in the family of Christendom.

The great dream of the Crusaders found its earthly embodiment in the Christian principalities of the Near East. And it remains a live tradition to this day on account of them.

Have a Venetian boatman sail you to the Armenian island monastery of San Lazzaro in the lagoon, and a polyglot monk will show you the sword of Leo V de Lusignan, " our last king," among its historic relics. And likely enough

a flash of his dark eyes, under their quiet lids, will betray his undying hope that Armenia shall yet obey a king of her own again. Who shall say that living memories play a weaker part than the pronunciamentos of a Lloyd George and a Prince Lvoff, to quicken the pulses of the Christian Orient?

The political ideals of the Levantine Jew and Christian are retrospective. What does the downtrodden rayah of Hither Asia know of Westminster and Washington, or of the Russian Duma? Nothing at all. His thought is for the yield of his few stony acres and of his sunsmitten olive orchard. If any other picture haunts his hour of rest at the unyoking of his dwarfed oxen, it carries a vision of the splendor of Solomon's court, or some regretful notion of the age when the ruined shrine on the headland, where his wife lights a nightly flame to St. Simeon and St. Nicholas, was undismantled.

Of the First Crusade, most of us remember little more than Peter the Hermit's magnetic appeals for the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher and the taking of the cross by the chivalry of the West, followed by the surrender of Antioch and Jerusalem to the Latin armies under Godfrey of Bouillon in 1098-9. Next, we recall Saladin's reconquest of the Holy City ninety years later, and maybe his trial of swords with King Richard, to dismiss the topic with some indefinite notion of the Templars' tussle with a king of France at Paris, about A. D. 1300. Yet it was surely no small achievement on the front of the Frankish Crusaders to establish and organize the principality of Antioch and two great earldoms of Edessa and Tripoli in Syria all in a single year, adding a Frankish kingdom of Jerusalem the next, and to complete this coördinated political edifice about one century later with two further semi-French kingdoms of Cyprus and of Lesser Armenia, in the same section of the Near East.

Gregory VII had made an imaginary appeal for 50,000 Christian knights to deliver the Holy Sepulcher. Urban II, a French pope, attacked the problem in earnest with the Council of Clermont in the heart of France, in 1095. The eloquent monk of Picardy who led a hare-brained vanguard of inadequate semi-combatants to perish along the roads of Asia Minor in the spring of 1096, before feudal France had emerged from " the conversational stage " of arming as

to war, is a mere incident of the campaign. The king of France's brother Hugh and Robert of Normandy headed the real army. Other *langue d'oil* princes like Baldwin of Flanders and his brother Godfrey, duke of Lower Lorraine, had German followers mixed with French. Two Norman princes of southern Italy, Bohemund and Tancred, crossed the Adriatic with a corps part Norman and part native Italian.

Both Latin and Norman knights-errant subscribed to England's motto, *The meek shall inherit the earth; we are the meek,* long before modern spreaders of Britain's empire made it theirs. And the Crusaders were out to establish the kingdom of God upon earth, with themselves in the rôle of His vice-gerents. The army of the Crusaders reached Syria 300,000 strong.[1] Bohemund was acknowledged hereditary prince of Antioch after the fall of that stronghold, and Baldwin of Flanders ensconced himself Count of Edessa in the Syrian hinterland; his territory straddled the Euphrates. Not to be utterly outshone by these practical northlings, Raymond of Provence, the gentle mystic, occupied and maintained a vast earldom of Tripoli, with its seat of government fronted on the sea, between the borders of Antioch and Judea. All this before Jerusalem was even assailed!

The geographical and political advantages of Antioch indubitably fitted that city to become a seat of empire once more, far better than Jerusalem. But the glamor that hovers on Mount Zion drew the ranks of the Crusaders to Canaan like a pillar of cloud and fire. Siege was laid to the city of David soon after the reduction of Antioch. The Saracens defended it fiercely. But Godfrey of Bouillon, that true Christian knight, stormed its ramparts on July 15th, 1099, at the head of twenty thousand. Its conquerors waded lanes of blood that splashed to their horses' knees, to kneel in transports of devotion at the tomb of the Redeemer—

> Whose sad face on the cross sees only this,
> After the passion of a thousand years.

A Christian successor of King David must now be crowned in the Mosque of Omar on Mount Zion, the edifice in which the simple faith of the times hastened to recognize

[1] Seven rallies from the west in a century, and other recruits, more than compensate the subsequent shrinkage of this initial force.

the authentic temple of Solomon. We may catch a glimpse of its cupola, revamped *alla romana,* in the Sposalizios of Perugino and Raphael.

The only valid obstacles to the election of Godfrey were political. Rome's panacea for the Holy Land was a papal vice-royalty in the form of a temporal and spiritual patriarchate. There must be no king where Christ trod. On the other hand, all the chiefs of the First Crusade had done homage to the Greek Emperor at Constantinople, who wanted no *regnum in regno.* Under these conditions, the casting vote rested with the Frankish barons and chivalry who were Godfrey's rivals. A species of feudal republic with a weak overlord was more to their mind than a compact monarchy; and they got it. Their diet elected Godfrey of Lorraine Advocate of the Holy Sepulcher and captain of its armies, with the scantiest other prerogatives and advantages of presidency. One may cite his wilfully unheraldic arms among them: *argent, a cross or.* Metal on metal is contrary to the rules of blazonry, so that anyone noticing this irregular escutcheon was compelled to inquire who bore it.

Moreover, none of the Defender's vassals owed their fiefs to his favor. Every first-comer strong enough to seize and hold one had already helped himself to a county or a barony, or to a potential manor, during the advance southward. Thus, the Holy City and its suburbs must perforce be its ruler's only direct domain, with a refractory commons and clergy to abridge even that!

Godfrey enjoyed his precarious precedence only one year. His deathbed indication of his brother Baldwin of Edessa as the best man to succeed him prevailed, and Baldwin, an ambitious, masterful spirit, was no sooner elected king instead of Advocate, than he had himself anointed and claimed the homage of his fellow-princes of Syria! The notion of heredity, the idea of a monarchy by the grace of God, and a new title of overlordship from the southern slopes of Mount Taurus north of Antioch to Mount Sinai and the Red Sea had already vitiated the original plan of an elective lord-protectorate. The exception swiftly becomes a rule: Baldwin II was able to pass the crown of Jerusalem to his daughter Melisenda, who leaves it to a child of seven summers. William of Tyre writes of this third Baldwin's coronation in 1144, how "they had a knight carry him to the

Temple in his arms because he was little, but would be no lower than they; the knight was a big man and tall."

The Frankish kingdom remained a loose federation fully sixty years from its erection in 1100. The crown could not pass an assize, or coerce a great nobleman, without the sanction of an oligarchical high court composed of four major and twelve minor vassals.[1] The Frankish war-lord was, however, the real captain of a fighting outpost of Christendom, whose very law of being comported no enduring peace with the infidel. The atabegs of Damascus and Mosul, and the caliphs of Bagdad and Cairo were little minded to brook the pretensions of an aggressive United States of the Levant. Their armies broke into the Holy Land once and again. Baldwin I added the old Phœnician seaports St. John d'Acre, Sidon and Beirut to his realm by conquest, and attempted an invasion of Egypt. King Amaury I conquered Ascalon; but the County of Edessa went under. Saladin of Damascus was to overrun the French kingdom and retake Jerusalem itself in 1187. Sultan Bibars the Mameluke worsted the Christian army at Gaza with a slaughter of ten thousand in 1244. One hundred thousand Christians perished in a massacre at Sidon, quite worthy of our own century.

What manner of army did king and constable command?

Antioch and Tripoli were bound to support the royal host, as it was called, by an instant mobilization of one hundred knights bannerets each. The County of Edessa, while it lasted, owed five hundred lances. The noble fiefs of Judea furnished 577 knights, with their retinues, and its churches and townspeople had to produce 5,025 sergeants with their pelotons. Add the voluntary levies of the militant orders of the Hospital of St. John and of the Temple, whose grandmasters ended by housing up to one thousand seasoned and well-disciplined troopers in a single fort.[2] The Teutonic Knights, whose Castle Montfort towers in Galilee like a stone sentry from the Rhine, were a later development. Recourse was had also to native and foreign mercenaries, who received good pay. The native element thus added to the host includes the Christian populations of Syria, and the admirable infantry that could be made of the toil-stout Armenians of the north-east country. The foreign embraces Greeks of

[1] Madelin, *La Syrie Franque. Revue des Deux Mondes*, March, 1917.
[2] Rey, *Etude sur l'architecture militaire des Croisés.* Paris, 1871.

the diaspora, Italian archers, and a motley crew of European adventurers. Thus recruited, the united host of the Holy Sepulcher might reach 40,000 men-at-arms.

If the prestige of the crown remained insufficient after Amaury's conversion of his oligarchical high court into something like a real parliament, we must lay the fault to the narrow limits of its direct dominion, to the arid climate and the spare soil of Palestine. Even within the kingdom, Jerusalem might reasonably envy sea-faring Tripoli its forests on Mount Lebanon, and Antioch's signal advantages. For a sturdier native race and a shrewder breed of conquerors made the enterprise of state-building a safer gamble in that quarter than any prince of Jerusalem ever found it, to say nothing of Antioch's ample area and other resources. Our modern magicians of empire will do well to remember this.

Did I say shrewder breed? Your Norman is a realist. There were soap factories at Antioch. So a modern painter of the historical scenes that our nineteenth century parents loved would be no arrant falsifier, if he painted a knot of hard-headed Antiochene monks and squires trading meadows, horses and cattle over cups of hard cider at a heavy deal table, under the cross-vaulting of a Gothic cloister, with nothing but a Californian flora in the yard to betray the southern latitude of Capharda or of Maïra-La Maire. Not to be outdone by their Norman allies, the Franks were building breweries at Jerusalem. But in the long run the East gave more than it took. The same Frankish enterprise established sugar refineries at Tyre, and coaxed golden vintages of Cyprus to ripen on shoots brought from Jericho. We know that the culture of the peach and the apricot, of the almond, of the lemon-tree, the citrus and the orange, of the carnation and the garden rose reached Europe by way of Syria.

The Norman and Frankish junkers and clergy left the secondary industries and trades to the colonial bourgeoisie and to the native element. The presence of three bodies of natives occupying an inferior position, Jews, Moslems and Christians, and of many varieties of aliens, did much, in Syria, to soften the antagonisms between the nobles and the commons. And there was another social bridge. Many men of low rank fought their way up to knighthood in Palestine, just as their betters fought and intrigued their advancement to prouder privileges. Syria and Palestine became, in fact,

the promised land of medieval Europe, much as portions of America became the old world's Eldorado four centuries later.

For the rest, if one might measure a commonwealth's activity by the conspicuousness and bustle of its trade, instead of its raw volume, any medieval center of industry must have looked livelier than one of our own ports or factory towns, and infinitely more human. Think of one hundred galleons dropping anchor at Joppa in a single day, as compared to one Messageries steamship. What are twelve twenty-ton freight cars to twelve hundred camels? The spirit of Ruskin would have revelled in Franco-Syria's steamless handicrafts. Four thousand looms at Tripoli produced plain, watered and pattern silks. Five hundred Jewish families conducted its famous dye-works. Show me the western dyes that will endure like the yellow and crimson of a couple of saddle-blankets I once found in an Arab bazar, and let hang three years on curtain rods, exposed to fierce afternoon suns, without being able to distinguish any fade on either side of them.

The rapid passing of religious fanaticism with the rulers of the Christian East deserves attention. The pogrom spirit had been rampant enough at first. Peter the Hermit and the author of the *Chanson d'Antioche* held a soldier of the Cross in poor esteem if he was not a glutton for "meat of Turks." But the sons and nephews of their ogreish heroes mated with schismatic Greek and Armenian princesses, and some of their grandsons resisted the long dark lashes of an infidel daughter of Arabia very feebly or not at all! Presently, too, like all good colony builders from Rameses the Great to our own War Department, the Christian princes of the East bethought themselves to enroll the very natives they came to massacre in their own army, by creating a turbaned Moslem cavalry and infantry. These infidels battled for the Cross like tigers on many a hard field. Worse and worse, Latin princes and knights began to strut in the flowing muslins and silks of the Orient, wearing jewelled scimitars of Damascus steel, aigretted turbans and turn-up shoes of Cordovan morocco. A coin of Antioch displays the usual Byzantine bust of Christ with a halo. . . . Reverse, a bearded prince in flowing Syrian dress, with the Greek legend *The great emir Tankredos!* For all that, the foundations of the new culture remained French,

not eastern. Tyre has a Gothic cathedral. Extant Gothic arcades still struggle to frame the old market square at Jerusalem. Strongholds of western design like Castles Beaufort and Montréal on the slopes of cedared Lebanon, and Château Blanche-Garde, commanding the roads to Egypt between Jerusalem and Ascalon, studded Palestine by hundreds.

The transmission of the Christian thrones of the Levant in the female line adds a touch of romance to the genealogies of Outre-Mer.[1] King Amaury's two daughters Sibyl and Isabel were queens of Jerusalem in their own right, and were able to convey its elective crown to four husbands. Queen Isabel's daughter Mary, a child of twelve, reigns alone until at seventeen she weds John of Brienne, who becomes king of Jerusalem and, later, emperor-regent of the Roman Empire East. Their daughter Isabel, another child-queen, bestowed her hand and her sadly impaired kingdom on that picturesque west-easterly dreamer Frederick II of the Hohenstaufens, King of Sicily and Emperor of the West. We know by an imperial lip that his kingly spirit has often walked with Kaiser Wilhelm of the Hohenzollerns, beckoning him ever and anon, no doubt, to perform that fateful pilgrimage of his to Jerusalem.

Frederick's eastern exploit was rather neat for a royal crusader laboring under the handicap of a papal excommunication: he persuaded the sultan of Egypt to retrocede the Holy Cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem and Nazareth to himself and God and Isabel, planted his feet in shining armor on Mount Zion, proclaimed Judea a free country, and returned to Europe. His wife's subjects had the spirit to declare the Emperor escheat of the crown which he had lifted from the altar in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher without benefit of clergy, in favor of Alice of Cyprus, whose great-grandsons John and Henry II de Lusignan will be the last heirs to both kingdoms.

The dying Latin state of the mainland loses its last foothold at Tyre on the 13th of July, A. D. 1291. The only aggressive Crusaders we shall descry henceforth are the German Knights of the Sword and of the Teutonic Order, whose bloody conquest of Slavonic Prussia has brought Europe unto this last.

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[1] Mas-Latrie, *Trésor de chronologie*, etc. Paris, 1889. Du Cange, *Les familles d'Outre-Mer*. Paris, 1869. *Encycl. Britannica*, s. v. *Crusades*.

Instead of echoing the lament of Christendom at Saladin's conquest of Jerusalem city and citadel, one hundred years before their definitive surrender to Islam—as Walter Mapes found words to voice it in his diary of the smart set's club meetings at the court of King Henry II of England, promoter of the Third Crusade—let us take a brave, soldierly look at the world's present stress and storm, and the way out. For its political problem in the Near East is going to be the same that confronted the Crusaders.

Is there to be a criminal slump to that contemptible pis-aller of helpless diplomats, the *status quo ante bellum?* No national rescues, no penalties of folly paid, no reconstruction, no revivals, no births of new freedom, no ventures in statecraft? There is one heroic, war-transfigured nation that will endure no such cowardice, thank God! The voice of twenty empires and republics has already proclaimed the verdict of history. The sentence on Germany's case, or rather on its dearth of a case, can safely be left to the justice and mercy of regenerate France.

The righteous reconstruction of the Crusaders' empire presents a knottier problem, on account of its badly shuffled creeds, languages and nationalities. Let them be unshuffled, then. A solution that ignores these vital realities, or the fearful economic, political and social backwardness of the whole Levant, after its three and a half to six centuries of Turkish misrule, can only prove harmful and sterile.

Here the big lesson of history seems to be the lesson of the Crusader kingdoms: not a formulist liberty that is a sister-german to anarchy, but a reign of justice; not a senseless equality, but a liberal coördination of live factors; not a vaporous, unreal fraternity of the human species male and female, but a marshalling of clans and creeds; and above all a vitalization of resources under Occidental tutelage. Nor is it in vain that all the governments the Orient has given birth to have worn a feudal or a dynastic color, commonly both. Egypt under British control is a re-organized Pharaonic kingdom, and rightly so. You cannot make republicans of bees. Napoleon, who knew his Orient, would have dismissed the internationalization of Palestine (a plan which the Allies are said to have been discussing in deadly earnest) as rank imbecility.

Otherwise, the fair sorting out on the map of five occu-

pant nationalities is no desperate enterprise; for any race will cluster where land, labor, a fair deal and a flag of its own beckon. Lord Bryce admits in a recent letter that London has determined to oust the Ottoman tyranny from Mount Sinai to the slopes of Mount Taurus north of Alexandretta. General Murray, the captain of Britain's legions in Judea, has acknowledged his conversion to the Zionist idea on geographical grounds. Mr. Lloyd George is not far from espousing it constructively. Who builds utopias with heads of their caliber is no dilettante. East and West do meet in the Beni-Israel, whose name is legion. The Hebrews deserve more than a refuge in Palestine. Princess Iolanda of Savoy would make them a pretty queen. I mean this suggestion seriously. And albeit no larger than Vermont and New Hampshire, the storied lands from Sinai to Hermon are an enviable kingdom, with room for a score of earldoms. King Solomon himself in all his glory did not rule Tyre and Sidon.

From this north, a revived kingdom of Syria should perhaps include both Tripoli and inland Antioch, once the chief city of the eastern world. Let Mohammedan emirs at Edessa, Aleppo and Homs be persuaded to bow to the suzerainty of a French house reigning at Antioch, with a duke of Tripoli. Palmyra the unforgotten, and white Damascus of the million date-palms, bear a kindred relation to the proposed kingdom of Palestine, where sites like Tyre and Sidon also fairly prompt not only their costly material improvement, but their political erection into free ports and city-republics, those best nurses of civic liberty.

The spacious vilayet of Adana with its mountain rear-barrier, over against Cyprus, is practically identical with the Lusignan kingdom of Lesser Armenia. Its restoration would provide a happy outlet for Armenian enterprise, and the princely house of Lusignan is not extinct.

Lastly, memories of the Latin rulers who governed the island for close upon four hundred years carry the tourist's mind and heart back to Middle Age and Renaissance glories of Cyprus, wherever he roams on that pearl of the Midland Sea, from his landfalls at Famagosta and Limasol up to The Queen's Garden at gusty Buffavento. Wasn't it there that Desdemona let fall her fated handkerchief? Unless England forgets her present devotion to the rights of small nations, it is the destiny of Cyprus to revert to Greece.

In the matter of federation, the political future of the Levant ought to be largely modelled on the Swiss and North American republics, leaving other features of a progressive regional self-government to be perfected hereafter without violating the gradualness of natural evolutions everywhere and always. But it is wholly unnecessary to inflict all the queer blossoms of our modern democratic statecraft on populations whose ideas still find their more natural expression in terms of a fairytale.

ALFRED EMERSON.

PROBLEMS OF MILITARY TRANSPORTATION

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, U. S. A.

We have stood at the threshold of war for nearly three years without the nation itself having formulated any very definite ideas as to what course we would pursue in event of being drawn into the maelstrom in Europe. This neglect is quite pardonable when viewed in the light of our past history, because up to the present period no American authority ever contemplated for a moment any conditions of world war which would draw our troops to the field of battle in Europe. Our course for three-quarters of a century has been to attend quite strictly to our own affairs, relying upon the Monroe doctrine to protect us from foreign aggression on this continent and upon our common sense, good will and righteous intention to save us from war upon any other continent.

The American forces now being prepared for service in France comprise the regular army, the national guard of the States, and the drafted men who are to compose the new national army. The mobilization and movement of all these forces to their stations for training before embarkation to the theatre of war in France constitutes a remarkable tribute to the efficiency of our railway systems, which have never been run as parts of the military organization, as is the practice in Europe. It is a matter of grave doubt whether Government-owned railroads on this continent would have solved the problems of transportation any better, if as well, as has been done by the corporations themselves.

Previous to the declaration of war with Germany, and its announcement by the President, Congress had decided that the regular army was not large enough to carry on its duties in time of peace, including the operations which, for

the last five or six years, have demanded so large a force along the Mexican border, and authorized a considerable increase of the army to be added in five annual increments. Only one of these had been added when war was declared. The entire increase was then ordered at once. This reorganization of the army, with all its attendant breaking-up of old organizations and creation of new regiments from skeleton battalions, has had to go on at the same time that the national guard was being mobilized in camps in the several States.

The provisions for the calling out of the drafted army necessarily took some time. Meanwhile the movement to assemble the regulars and national guard in convenient organizations for the preliminary training for foreign service was begun. The transportation of these troops from their home stations to the division camps and the transportation of the drafted men to their cantonments, at some of which as many as 40,000 men are to be quartered, required different treatment from anything within the recent experience of our railroads in the matter of troop transportation.

It had been recognized early in the summer, after war was declared, that some more definite and centralized control of railroad systems would be necessary if the troops and supplies essential to war on the part of ourselves and the Allies were to be transported without interruption to their several destinations. In this emergency the railroad organizations were called into conference and there was established at Washington a committee with a highly trained presiding officer to control and direct all the operations of the railroads in so far as necessary to insure a free movement of troops and supplies without congestion in any part of the great systems.

It is a matter of history that five days after the declaration of war against Germany the presidents of the American railroads met at the national capitol and agreed that during the war they would subordinate every other interest to help win the war; that they would eliminate all competitive rivalry and merge their interests under the direction of the American Railway Association's special committee on national defense.

Since that date the operation of all the railroads of the country has been under the direct jurisdiction of an executive committee of five, located at Washington. Under that

committee is a general committee in charge of the details. For the purpose of coöperating with the War Department, its territorial or department divisions of the United States were adopted by the railroads and a committee of railway officials was appointed for each department.

To every army department headquarters was assigned an expert in railway operation, with a corps of assistants placed at railroad centers, on whom rests the responsibility for the movement by rail of troops, munitions and supplies as desired by the military authorities. The experience and efficiency of this railway official, with the authority over all roads vested in him, proved of inestimable value to the War Department.

Various periods were set aside for the use of the railroads with a view to as little interference as possible with the regular passenger and freight traffic. The movement of drafted men of the new national army involved more men, but the movement of the widely scattered national guard was a much more difficult problem for the railroads. The War Department had determined that during the movement of the drafted men of the national army there should be no movement of the national guard. Among the periods allotted for the use of the railroads that between September 24 and October 1 was designated as available for the movement of national guard organizations of the Central Department. The carrying out of this movement affords an illustration of what can be done when all are working to a common, patriotic purpose.

To prevent congestion at the concentration camps or on the railroads it was necessary to perfect a plan covering every detail. This plan showed the location of every national guard unit, the exact time for its entrainment, the railway route to be used, the speed schedule to be followed, and the time of arrival at destination. From five to twelve days in advance of the movement of the national guard every railroad participating in it knew exactly what service it would have to perform. The movement was started on the evening of September 24 and completed on October 1. The railway equipment required 750 sleeping cars, 1,500 coaches and baggage cars, not including freight cars.

How well the plans were made is shown by the fact that the movement was carried out in such a manner that there was not more than one regiment on any one railroad on

any one day, and that not more than one regiment arrived at any camp on the same day. During this period eighty-two organizations, in fourteen States, were moved to their new stations. The transportation involved 2,571 officers, 83,751 enlisted men, with baggage, tents, wagons and animals.

Without an accident to a single man, without delay at point of origin, en route, or at destination, without a hitch in the arrangements as originally planned, the officers and men of the national guard scattered in fourteen States were transported by rail in one week to the distant cantonments designated by the War Department. That is a record of which every American has a right to be proud. It is more remarkable in view of the fact that it was made at a time when the railways were handling the heaviest commercial traffic, both freight and passenger, ever known. Just two things made that record possible—organization and coöperation; the organization of our army, the organization of our entire transportation lines into practically a single system; and the hearty coöperation of these two highly developed organizations.

The whole movement of the national guard in the very short time allotted, without causing congestion on the railroads or at the camp destinations, could not have been effected but for the unification of the railroads agreed upon by their presidents and carried out through what is commonly called the railroads' war board. The railway equipment necessary was provided regardless of ownership. Many railroads which were required to furnish cars for the movement did not haul any of the troops. That is practical patriotism which the country should appreciate.

While the preference would have been given by the railroads to this military traffic in any event, the fact that it was not necessary to change the regularly scheduled passenger trains proves that the interests of the traveling public were also carefully considered when the plans were made for the national guard movement. The facts most clearly demonstrated are the advantages to the Government of close coöperation between the military authorities and the railroads, and that heavy military movements can be made without drawing on the resources of the railroads to an extent that interferes to an appreciable degree with regular commercial traffic.

Among the things which must not be discussed now are the embarkation and sailing for foreign ports of the army which is to bear our flag on the European battle fields, nor is it deemed appropriate to announce the routes or movements of organizations on their way to mobilization camps or ports of embarkation.

When the war with Spain began we were entirely without any deep sea transportation service, nor had we had any experience to indicate to us what course we should pursue in creating one. Our subsequent experience was remarkable indeed when we consider the very small losses sustained during nearly twenty years' operation of the army transport service. When one searches the register of commercial ships and observes the number lost at sea during the period of nearly twenty years that the army has been operating its deep sea transportation we must come to the conclusion that our freedom from accident and loss arises not from mere good fortune but from careful preparation and the maintenance of very high standards upon all our Government vessels.

The number of soldiers conveyed back and forth across the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean, long since passed above the million mark, practically without loss, constitutes one of the most remarkable stories of military experience. Not only have the troops been conveyed in perfect safety but thousands upon thousands of public animals have also been carried on our ships, and all in such comfort that they have generally been deemed ready for immediate service upon disembarkation on the opposite side of the world. We are now confronted with the necessity for transporting even larger numbers than has been heretofore within our experience to the scene of warfare in Europe.

The small fleet of army transports will cut an insignificant figure in this movement, but we shall base all our operations in that line on the splendid experience which has come to us since the war with Spain and the occupation of the distant Philippine Islands. That the problems to be encountered in this great movement will be met by the army in the same manner in which it has met and solved so many other problems may be accepted as certain in the light of our past history.

WILLIAM HARDING CARTER.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION AND ITS WORK

BY WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON

HENRY GEORGE used to say that the way to solve the tariff problem was to abolish the customs houses. He thought that a tariff for revenue was only a degree less obnoxious than a tariff for protection. But the tariff problem is not—shall we say unfortunately?—so simple of solution. The abolition of the customs houses, or even the abandonment of a general tariff, is not regarded by any influential group of men as practicable or desirable for this country. It is now generally agreed that the tariff in some form has become a permanent part of the fiscal and industrial policy of the United States.

Just what form the tariff shall take, and upon what principles it shall be formulated, will continue in this country to be matters of political controversy. That group of public men which regards revenue as the primary purpose of the tariff will be set against that which regards its primary purpose to be the protection of American industries, and the final arbiter between them will always be the American people.

The growing desire in this country, however, that tariff making should be more scientific, and that Congress should have a permanent and reliable source of tariff information at its disposal, has led to the advocacy of a tariff commission. All the political parties have urged the creation of such a commission, and from time to time many bills have been introduced into Congress providing for its establishment. Even before any of them became law the country received the services of a tariff board, through the action of President Taft. President Taft was authorized by the Tariff Act of 1909 "to employ such persons as may be required" to assist him in carrying into effect certain pro-

visions of that Act. He appointed three Republicans, and this board became the nucleus about which grew up the first genuine, although temporary, tariff commission this country ever had. Their first work was the administration of the maximum and minimum clause of the Payne-Aldrich Act. They then began the preparation of what Mr. Taft called the "glossary or encyclopedia of the existing tariff so as to render its terms intelligible to the ordinary reader." It also undertook the study of industrial conditions and the costs of production at home and abroad. In March, 1911, the board was increased by the addition of two Democratic members. Congress appropriated substantial sums for its work, and in a comparatively short time it published reports on chemicals, news-print paper, Canadian reciprocity, raw wool, manufactures of wool, and manufactures of cotton. In many ways the work of this board revealed the value and the need for a permanent tariff commission. Its investigations were conducted scientifically, and its experiences furnish many valuable suggestions for the new tariff commission in its work of organization and investigation.

The present Tariff Commission, established by an Act of Congress approved September 8, 1916, is the first permanent government body in this country whose sole purpose is the scientific examination of the tariff question. Its six members were appointed by the President in March, 1917, and it was organized for business on April 1, 1917.[1]

It is not the policy of the Tariff Commission to bolster up any particular tariff theory. It is strictly non-partisan. Its aim is to secure data which may be utilized both by the advocates of tariff for revenue and by the protectionists, but as a commission it advocates the policy of neither. It proposes to examine the effects of tariff rates from every angle. Its duties include the study of the fiscal effect of the customs laws and their relation to the Federal revenue. Customs duties have always been an important source of Federal revenue and, for this reason, the Commission may be expected not only to assist Congress in studying the revenue producing power of the tariff but also in suggesting how the income and expenditures of the Government may be properly correlated.

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[1] The members of the United States Tariff Commission on the date of its organization were: F. W. Taussig, Chairman; Daniel C. Roper, Vice Chairman; David J. Lewis; William Kent; William S. Culbertson; and Edward P. Costigan.

No phase of the tariff is more a subject of controversy than its effect on prices. Since very little concrete information exists on the subject the discussion has been largely confined to theoretical deductions either to prove or to disprove that a tariff on imports increases prices. As a help to our theorizing we need a full examination of the facts. Only a governmental body with power to demand information and facilities to cover a wide field can make an investigation that will be of value. There is every reason to think that the Tariff Commission can throw real light on this dark corner of the tariff controversy.

Another phase of the tariff which the Commission is to investigate is its industrial effect both on the manufacturer and the laborer. The relation of tariff duties to competitive conditions has been of supreme importance in American tariff controversies. In their platform of 1908 the Republicans declared that "In all protective legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries." "We believe," the Progressive platform of 1912 says, "in a protective tariff which shall equalize conditions of competition between the United States and foreign countries." The Democrats, in framing the Tariff Act of 1913, claimed to have been guided by the principle of a "competitive tariff." These three declarations are merely different ways of stating the same principle. They show how very important competitive conditions are in the enactment of tariff legislation. In addition to its plenary power to get information in this country the Tariff Commission has power to investigate conditions, causes, and effects relating to competition of foreign industries with those of the United States, including dumping and cost of production.

Still another phase of the Tariff Commission's work, to which the war has given far-reaching importance, is its power to investigate the tariff relations between the United States and foreign countries, commercial treaties, preferential provisions, such as bargaining tariffs, bounties, and economic alliances. In the past the tariff laws of the United States have been framed chiefly with domestic conditions in mind, and reciprocity and bargaining features have been tacked on as afterthoughts. Commercial treaties and the bargaining

aspect of the tariff will be of supreme importance after the war. This country has taken a leading and permanent place in international affairs. By giving the Commission comprehensive powers to investigate treaty and foreign tariff problems, Congress recognized the necessity of information which will enable this country to meet the new international problems which will confront it.

The Tariff Commission has an important part in the current work of government. Less than three weeks after its organization it submitted to Congress its first report, which recommended the enactment of a so-called " padlock law " for the purpose of conserving revenue from customs duties and internal taxation during the time a revenue bill is being debated in Congress.

In order to simplify the administration of the customs it has drafted a revision and codification of our customs administrative laws. Existing statutes—many of them antiquated and confusing—and the new code will be submitted to Congress in parallel columns for consideration. If enacted into law, this revision will make customs administration fairer and add to the revenues of the Government.

The Commission and its members have also been called upon by Congress for assistance and advice in framing war revenue legislation.

Business men have brought to the Commission their war time problems. An interesting case was that of the producers of ocean pearl and fresh water pearl buttons, who claimed that their industries are being seriously affected by the rapidly increasing imports of pearl buttons from Japan. The sugar interests of the country are furnishing the Commission with data which bring up to date existing reports. The producers of glass, pottery, textiles, and, above all, chemicals, have been in touch with the Commission.

The chemical industries are of the greatest importance in modern warfare. Remarkable advances have been made in this country in the production of explosives and of such related products as nitric, picric, and sulphuric acids, benzol, toluol, and acetone. The most striking progress has been in the production of intermediates and dyes. While the investigation of the Tariff Commission on chemicals is general, it is placing particular emphasis upon coal tar products. The intermediates, from which dyes are made, are also the raw materials for explosives. Factories which produce dyes,

can with comparative ease turn a part of their plant to the production of explosives.

War disturbances in industry and trade are being considered by the Commission in order to assist both in mobilizing our economic forces against our common enemy and in enabling the country to meet more intelligently the problems which will arise after the war. By means of hearings and field work information is being obtained from representatives of industry, foreign trade and labor. Among the questions considered are the interruption of supplies of raw materials, substitutes adopted, present conditions and tendencies in industries, expansion of industrial plants due to war conditions and their plans for readjustment to normal times again, the effect of the war on labor conditions, and the development of our foreign trade during the war.

This brings us to the most important aspect of the work of the Tariff Commission. The Commission was created as a part of a program of preparedness for peace. The European War had been in progress more than two years when Congress, in September, 1916, passed the Act creating the Commission. World conditions were not changed essentially between that time and April 6, 1917, when Congress declared a state of war to exist between this country and Germany. The effect of the war on the economic life of our nation was evident to Congressmen. It must be so to every other thoughtful student of our times. Now is the time for observation. War is modifying our views of labor, of distribution, of public finance and production. In fact, it is shaking the whole traditional structure of our economic life.

The Tariff Commission is fully aware of this situation. It is now directing a large part of its energies to the consideration of after-the-war problems. No industries have been more profoundly revolutionized by the war than those relating to chemistry. Peace will bring with it for them serious problems of readjustment. Under war demands such stable industries as those which produce caustic soda and bleaching powder have increased their production. So with the electro-chemical industries. New supplies of potash have been developed. Congress, in the same Act by which it created the Tariff Commission, enacted increased protective duties on coal tar products. Our supply of coal tar dyes, which before the war came almost wholly from Germany, is now largely produced in this country and we are

receiving from abroad today more money for dyes exported than we sent abroad to pay for dyes before the war. Such almost magical changes in our industrial life require careful consideration, both by manufacturers and the Government. By field and research work the Tariff Commission is bringing together the information upon which Congress may base a sound policy toward our chemical industries.

Dumping is a form of unfair competition. In the law of September 8, 1916, it was defined to be the systematic importation of an article into the United States at a price substantially less than the actual market value in the foreign market plus certain charges, with the intent of destroying, injuring or preventing the establishment of an industry in the United States, or of restraining the trade in this country in such an article. Before the war the German dye industry used dumping, as here defined, and other forms of unfair competition to maintain its international monopoly. In England, Japan, and France, as well as in the United States, competing industries have been established during the war. The German industry with its great financial and technical strength may be expected to go to any lengths to regain its lost markets. In anticipation of difficulties in this and other lines, the Tariff Commission is investigating the operation of the dumping laws of other countries, particularly Canada, and taking other steps to bring together all pertinent information which will assist in the formulation of an effective method for handling dumping cases.

The Tariff Commission is not a report manufactory. It does from time to time give out the results of its work in printed form, but its files and technical staff are to be organized to give assistance immediately, both to the committees and members of Congress and the President upon any subject touching its jurisdiction. The most conspicuous example of this part of its activity is its tariff information catalog. A mere glance through any tariff act impresses the observer with the multitude and diversity of articles affected, and this complexity is only emphasized by a more detailed examination. The tariff information catalog is in the nature of an unpublished, up-to-date encyclopedia, intended to cover every important article affected by the tariff law. Here may be found information, not only on well-known articles of commerce, but on such articles as agates, acetic acid, zaffer, argol, beauxite, decalcomanias and degras. The information

collected will be confined to facts that are significant for tariff purposes. It will include statistics of imports, exports, and foreign and domestic production, rates of duty and the amount of revenue they produce, prices, a description of processes of manufacture, raw materials used, and general data on competitive conditions, markets, and trade.

The preparation of such an all-inclusive catalog requires time. As it develops it will be of real value to Congress in framing scientific legislation. Its establishment is a definite step away from the traditional practice in this country of conducting a tariff investigation only under the excitement of a tariff revision.

The work of the Tariff Commission extends not only to the domestic but to the foreign aspect of the tariff and its administration. In recognition of the growing importance to this country of foreign trade, it is making an inquiry into the experiences of other countries with free zones or ports and the desirability of them on our Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts.

In addition to its general power to investigate commercial treaties, preferential provisions, and alliances, the Tariff Commission was specifically empowered to investigate " the Paris Economy Pact and similar organizations and arrangements in Europe." Into the subject of treaties, international tariffs, and economic alliances, the Commission is going in the greatest detail. The varying interpretations of the most-favored-nation clause in commercial treaties; the commercial treaties of the United States, many of which will need revision in the light of modern conditions; the reciprocity experiences of the United States under the Tariff Acts of 1890 and 1897, and with Cuba, Canada, and Brazil; the bargaining tariffs and commercial treaty systems of European countries, including the general and conventional tariff of Germany and the maximum and minimum tariff of France; existing and proposed preferential arrangements within the British Empire; the commercial treaties of Latin America; the tariff and treaty problems of the Far East—these are the main topics to be covered in the Commission's forthcoming report on treaties, bargaining tariffs and commercial policy.

As soon as conditions abroad warrant it, some members of the Commission will make a trip to foreign countries for the purpose of obtaining information on developments

during the war which will supplement and complete the investigation now being made in this country.

The years following the war will see more treaty making and tariff adjustments than any other period in the world's history. Congress has empowered the Tariff Commission to assist in preparing this country for the part it must inevitably play in the work of international reconstruction. If the world is to have permanent peace, if our commercial policies are to be reared on lasting foundations, if trade wars and commercial antagonisms are to be avoided, we must understand every phase of the commercial policies of the nations of the world; we must be prepared to enter the Peace Conference with facts and principles upon which may be founded an economic as well as a political peace.

Other nations are preparing for peace in time of war. In October, 1916, Germany created a new division in the Imperial Ministry to look after so-called "transition economics" or to prepare for trade immediately after the war. Austrian and German chambers of commerce have held at least three conferences for the purpose of bringing about a closer economic union of the two empires. At the one in Vienna, in November, 1915, it was agreed that in negotiating commercial treaties, the Allied Central Powers should act together, and that they should reciprocally grant preferential treatment to each other's products, and that other states should be added only by mutual consent. Great Britain has created a Minister of Reconstruction, who is responsible to the House of Commons. His work is "to consider and advise upon the problems which may arise after the termination of the present war." A Commercial Intelligence Department has also been created, under the control of a new parliamentary secretary. Its work will be the unifying of the work of the Commercial Attachés and Consuls. The Dominions Royal Commission submitted its final report in February, 1917, on natural resources, trade and legislation of the Dominions. Great Britain, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland and India were represented at an Imperial Conference in March and April, 1917. One of the resolutions adopted declared in favor of imperial preference. The Committee of the House of Commons on commercial and industrial policy announced on February 2, 1917: "We, therefore, recommend that H. M. Government should now declare their adherence to the principle that pref-

erence should be accorded to the products and manufactures of the British Overseas Dominions in respect to any customs duties now or hereafter to be imposed on imports into the United Kingdom."

In March and September, 1916, the Scandinavian countries held economic conferences for the purpose of considering measures to conserve the rights of neutrals and to safeguard the independence of the Scandinavian countries in the economic struggle which may follow the war. The best known of these activities in foreign countries, of which those already mentioned are merely conspicuous examples, is the Paris Economic Conference, which met in June, 1916. The recommendations of this Conference included measures for the war period, transitory measures for the period of commercial and industrial reconstruction of the Allied countries, and permanent measures of mutual assistance among the Allies.

Apart from the particular measures considered abroad, with which we are not directly concerned here, the activity of foreign countries in the study of the problems of reconstruction is alone a sufficient justification for similar work in this country. It is proper that we should regard the winning of the war as the supreme duty of the moment. But we can not wait until the end of the war to consider the complex problems which will then confront us. The imperative need of economic preparedness now will be as evident when hostilities cease and trade and industry attempt to return to the normal conditions of peace as military preparedness is today.

WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON.

BEN BUTLER AND THE "STOLEN SPOONS"

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE, FROM HIS UNPUBLISHED "PRIVATE AND OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE"

BY WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

It is a tribute to the personality of any man to have so impressed himself upon his generation that the mere mention of his name twenty-five years after his death revives the animosities of his period and stimulates antagonistic comment on the part of a later generation which has known him only by hearsay.

I was walking past the State House in Boston with a friend, and glancing from the anti-climax of the gilded dome to the grotesque statue of General Banks I innocently remarked: "They never succeeded in getting a statue of Butler erected there, did they?"

"Why should they?" my friend demanded, assuming a controversial attitude.

"Why shouldn't they?" I insisted, interested to draw him out.

"A statue to that thief and rascal!" he exclaimed hotly. "It would be a disgrace to Massachusetts."

"What did he steal?" I continued my interrogations.

"Why, everything in sight—down at New Orleans."

"Do you *know* that he actually stole anything?"

"Every one knows that," he replied with conviction.

"Just what does 'every one' *know* that he stole in New Orleans?" I insisted, to see if I could pin him down.

"Why—silver spoons, for one thing; they caught him with the goods."

I am frank to say that my friend expressed an opinion of General Butler which I myself had shared until a few weeks previous to this conversation. I, too, had been brought

up with an idea that he was a " thief and a rascal." I had read the impassioned attack made on Butler in 1914 by Colonel F. S. Hesseltine, not realizing that this was the aftermath of an order issued by General Butler in 1862 to place Colonel Hesseltine under arrest as a " discontented, unfaithful, and cowardly officer." I had read the comment made by James Ford Rhodes: " This then is Butler: a general without capacity, a man without character." It is true that in his history Rhodes qualifies his estimate by admitting that " the charges against Butler can never be proved," but it had not occurred to me that an historian would state as facts anything based merely on hearsay, however general or popular that hearsay might have become.

These, and many other statements, had resulted in enrolling me among those who believed that Butler was a " thief and a rascal," and when the opportunity came for me to peruse and study the mass of Butler's unpublished private and official correspondence, I approached it with no expectation other than of having my preconceived opinion absolutely confirmed. To my intense surprise, I found the basis of the various charges to rest principally upon two vital characteristics of the man: Butler antagonized by his manner; he laid himself open to attack by his disregard of red tape. The actual charges made against him for incapacity as a general, substantiated by *partial* quotations from General Grant, were made ridiculous when the full and complete statements came to be examined. Grant himself realized this when he said to John Russell Young, afterwards United States Minister to China, " Butler is a man it is a fashion to abuse, but he is a man who has done to the country great service and who is worthy of its gratitude." [1]

Out of the mass of Butler's unpublished letters I have selected those which tell the story of the " silver spoons," which my friend assured me " every one " knew were " stolen." Here are the letters. They tell their own story with little editorial comment:

[*Translation*]

204 St. Charles Street,
New Orleans, December 17th, 1862.

To Major General Butler, in the City.

General: On the 9th of August, 1862, Mrs. Ferguson, furnished

[1] *Around the World with General Grant*, volume II, p. 304.

with a regular pass from Head Quarters, set out to rejoin her husband and children in the interior of Louisiana, whereat landing at the Stock Ferry Landing she was arrested by police officers, stationed there by your orders, and brought back to the city under the charge of smuggling. After undergoing an investigation, Mrs. Ferguson had her person and baggage searched, and the result of these searches was to show that among the effects of this lady were two bundles of newspapers consisting of New Orleans and New York journals, all circulating freely in the city and in Louisiana with your approbation, and one bundle of silverware and spoons, which three bundles had been confided to her by Mr. Gillis. One of these bundles of newspapers was addressed to Mr. John Gillis, a French citizen and a perfect foreign neutral, residing at Woodside, La. The other bundle of newspapers and the bundle containing the silverware and spoons were addressed to Mrs. M. Gillis, residing at that time at Bayou Goula, La., 35 miles below the city of Baton Rouge, which then formed the extreme limit of your military lines.

The pass of Mrs. Ferguson, it is true, stated that this lady could carry with her her own apparel only, and the fact of her having in charge those bundles which Mr. Gillis had confided to her subjected her to reproach, as constituting on her part the offence of smuggling. The truth is, General, that Mrs. Ferguson, not knowing in her womanly simplicity the real meaning or indeed even the existence of the restriction stated on her pass, and not conceiving, moreover, that the innocent contents of those three bundles could even be considered as articles contraband of War, had not even an idea that she was thus contravening the provisions of the iron code which is here called Martial Law. Mrs. Ferguson in vain protested her good faith and her inexperience: she was nevertheless cast into prison to wait until she could be banished to Ship Island.

On the day after the arrest of Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. M. Gillis was ordered before you, and after some brief examinations, in the course of which he pleaded in vain his loyalty and good faith, he was held a prisoner at the Custom House, and three days afterwards he was banished to Ship Island without any other form of procedure.

Mr. Gillis was detained at Ship Island for 75 days, thus expiating by 82 days of actual captivity his simplicity in believing that the evidence of his good and loyal intentions might in strictness excuse the slight imprudence of which he had been guilty.

Mrs. Ferguson was set at liberty 3 or 4 days after her incarceration, and she was authorized to claim the effects of her personal property which had been seized at the moment of her arrest. Those effects, as well as the bundle of silverware and spoons destined for Mrs. M. Gillis, had been transferred from the Custom House to the house occupied by Col. Stafford on Canal Street.

Thither Mrs. Ferguson went to get back her effects, and there saw the bundle of silverware and spoons destined for Mrs. Gillis. The personal effects of Mrs. Ferguson were restored to that lady, but the bundle of silverware and spoons remained in the hands of Col. Stafford.

This bundle of silverware and spoons is my personal property, as

will appear from the bill of sale and of lease, dated the 31st of December, 1860, and an instrument of which I produced the original and delivered a literal copy to Provost Marshal Kilburn, No. 177 Canal Street, on the occasion of an attempt made by that officer in the month of September last, to seize the house which I occupy in this city, No. 204 St. Charles Street, and to expel me from the place by main force. I will add by the way that after a ten or twelve days of faithful discussion, during which I had to undergo unjustifiable molestations, Provost Marshal Kilburn, on seeing my voucher and other proofs which I exhibited to him, deemed it prudent to give up his project of seizing my house by main force and of expelling me from my house. This being said by the way, and returning to what forms the subject of my letter, I must admit to you, General, that it was through regard only and consideration for Mrs. M. Gillis that I lent to her husband this silverware, which however, was useless to me, in order that he might place it at the disposal of his wife who wanted it. This will explain to you why and how this silverware, which is my personal property, should be in the hands of Mrs. Ferguson at this time of her arrest. After the arrest of Mrs. M. Gillis, I was waiting for a regular process in due form to be instituted against Mrs. Ferguson and Mr. M. Gillis, in order that I might myself intervene in the dispute and claim my property: for Bayou Goula being situated, as I before observed, this side of and within your lines, the sending of this bundle of silverware and spoons to Mrs. Gillis at that place no more constituted the offence of smuggling, were it looked at through a magnifying glass, than would the sending of the same bundle from my house to that of my neighbor.

That bundle circulated in the interior of the country occupied by you and subject to your jurisdiction, within the *enceinte* of even your lines, and consequently it is impossible to find in the particular case the slightest character of smuggling.

Mr. Gillis, having been released quite recently, and all ideas of regular and legal prosecution against him and against Mrs. Ferguson appearing to have been abandoned, and moreover learning today from your own official organ, the *Delta,* that you have resigned the command of the Department of the Gulf, I have the honor to write to you, General, in order to claim of your justice that you will be pleased to direct that bundle of silverware and spoons be returned to me by Col. Stafford, or by any other person who may have them in his possession at this time.

I am confident, General, that my claim will be received by you, and that justice will be rendered to it in a short time, and while the officers of your administration and Staff have not yet left the city, which will enable you to see the matter in a clear light. I venture even to believe that you will be pleased with me for thus furnishing you with an opportunity to repair an injustice, or at least to correct a serious irregularity, the responsibility for which will weigh fatally on the persons of whom your Head Quarters consist.

Deign to honor me with an answer. I have the honor to be with respect, General, your very humble and obedient servant,

A. VILLENEUVE, French Citizen.

List of Articles contained in the bundle of silverware addressed to Mr. Gillis at Bayou Goula, Louisiana, and which is my legitimate property, whose restitution I claim: 10 large Silver spoons, 8 large Silver forks, 10 large breakf't spoons, 10 large breakf't forks. Value of the whole lot from 175 to 200 dollars in coin. A. V.

This letter was received by General Butler just at the time when he was turning over his New Orleans command to General Banks. He declined to treat with M. Villeneuve, so the plaintiff turns his attention to the new commander:

[*Translation*]

New Orleans, December 20th, 1862.

To Major General Banks, Commander in Chief of the Department of the Gulf.

General: I have the honor to transmit to you herewith a literal copy of a letter which I addressed on the 17th instant to Major General Butler, claiming the restoration of 38 pieces of silverware (silverware and spoons) which are my personal property, and which in consequence of seizure in third hands have been since the month of August last in possession of Col. Stafford of the (Native Guards). General Butler having declined to give effect to my request, I make application to you, General, soliciting from your justice the restitution to which I am entitled.

The high reputation for integrity and honor which has already preceded you in this city is to me a sure guaranty that you will deign to receive my reclamation, and give the necessary orders with a view that justice may be done to it.

My letter to General Butler, of which I transmit you a copy, contains a succinct and correct summary of the circumstances of the case, and the mere perusal thereof will certainly and entirely convince you in regard to the subject. In case, General, you should deem it proper to have an investigation made, it is desirable that such investigation should take place within a brief time, and especially before the officers of the administration of Gen. Butler put on trial shall have left New Orleans, their presence here being indispensable for the elucidation of the question.

Mrs. S. G. Ferguson, who was deprived of her buggy and horses at the same time that I was of my silverware, and to whom Col. Stafford has promised that they should be restored to her, but always in vain, proposes also in her distress to make appeal to your benevolent justice, in order to obtain the reparation which is due to her.

I have the honor to be, General, with the most profound respect. your very humble and very obedient servant,

A. Villeneuve, French Citizen.

General Banks failed to be deeply impressed with M. Villeneuve's appeal, and did not give to it the attention to which the aggrieved owner felt himself entitled. The next

step was obviously to refer the matter to the Military Governor:

New Orleans, 6th of January, 1863.

His Excellency General Shepley, Military Governor of Louisana.

General: On the 9th of August, 1862, Mrs. S. G. Ferguson provided with a regular pass from the Headquarters was leaving the city to meet her husband and children in the country, when she was arrested on her way up and brought back here under the charge of smuggling.

Mrs. Ferguson was searched as well as her baggage, and the result was that among her personal effects were found two bundles of newspapers and another bundle of silverware, this last directed to Mrs. M. Gillis, of this city, living then at Bayou Goula, Louisiana, thirty-five miles below Baton Rouge, which was the extreme limit of Gen. Butler's military lines. Those three bundles had been remitted to her by M. Gillis, Esq., of this city.

After three days of imprisonment, Mrs. Ferguson was released, and allowed to claim the baggage which together with the bundle of silverware had been carried away from the Headquarters to Col. Stafford's house on Canal Street.

On leaving that place, where she had been confined, Mrs. Ferguson took with her her personal apparel only.

But her buggy and horses and also the bundle of silverware were retained by Col. Stafford, and have not so far been accounted for. That bundle of silverware belongs to the undersigned, Adolph Villeneuve, French Subject, who lent it to M. Gillis to be put by the latter at the disposal of his wife who was in want of such things.

But Mrs. Ferguson having been released with no trial at all, and M. Gillis likewise some time since, moreover, as any idea of a judicial prosecution against both of them seems to be given up, I have the honor to call to your Excellency and solicit of your justice, to order that said bundle of silverware be returned to me without any further delay by Colonel Stafford, or any other person who may be at present the holder of it. With this hope, General, I have the honor to be, of your Excellency, the most humble and obedient servant,

A. Villeneuve, French Subject,
204 St. Charles Street.

List of pieces contained in the bundle of silverware above mentioned.

10 large Silver Table Spoons.
8 large Silver Table Forks.
10 large Breakfast Table Spoons
10 large Breakfast Table Forks

} Value of the whole lot from 175 to 200 dollars in gold.

A. V.

Governor Shepley was stirred to go through certain perfunctory motions:

State of Louisiana, New Orleans, Jan. 7th, 1863.

Col. S. H. Stafford, Commanding 1st Regt. Louisiana Native Guards.

Colonel: I am directed by Gen. Shepley, Military Governor of

Louisiana, to forward you copy of letter of A. Villeneuve, herewith enclosed, with request that you will report to him the facts of the case.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES C. SHEPLEY, Military Secretary.

January 26th, 1863.

Endorsed: Respectfully returned with information that this subject has been investigated by the Commdg. General, and my report to him pronounced satisfactory.

S. H. STAFFORD, Col. U. S. V.

Endorsed: Col. Stafford says that this silverware was delivered to Mr. Field, the financial agent of Maj. Gen. Butler.

J. C. SHEPLEY, Military Secretary.

Convinced by this time that he had uncovered sufficient irregularity to make it possible to recover from some one the two hundred dollars at which value he placed his "stolen spoons," M. Villeneuve determines to lay his case before the French Government:

[*Translation*]

New Orleans, March 6th, 1863.

To the CONSUL OF FRANCE at New Orleans.

Mr. Consul: On the 20th of December last I had the honor to write to you, transmitting to you for the purpose of deposit a literal copy of two letters dated the 17th and 20th of the same month, addressed by me, the former to General Butler and the latter to General Banks, for the purpose of obtaining the restitution from Col. Stafford of thirty-eight pieces of silverware which were seized in the hands of third parties, and which are my personal property.

My applications to those two Generals having been ineffectual, I had recourse to General Shepley, Military Governor of Louisiana, in his benevolent justice, directing Colonel Stafford to make explanation in regard to my claim.

Paying deference to this order of his superior, Colonel Stafford alleged that he delivered the silverware to Mr. Field, the financial clerk of General Butler. This answer of the Colonel is shown in writing, the document which I have the honor to transmit to you herewith.

However this may be, and admitting that the declaration of Col. Stafford is true, it is none the less true that on the records of the Quartermaster which have been examined with care, there is no mention and no trace of this silverware: from which the natural inference is that if it was really delivered by Col. Stafford to Mr. Field, the latter must have carried it away with him when he left this city in December last in the train of General Butler. In this state of affairs, I have no longer any other resource than that of claiming the support of the French Government, under the protection of which I have already placed all my furniture, effects, documents and movable value

generally; and, therefore, I have the honor to request you, Mr. Consul, to be pleased to draw up an official certificate of my reclamation, and to add it to those of a similar character which are prosecuted at this time against the American Government at Washington, which is civilly responsible for the acts and doings of its agents. In my preceding letter of the 20th of December last is an enumeration of the 38 pieces of silverware, with an estimate of their intrinsic value made on as moderate a basis as possible. In case this silverware cannot be restored to me in kind, I ask that its estimated value, say two hundred dollars, be paid to me, not in paper money but in hard cash, either in gold or silver. For with the frightful depreciation which all kind of paper currency is undergoing in this country, it would be impossible for me to replace this silverware by paying for it in paper currency of a like amount. Herewith you will find, 1st, the copy of my letter to General Shepley, Military Governor of Louisiana; 2nd, the original letter addressed by Gen. Shepley to Col. Stafford, on the back of which the allegations of Col. Stafford are written and signed with his own hand, and the other written and signed by Capt. Shepley, Secretary to the General and Governor.

Making, moreover, all reparations for the costs, expenses and damages to which my reclamation may give rise, in order to repeat them, and to make the most of them, whensoever there may be occasion and against whomsoever it may concern.

I have the honor to be, Mr. Consul, with the highest consideration, your very humble and obedient servant,

A. VILLENEUVE, French Citizen,

Endorsed

204 St. Charles Street.

List of letters and documents furnished by Mr. Adolph Villeneuve in support of his reclamation:

1st. Copy of his letter to General Butler, dated 17th of December, 1862.

2nd. Copy of his letter to General Banks, dated 20th of December, 1862.

3rd. Copy of his letter to General Shepley, dated 6th of January, 1863.

4th. Original letter addressed to Col. Stafford by Gen. Shepley, dated 7th of January, 1863, on the back of which is in writing the allegation of Col. Stafford, one of these allegations written and signed by the hand of the Colonel and the other written and signed by Capt. J. C. Shepley, Secretary of the General and Governor.

The French Consul at New Orleans, Count Méjan,[1] had already come into open rupture with General Butler because he had treasonably concealed Confederate gold in his Consulate under the protection of the French flag, so his successor thought he saw an opportunity to square accounts.

[1]The United States Government finally demanded the *exequator* of Count Méjan, and he was recalled by his Government

The Villeneuve documents, therefore, were forwarded to the French Minister in Washington, who, in turn, submitted the case to the Secretary of State:

[*Translation*]

Legation of France, in the United States,
Washington, November 18th, 1863.

HONORABLE WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Sir: A lot of silverware belonging to Mr. A. Villeneuve, a French subject residing at New Orleans, has been seized in that city by order of the Federal Officers. All the steps which have been taken with a view of having this silverware restored to the possession of the legitimate owner have up to this time been unsuccessful, and in transmitting to your Excellency all the documents relating thereto, I take the liberty of invoking your friendly attention to this affair.

Be pleased to accept, Sir, the assurance of my high consideration.

HENRI MERCIER.

The Secretary of State turns the matter over to the Secretary of War, and the following documents show the various stages of its progress:

Department of State, Washington, D. C., Dec. 4th, 1863.

HON. E. M. STANTON, Sec. of War.

Sir: I have the honor to invite your attention to the enclosed translation of a communication of the 18th ultimo, addressed to this Department by Mr. Mercier relative to the restoration of a lot of silverware belonging to Mr. A. Villeneuve, an alleged French subject residing in New Orleans, which was seized in that city by order of Federal Officers. I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Yr. Obdt. Servt.,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

War Dept., Dec. 5th, 1863.

Endorsed: Respectfully referred to Maj. Gen. Banks, Commdg. Dept. of the Gulf, for investigation and report.

By order of the Secretary of War.

ED. R. S. CANBY, Brig. Gen. & A. A. Gen.

A. G. Office, December 11th, 1863.

Endorsed: Respectfully referred to Maj. General Banks, Commanding Dept. of the Gulf, for investigating and reporting (to be returned).

By order of the Secretary of War.

A. A. NICHOLS, Asst. Adjt. Genl.

Headquarters, Department of the Gulf,
New Orleans, Dec. 22nd, 1863.

Endorsed: Respectfully referred to Brig. Gen. James Bowen, Provost Marshal General.

By command of Maj. Gen. Banks.

GNAMAN LUBER, Maj. and A. A. A. G.

State of Louisiana, Executive Department,
New Orleans, Dec. 29th, 1863.

General: I do not know where Col. Stafford is. The Adjt. General at Dept. Headquarters would be likely to know, as he is or was Colonel of 1st La. Native Guards (Colored).

Mr. Field, "Financial Clerk" of Gen. Butler, left the Dept. about the time Gen. Butler left. I have never heard of him since, and do not know where he resides. The assets in his hands were turned over to Colonel Holabird, Chief Quartermaster. Very respectfully,

Your obdt. servt.,

G. SHEPLEY, Military Governor of La.

Office of Pro. Mar. General, Dept. of the Gulf,
208 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, 30th Dec., 1863.

COL. HOLABIRD, Chief Quartermaster.

Colonel: I respectfully enquire if there were turned over to you by Gen. Butler the following silverware:

10 Large Spoons	10 Small Spoons
8 Large Forks	10 Small Forks

The property of A. Villeneuve, a French citizen.

Respectfully,

JAMES BOWEN, Brig. Gen. & Pro. Mar. Gen.

Endorsed: It was never in my possession.

JOHN W. MCCLURE, Capt. & A. Q. M.

It is important to note here that Captain McClure states definitely that the silver was never in his possession. Later, it will be observed, the fact appears that General Butler holds his receipt for the property.

Headquarters, Pro. Marshal General, Dept. of the Gulf,
208 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, January, 25th, 1864.

BRIG. GENERAL C. P. STONE, Chief of Staff.

General: In the case of A. Villeneuve, claimant for certain silverware, alleged to have been taken by Col. Stafford, I have the honor to report, that the silverware is not in possession of the Quartermaster, that Col. Stafford was dismissed from the service of this Department but is now, I understand, in service in another military Department, but which I cannot ascertain.

Of Mr. Field, the financial agent of Maj. Gen. Butler, I can learn nothing except that he is not in this Department. I am, General, with great respect,

Yr. obdt. servt.,

JAMES BOWEN, Brig. Gen. Pro. Mar. Gen.

Office Provost Marshal General, Dept. of the Gulf,
New Orleans, January 25th, 1864.

Endorsed: Respectfully returned to Department Headquarters, with the accompanying report.

JAMES BOWEN, Brig. Gen.
Pro. Mar. Gen., Dept. of the Gulf.

Headquarters, Department of the Gulf, New Orleans,
Jan. 25th, 1864.

Endorsed: Respectfully returned to the Adj. Gen. of the Army with report of Pro. Marshal General enclosed.

N. P. BANKS, Maj. Gen. Commdg.

A. G. O., Feb. 8th, 1864.

Endorsed: Respectfully returned to the War Department with a report in the case.

A. A. NICHOLS, Asst. Adjt. Gen.

Endorsed: Respectfully referred to Maj. Gen. Butler, Commdg. Dept. Va. and N. C., with the request that he direct Mr. Field to report to this Department on the subject of the property claimed by Mr. Villeneuve.

War Department, Washington City, February 11th, 1864.

MAJ. GEN. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

General: The Secretary of War instructs me to request that, if within your knowledge, you will furnish the Department with the present address of Mr. Field, your financial agent at New Orleans, during your command of the Department of the Gulf. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
E. R. S. CANBY, Brig. Gen. A. A. G.

The case is now put squarely up to General Butler for the first time, and he makes the following report:

Headquarters, Department of Va. and N. C., Fort Monroe,
March 12th, 1864.

HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of certain papers referred to me by your order of the twenty-third of February last past, in regard to a lot of silverware said to belong to Mr. A. Villeneuve, an alleged French subject residing in New Orleans, which was seized in that city by order of Federal Officers, and have the honor to report thereon.

There are two classes of papers in this reference. One, a complaint by Mr. Villeneuve, through the French Minister, for the detention of his property as alleged; and the other the report of the present Commanding General of the Gulf and his subordinate as to the whereabouts of that property.

The natural order of the consideration of these subjects will be to take the last first, because, if the property cannot be found, and if, as is alleged in the report of that officer, it still remained in the hands of my financial agent, I am responsible for it; and, therefore, should be under great inducement to make a case against M. Villeneuve in order not to be called to an account for the property. But if the property is still in the hands of the present Commander of the Dept. of the Gulf, then I shall stand as a disinterested witness on behalf of the United States, and the facts and circumstances that I report will be entitled to the credit due to such witness.

I have more than a common interest in the first branch of this inquiry, because this is not the first time I have been called upon, as well in public prints as by official papers, to account for the articles of property of great value which were left by me for the benefit of the United States (with those) who were sent by the War Department of the United States to relieve me in the command of the Dept. of the Gulf. A notable instance of this sort of accusation was an attack made in the Senate of the United States by Senator Davis of Kentucky, alleging that I had retained for my own use, and embezzled for my own benefit, the silverplate of Alexander Brother, a rebel of La., who forfeited both plate and life to an injured Government, and both should have been taken away, when at the same time I held the receipt of the proper accounting officer of that Dept. under Gen. Banks for the property, which it was alleged I had taken away. And again in this case, this plate of M. Villeneuve, which John W. McClure, Capt. and Asst. Quartermaster, has endorsed upon the report was never in his possession, was in fact on or about the 21st of December, 1862, turned over to him by my Financial Agent, David C. G. Field, Esq., and McClure's receipt as Quartermaster taken therefor by order of Gen. Banks, which receipt I now have; so that if McClure has not accounted to the proper officer for that plate, it is because he has embezzled the same, and I desire and respectfully but earnestly demand that the matter may be investigated by the proper officers.

I beg leave upon this matter to enclose the sworn report of my Financial Agent, D. C. G. Field, as part of the evidence submitted. Having now ascertained where the silverplate in question is, or at least which of the officers of the United States is responsible therefor, either to the United States or to the claimant, I have the honor to report upon the second branch of the subject, whether the plate in question ought to be given up to M. Villeneuve.

When in New Orleans I had examined this question with care upon complaint made to me, and determined upon the evidence that the plate was liable to confiscation, and had then, and have now no doubt, of the propriety of the decision.

The facts are briefly these: A Mrs. Ferguson had called upon the proper officer of the Department for a pass to go through the lines of the Union Army. It was granted, upon the express condition appearing upon the face of the pass, and explained to her, that she should take with her nothing but the ordinary articles of wearing apparel for a woman.

M. Villeneuve, who, although probably born a Frenchman, has about

the same claim to protection from the French Government that Lafitte the pirate had, resided at this time within the rebel lines, and was acting with them. Some of his property when he fled from New Orleans was left in this Mrs. Ferguson's care, for when she attempted to pass our picket this silverware was found concealed in the bottom of her buggy in which she was traveling.

She was taken before the Provost Marshal, and after a full hearing she was convicted of the attempt to smuggle it, and the property was forfeited, and ought long since to have been sold and the proceeds appropriated to the use of the United States, which certainly would have been done under a proper administration in the Department of the Gulf.

To the allegation of Mr. Villeneuve that this woman was simple, and, therefore, undertook to carry away his plate, a single observation may be made. She was a strong-minded, high-cheek-boned, and rather brazen-faced Scotch woman, who had every other attribute that might belong to a woman rather than simplicity; and the only exhibition of weakness of intellect which she showed was in entertaining the idea that she could pass the pickets with her plunder without being caught.

These facts and circumstances are very fresh in my mind, because I had very considerable trouble with the woman, for this plate was not the only property which she had.

Trusting that such investigation will be made as will require this property either to have to be paid to the United States, where it ought to go, or be given to M. Villeneuve, where it ought not to go, and that it may not be kept by McClure, who has still less right to it, I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

B. F. Butler, Maj. Gen. Commdg.

Clerk Field makes the following affidavit:

Fortress Monroe, Va., March 12th, 1864.

Maj. Gen. B. F. Butler, Commanding Dept. Va. and N. C.

Sir: If John W. McClure, Capt. and A. A. Q. M., who makes the endorsement on the papers, "It was never in my possession," will examine an invoice which I gave him on or about the 21st of Dec., 1862, and will let his memory serve him as to a receipt he gave to Maj. Gen. B. F. Butler, he will find that the said silverware has been in his possession. Very respectfully,

D. C. G. Field, late Financial Clerk, Dept. of Gulf.

Fortress Monroe, Va., March 12th, 1864.

The said D. C. G. Field personally appeared and made oath that the foregoing report by him made was true, before me.

P. H. Haggerty, Maj. & Act. Judge Advocate.

By this time, General Butler feels that he is entitled to be suspicious on his own account, so he writes the following letter to the postmaster at New Orleans:

Private. Headquarters Dept. Va. and N. C.,
Fort Monroe, Va., March 13th, 1864.

MR. J. M. G. PARKER, Postmaster, New Orleans.

Dear Parker: When I was in New Orleans, Stafford took from a Mrs. Ferguson thirty-eight pieces of silverplate, forks, spoons, etc., which were by Field turned over to Mr. McClure, the Quartermaster.

Mr. McClure has reported to the War Department that he has not got them. I have his receipt for them. I believe that the same silver is doing duty on Banks' table to-day. I wish you would quietly have a careful examination made, and if that turns out to be true let me know. I suppose the plate is marked, but do not know what the mark is. Of course, you will not say anything about this to anybody, but take such measures as to make sure that it is there. I think the plate is not marked in Villeneuve's name, but in some other person's name (say Gillis). Write me as soon as you can learn anything about it. I have the honor to be,

Your obed. servant,
B. F. BUTLER, Maj. Gen. Commdg.

Realizing that his enemies would make the greatest possible capital out of the publicity given to the case, whatever the facts disclosed, General Butler asks permission from the Secretary of War to publish his report:

Headquarters, Department of Va. and N. C.,
Fort Monroe, March 12, 1864.

BRIG. GEN. E. CANBY, Asst. Adjt. General, Washington, D. C.

General: You will do me a personal favor if you will cause the report to be read, or to be brought to the notice of the Secretary of War. I have suffered so much and so often from the denials of the receipt of articles by the officers who succeeded me and mine in the Department of the Gulf, which have left me open to unjust accusations, that I have strong feelings on the subject, and at least wish to be fully justified in the minds of my immediate superiors. I also desire that you would make a personal request to him for leave to publish this report in my own vindication. Believe me,

Most truly yours,
B. F. BUTLER, Maj. Gen. Commdg.

In view of General Banks' reports, and for the "good of the service," his request was denied, even though "the explanation is entirely satisfactory."

War Department, Washington City, March 20th, 1864.

Sir: Agreeably to your wish, as expressed in your communication of the 12th instant, I submitted this morning to the Secretary of War your statement in relation to the claim of Mr. A. Villeneuve, of New Orleans, who, it is alleged, lost certain silverware in consequence of its seizure by Union Officers.

In reply, I am instructed to inform you that, while the explanation

offered by your financial agent is entirely satisfactory, the Secretary does not deem it expedient at present to grant permission for the publication of your report. I am Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
E. R. S. CANBY, Brig. Gen. A. A. G.

The end of the episode is chronicled in a letter from Clerk Field to General Butler:

New Orleans, La., April 29th, 1864.

Dear General: Maj. McKee has not arrived from Red River, consequently I cannot leave here tomorrow as I had anticipated. It will take me but a very short time, however, to finish up after his arrival. I have seen McClure, who now says the Villeneuve silverware "has been in his possession," and that he sold it and accounted for it in his "abstract." He says that he made his endorsement owing to its having been marked "Gillis" instead of "Villeneuve." The Twiggs' plate, so he says, has been sold for "pure silver."

Many of your old officers here expressed a desire to be transferred to your Department.

It is stated here that Dudley, staff, and his command, ran at the first fire in the late action, Lee and Dudley have both been relieved, and are in town.

There is nothing from Red River for several days. At last accounts Banks was getting back to Alexandria. The whole thing seems to have fallen through.

You can hardly have an idea of the intense feeling for your return here, that is prevalent in New Orleans. Your reception would be such a one as must be highly gratifying to you.

All here send kindest regards to you and wish to be remembered.

Very truly yours,
D. C. G. FIELD.

. . . . . .

This is the real story, told by the documents themselves, of the struggle to recover two hundred dollars' worth of silverware, which covered a period of seventeen months, involved the martial Government of New Orleans and Louisiana, the Consul and the Minister of France, the United States Departments of State and War, and the outcome of which amounted simply to an unwarranted besmirching for a generation of the reputation of one of the foremost generals in the United States Army. "Every one *knows* that Butler stole spoons in New Orleans," for "they caught him with the goods"! my friend claimed with confidence. In view of the facts, one feels inclined to quote from Disraeli in referring to each one who has written against Butler: "He had but one idea,—and that was wrong."

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT.

THE MOTHER

BY ISOBEL HUME FISHER

From mother's breast to mother's breast men go:
From the warm arms of love that cling and hold
They speed with the one gift youth may bestow;
Then in her patient bosom, deep and cold,
Greatness and littleness,
Earth folds them in her ancient quietness.

We are impatient for their joy, we weep
For every sorrow their young hearts sustain,
Yet she alone can give the alms of sleep
The guerdon of all toil—surcease from pain;
And only on her breast
They sleep forgetfully and undistressed.

To this old mother all her sons come home:
Of all their loves she has the last embrace.
From age to age, for hearts that bide or roam,
She is the shelter and the resting place;
Our sons who fall today
Are cradled where their wild forefathers lay.

She grudges none possession or delight,
She wears her beauty as of old she did,
And woos men's hearts with each spring's gold and white;
Yet in her bosom all her babes lie hid;
There, weary of the sun,
We go to find our children, one by one.

Now, in the crash and horror of our days
She wraps herself in immemorial peace,
And waits the certain end of all man's ways:
He will lie down at length and all wars cease,
When in a fold of green
Lies all the glory that the world has seen.

Isobel Hume Fisher.

A POET'S WISDOM

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

" 'We are sons of yesterday, not of the morning. The past is our mortal mother, no dead thing. And if you have not the habit of taking counsel with her you are but an instrument in her hands.' "

" I thought we had given up that way of looking at things since the war began," said the other. " I don't know what you are quoting, but three years ago when I was in college we were taking counsel of the past with all our might. And what good came of it? Everything went to smash just the same. It seems to me that Wells is right; that we don't think of the world as derived from the past any more but as ' gathering itself adventurously for the future.' I remember the words because they seem to hit the nail on the head."

" Is there no such thing as progress, then?"

Arthur Templeton, journalist, historian, and man of affairs, unfolded his arms and turned to look down at the younger man beside him. They stood amid-ships on an ocean steamer looking across a shimmering sea. Gordon Flint, the young American who was following this tall, slow-spoken Englishman across the ocean to join his hospital unit in the mountains of Gorizia, was a youth of quick movements and energetic mind, full of animal spirits, genuine and open as a book. He had used his brains more than most boys of his age.

" I can't see that progress means much," he went on, " when the very things we counted on have turned against us. Everything we hoped for went down in the smash. There is nothing left—nothing! "

The sea, for five days out from New York, had been calm and unruffled. " There wasn't a thing to do," Gordon had said, " but think about life and watch for a periscope."

The smoothness of the long rollers was wracking the nerves of the passengers, who would have welcomed a storm, a fog, an iceberg—anything to relieve the slow menace of that calm. But these two had forgotten under-sea treacheries in their talks together. The limitations of shipboard which had made Gordon sigh in mid-ocean for a mountain to climb had set his mind unusually free. And for Templeton, who understood the boy's mood, the zest of leadership in the game of mental give and take was tempered by the knowledge that since middle-age was pitted against youth their positions might at any moment be reversed.

When Gordon had demolished the order of the universe, Templeton replied: "My dear Gordon, I think you are mistaken. An amazing number of people are making the same mistake today, and I believe it is a dangerous mistake. One hears on all sides that the hopes of our generation must go—have gone, in fact. Then one of two things follows: either we break altogether with the past and rush blindly—adventurously, if you will—toward the future, or we return to the ideas our generation had rejected. We give up our patient search, with our plans for improving life by slow degrees. We curse the world in true mediæval fashion and look for happiness in heaven. We think of the war as a wild leap backward and so we fancy we must take another leap—not forward, for the word has no meaning in such a view of things."

"It seems to *me* we have been hurled over a precipice and that we can't think about what to do next till we see where we land."

"But none of us in England want to go back to the time before the war"——

"I guess you don't!" exclaimed Gordon. "There was too much of the Victorian era left in England. I suppose the war has cleared that away. Did you read this bully thing?" Gordon pulled a *New Republic* out of his pocket and the two men walked over to their steamer chairs. "Hear what this man calls the Victorians: 'Galahads with mufflers and cough-drops,' 'figures in the fog with an umbrella.' And he says about us: 'No longer pensioners of Providence, made to be coddled, petted and amused, but charged with the same creative energy that set the planets whirling, the young men of 1917 are condemned to earn their peace of mind by unceasing struggle.'"

"'Charged with the same creative energy that set the planets whirling.'" Templeton repeated the words and added:

> The fire is in them whereof we are born,
> The music of their motion may be ours.

"That's great!" Gordon folded up his paper. "Who said it?"

"The poet who called us the sons of the past." Templeton in his turn went into his pocket and pulled out a red leather book. "A poet who lived through the Victorian era and believed in progress; yet I think that more than any other English poet he is the one for us today. He speaks to the present hour. And God knows we need to listen to our poets! And by the way, Gordon—waiving our opinions about the Victorians—do you think we were really taking counsel of the past with all our might, as you say, before the war? Do you fancy that the English Government or the people behind them were taking counsel of the past? Do you know how often this poet warned them that what had happened of old would happen again, that strength would conquer weakness, that the 'vulture wings of Germany' would swoop down on her at the slightest excuse and that if England were not ready—if we were impious to the Lord of Hosts, we should be compelled to fling our sons like dice? It sounds like a prophecy of the Dardanelles. He told us over and over again that we were sunk in 'ventral dreams of peace', and trusting overmuch to our God Neptune, our sea power of which another poet sang us more flattering songs."

A smile flitted over Gordon's face. "Where did I hear," he pondered, "that self-effacement was England's chief fault, and that for the last thirty years Kipling was the only man of prominence who had stood up for her greatness?"

"Self-effacement!" Templeton smiled sadly. "Kipling's poetry is the typical expression of our fatal overconfidence. He became the popular idol while the poet who gave warning was never heeded, although he was the acknowledged leader of English letters and the 'oracle of Box Hill.' He had followers, like John Morley."

"I can see that England ought to have listened to his

warnings. But why should we now, in the war, listen to any poet? They always preach peace, don't they?"

"This poet"—Templeton held the book unopened in his hand—"believes in peace as firmly as any Quaker, like myself,—in one kind of peace, that is; not selfish, stagnant peace, but peace that means liberty. He said that the one hope of his age was that people refused a happiness that could not be made a common music for the multitude. That is not mid-Victorian peace, you see, but the kind you and I believe in. He stood for peace but he stood also for the warrior heart. A world in arms seemed better to him than an idle, self-indulgent world. He saw that there must always be contention to 'drive deep furrows for good seed,' but he looked forward to the day when contention should be transferred to spiritual ground. Before that day, he conceived, men would be dragged backward, shamed by their failures, thrown again into brutishness many times; and yet, foreseeing that, foreseeing even this very war, though not in half its horror, he kept his faith in progress; his 'rapture of the forward view.'"

"Meredith!" Gordon exclaimed, reaching out his hand for the book. "Father was saying the other day that people talk less about his novels than they used to and more about his poems. Do you think so? We read some of the poems in *English 7* and I have glanced through them. But, Mr. Templeton, you don't really think we ought to read all that queer stuff, do you? Not for pleasure, surely?"

Templeton laughed. "I know jolly well that his poems won't bear glancing through. I've worked on them and I know. They hardly bear talking about, either, because one can't generalize about them. They have *all* the qualities, good and bad; and of course any poet with fire in him is bound to leave some ashes behind."

"Eccentric sparks, too, I suppose," quickly added Gordon. "I remember that our professor called Meredith the greatest nature poet in English literature but I didn't believe him. Besides, what is poetry of nature good for now? Who cares anything for 'enchanted woods' at such a time as this?"

Templeton opened the book and read:

> I say but that this love of Earth reveals
> A soul beside our own to quicken, quell,
> Irradiate, and through ruinous floods uplift.

Turning the pages, he opened to the lines on Shakespere:

> The greatest knew thee, Mother Earth, unsoured
> He knew thy sons. He probed from hell to hell
> Of human passions, but of love deflowered
> His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.

Gordon listened, shaking his head thoughtfully. Templeton read again:

> And have we wept,
> And have we quailed with fears,
> Or shrunk with horrors—sure reward
> We have whom knowledge crowns;
> Who see in mould the rose unfold,
> The soul through blood and tears.

"Those are fine words," Gordon admitted. "But honestly they seem to me to belong to a past age. They are just words now. Greater words than those have lost their meaning to me. Last Sunday in church Mother looked at me when they read: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' I think Mother was trying to take comfort in that when she looked at me. No, there's nothing to cling to. It's just grit your teeth and fight on and don't hope for anything in this messy world. My! but I wish I could fight in the ranks. There's plenty of chance that I'll be killed where I'm going, anyway. Do you really think a poet can help? And wouldn't it be Isaiah? Or the Greeks?"

"By all means," responded Templeton. "I was thinking of a more immediate, not a greater need,—of something to clear the mind in this blinding storm. That is a service which no poet of other times than our own can perform, nor one who speaks out of the present turmoil. It must be one who belongs to that recent past of which you are so skeptical, one who re-interprets life according to modern thought. He must be the product and the prophet of our times. He must not say, 'Your knowledge is vain, your science foolishness; come with me and I will show you a better way.' He must accept in all humility the partial truths we have discovered while he looks through and beyond them with his deeper vision. Now the central fact of our lives, it's quite clear to all of us, is that Germany has been building on a false idea and that the only hope of the world

is to build on right ideas. Both foundations, however, the true and the false, existed before the war. There has been no cataclysm of ideas." Gordon looked incredulous but Templeton went on: "Now this is the important point. Out of the same ideas which Treitschke and his kind contorted into the philosophy of the Arch Fiend, making the Will to Power a law of selfish brutality, the poet Meredith created a doctrine of sacrifice, a faith in the power of the spirit, a religion of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

"His words meet the crisis. That is why I say he speaks to the present hour. To listen to him is to hold by the knowledge we have won, to accept what science has proved knowing it to be little, to believe in human nature with a new intensity. It is to strip our souls naked and test them by something the very opposite of material efficiency, for the right of the fittest to survive, he says, is 'solved in spirit.'

"Our intellects are awake today. Almost everywhere it is so. You were telling me how freely your friends discuss things they never mentioned before. And we need poetry that does something more than repeat the rôles of music and painting. Meredith's poetry has the rare power of transmitting a mood. It creates the courage while it supplies the hope we need."

"More than Browning's?" asked Gordon. "And doesn't Swinburne believe just as much in liberty?"

"Browning's individualism will not satisfy us just now. And Swinburne's idea of liberty is quite different from Meredith's and ours. It is nearer to Wordsworth's. Swinburne demands this and that for the fullness of life, while Meredith lays the stress on growth, the growth of reason and love, by suffering and sacrifice and struggle. He glorifies the giving of oneself. Could Swinburne have said that mankind needs a scourge and hence acclaims the crucifix of Nazareth?"

"Well, Meredith's poetry doesn't go in much for beauty. That's in its favor," commented Gordon. "Beautiful things seem out of place in 1917. Heavens! I wish a gale would strike that sea."

"I know of no such rich cadences and strange, haunting melodies anywhere!" Templeton declared. "I agree with you that we care for the sterner aspects now, but certainly we shall not accept any poetry unless its power of beauty sustains its import. Let us see." As he read from *Phœbus*

with Admetus and *The Day of the Daughter of Hades* and the *Hymn to Colour,* Gordon watched his face, and it seemed to him that the smile lighting his strong features was like the flowers that grow on the edge of a mountain glacier.

"They tell us," he talked on musingly—Gordon liked him best when he was speaking to his own thoughts—"of how men creep out of the trenches at dawn and cross the fields under shell fire to hear the birds sing in the woods. I have seen things of the sort myself. And that little girl I read about in the paper the other day, a mere baby she was! The house was blown to pieces and nobody else escaped, and as she ran away from the heap of ruins crying for her mother she stopped to pick all the flowers in the garden. She filled her little arms with tulips and hyacinths and ran down the village street clutching them tight."

"Poor little object!" muttered Gordon.

"She did exactly what we all do. There at the front, where 'there is no God,' many a soldier has found Him in the benediction of nature—like the young painter in Champagne who 'plucked flowers in the mud.' One of the boys in the American ambulance writes that, when everything else has failed, 'beautiful Nature' consoles and satisfies him. . . . No, the horrors of war cannot kill our love of beauty. As it has been since the world began, suffering will bridge the gulf between truth and beauty. For at the end of the rough trail they are surely one."

Looking off into space, he went on thinking aloud. "Yes, the things we counted on have turned against us. The powers of Light have been put in the service of the powers of Darkness. We have to fight an unimagined monster. But we shall chain him by our strength and the mind of man will learn to tame him in good time.

> More gardens will they win than any lost
> The vile plucked out of them, the unlovely slain.
> Not forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed
> To stature of the gods will they attain.
> They shall uplift their Earth to meet her Lord,
> Themselves the attuning chord.

"I suppose that means that we must make a heaven of this earth," interrupted Gordon. "But how? It doesn't look much like it just now, does it?"

"By being gladly either 'sword or block,' the poet says, to serve mankind. Has anyone ever shown a better way?"

"Nobody has ever shown a way that works. That old

slow way doesn't work, surely—everybody thinking his own scheme right, everybody crossing everybody else. It won't do. I suppose the Leninites think they are saving the world. How can we know what will make the world better and what will only make it worse?"

"Ah! Gordon, there you hit the weak spot in every humanitarian philosophy. But Meredith went beyond that. He went beyond his own earlier conception. If he hadn't, if the philosophy of *Earth and Man,* for instance, were all, I should not be offering you his wisdom. By his own experience, in his darkest hour, he learned something about spiritual values which he may have dimly divined but never realized before. He touched the larger truth which I believe the nations of the world will learn by the suffering of this war—if not, then on again to the day when they shall learn it in some other war!—the truth that the life of the spirit is eternal, that nothing is lost, that the soul is born of blood and tears when the demon Self is overthrown.

> Our lives are but a little holding lent
> To do a mighty labour. We are one
> With heaven and the stars if it is spent
> To do God's aim, else die we with the sun.

"Does he throw any light on the real difficulty?" questioned Gordon, "on what God's aim is?"

"I think he does, both for individuals and nations. See what you think. Templeton read in his deep voice *The Test of Manhood* and the *Ode to France, 1870,* after which they fell to discussing the poet's ideas of internationalism, the application of his theories to national life, and his insight into the character of France. Gordon wondered why everyone was not reading the great Ode. "Why, it's the last word!" he exclaimed. "Everybody *must* read it."

To make clear what he had said of Meredith, Templeton read *A Faith on Trial* with frequent comments. As the afternoon wore away they read on and on, entering more and more into the poet's enthusiasm for the spirit of life and falling under his "mastery of hearts." "Will you go back," asked Gordon in a pause, "to that definition of the human spirit?"

"'Tis reason herself," quoted Templeton.

> 'Tis reason herself, tip-toe
> At the ultimate bound of her wit,
> On the verges of night and day.

"When our men go into battle, then," mused Gordon, "they go beyond the bound of reason perhaps, and if they have no high motive it is madness, and if they go for the sake of others, for liberty and justice, then it is divine. You have given me a new vision, Mr. Templeton. You know, ever so many of the fellows say they can't see any principle at stake in this war. They are just going because somebody has to go and they don't want to be slackers. And I have felt all along that when I saw the wounded men come into our hospital I should think they had wasted themselves. I thought the dead and maimed were wasted because the German war-lord was a criminal; and the innocence of the German war-lord wouldn't fit into my scheme. Woe unto him by whom the offence cometh. But the victims—I shall think of them now as on the verges of night and day."

"Then you see," said Templeton, "that this war may mean progress and that it depends upon us whether we are dashed over a precipice, or hold tight, and press forward?"

"Yes, I do," Gordon answered warmly. "And I see what you mean by taking counsel of the past. The Germans built wrong and we were building wrong in a less degree. And the future depends upon what we do with this war. We haven't got to lie awake nights wishing it had never happened. While the soldier gives his life we have all got to think hard about what to make out of the sacrifice. It's a big responsibility."

The sun dropped below the sky-line as Gordon added: "I'll confess to you that I've worried a good deal about immortality. One of my friends said he couldn't enlist unless he believed in immortality. But I can see that it would be a finer thing, if we could bring ourselves to it, not to perplex ourselves over our chance of individual permanence, as Meredith says, but just to know that the spirit is eternal and that all of me that is worth while, and all of the other fellow, too, is a part of that spirit. It does straighten you up, doesn't it?"

"And if a submarine hits us," said Templeton, "morning will come just the same. Morning will come."

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

DO WE SPEAK ENGLISH?

BY C. JEFFERSON WEBER

A British traveler, after making a careful and observant tour in the United States, remarked that Great Britain and America had practically everything in common *except* their language.

Every one who enters the United States of America is required to furnish certain information to the Immigration Authorities. One of the questions asked is: From what race are you descended? and a list of races is supplied for consultation. No such thing as an " American " race is found in this list. There are a great many Americans whose ancestors for five generations or more have been native Americans, yet they are not allowed to say, in answer to this question, that they are descended from " the American race."

The same thing is true of the language spoken in America. Perhaps ten generations have been speaking a language which is yearly becoming more and more unlike English, and yet Americans cannot say they speak the American language, but have to make vain pretensions to speaking English! The result is that all their peculiarities of speech, instead of being regarded by foreigners as picturesque idioms of the language, are discouraged in England and elsewhere by the application to them of the name of " Americanisms," or are recognized to provide amusement for those who speak the King's uncontaminated English! Very few persons in the United States know that they are making constant use of these Americanisms; it takes a trip to the mother country to open their eyes to the fact that they do not speak " English."

Americanisms are far more numerous than most uninformed persons might imagine, and weighty volumes of

them have already been collected. They are of various sorts and may be arranged in the following classes of words:

1. Archaisms, *i. e.,* old English words, obsolete, or nearly so, in England, but retained in use in the United States.
2. English words used in a different sense than in England. These include many names of natural objects differently applied, to which no further reference will be made.
3. Words which have retained their original meaning in the United States, although not in England.
4. English provincialisms adopted into general use in America.
5. Newly coined words, which owe their origin to the productions or to the circumstances of the new country.
6. Words borrowed in America from European languages, especially the French, Spanish, Dutch, and German.
7. Indian words.
8. Negroisms.
9. Peculiarities of pronunciation.

Let us consider these classes of Americanisms in order.

First, there are those words still in more or less common use in the United States, but obsolete in England. One may still hear the Elizabethan participle " gotten " in use almost anywhere in the United States, and " beau," in the sense of lover or sweetheart, is still known in America, though it seems to have entirely disappeared in England. In Shakespeare we find " bob-tail " and " bob-wig," but the word " bob," meaning to cut short, is unknown today in Shakespeare's country; yet in America people still " bob " the hair. " To peek " is today a quite common variation in America of " to peep," and " peke " is found in Skelton's *Colin Cloute* and in Gascoigne. The verb " to progress " is used by Shakespeare,—

> Let me wipe off this honorable dew
> That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks.

Ford used the same word in *The Broken Heart.* In the eighteenth century the word became obsolete in England, but was retained in America. By the time the word was revived in England, the accent had shifted in America: the *Penny Cyclopaedia* remarks that " the old verb *prógress,* which Americans use very often and pronounce *progréss,* is now beginning to be again adopted in its native country, though we think we could do very well without it."

One of the most interesting words now regarded as an Americanism but originating in England and becoming

obsolete there is the word "sophomore." Throughout the United States the second-year class at college is called the Sophomore class. This word "sophomore" (putting aside the question of its meaning and derivation) has generally been considered an American barbarism, but according to Professor Goodrich, in *Webster's Dictionary,* it

> was probably introduced into our country at a very early period from the University of Cambridge, England. Among the cant terms at that University, we find Soph-Mor as the next distinctive appellation to Freshman. The term thus applied seems to have passed at a very early period from Cambridge in England to Cambridge in America, and thus to have been attached to the second of the four classes in our American colleges, while it has now almost ceased to be known, even as a cant word, at the parent institution in England from whence it came.

The explanation of the origin of this class of Americanisms is doubtless the same as that of the rise of any dialect—namely, separation. The Atlantic Ocean is such an effectual barrier to free intercourse between the two English-speaking nations that forces which cause the obsolescence of a word in one country are not active in the other. So also forces which tend to suppress undesirable words or expressions on one side of the ocean do not reach the other side.

This use in American speech of words which are obsolete in England naturally leads to the use of such words in print. The result is that, to English eyes, American writers often express themselves in an artificial, antiquated, and sometimes unintelligible language. One of the reasons why words are less likely to become obsolete in America is that Americans are much given to consulting so-called "authorities." Being cut off from standard speech in Great Britain and having no universally recognized standard in America, people consult the dictionary instead. Now the dictionary is always a conservative factor, and follows, rather than leads, usage; the result is that Americans, in spite of their skill in inventing words and in twisting a word into a new meaning, are much more conservative, philologically speaking, than are their English cousins.

The second class of Americanisms includes those English words which are used in America in a different sense than in England. Maize, or Indian corn, throughout the United States is called simply "corn"; in England the term

" corn " is applied generically to wheat, barley, and other small grains. For this the Americans use the term " grain." " Biscuit " is another word which is differently used in the two countries: in England a biscuit is a kind of unraised bread, formed into flat cakes and baked hard; this is called a " cracker " in the United States,—a word which may have come from Yorkshire. " Biscuit " in the American sense means a small cake of bread, raised and shortened, or made light and fluffy with soda or baking powder. A "billion " in America means a thousand millions; in England, a million millions. " Fixed," to an American, usually means " repaired "; to an Englishman, " fastened " or " attached."

The list of this class of Americanisms would be a long one. There are a great number of common words, such as " punt," " smart," " clever," " cunning," " track," " geyser," " stud," " shop," " chemist," " ice," " public school," etc., which have different meanings on the two sides of the ocean. Some of these are the result of gradual development; the slow accretion of secondary meanings finally produces a word of quite different sense from that with which it began. The natural tendency of settlers in a strange country to apply already familiar names and terms to new objects in nature, to new phenomena, etc., leads to a confusion in the meaning of such names; the outcome of this practice is that the same word is used in America and Great Britain for different things—different trees, plants, animals, fruits, etc. In like manner the names of many domestic articles have become confused. Whenever a new object needed a name, the American of the early days usually tried to find a genuine English word to serve the purpose.

The third class of Americanisms is composed of words which have retained their original meaning in the United States, although not in England. In other terms, these words have not become obsolete in England, but have changed their meaning. In America, the original meaning remains, largely preserved by the conservatism already mentioned as characteristic of the United States, at least in regard to linguistic matters. The dictionary is always a factor opposed to word-changes, and the Americans have shown their fondness for the lexicographic art in many ways.

One of the most prominent and familiar words in this class of Americanisms is the word " guess." " Guess," meaning to suppose, to imagine, to believe, as used by

Chaucer, and by Shakespeare (*e. g.,* in the first scene of *Coriolanus*), is one of the most common words in America today. "I guess so" would be translated into English, "I suppose so"; "I guess I'll stay at home today" means no more than, "I think I'll remain at home today." Instead of the modern English words "jug" and "basin," the American says "pitcher" and "bowl." These last two words are of long standing in the language, but have changed their meaning in Great Britain, and are now applied to different objects. In Boswell's *Life of Johnson* I have noticed the word "shoestrings." Since Boswell's day, this word has not changed in the United States, and Americans still ask for shoestrings when the Englishman requires bootlaces. The word "gentleman" evidently meant nothing more originally than a gentle man, and the word is retained in America in practically this same sense; although there is a limited but growing use of the word in the English meaning, which denotes a member of a certain social class, rather than a certain type of individual. The word "sick" was originally used as in Shakespeare or in the Prayer Book, in reference to all disease or lack of health, and the word is still so used in America. In England, however, "sick" has been restricted to the single disorder of seasickness, "ill" being used in its place, except in the compound "sick-list." An Englishman who is well acquainted with the history of his native tongue may often be surprised to hear spoken in America good eighteenth-century or even pure Elizabethan English.

The fourth division of Americanisms consists of English provincialisms which have been adopted into more or less general use in the United States. It is interesting, for example, to find in the *English Dialect Dictionary* that the strange expression "spitten image" is (or was) known in Cumberland and Westmoreland, used as in the sentence, "He's t' spitten image ov his fadder." Now this expression is not uncommon in the United States, especially in the South, where some explain it as a corruption of "spirit and image." It would be interesting to be able to prove that some emigrants from Cumberland and Westmoreland settled in the southern part of the United States and brought this curious expression with them. Not long ago, it appeared in print in one of the New York magazines.

The verb "to crock," meaning in Norfolk and Suffolk

to black with soot, is sufficiently well known in the United States to find a place in the dictionary. In Hallamshire, "to mush" means to crush or pound very small, from which may be derived the American word "mush," a favorite dish of corn-meal boiled with water, and eaten with milk or molasses. "Spunky," which Forby mentions as provincial in Norfolk, meaning spirited, vivacious, and the corresponding noun "spunk," which Brockett says is a colloquial word, considered in England extremely vulgar, are both well known and often used in the United States. "Wilt," meaning to droop or wither, is a very common word in America, and provincial in Great Britain.

There are doubtless a very great number of these provincialisms which have fallen upon good ground in America and flourished, but among the many modern Americanisms, it is somewhat hard to point out all the original dialectal sources. This is a task not yet completed, but it will no doubt be found true in the end that many American words and phrases which strike the English ear as peculiar will be found to have originated in some dialect in Great Britain.

Fifthly, there are those words which have been coined in the United States,—entirely new words, derived from nowhere else,—pure American inventions. There are quite a large number of these "barbarisms." A "scallawag" is a scamp. "Kerchunk" is a word often used to describe the fall of a heavy body. American inventions have led to the introduction of a great many words peculiar to the United States. Take, for example, terms connected with steam transportation. The Englishman says "railway," the American "railroad." The one speaks of the "goods van" or the "luggage compartment"; the other, of "freight cars" and "baggage cars." So for "carriage," "line," "shunt," "guard," "driver," "corridor," etc., there are used in America "car," "track," "switch," "conductor," "engineer," and "aisle." "Checkers" is the name, probably invented in America, for the game of draughts. In like manner, "Fall" is the American word for Autumn. "Poker" is an American addition to the number of card-games. "Pop-corn" is the name invented for the kind of Indian corn which "pops" or bursts open, when roasted. "Punk" was the name first applied to rotten wood; then it came to be used as an adjective for anything rotten, or poor in quality, or unpleasing: today in unelegant colloquial talk in

America, one will hear of a *punk* tennis-ball, a *punk* theatrical performance, or a *punk* musician. "Rag-time" is the curious name invented to describe that variety of music of which the United States is the chief source, in which syncopated rhythm is the characteristic feature.

Some of these Americanisms have been welcomed into England, so that their origin tends to be forgotten. For instance, the word "lengthy" met with great opposition a century ago, but it made headway in America; from it, President Jefferson is credited with having formed the word "lengthily" at which no offense is taken in England today. The word "loafer" was originally an American slang invention to describe a habitual lounger, but (as was prophesied almost a century ago) "it is a good word, one much needed in the language, and will, in time, establish itself in the most refined dictionaries." Some American word-inventions become so thoroughly at home in England that it is often hard to establish their origin. No one in Great Britain today feels the word "telegram" to be an Americanism; yet it was first suggested in April, 1852, by an American living in Rochester, N. Y., and its use in America subsequently attracted English attention. Previous to that time, people had spoken of telegraphic despatches, telegraphic communications, and the like; the innovation was an evident improvement. In England, no use of the word had been claimed prior to 1853, so that the American may justly receive credit for having coined this useful word.

In this connection may be mentioned an American habit closely allied to that of coining words, namely that of coining new *meanings* for words already known. Take, for example, the current slang use of that much-used word "some." What a wealth of meaning and insinuation the American has invented for the word! "Some" as an adverb may be heard in many places. For instance, in the Teign Valley district of Devon, the natives may say, "It did rain zum yesterday." But the American would use the word as an adjective and say, "That was *some* rain yesterday." This use is hard to define. In the middle of the last century, "some," meaning considerable, or notable, was called "a modern slang word." Today "some" is almost limitless in its capacity for application. It implies approval, enthusiasm, sarcasm, wonder, admiration, disgust—or amusement. The seeds may have been sown in Cornwall, in Devon,

or in Lancashire, but I seriously doubt if a native of any of these counties would ever say enthusiastically, "We had *some* fun last night," or sarcastically, "This is *some* book"! Another word to which Americans have given a new meaning is the verb "raise." In England, men raise crops; in America, they also raise children.

The sixth class of Americanisms is formed of words which have been borrowed in America from European languages. From the French come "calaboose" (the jail, or, *à l'anglaise,* the gaol), "department" and "departmental" (referring to divisions of the government, corresponding to the English use of the word "office"), "grade" (instead of the English words "rank," "gradient," or "form," as in "the sixth form at school"), "prairie," and "barbecue," supposed to be a corruption of *barbe-à-queue,* an expression after the pattern of *cap-à-pieds. Barbe-à-queue* means from snout to tail, and barbecue is the term used today in the Southern States for dressing a hog whole. The animal is split "from snout to tail," and roasted over a charcoal fire.

From the Spanish the Americans have taken the words "corral," "fandango" (a dance), "mustang," "pickaninny" (a negro child, or colloquially, a "nigger-baby," a corruption of the Spanish *pequeño niño,* a little child), "picayune" (small, a trifle, as in the sentence, "I don't care a picayune about the matter").

To the Dutch settlers in America are due the American words "cookey" (a little cake, from the Dutch *koekje*), "stoop" (door-steps, or small porch), and "spook" (a ghost). These words are the survivals of a great number once in use in New York, when it was called New Amsterdam. Most of the Dutch words have died out, but "cookey," "spook," and others have spread all over the country. The English in South Africa have also learned the word "spook" from the Dutch, and the word is known in Yorkshire, perhaps from the Flemish weavers who at one time immigrated there. "Spook" is also known in Low German, and the old German colony in Pennsylvania aided in spreading the use of the word. The tragedy of *Hamlet* was once translated into Pennsylvania German, and the speech, "I am thy father's ghost" was rendered, *"Ich bin dein daddy sein spook"!*

This seems to be a suitable place to make a few observations on the future of the language. The question has often

been asked by people on both sides of the Atlantic whether the time will ever come when the language of the two nations will have drifted so far apart that they will be able no longer easily to understand one another. It is hardly probable that the literary language of the two countries will ever be greatly dissimilar, and we can feel pretty confident that books written and printed on one side of the ocean will always (except, perhaps, for a word here and there) be intelligible on the other side. With the spoken language it is different. The vast watery barrier so effectually prevents free intercourse of speech that the day may easily come when an American may find himself unable to make himself understood in England, and the same with an Englishman in America. This possibility is due, not only to the ever-changing pronunciation of vowel-sounds and consonants, to the shifting of accent, and to the slow but effective changes of articulation and emphasis, but also to those forces which we have just been discussing, namely, the introduction of new words into the language from other sources. The same conditions do not exist in the two countries; a new word is needed in the one when it is not needed in the other; in one country there is present a foreign element ready to supply the needed word, in the other there is no such element. Already Englishmen find themselves totally ignorant of hundreds of words which are in daily use in the United States. The same is true in South Africa and Australia. Gradually a colloquial vocabulary is being built up in each place peculiar to that locality and the conditions thereof; without abundant communication—an impossibility when oceans lie between—these vocabularies must in time become more or less unintelligible outside the regions where they are spoken. We must, then, be prepared to expect the day, no doubt far distant as yet, but none the less probably coming, when the Englishman and the American can no longer freely converse, each speaking his native tongue. This does not mean that conversation between the two will be impossible, but it may become so difficult that one or the other of them will have to learn the other's language. The two tongues will remain so much alike in grammar, syntax, and everything apart from pronunciation, accent, and vocabulary, that it will not be difficult for a native of one side of the Atlantic to learn to speak intelligently the language of a native of the other side; but nevertheless, when the speech of the two nations

has drifted far enough apart, some actual effort will be required to carry on a conversation.

The seventh class of Americanisms includes those words which have come into the language from the original inhabitants of the country. Some of these Indian words have been domesticated in England, *e. g.*, "hammock," "hurricane," "pemmican," and "tobacco." From the Mexican Indians come the words "chili" (as in "chili-sauce"), and "tomato." Others, however, are still known only in America—such as "pow-wow." To these words must be added those which are connected with Indian life, and which are not used except in reference to the Indians and their affairs: tomahawk, wigwam, papoose, squaw, wampum, and the like.

For the eighth division of Americanisms the negro is responsible. A small number of words are supposed to have been introduced into English by the slaves brought from Africa. "Banjo," the name of a favorite musical instrument with the negroes, is probably of negro origin. Another word, much used in the Southern States where the great mass of American negroes still live, is "to tote," meaning to carry. Southerners speak of "toting" wood, "toting" a child, "toting" water, etc. The word is probably of African origin.

The negroes are not as active in the introduction of new words as they are in the metamorphosis of old ones. In their mouths, many common English words take on new sounds, until they are almost unrecognizable. Final and medial consonants are dropped, prefixes are suppressed, vowels are changed, one consonant is substituted for another; and the final result is a very picturesque dialect of the American variety of English.

The ninth and last class of Americanisms which I shall have occasion to mention consists of peculiarities of pronunciation. A word of caution is here necessary. The American and the Englishman have both noticed peculiarities in the word-sounds of the other. There are differences of stress accent, there are differences of intonation, and there are numerous other differences which the careful observer will discover. But these are often local peculiarities. A man of Stratford-on-Avon does not speak like a man of Exeter; a Bostonian speaks differently from a man of New Orleans. To be deserving of the name of an Americanism, a peculiarity of pronunciation should be sufficiently national

to make its use accurately mark the nationality of the speaker. There are not a few such peculiarities in American speech. I shall mention only three of them. Americans often give the vowel *a* the short sound where the English pronounce it broadly. The pronunciation of the words "France," "banana," "half," "rather," "past," "cast," "dance," "blast," "ask," and the like, will usually serve in speech to distinguish the American. Another Americanism is found in the *-oo* pronunciation of the words "new," "duke," "Tuesday," "neutral," "due," "true," "blew," etc. The Englishman pronounces them with the sound as in the word "few." A third Americanism is found in the pronunciation of words like "military." The Briton says milit'ry; the American sounds all the syllables. This peculiarity of pronunciation is found in many words, *e. g.*, stationery, literary, millinery, sanctuary, secretary, and laboratory.

This paper does not pretend to be exhaustive. Many other points of difference might be cited—differences of spelling, variations of proverbs, changes in idioms, differences of grammar, punctuation, and construction; but we have confined ourselves largely to the question of vocabulary alone. Here the differences are not large, when the great mass of the English vocabulary is considered; but the changes are increasing from year to year, and in time will probably demand more recognition. At some future date, the American school-boy may have as great difficulty in reading Kipling and Bernard Shaw as the college student today experiences in reading *Beowulf*.

C. Jefferson Weber.

FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

"BETRAYED by false friends, reviled by enemies, the lot of the sincere pacifist is hard"—so such an one writes to me. "Every cause has its Gethsemane and this is ours. Does my suffering bring no conviction to you?" Thus am I asked again to accept a faith because its adherents are willing to be martyrs. The argument is a very old one and of continued efficacy. In great and little concerns alike the supporters of a cause welcome and its opponents regret the appearance of a victim. But today I find that the argument begets questions in my mind: What is the relation of the martyr to his faith? Is it his suffering or his belief which ensures ethical validity? Let us marshal our thoughts on this subject of martyrdom.

The appeal of the martyr is almost irresistible to those of us who count most fortunate in history the men and women who have been allowed to die for their faiths. Devotion to principle may, indeed, bring a fuller measure of life and honor; the exaltation of many to power and fame has been caused by their fidelity to ideas which transcend the world's emoluments. And yet about the final proof of fidelity, the laying down of life, there is a glory withheld from any other form of human service. Socrates without the hemlock, Joan of Arc without the flames—ah, how different might be our reading of their stories!

There seems to be in the race a strange instinct for martyrdom. The cynic sometimes seems not unjustified in attributing it to a desire for notoriety. But the desire for sacrifice is more primitive. When the philosopher Peregrinus had himself burned alive at one of the Olympic festivals, so that the crowds, collected from all over Greece, might fix their attention on him, he was sophisticated in comparison

with the rude votary of a savage religion offering his life as a sacrifice to the tribal God. We have come to associate the word martyr more specifically with Christianity because no other faith has produced martyrs in such profusion and because their blood has been the seed of a civilization within which we ourselves live and move and have our being. With these Christian martyrs, then, it may repay us to become more intimate.

Among them a primitive instinct was lifted into a passionate desire to share the sufferings of the author of their faith. The directness of this emotion seems utterly to have escaped Bernard Shaw in *Androcles and the Lion.* The play is a piece of amusing fooling with the Christian martyrs, who were ridiculous enough to their contemporaries and are here again served up to make an English holiday. In the one passage which injects dignity into the theme Mr. Shaw misreads his own fools. He makes Lavinia, better educated than the other prisoners, explain to the captain of the Roman guard that, in the face of death, all her faith in the Christian dreams and stories is oozing, fading away into nothing, and yet she means to die. The dialogue goes on:

"*Captain:* Are you, then, going to die for nothing?

"*Lavinia:* Yes, that is the wonderful thing. It is since all the stories and dreams have gone that I have now no doubt that I must die for something greater than dreams or stories.

"*Captain:* But for what?

"*Lavinia:* I don't know. If it were anything small enough to know, it would be too small to die for."

C'est magnifique—but it is not the truth. Shavians may consent to die only for something too abstract to know. But the Christians who faced the beasts in the Roman arena did it because they knew and loved Jesus Christ. Christianity, like every other religion, uses creeds and dogmas, even stories and dreams, to bulwark its existence. But when it was new-born into the mighty pagan world, only one of several religions which preached sacrifice and atonement, salvation and brotherhood, it had a single, unique instrument of victory: the personal love which its followers bore to a personal master who so exemplified his own preaching as to become their Way and Truth. If Androcles and his like had not been willing to die for a person, Mithras might have conquered Christ. An intense, impelling love for Jesus of Nazareth widened out from the little group of his life-time

disciples and flooded, at last, the shores of history. Since Jesus had been killed for his faith, his immediate followers passionately wished to die in the same way. Peter, especially, welcomed crucifixion, because in the hour of this torture he could obliterate the memory of that other hour, in the cowardly dawn, just before the cock crew, when he had denied his friend and master. Love like this spread to a group a little further away. Stephen, as the angry Jews in the synagogue surged toward him, looked up steadfastly into heaven and saw, not an Unknown, but Jesus, his Lord. When they cast him out of the city and stoned him, he died calling upon his Lord by name. In the crowd was a hostile young Jew, aiding and abetting the murderous attack. This same youth later—such is the drama of Christianity—by his dynamic personality and power of language spread far and wide the amazing emotion, the consuming love which had made Stephen's face like an angel's and which was to transform the pagan world. Paul endured dangers by land and sea, hunger and thirst and nakedness and buffeting, for the sake of preaching Christ crucified; and then welcomed execution outside the gates of Rome. In death he found at last a certain dwelling-place.

From Stephen and Paul the impulse to find joy in martyrdom rippled out to those obscurer men and women of the first few centuries who endured a violent death for love of one who had been crucified. "I have never suffered and now that I begin I begin to be a disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ"—so one Phileas, unknown to other fame, expressed himself when he was condemned to die. Old Bishop Pothinus of Lyons, so weak at ninety that he could scarcely draw breath, was renewed to strength by the "ardor of his soul and eager desire for martyrdom." Perpetua, the young matron of Carthage, facing her torture, remarked with a woman's sweet audacity, "I have always been gay, I shall be more gay in another world." From the authentic accounts —discarding the dreams and stories—of these martyrdoms might be constructed a series of dramas more picturesque than Mr. Shaw's. For example, in the story of Fructuosus, an early bishop of Rome, characters, scenes, homely details and great emotions lie at the playwright's hand. On a night in January the bishop is in bed, when he hears the footsteps of soldiers coming toward his room. He jumps up and meets them on the threshold, tranquilly receiving their an-

nouncement that he and his deacons are arrested. He only asks if he may take time to put on his shoes, and they tell him to suit himself about that. The next scene is in the trial room to which the criminals are brought from prison. There they are all condemned to be burned alive and Fructuosus " exults at the thought of the crown which is offered him." Next, the bishop and his deacons are taken to the amphitheatre through crowds of onlookers. The bishop is loved by all who know him, and so the pagans as well as the Christians shower pity upon him. But the Christians say less than the pagans, because, " thinking of the glory which awaits him, they are more inclined to joy than sadness." The drama culminates in the amphitheatre scene. As the victims begin to undress, Fructuosus' reader, with tears in his eyes, begs the privilege of taking off his shoes. But the bishop, " tranquil, joyous," says gently to him: " Go away, my child. I will take off my shoes myself." The fires are lit. The sacrifice is consummated. As a *finale* we are taken into a gathering of the faithful. They are sorrowful, uneasiness oppresses them all. " But they do not pity Fructuosus; on the contrary, they envy him."

With such a devotion impelling men and women of all kinds it is no wonder that in the first Christian centuries martyrdom threatened to run wild. Doubtless most modern intellectuals would have agreed with Marcus Aurelius in his contempt for Christian fanaticism. " The soul," he said, " should be ready at any moment to be separated from the body; but this readiness must come from a man's own calm judgment, not from mere obstinacy and with a tragic show as with the Christians." But in reality the early Church itself, to its infinite credit, insisted upon judgment and reasonableness, refusing to set its seal upon all kinds of martyrdom. A Christian, for instance, who was arrested and punished for wantonly destroying the " idols " of unoffending pagan neighbors was not a martyr but a criminal. Suffering in itself was not a sacrament. This was pointed out over and over by the leaders to the more ignorant. Once, during a plague in Carthage, some Christians lamented that they would have to die on sick-beds instead of as martyrs, and their bishop explained to them: " It is one thing for the spirit to be wanting for martyrdom and another for martyrdom to have been wanting for the spirit. For God does not ask for our blood, but for our faith."

Marcus Aurelius, on the throne of the Roman Empire and within the citadel of Stoic thought, was too remote from the religion of an obscure sect to understand its remarkable combination of emotion and reason. Before his time, in the period of our classical intimates, Trajan and Pliny and Tacitus, this union was revealed in a man of whom aristocrats and scholars may never have heard, but whose ideas were destined to spread farther and live longer than their own. Ignatius, the bishop of Antioch—said to be third in succession from Peter—was summoned to Rome to be killed by beasts in the amphitheatre. The Roman Christians started a movement to save him. Hearing of this he sent to them, from a stopping-place in his westward journey, an impassioned appeal to be permitted to be a martyr. The emotion in his letter rises like a flood: "Grant me nothing more than that I be poured out to God, while an altar is still ready. . . . God has vouchsafed that the bishop of Syria shall be found at the setting of the sun, having fetched him from the sun's rising. It is good to set to the world towards God that I may rise to him." But this emotion is merely a by-product of his profound conviction that through his death more efficaciously than through his life the truth will speak. Living, he will be but a cry; martyred, he will become a voice of God. The reason for this belief he gives in a superb sentence which would have been foolishness to the *intelligentsia* of the day, but which has been confirmed by two millennia: "Christianity is not the work of persuasiveness, but of greatness when it is hated by the world."

Doubtless without emotion the dictates of reason would far more rarely have been obeyed in this matter of martyrdom. At the behest of "calm judgment" enough blood would not have been spilled to nourish the roots of Christianity. The cool motive for sacrifice offered by the Stoics had but left the pagan world an eager seeker after any religion which would fill the place left void when reason retreated. Among all the Oriental faiths which promised salvation in spite of the defeat of man's will Christianity supplied the emotion of self-surrender to a Person who had died for others; and so won the case before the jury of human hearts. The persuasiveness of logic would not have kept this religion alive. To feed and nurture it greatness was repeatedly called upon to suffer. Its continued existence depended upon the same mysterious law as its birth.

We are brought back to the birth-pangs of the Christian martyr's faith. Here at Golgotha is the supreme martyrdom of the race. Now it is an amazing fact that before the cross of Jesus of Nazareth we find ourselves persuaded to thoughts which bear almost no resemblance to the thoughts of Peter and Stephen, Paul and Ignatius, Phileas and Perpetua. Here not even a Stoic could have found any tragic show. Here is neither obstinacy nor intense emotion. The founder of Christianity had no more irresistible leaning toward martyrdom than had Socrates, the pagan. And his physical recoil was greater, because he was young and full of life and faced bodily humiliation and suffering as well as death. The Athenian was seventy years old and doubtless had already relaxed his hold on life. He was to incur death—such was capital punishment in Athens—by a free act, without the outrage of personal violence. His martyrdom, for all the shame it heaped upon the law courts of his day, was in its details characteristic of the humaneness and the beautiful dignity of Athenian civilization. The prisoner and his friends had talked for hours about the soul's eternal life, and when the sun set and the hour of his bodily death arrived silence fell upon one of the immortal conversations of history. Then the jailor, reluctantly and respectfully, brought in the cup of poison. Socrates took it into his own hand, drained it, and lay down to die, without torment, in reverent peace. Contrast the fate of the Nazarene at the hands of Jews and Romans, scourged and buffeted, fainting under the heavy instrument of torture laid upon him, suffering from terrible thirst in the midst of agony, slowly dying before the jeering crowds! Those who came after him were sustained by the memory of his suffering and by the ardor of love which that suffering created. In the hour of martyrdom they " saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." But for himself, upon the cross, there was the sense of having failed with men and been forsaken by God.

Nor was this hour of despair a reaction from exaltation. During the latter months of his life, as he foresaw the failure of his work and the enmity of the authorities, he dreaded the end to which devotion was leading him. The strength of the temptation to avoid it may be measured by the severity of his reproof to Peter—" Get thee behind me, Satan "—for suggesting the possibility of escape. When an alternative

seemed to present itself, his mind, as if not obstinately set on martyrdom, became troubled. This was when Andrew and Philip told him that some Greeks wanted to see him. There was probably reason for believing that they wished to invite him to go back to Greece with them; and Jesus had a swift thought of what it might mean to preach to such a people. Would it not, indeed, be better to flee Jerusalem and seek Athens, to live and win, rather than to die and lose? The account of his strange, disconnected answer to the disciples who ask if he will see the Greeks, must reproduce the perplexity of his spirit. "Now is my soul troubled," he exclaimed, "what shall I say? Father save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour." And yet "calm judgment" conquered. For he was assured of a truth which he poured out in burning words to Andrew and Philip: "Verily, verily I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." Emotionally he dreaded crucifixion, but reasonably he believed that if he was lifted up he would draw all men unto him. None can deny that his judgment has been confirmed. No other martyrdom has generated such continuous results. No other seed buried in the ground has brought forth such abundant fruit. The mysterious law of creation received its sublimest confirmation at Golgotha.

Small wonder that with this mystery in possession of our consciousness we should sometimes forget to look beyond pain to the life which it brings forth. But the martyr of Golgotha did not forget. The generative power of suffering never obscured for him the supremacy of the truth for which he suffered. He judged the efficacy of the buried seed by the goodness of the fruit it was to bear. Blessed are they which are persecuted *for righteousness' sake,* was one of his sayings to the multitude. Indeed, our own rough and ready judgment of certain martyrs proves our unconscious agreement with this. If we really believed that martyrdom in itself ensured the crown, then it would make no difference to us whether Socrates died for the freedom or for the enslavement of human reason. And Saul of Tarsus, killed by a hot-head while he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the innocent, would have claimed our reverence as surely as Paul executed by the government for his acts of love and brotherhood. But this is not true. Our estimate

of both the pagan and the Christian involves an estimate of his cause. We revere the martyrdom of each because it was his final and most fructifying contribution to ideas which we accept as true.

By their fruits ye shall know them. This is a hard saying, for it sweeps away many defences. To mean well is not enough. Even to suffer is not enough. Because truth can be brought to birth only through suffering, we must not argue that everything born of suffering is truth. The terms are not convertible. Our sympathy inevitably goes out to the man who surrenders life or comfort or happiness for a belief. But sympathy must not mislead us into accepting his sacrifice as a proof of the truth of his belief, nor into absolving him, if he be in error. Ignorance is no excuse. The terrible responsibility is laid upon us to know the truth. This has been taught by all our spiritual masters. Socrates even identified virtue with knowledge. And the most piercing words in the New Testament are those which Jesus directed against the permanently self-deceived: "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. . . . Depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

In these troubled times is it not necessary to bring ourselves back to this teaching, in all its severity? Suffering is rife in the world. We look to it for purification. But we must remember that its efficacy will depend upon the kind of life which fructifies from it. The warning is two-fold, touching both our judgment of others and our hope for ourselves.

We see our enemies suffering to the uttermost, offering themselves as willing martyrs for their faith. We may pay our tribute to their courage and devotion; but to dally with their faith, to be gentle with their doctrine is moral chaos. Those who choose to judge them by their suffering, rather than by the ideas for which they suffer, by their "Lord, Lord" rather than by the iniquity which they work cannot run to shelter behind Christianity. The Crucified bars the way.

But more swift and searching must be the application to ourselves. We long to bear our share of suffering at this time. The passion of thousands of Americans has been recently expressed in these beautiful words: "In a dull and blunted sense, we feel that longing the disciples felt when

they beheld the Master on the tree, and longed to hang there by his side. Our hearts and minds are sick with fever which only the letting of our blood may heal." But unless our blood is let for truth our sacrifice will be in vain. With our willingness to be martyrs let us join a scrutiny of our cause. Will our buried seed bring forth good fruit? If it be evil, we shall be hewn down and cast into the fire. But if by our dying we give life to freedom and to goodwill and to peace, then we shall become trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

THE GOTHIC IN FRANCE[1]

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

One of the first among foreigners to understand the ancient cathedrals and churches of France was Ruskin, as was Victor Hugo among his fellow-countrymen. Hugo had made no special study of the subject; but he understood through his great genius: he understood as a poet; for cathedrals are vast poems.

At the time he wrote, the Gothic art was considered in France as something barbarian; in fact, the epithet was applied to all that was Gothic. This error antedates the eighteenth century. Even in the reign of Louis XIV, Fénelon, and those with him who speak of the Gothic architecture, referred to it in disparaging language. What was more admired in the age of the great Louis and his successor was a town-hall of the style then modern. Many cathedrals and churches were roughly treated during those years, and the French Revolution did no more than carry on the work of destruction already begun.

If some one in authority begins to say that a thing is ugly, nearly everybody follows his example; and it needs a strong intelligence to uphold the contrary. Victor Hugo related to me that, when the Rue de Rivoli was being cut, that part of it which is beyond the arcades, between the Louvre and the Rue Saint-Antoine, had been originally designed to have another course, commencing opposite the colonnade of the Louvre and running from there in a straight line as far as the Place du Trône. Had this plan been carried out, the Tour Saint-Jacques, a fine specimen of Gothic sculpture, would have been demolished. Victor Hugo pro-

[1] Reprinted from The North American Review, February, 1905.

tested with such good effect that the original plan was modified, and the Tower was preserved.

I cannot say that, as a boy, though born in Paris, I paid much attention to the architecture of Notre Dame. Children do not know how to see. I remarked its great size, and that was all. Only when I was in full possession of myself, at the age of about twenty-five, did I begin to make a special study of its beauty, which was generally decried. To some extent, indeed, before I was twenty, my eyes had been opened while I was working for a sculptor named Biès, who had a good deal to do with the so-called "restoring" of Notre Dame. It was to him that Violet-le-Duc once said: "Forget all you know, and you will execute something Gothic." The expression had its hidden meaning. Profound knowledge is needed to produce the real Gothic—a form which today exists only in the monuments of the past.

As I grew older and rid myself of the prejudices of my environment, I acquired more assurance and dared to see for myself. Whenever I travelled, I made it a rule to visit all the cathedrals I could. Even in a small town there is often a real cathedral. I used to awaken early in the morning, and hasten to visit what for me were the chief objects of interest. And I remember that the spires and the various parts of these churches gave me an exquisite joy. I would linger and walk round them until I was thoroughly tired out.

No architect or sculptor has ever been able properly to restore a Gothic church or cathedral. Those who have tried, essayed a task as vain as if one were to attempt completing a chapter of Rabelais in which a part was wanting. The new portion would not be like the old. Formerly, when Greek or Roman statues were discovered, the custom was to restore them. Today, the custom has fallen into desuetude, and nothing is lost by it. The Italians it is true continue to repair their ancient monuments; but they only touch the parts that are falling to ruin; whereas, when we repair, we insist on restoring, and spoil the old in order to harmonize it with the new. In Italy, the old is still extant; and, notwithstanding the repairing, we are able to enjoy the admirable beauty of the whole.

It is difficult to explain the Gothic; there is always something that escapes definition. Consequently, ordinary ideas on the subject are erroneous or incomplete. Many people

talk of the Gothic as if it were nothing but the predominance of the ideal over the material, or again of the idea over form. I consider the matter rather from the point of view of the execution. Another opinion is that the ogive constitutes the Gothic. This is also inexact. We might have Gothic architecture without the ogive. This style results from a long and careful experimentation on the effects of light and shade, and from the faculty thus acquired of giving to architecture a living, moving appearance. When I speak of light and shade, it is without reference to painting; I mean the rendering visible and perceptible certain geometrical points that make the planes of sculpture.

In order to have such effects of light and shade, there must be strongly projecting surfaces, arranged with due regard to their position in foreground and background. These were achieved with infinite art in the old Gothic cathedrals and churches, whose every part invariably stands out or recedes with a fine chiaroscuro. In the modern Gothic, however good the general design may be in outline, there is a lack of location in foreground and background, and the reliefs are shallow, holding no shadow, so that the details seem poor and cold. The superiority of the old will be at once apparent, if an ancient church porch is examined. It looks like a grotto or a cavern—architecturally constructed, of course. Certain of the figures that have been carved within it are bathed in light, others are shrouded in darkness, and others again show half-tints of chiaroscuro. Throughout the day, there is a continual change. While there are never more than a few figures in full view at the same instant, and the rest are either partially seen or divined, the sun's procession transports the effects from one side to the other, transposing them gradually between morning and evening in an animated panorama. Inside the edifice, there is the same impression of light playing amid deep recesses, but here we have candles replacing the sun's rays. Much more than the ogive, the grotto, the cavern, is essential to the Gothic, since by its aid is obtained a unique trituration of light, which comes back to the eyes with mysterious softness after penetrating into the abyss. Not that the architects of the Middle Ages necessarily wrought with a desire to produce something mysterious. This, like the other effects, was derived from the manner of their working, a manner present architectural sculpture is ignorant of or ignores. There is plenty of re-

lief in the modern style, but the relief has no life. Whether the building be church, chapel or synagogue, it is ugly and cold to look at.

The good Gothic style appears in churches and cathedrals built during the four and five hundred years that lie between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries. Indeed, it can hardly be said to terminate with the Renascence; for our Renascence is still a Gothic style, which we wrongly call Renascence, and is, in reality, a marriage of the Gothic with the Greek—virtually, all is Gothic, but the details are finished in the Greek manner. Nearly all Renascence churches are good examples of this mingling of the two styles. In Paris, for instance, there are Saint-Eustache and Saint-Etienne du Mont. The latter, which is both fine and beautiful, is a Renascence of Henry the Fourth's period. Tonerre also possesses two Renascence churches, one of which has been restored and spoilt, while the other remains as it was first designed. Under the Revolution it was damaged; but the plan is, nevertheless, intact.

Among the purely Gothic edifices it is difficult to assign a preference, except on the score of some particularity. And they are full of such. No two are alike. At Chartres, the cathedral has two spires; one of them soars straight up without mouldings; the other is ornamented; and the contrast is a piece of admirable artistic effect.

In fact art exists only by oppositions, Gothic art especially. That is to say, if you have something ornamental, you must have beside it, as a foil, something simple. In Gothic churches, this is always the case. Notice the towers; in the lower portions they are huge masses of stone, whereas, above, they flower like plants. If Notre Dame at Paris is looked at sideways from the proper standpoints, this can be easily verified. In the environs of Paris, there are numbers of old churches that illustrate the Gothic, the Abbey of Saint-Denis for one. It has been restored; but the grand outlines have not been touched; and, at the distance permitting them to be appreciated, they stand out splendidly. The whole structure is like a child's drawing, a simple yet beautiful drawing of the kind some children know how to make. It is a house with a steeple at the side. At Pontoise, the church has some exquisite details. In the midst of the portal, there is a small edicule of the Greek Renascence order; it is charming. At Etampes, Dreux, Evreux, Caen, there are edifices

equally remarkable. The finest church at Caen has been restored. It was Renascence Gothic. Now it is heavy. The churches at Troyes were superb; but, since their restoration, the beauty has disappeared. At Sens, there is an exceedingly fine specimen of the Gothic. At Nevers, too, the churches are remarkable.

Our French cathedrals are superior to the English and German ones by the greater sculptural expression displayed in them. In this respect, they are second to nothing outside antique Greek architecture. The German Gothic is characteristically hard. The cathedrals at Strasburg and Cologne exhibit this defect, but, like that at Milan, more on the exterior than in the interior. The interior of the Cologne edifice is very fine, and yet the structure as a whole does not possess that supreme art for lack of which the largest cathedral appears smaller than a small church which has it. Antwerp Cathedral is very beautiful, more beautiful than Cologne. Its spire is a veritable crown; soaring, as it does, into the air, it is glorious to behold. At Malines, the church is likewise beautiful; its ornamentation, however, is somewhat poor, the depth of its relief not being sufficient.

One vantage-point from which to behold a Gothic cathedral is, at a distance from it—two or three kilometres from the town. At this distance it seems enormous, magnificent, imposing; all the other buildings of the town shrink into nothingness. The mass of the structure is in straight lines, but so ornamented that the straight line seems to bulge and fill out, which gives to the whole flexibility and richness.

The architects who raised these edifices were endowed with a consummate knowledge of effect. They would appear, indeed, by the works they have left to have been acquainted with every science. It is the greatness of them all, perhaps, which has prevented their names from coming down to posterity. There are, of course, legends about them. Scholars claim to have discovered the identity of some. But, in fact, while handing on to us the purest and best of themselves, they remain anonymous. At most, we may presume that, in the figures they have carved, there are portraits of many designers and workers. It was only at the Renascence that names began to be attached to the masterpieces of sculpture. At that time, Philibert Delorme, Jean Goujon, Jean Cousin and others succeeded in perpetuating their fame. At present, if any one travels in France and sees a fine figure

carved somewhere—on a tomb, may be—he is told that Jean Goujon or Jean Cousin carved it, simply because nobody knows who carved it; and as the artist's name has perished, it is these later sculptors who get the credit.

In commencing to study the Gothic it matters little where the starting point is. The chief thing is to humble one's self and become a little child, to be content not to master all at once, to be obedient to what Nature can teach, and to be patient through years and years. The study grows easy enough in time. At first, of course, the comprehension is embryonic; you visit one and another edifice; you divine a part of their value, and with each new experience, the comprehension increases. A mind capable of analyzing and coordinating will ultimately succeed in understanding. If today there is such a lack in this respect, the cause lies in the neglect of those great qualities of art that are more than originality, and are born from the love which inspires the work.

In one direction the Gothic sculptors surpass the Greek. The Greek temple is the same everywhere, and similarity, identity, is not a culminating quality of art. Life is made up of strength and grace most variously mingled, and the Gothic gives us this. No one church resembles another. Between the churches of the one part of France and another, differences exist on a very large scale. The cathedrals of Champagne contrast with those of Burgundy, those of the North still more with those of the West.

To explain why these differences are found is difficult. The race and soil are probably a partial factor. The sky may also have had its influence. The Romanesque style which immediately precedes the Gothic is ordinarily sombre; and yet, if one goes to the banks of the Loire, it will be seen to be as luminous as that of the Renascence. The sombre note prevails most on the north of France, but it is felt also in the south. This Romanesque is the style of the first kings in the sixth and seventh centuries, and persists to a considerably later period. The mixed Renascence and Gothic, which at Rouen is rather hard as well as rather dark, assumes in the Loire Valley an infinite splendor. At Chambord the Castle, which I saw before it was restored, was then a structure of marvellous grace and full of light.

In the natural transformation of the Gothic, whatever changes were made took place under the twofold dominating

preoccupation of subordinating every detail to the whole effect, and of giving to each detail a depth of finish that produces softness in the mass. This principle is carried out in the smallest thing as well as in the greatest. The tiniest leaf is perfectly chiselled and has its own importance as well as its proper place in the mass. In the Flamboyant style, for instance,—a development that came about during the sixteenth century,—there is none the less simplicity on account of these qualities. Wherever a cathedral strikes the eye as being cold and hard, there is lack of seriation in the details. They stand out by themselves too much on the same plane; and then, even though the values are equal, they do not contribute what they should to the effect of the whole.

The Gothic style itself is a natural outgrowth of the Roman. It is the Roman raised and magnified. When once adopted, it spread throughout Western Europe, the result being an architectural aggregate, the like of which had never been seen before, and perhaps will never be seen again. And the terrible thing is that our restoring of cathedrals is a quick way of destroying these masterpieces. If the Greeks, or afterwards the Romans, in their decadence, had destroyed the Parthenon, we should have known nothing of the veritable grandeur of its builders. In France, there are a considerable number of Gothic churches which have been left alone, because they were not marked on the list, money not being forthcoming for the work of restoration. One of the churches at Tonnerre is an example; the cathedral at Beauvais is another, and one of the finest. This cathedral has no steeple. At a distance from the town the back of the structure can be seen, looking like a living giant.

It is worth noting that the architects of the Middle Ages did not aim at regularity in their edifices, which are often dissymmetric. Sometimes, even, the nave is not in the axis. And yet the entire building is beautiful by the very opposition of its values. The fashion now is to speak slightingly of such productions, to apply to them the term "naïve." The word so used indicates inability to grasp the perfection of their execution. A similar affectation is that which asserts Greek art has no life in it. On the contrary, for those who have eyes to see, Greek art is all life, but so naturally expressed that ordinary intelligence is apt to pass it by unheedingly. In art we are becoming more and more ignorant,—in a century, too, which thinks it possesses great critical power.

The material out of which the ancient Gothic cathedrals and churches were built was a stone curiously small-hewn. Its color varies a little in the different provinces of France, but it is largely gray, or grayish-white. Burgundy stone shows rather more gray, Alsace more tendency to red. In Auvergne rows of black stones are mingled with the gray mass, which is a practice also existing in Italy. It is possible that the kind and color of the stone exercised a certain influence upon the construction; but, in general, Gothic architecture does not seek effects of light by mingling varieties of stone. More exactly, one might say that in the Gothic everything is added for the sake of the monument. In fact, we return to the chiaroscuro previously mentioned—the sculptural expression being the structural expression.

The real home of the French Gothic is the center and the north of France. It reigns besides in the east, in Burgundy; and it may claim to take in Belgium and even a little of Holland. The Gothic of the south never advanced far beyond the Romanesque. That of Brittany is a trifle heavy and not so fine. In the direction of Poitiers and Angoulême, the style has mostly remained Romanesque, but of a special and admirable kind. I might, indeed, say that it is more Oriental and almost Byzantine. To tell the truth, the Romanesque, lying as it does between the Roman and the Gothic, frequently has in it something of one or the other; and, in particular, there is a period in which it is difficult to say whether the style is Romanesque or Early Gothic. What is easier is to distinguish between the Greek and the Gothic. Both possess to a superlative degree that peculiar reflection of light and shade, due to the sculptural planes, of which I have spoken above. But in the Greek there is more trituration of the light; in the Gothic, more trituration of the shade; or, again, one might put it, the Greek models light, and the Gothic models shade.

It would require a series of photographs or designs to make these distinctions quite evident. I have them all photographed in my memory, a method which is not very convenient for reproduction. A few notes and drawings are my only graphic representations; but as I have never learned perspective, my drawings often wobble. This defect in my education often troubles me in my architectural designs, for perspective is a useful science, albeit landscape-painters sometimes neglect it. In sculpture there is less need

for it, unless in making bas-reliefs with a distinct background. What I know of perspective is by instinct. When I was young, I had an antipathy to geometry, believing it was a cold science that hindered enthusiasm. I have had perforce to acquaint myself with it, since all I do is based on geometry. Life itself is geometrical, a truth I only came to recognize later. The geometry I practice, however, is a geometry of my own,—which is, no doubt, pretty close to the other. I am like the peasant that does not know arithmetic. He reckons in a way peculiar to himself.

To say what has been my own progress in the study and comprehension of the Gothic would be in detail impossible for me. The study has unquestionably influenced my sculpture, giving me more flexibility, more depth, more life in my modelling. This can be seen in my figures, which have become more mysterious, owing to the more perfect chiaroscuro. Not that I could point in particular to one or another of my productions as an instance of the modification. The influence has entered into my blood, and has grown into my being.

The Gothic is not the Gothic because of the period in which it was developed, but because of the manner of seeing of the period. You enter a cathedral. You find it full of the mysterious life of the forest; and the reason of it is that it reproduces that life by artistic compression, so that the rock, the tree—Nature, in fine—is there; an epitome of Nature. It is a mistake to imagine that the religious conceptions of the time were able to bring forth these masterpieces, any more than the religious conceptions of today are responsible for the ugliness of our modern structures. The ancient edifices gained their beauty through the faithful study of Nature practised by the Gothic sculptors. Their only ideal was the vision they had of her; quite as much as the Greeks they drew from her all their power; and, in like manner, I find my inspiration in my model. The charm of the subject comes from that. I am opposed to the doctrine which holds that the idea leads, that it ennobles the work. I believe rather that it is the strength resulting from labor which adds to the idea. Of itself, our idea is poor. This theory may seem commonplace; but, at any rate, it better explains the hundreds and hundreds of splendidly artistic buildings—churches and abbeys as well as cathedrals —that came into existence during the Gothic period, many

of them hidden away in country nooks which need exploring for these treasures to be discovered. Compared with similar Italian edifices they are much superior. In fact, the Gothic in Italy is less developed, too, as regards the number of its buildings. There, painting and sculpture have been more separated from architecture, and exist more for themselves; especially worthy of mention are the painted windows and tapestry. In France, also, there is no lack of beautiful windows and tapestry; and what adds to the value of them is their being really part of the Gothic interior they adorn. Ruskin has written well on these things; I believe it was his book which brought so many English-speaking people to visit them. We have writers of our own today, Huysmans among others, who introduce descriptions of them into their literature; but one does not get much benefit by reading them. A visit to the church is more profitable, or, failing this, to a museum like the Trocadero, where plaster reproductions of some fine specimens of Gothic architecture may be seen. The stained-glass windows painted in recent times make little or no impression on us, because the tones are false. Those of the Gothic period raise one to the heavens. They are copies from the flowers of the field, not from imagination; and the men that painted them pored over the tints and shades of the plants and blossoms they had under their eyes, until they had succeeded in reproducing them exactly as they saw them. I insist on this point, for it is Nature that is celestial. They who give us windows now proceed in another way.

In order to reform our present stereotyped methods of art, we want a second Renascence. For a long time I hoped that in a near future this might be; but I have ceased hoping today. It would require a catastrophe capable of overturning and changing everything. Of course, I am speaking of what is likely to happen in the next twenty-five or fifty years. Life is eternal; and, sooner or later, things must alter for the better. But so far, in our modern architecture, I see nothing that gives encouragement. We have intelligent men who are sufficiently educated. They copy everything; they ferret out the style of Nineveh, as well as the styles of Louis XIV and Louis XV; but what they produce is without soul, without art, and is insignificant. They repeat, but only as the parrot does. For long years, we have done nothing but turn out from our colleges young men stuffed with useless

scientific lumber; and they very quickly lose it all, and there is nothing to take its place. This is not to be wondered at when throughout Europe there is such a neglect of art in our education. It may be replied to me that the inventions of science compensate for the deficiency; but these inventions are almost exclusively, if not quite, a mere increase in the power of the bodily senses and faculties; the telegraph in that of the tongue, the telephone in that of the ear, the railway in that of the legs, the photographic science in that of the eye; and these inventions leave in ignorance the more intellectual part of the individual. Your portrait can be taken, your voice boxed up; this is extraordinary; but the soul which commands, the god which is in the head, is forgotten.

And yet the means for altering this state of things is near at hand, is beneath our eyes. We have still the same Nature that inspired those anonymous sculptors to give us the Gothic; we still have a sufficient number of Gothic masterpieces intact—so many epitomes of Nature, as I have said—to show what can be done by the man who starts with his vision open to her teaching.

I make no fetish of the Gothic sculpture. I do not claim for it what it does not possess. A contrast to the Greek,—a complement of it,—inferior to it in some respects, superior to it in others, it is one of the most wonderful phenomena that the genius of our race has manifested. And if we are to advance in art beyond the stationary position we occupy at this moment, we shall only do so by a thorough comprehension and appreciation of the beauties and qualities that are peculiar to it.[1]

AUGUSTE RODIN.

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[1]Dictated by M. Rodin to a stenographic reporter, and translated from the French by Frederick Lawton, M.A., author of the *Life and Work of Auguste Rodin.*

DRAMA AND MUSIC

A NEW FRENCH THEATRE IN NEW YORK.—THE MUSIC OF ERNEST BLOCH

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is not every showman from foreign parts who comes to us trailing such clouds of glory as have brightened the passage of M. Jacques Copeau from Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, in Paris, to West Thirty-fifth Street, New York. They are clouds heavy with incense. M. Paul Claudel deposes that the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier " is what the theatre should be "—namely, " a few boards thrown across two trestles, as in the time of Molière, with superb indifference to effect " (M. Claudel has no doubt decided in his own mind how one would adapt *Ghosts* or *The Weavers* or *Chantecler* or *The Pigeon* to such a care-free and exiguous theatre). M. Henri Bergson testifies that he has witnessed at M. Copeau's theatre a " resurrection of the simplicity and fervor of bygone days." M. Claude Debussy " cannot remember ever having spent a dull evening " at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. To Emil Verhaeren, M. Copeau's theatre is " the theatre of today " (a phrase, to be sure, not necessarily complimentary—though we shall let that pass). These are shining names: it is not a small thing thus to have pleased such fine spirits as Claudel and Debussy, Bergson and Verhaeren; and such others as Vincent d'Indy and Igor Stravinsky (who also precipitate their own clouds of glory upon M. Copeau's prospectuses and programmes).

It would not have been a small thing if M. Copeau had accomplished only half—only a quarter—of the aims which his reputation justified us in believing that he had accomplished in Paris. For listen to his calm declaration of principles:

"The artistic programme of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier can be described in a few words: modesty, sincerity in arduous research, continuous novelty, absolute refusal of compromise toward commercialism or *cabotinage;* fighting in the name of true tradition against the academic, against aesthetic virtuosity and every affectation of the mind, and this in the name of sensibility, culture, and taste. In the interpretation of its répertoire, the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier tries to put in the first place and in full light the work itself, in its truth, in its exact style; and through the action, the staging, and the play of the actors, to release the spirit of the poet from the text of the play." In other words, all M. Copeau aims at is artistic honesty, artistic fidelity, artistic intelligence; a fresh and sensitive attitude toward his subject-matter; and an unwearying aesthetic curiosity. Well, these, after all, are merely the aims of all those who are directing the new and revivifying forces to which the modern theatre is everywhere responding: in Chicago and Detroit and New York, in the English provinces, as well as in Dublin and Moscow and Berlin (if so gentle a thing as dramatic idealism still survives in those troubled centres). As for Paris, M. Copeau has there been almost a voice crying in the wilderness; for, oddly enough, the French have been less curious and less alert to experiment in these new ways of the theatre than even, for example, the despised bourgeoisie of our own Middle West.

M. Copeau will therefore, perhaps, forgive us for saying that his new theatrical evangel is neither so new nor so strange to us as he perhaps supposes. A nation of theatre-goers and play-readers and subscribers to courses in The Modern Drama, a nation that long ago exhausted Granville Barker and Reinhardt and Gordon Craig as dinner-table topics, is bound to listen without dangerous excitement when M. Copeau says to it, in his ardent Gallic way: "We offer you sincerity, color, the movement of life, beauty on the stage in all its forms,—drama, tragedy, comedy, farce, pantomime. Our love is for poetry, gayety, fantasy. We turn away from what is artificial, vulgar, or pedantic." That has a promising and delightful sound; but it does not thrill by reason of novelty or surprise. The point is strictly and simply this: what do M. Copeau's admirable generalities mean in the coldly concrete terms of West Thirty-fifth Street and the intelligently responsive New York playgoer?

M. Copeau has said, more particularly, that he aims to establish here a center of French culture: that this, "the youngest and most vital of the theatres of France", endeavors to represent to us "the spirit of France". The purpose of its founders was "to create an entirely free and disinterested French stage, devoted to the masterpieces of the past and at the same time open to the coming men." It is at once an instrument of contemporary French aspiration and endeavor, and a vehicle for tradition, "seeking to give a new interpretation to the classical répertoire." It wishes "to center the attention of the public on the actual drama and acting, on the beauty of attitudes," and it assumes the necessity for "a simplification of scenery"—even, "in many cases," its elimination. It undertakes the abolition of "stars," and seeks for homogeneity under a single controlling spirit; and, as a subsidiary purpose, it undertakes to train actors from their youth, establishing wholesomeness and flexibility through gymnastics and outdoor living.

It must be a dull soul indeed that will not respond to the elevation and sweet reasonableness of a theatrical idealism such as that. It is a pleasant unction for some of us to remember that M. Copeau, who dreamed this fair vision of a theatre at once honest and gay, uncompromising and flexible, reverent and audacious, in love with adventure yet sensitively aware of classic backgrounds—it is pleasant, we say, for some of us to remember that M. Copeau was a critic of letters and art and the drama before he became an innovating practitioner in the theatre. An aesthetic liberal, restless and experimental, he founded the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier at Paris in October, 1913. Until his enterprise was interrupted by the War, he dealt with a répertoire that ranged from Thomas Heywood to Dostoievski, from Molière to Claudel—thus fulfilling his announced plan of assembling *"ce que les œuvres du passé présentent de plus solide et ce que la production contemporaine offre de plus vivant."* Disrupted by the War, the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier is now re-established after an interval of three years, not in the Street of the Old Dovecote, Paris, but in what was once the Garrick Theatre, and before that was the abode of the immortal Harrigan, in West Thirty-fifth Street, New York. Here M. Copeau initiated last month his gallant enterprise, which he modestly and most tactfully commends to our indulgence as "worthy of our culture"; here he is to present

"to the judgment of the American public" twenty-five plays, for which "the interpretation and staging will be in harmony with the tendencies of modern dramatic art."

We have already witnessed the first of these productions: a bill offering as its chief feature a performance of Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin,* introduced by an expository piece modelled upon the *Impromptu de Versailles* (which provides M. Copeau, as it provided Molière, with an ingenious vehicle for expounding his philosophy of the theatre), and finished off with a ceremonial pageant in honor of Molière. Of these activities, only the performance of Molière's farce was both interesting and consequential; for the expository skit was an unjustifiable use of time and labor which might better have been devoted to the performance of another of the plays in M. Copeau's répertoire (and why, anyway, go to the trouble of explaining your aims to your audience while press agents and Sunday newspapers are still abroad in the land?); while the *Ceremonie du Couronnement de Molière* was an equally ungratifying substitute for, say, half an hour of *L'Annonce fait à Marie.*

As for *Les Fourberies de Scapin,* if it had to be done at all, it is impossible to imagine a more persuasive way of doing it than the way of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. *Les Fourberies de Scapin* is not, of course, a thing to be taken with any seriousness—although we think Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is too severe with Molière when he denies "characterization" to this farce, in which, he complains, Molière "sacrificed upon the altar of his public . . . the elements which make his plays so peerless." The piece is, to be sure, comedy of a crass and boisterous and wholly external kind—little more, as Mr. Chatfield-Taylor observes, than an Italian imbroglio, with which Molière relapsed upon the meretricious ways of his youth. But it is scarcely true that *Les Fourberies de Scapin* is barren of characterization. The figure of Géronte is shrewdly and saliently projected—he is much more than a mere puppet of farce: he has an inescapable reality. So, too, has the rogue Scapin, despite his traditional type. He exists "in the round"; he has individual tang and savor. Yet, after one has said the best that one can for it, the fact remains that this piece is hardly worthy of Molière's genius. It scarcely hints at his finer traits. And so one cannot but wish that M. Copeau had spared the pains he has lavished upon it, and had expended them, in-

stead, upon one of Molière's authentic masterpieces. Perhaps his choice of so light-waisted and easily assimilable an offering betrays some lingering misgivings on his part as to the robustness and staying-quality of that American "culture" to which he has so graciously referred.

But if anything could make this Molière farce a joy forever, if not quite a thing of beauty, it is the beguiling manner in which M. Copeau exposes it. He employs a relentlessly "simplified" and happily conventionalized stage. Most of the action is focused upon a small rectangular platform, with steps on all sides and a bench facing the audience. At the rear of the main stage is a gallery, its windows draped with colored hangings. Upon and about the centered platform, Scapin and his dupes enact their riotous adventures. No one whose acquaintance with *Les Fourberies de Scapin* is confined to its printed text can imagine the abundance and vitality of comic effect which M. Copeau and the best of his associates extract from it. Most of these players possess that natural eloquence with which a too-partial God has endowed the French. These Gallic players have not the congenital self-consciousness and rigidity of the Anglo-Saxon to overcome. Their fluidity and freedom of expression are endlessly surprising. As for M. Copeau himself, he gives, as Scapin, a fascinating exhibition. An amazing virtuoso in his mastery of comic denotement, he fills the crude and hard outlines of the rôle with a richness and variety of comic life, an unflagging vividness, an imaginative intensity of indication, that furnish a dazzling object-lesson in the recreative potency of histrionism at its most accomplished.

What M. Copeau can achieve in dealing with more profound and delicate material we are unable to say at this writing; but as a producer and interpreter of broad comedy he would be hard to surpass. At least he has offered us, as he said he would, color and gayety, if he has not yet shown us beauty, poetry, or the movement of life. But as to these, his season is full of promise.

In that deeply touching revelation of a Jewish soul which appeared in the Review last month, it was memorably said that "though the Jew go through fire a hundred times and die a thousand deaths, and the thing of wonder be hidden for generations within a ruin, yet will the Jew who tears open his own breast find it there without mark or blemish, perfect as

on the first day." That thing of wonder, that dark mystery, is the Jewish spirit. "It may be that He had no need to clothe us in robes of state for the eyes of the world, having made it clear to us that the world itself is but a garment; having ordained that we should pass through Time as easily as our fathers passed through the Red Sea in the day of Moses, and that Space should set up no barriers to our passage." That this Jewish spirit still lives, incarnate in those who wander through the world as though on a secret errand: that the spirit of ancient Israel, of the eternal Jew, still lives—the spirit that flamed in the prophets and the patriarchs, the poets and singers of Israel: that this unconquerable thing survives, is a truth that has lately demonstrated itself to those who care for the creative things of the spirit.

The world of music has become increasingly aware, within the past year, of the art of one who writes as a Jew, but not as the traditional Jew of music. Those who come to the music of Mr. Ernest Bloch expecting to find within it the racial traits that characterize and bind together the music of, for instance, Meyerbeer and Goldmark: the sensuousness always a little meretricious, the pomp always a little strutting and blatant, the passion of which one easily wearies, the opulence that glitters and is cheap instead of the opulence that is glowing and jewelled—those, we say, who come with such prepossessions to the music of Bloch, will find it necessary to revise a number of ancient aesthetic summaries concerning the Jewish note in music.

Mr. Bloch, a Swiss Jew who is still under forty, came to America a few years ago with a Parisian reputation of moderate extent, but known by name in this country to only a few. At the close of last spring's concert season a group of his larger works was brought into public view at Carnegie Hall under the auspices of that inveterately enterprising and admirably curious body of artistic enthusiasts, The Society of the Friends of Music. It was at once perceived that Mr. Bloch was a music-maker who could thenceforth not be ignored. There are living today four composers who wear imperial robes: men who are transforming musical speech as certainly as in an earlier day it was transformed by Bach and Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt and Wagner. We shall not say that Mr. Bloch seems as yet to belong among this sovereign company of our own time (who are sure, by the way, not to be officially crowned until at least

a quarter of a century hence); but he has traits which make it unwise to be too confident of his eventual inferiority.

Mr. Bloch is not that supreme aesthetic bore, an artist with a conscious mission. He is a poet in tones, held by the beauty and awe and terror of the human pageant and the wonder and loveliness of its earthly setting: a poet—yet, paramountly, a Jewish poet. He has spoken of his enthrallment by the ancient Jewish soul—the "complex, glowing, agitated soul" that he feels vibrating through the Bible. He is himself a manifestation of that soul reborn. In his *Trois Poèmes Juifs,* in his settings of the Psalms, in his symphony, *Israel,* he has touched to new life, in music of extraordinary power and sincerity, the slumbering spirit of those rhapsodists and poets, those prophets and patriarchs, those great lovers and great dreamers, who laid a spell of imperishable beauty and splendor upon the recorded memories of their meditations and dreams and aspirations. It is impossible not to recognize that Mr. Bloch has inherited the authentic spirit of this imaginative and emotional tradition. He has spoken —lovingly, as speaks the son of a great past—of "the sorrow and immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs; the freshness and naïveté of the Patriarchs; the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem." These things have been recaptured by him in his own musical speech. They are native to it, implicit in the very heart of it. They are eloquent in every accent that it commands: in its concentrated intensity; in its sombre brooding; in its opulence that is never vulgarized, its gorgeousness that is woven of fine and costly stuffs; in its range and flexibility of passionate speech—now of an exalted solemnity, now of a wild lyric ecstasy, now of such a ferocity and abandonment of lamentation as our more reticent Occidental music scarcely knows.

But as Mr. Bloch has rightly said for himself, he is first a musician; then a specially initiated poet of Jewry: and so we find him, in the *Poèmes d'Automne* for voice and orchestra (to verse by Beatrix Rodès) that the Society of the Friends of Music enabled us to hear a few weeks ago, using a more generalized musical tongue—speaking with beauty and subtlety and a singularly constant poignancy of the emotional cycle of woman's life. And here, too,—no less than in what we must at present feel to be his unique and uninvaded territory of racial eloquence,—we pay tribute to a musical temperament so deeply sincere, so distinguished, so richly

articulate, that all who love music as a living and motile art must hold their heads a little higher because of him. In these temples and on these hills and pastures there are to be heard, from time to time, the echoes of other songs than his. It would be a miracle if this were not true—as, indeed, it has been true of the pilgrim gods themselves. The worth of his gifts is perceived when one realizes that his most eloquent discourses are his alone.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

HENRY JAMES IN REVERIE[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is not easy to think of Henry James enjoying himself hugely in Mid-Victorian London, until you remember that he was then scarcely out of his twenties. That was the London—as he himself has called it—of "a whiskered age." It was the London of Browning, of Tennyson, of Lowell's ministry; and Mr. James had begun to set down in detail his memories of it shortly before he died. He has left us only a fragment—only a hundred and nineteen pages—of what was to be a volume of autobiographical reminiscences. It was intended as a supplement to *Notes of a Son and Brother,* and was to have run to about the same length. He had dictated seven chapters during the first autumn of the War, but these were put aside for other work, and were never continued. A little more than a year later he was dead. Mr. Percy Lubbock, who has edited these chapters (they had been left unrevised), tells us that in dictating them Henry James used no notes; that there is no indication of the course which the recollections would have followed, nor of the precise period they were intended to cover. So far as we possess them, they relate only to the first few years of Mr. James's long residence in his adored London, which began in the spring of 1869, and they implicate no year later than the early 'eighties. After many decades, Mr. James could still dwell, with his expansive and inundating affection, upon performances of Robertson's comedies at the "dear little old" Prince of Wales's

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[1] *The Middle Years,* by Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

Theatre in Tottenham Court Road; upon Irving's " Shakespearean splendors " at the Lyceum; upon the great cab-rank of " delightful hansoms " that stretched along Piccadilly from the top of the Green Park unendingly down; upon the youth of " the æsthetic era ", and the " last words " of the *raffiné* " that were chanted and crooned in the damask-hung temple of the Grosvenor Gallery."

He must have enjoyed the recovery of these memories (to which he has adequately if a little economically given the title of one of the short stories in *Terminations*). Quite clearly they exercised a spell upon him, as they breathed to him across the age (he says) " the note of a London world that we have left far behind "—in consequence of which, he confesses, " I the more yearningly steal back to it, as on sneaking tip-toe, and shut myself up there without interference. It is embalmed in disconnections, in differences, that I cultivate a free fancy for pronouncing advantageous to it. . . . My inspiration is in touching as many as possible of the points of the other tradition, retracing as many as possible of the features of the old face, eventually to be blurred again even before my own eyes . . . " He had to leave this delectable retracing, only a hundred pages further on, in the middle of a sentence—a sentence, characteristically, in which, to the very end almost, we find him talking about color and design and beauty.

Someone who met him in those days told Miss Rebecca West that, with his long silky black beard, he looked like " an Elizabethan sea captain." He must have had, then, a singular and (to the prejudice of Victorian London) an un-American distinction and charm, with his extraordinary courtesy and responsiveness and sensibility. Even the growl of the Laureate was softened, apparently, and made to yield " pure romance " and " enormities of pleasure " to the young American in the confession of a liking for a short story of James that Tennyson had read—" and not only read but admired, not only admired but understandingly referred to its actually patent author," who could scarce believe his ears on hearing the thing superlatively commended.

You get a sense of the man's incorruptible fineness of sympathy and tact in an earlier episode—the unforgettable incident of the visit to George Eliot and Lewes at North Bank, in company with Mrs. Greville, at the close of which Lewes entreated him to " take them away, please, away,

away! those books!"—"those books" being the two volumes of James's own "precious last," presented by him to Mrs. Greville, and by that devoted lady unloaded, "with the best conscience in the world," upon the Lewes household —"out of which it had jumped with violence, under the touch of accident, straight up again into my own exposed face." Lewes had not, of course, connected book with author, or author with visitor, or visitor with anything but the convenience of that departing visitor's ridding the household of an unconsidered trifle. "The vivid demonstration of one's failure to penetrate there had been in the sweep of Lewes's gesture, which could scarce have been bettered by his actually wielding a broom." It is Henry James's wholly typical reflection that he "had been served right enough in all conscience, but the pity was that Mrs. Greville had been. This I never wanted for her . . ." "I think nothing passed between us in the brougham," he observes quite simply, "on revelation of the identity of the offered treat so emphatically declined—I see that I couldn't have laughed at it to the confusion of my gentle neighbor." It is in recalling an earlier visit to North Bank that he has left us an imperishable picture of his own gravely dignified self kneeling beside a son of Lewes who lay stretched upon the floor, the young man having succumbed to a seizure of pain which came upon him as the heritage of an attack by an angry bull, who had tossed or otherwise mauled the youth and left him, says Mr. James with inspired delicacy, "considerably compromised." For an even more marvellous deftness of indication, we have his unmatchable account of that luncheon at Tennyson's during which the Laureate expatiated upon the connotations brought to his mind by the gentle Mrs. Greville's innocent reference to one of her French relatives, a "Mlle. de Sade." It was "the homeliest, frankest, most domestic passage," recalls Mr. James, "and most remarkable for leaving none of us save myself in the least embarrassed or bewildered; largely, I think, because of the failure . . . of all measure, on the part of auditors and speaker alike, of what might be intended or understood, of what, in fine, the latter was talking about. . . . He struck me, in truth, as neither knowing nor communicating knowledge." Indeed, Mr. James's concluding word upon Tennyson is of an intimation of "glory without history . . . of the poetic character more worn than paid for." This verdict came gradually into Mr.

James's mind "during the friendly analysis of the reputation of M. de Sade." Was he not present, he considers, "at some undreamed-of demonstration of the absence of the remoter real, the real other than immediate and exquisite, other than guaranteed and enclosed, in landscape, friendship, fame, above all in consciousness of awaited and admired and self-consistent inspiration?"—To arrive at so choice a diagnosis of the Tennysonian *lacunæ* by way of the Marquis de Sade is a feat that would have been possible only to Henry James.

That is typical of these Reminiscences at their most genuinely assuring—typical of a book that will always recall, to those who hold him dear, the power that Henry James had of setting in motion a rich multiplicity of unexpected vibrations. There is an instrument known to students of the orchestral apparatus under its ancient name of "*viola d'amore.*" Its tone-quality, of a unique and haunting timbre, derives from its possession of a supplementary set of strings beneath the fingerboard, which vibrate sympathetically with the strings actually engaged by the bow. This richly shadowed and astral quality of utterance has always stood to us as a fantastic symbolization of the unparalleled expressional power of Henry James at his best. It is obvious that his art is essentially an art of overtones: of the shadows of shadows, of dreams within dreams, of mirrored intricacies of communication. It can accomplish—it has accomplished—registrations for which there are no analogues in English writing: effects of a beauty and subtlety so supreme, so perfect, that to praise them is almost an impertinence. There are such miracles of intimation and registration in this autobiographic fragment, that yet is steeped in a strange pathos—a pathos due to its clear revelation of a profound defect in Henry James's art.

We cannot conceive it possible to read these last reminiscent pages of his without a growing confirmation of one's old persuasion that that amazing brain had little sense of relative significance. For Henry James,—in his latter years particularly,—every experience, every encounter, was more than (in his own fond term) "a case": it was an adventure, always thrilling, often momentous. There was something inextricably naïve and childlike about his attitude toward experience. He was probably the most responsive soul who ever lived. His first meeting with an English

muffin impresses one as having had for him almost the delightful tenseness and excitement of a child opening its Christmas stocking. He was capable of writing about the fall of a sparrow as if it were as portentous an event as the betrayal of a soul. His lust for what must seem, even to minds not utterly gross, the infinitely trifling, his passionate curiosity about and absorption in the infinitesimal, goes joyfully hand in hand with his megaphonic tendency. He cannot announce his reaction to his first English muffin in the tone of voice that is naturally appropriate to discourse upon muffins: he must announce it with orotund portentousness, as if he were proclaiming the loss of a kingdom or the advent of a new savior: with an expansion and enlargement of emphasis that is often saved from infantine absurdity by the fact that the victim of this strange mania is unmistakably a gentle and potentially humorous soul prodigiously interested in his own reactions.

His infinitely elaborate concern with mental and emotional subtleties is often so exquisitely rewarding in the quality of its revelations that one is tempted to forget the many times when it yields merely garrulous trivialities. He had, bluntly, an almost grotesque blindness to relative values. An incomparable artist in manipulation, he yet lacked the artist's indispensable respect for the comparative preciousness of material. His abnormal readiness of response led him time and again into a kind of voluptuous saturnalia of variation upon a theme whose inherent consequence was distorted out of all relation to its true place in his design—a voluptuous dalliance with the ghosts of sensation which, to minds possessing a hardier sense of relative validities, suggests on his part an incomprehensible and incurable obtuseness.

Marvellous in penetration and exhibition, he lacked justness of appraisal. We should not say that he was too inquisitive and too curious, but that he was not inquisitive nor curious enough. He behaved toward a subtlety of apprehension as if it were not obligatory upon him to "place" it in relation to other subtleties. He did not see the difference between significant and insignificant subtleties; the fact that they were subtleties filled his mind to the exclusion of all sense of the need to discriminate them. Life is not long enough nor spacious enough nor empty enough to justify one in entertaining all the psychic muffins which Mr. James

offers to us in the course of the voluminous certifications of experience which constitute his writings. His exorbitant, his preposterous demand upon us is not amiably to be allowed when you remember—as you must so often in his later phases—that he is as naïvely indiscriminate as a baby who will cherish a ruined hairpin as tenderly as if it were a French doll.

And yet what does it matter, after all, in comparison with what he did have and did give? To feel as he could feel, to tell as he could tell—who would not yield up any quotidian and philistine hold on proportion in exchange for the possession of so noble a heart, so miraculous a wizardry of evocation? We choose to regard as an unconscious portrait of the artist himself that picture he has left us of one of the rarest among the fine souls he loved to paint, and to say that he, too, " spent half his time in thinking of beauty, and bravery, and magnanimity "; that he " thought it would be detestable to be afraid or ashamed." Thus he moved through life: inexhaustibly ardent, compassionate, gentle; in love with loveliness.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

JOHN KEATS. By Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

The result of Sidney Colvin's effort to produce a book "giving a full and connected account of Keats's life and poetry together, in the light of all the available material," is a volume that will prove deeply satisfying to every student of literature and to every lover of the poet. In the first place Keats as a human being is set forth in this work with a simplicity, a naturalness, a sober and convincing reality, that simply annul the effect of all false estimates or idle prepossessions, and that hold that wayward imagination, which in appreciative readers is so apt to blur the biographic page by the very facility of its coöperation, strictly to the contemplation of truth. In the second place, the critical portions of the work are not only light-shedding in the important, but minor, way of revealing sources and tracing developments, but are splendidly interpretative, adding to the reader's capacity for enjoyment.

Keats, of course, cannot be understood apart from his friendships. In dealing with the friends of Keats and with their influence upon the poet, Mr. Colvin brings into use a power of fair and full but decisive and pointed characterization that clears the emotional mists and glamours once for all from the atmosphere of Keats's circle and shows its members as they truly were. Leigh Hunt, Haydon, Brown, Cowden Clarke, and the rest—even persons less closely in touch, like Christopher North and Lockhart—are estimated with a sureness and authority that adds immensely to the reality and worth of the whole narrative. In all this, one never loses contact with the poet himself, nor does one think either of him or of his friends as bundles of abstract qualities; one perceives flesh and blood and character in all of them.

Through analysis, patient research, and comparison the author has been able to illuminate in the most interesting and profitable manner the nature of Keats's mental processes. He has, for example, wonderfully explained and illustrated that method of "evocation," as distinct from the method of exposition, upon which the poet was so dependent for the clearness and continuity of his thought. He has also, without attempting to explain the inexplainable, gone as far as a wise man could go, or as a lover of poetry would wish to go, in determining the sources, or rather the suggestions, that gave rise to some of the

poet's noblest passages. The exegesis upon the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* is accompanied by a reproduction of the figures upon the Sosibios Vase, which closely correspond to the imagery of the poem. An "old and deep impression" received from Claude's noble picture, the "Sacrifice to Apollo," is shown to have had its effect in shaping this as well as other poetic visions. Even the famous "magic casements" lines in the *Ode to a Nightingale* may be plausibly connected with another picture of Claude's, "The Enchanted Castle." To follow clues of this kind under Mr. Colvin's guidance is extremely profitable, especially since the guide never forgets the essential marvelousness of the process by which impressions derived from other arts or from nature were suddenly and gloriously transmuted into poetry in the mind of Keats.

Lessons in appreciation, too, of the soundest and most helpful kind are the author's discussion of the poet's characteristic manner of vivifying even dead and senseless things, of giving them life instead of merely describing them, and of the success with which Keats applied his own principle—the principle that "the excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relation with beauty and truth."

Turning to a more technical feature of the work, one may say that seldom has a learned discussion of changing methods in the use of a metre been made to serve so good a purpose as does Mr. Colvin's account of the heroic couplet from its use by Chaucer to its use by Keats; for through this precise and scholarly discussion one is made better able to understand the difficulty of the work which Keats performed, to perceive the nature and cause of some of his faults, and hence to prize his excellences all the higher.

But the feature of the work for which the general reader will feel most grateful is its interpretation of meanings—especially the interpretation of *Endymion* as a parable of the experiences of a poet's soul in its quest after beauty. The author's justification of his analysis of this baffling and tantalizing poem is so sound and so eloquent—it so rightly upholds the value of poetry as a form of thought—that it may be regarded as perhaps the most important single passage in the book. "But why take all this trouble, the reader may well have asked before now," writes Mr. Colvin, "to follow the argument and track the wanderings of Endymion book by book, when every one knows that the poem is only admirable for its incidental beauties, and is neither read nor well readable for its story? The answer is that the intricacy and obscurity of the narrative is such as to tire the patience of many readers in their search for beautiful passages and to dull their enjoyment of them when found; but once the inner and symbolic meanings of the poem are recognized, even in gleams, their recognition gives it a quite new hold upon the attention. And in order to trace these meanings and disengage them with any clearness a fairly close examination and detailed argument are necessary. It is not with the simple matters of personification, of the putting of initial capitals to abstract qualities, that we have to deal, nor yet with any obvious or deliberately thought-out allegory; still less is it with one purposely made riddling and obscure; it is with a vital, subtly involved, and passionately tentative spiritual parable, the parable of

the experiences of the poetic soul of man seeking communion with the spirit of essential beauty in the world, invented and related, in the still uncertain dawn of his powers by one of the finest natural born and intuitively gifted poets who ever lived."

Mr. Colvin has been kind to common readers; he explains the more recondite parts of his subject with patient care, but with no lack of zest. He quotes freely for illustration, and thus when he remarks for example upon that "vein of airy and genteel vulgarity" into which Leigh Hunt was notoriously prone to slip in his verses, no one need be in any doubt as to his precise meaning. Throughout his book, he employs a method of treatment as serviceable as it is sincere and honest. Scholars will welcome his work not only because of its fulness and unity but for its interesting and authoritative discussions of obscure and difficult points.

MADAME ADAM. By Winifred Stephens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1917.

The life of Madame Adam, which has stretched from 1836 to 1917, is so rich in historic and spiritual values that no amount of literary labor and skill could well be wasted in recording and interpreting it. This remarkable woman, happily named *"la grande Française,"* has lived through the Revolution of 1848, the *coup d'état* of 1851, the heartache and misery of the siege of Paris, and two invasions of her beloved country. Politically, as mistress of a leading salon, as founder and editor of *La Nouvelle Revue,* as for many years the intimate friend of Gambetta, of Thiers, and of other French ministers as well as of many representatives of foreign nations, she has been a power. In the sphere of literature, her intimate acquaintance with such eminent writers as George Sand, Flaubert, Victor Hugo, Alphonse Daudet, Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget, and Maurice Barrès, has given her that initiation which is almost essential for the full and prosperous development of a great personality.

Intellectually brilliant, gifted with tact and personal magnetism, and with rare beauty, Madame Adam was always able to exert an immediate influence upon those about her. Deeply emotional, passionately sincere, moved by strongly felt moral convictions, she has experienced in their fulness and helped to guide some of the most significant tendencies of her time. At the age of twenty-two, three years before John Stuart Mill began to write his *Subjection of Women,* Madame Adam (then Juliette Lamessine) wrote an answer to Proudhon's attack upon women in his work *La Justice dans la Révolution et dans l'Église* —an answer which presents, says the biographer, "a bird's-eye view of the whole field of feminist reform." She was one of the earliest French women to see and welcome the possibility, realized in the present war, that women might do the work of men. During her whole life, through all vicissitudes, and in spite of her changes of opinion upon other matters, she has been a passionate believer in self-government.

Thus her life so far as the greater issues are concerned has been guided by a moral intuition which has made her at once clear-sighted and enthusiastic, a woman of the world and a prophetess. But there

is another side to her temperament—a side not so easy to appreciate.

Juliette Lamber (the future Madame Adam) was born in a period of great social and political unrest. She was brought up in an atmosphere of emotional stress, of family quarrels, of contending creeds and theories, of dramatic scenes, revolutionary enthusiasms, dogmatic scoffings, spiritual excesses of all kinds. In those days, where cynicism did not prevail, the light of the ideal was over everything. Emotions were cultivated; fervors were encouraged. Romance—that tendency to put feeling in the place of moral intuition and to seek happiness by insisting upon seeing things as they are not—was at its height. By virtue of a strong constitution and a sound mind, Madame Adam fell a prey neither to nervous prostration nor to romantic fatuity; but she was a woman of her time, and without a thorough understanding of the conditions surrounding her early life it is not easy either to understand her point of view or properly to appreciate her greatness.

To do either with the sole help of the present life-story requires an undue effort. For while the biographer has striven earnestly to put in an adequate background and to explain motives with accuracy and *rapport,* the fact would seem to be that the best performance of this task requires rather more literary skill than she possesses. One ought after reading this biography to be able completely to sympathize with that frame of mind which led Madame Adam, though she did not desire an aggressive war upon Germany, to goad Gambetta continually toward the idea of *revanche;* with the motive which made her hostile to England and blind to the advantages of English rule in Egypt, with that strange contradiction by which her passion for revenge carried her, after many years of skepticism, "toward a religion whose Founder had refused to countenance such a sentiment." As it is, one cannot help feeling that such predominances of emotion over reason are out of character in a woman undoubtedly of great intellect.

A certain indefiniteness, too, in regard to some of the principal personages with whom Madame Adam had to do leaves the account of her life rather painfully unfinished. "To write Madame Adam's biography," declares the biographer in her preface, "is also to write one of the most momentous chapters in French history." This being the case, it is unfortunate that any reader should be left in serious doubt as to what opinion he should hold, for example, of Gambetta. "An opportunist" surely—but a great man or a little? a really large personality or a *poseur?* Some new light on his character really ought to be shed by this rather intimate record. Perhaps enlightenment on this point is to be had from the book, but it taxes the reader's powers of inference to find it.

Doubtless every one who turns from this volume to Madame Adam's own writings will find fulfillment of his expectation that the latter, through their brilliance, their charm, and their earnestness, will very largely interpret themselves. The biography may serve a good purpose in directing the attention of English-speaking readers to these volumes of reminiscences, and it may prove valuable also as an intelligent and readable summary of material not elsewhere gathered together and unified. As a piece of biographical writing, however, it falls somewhat short of being a masterpiece.

MARK TWAIN'S LETTERS. Arranged with comment by Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1917.

The chief interest of Mark Twain's letters is not, of course, an informational interest, but a literary interest. For a clear, connected, and fully adequate story of Mark Twain's life, with a sufficient flavor of his own style and his own opinions, one would turn of course to the admirable biography by Mr. Paine.

Lovers of Mark Twain need not be told that every line that he ever wrote is stamped with the mark of his mind, that characteristic quality of style that simply in itself gives joy by its vigor, its humor, and its poetry. In one of the earliest letters of his that has been preserved, one finds him describing a number of men whose clothing had become coated with ice as resembling "rock candy statuary." Much later in an equally striking phrase he declares that when he chose the artist Beard to illustrate *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court* he had "gone netting for lightning bugs and caught a meteor." It is idle to pile up examples of this verbal felicity, essentially poetic but with the unanalyzable element of humor added. It is enough to say that instances of it abound in the letters, and that in consequence one at least of Mark Twain's literary qualities is as fully available in these as in anything he ever wrote.

But, always admitting that we may get sufficiently acquainted with the man through his biography, what reason is there, if any, for putting the letters of Mark Twain on a level with the best of what he wrote for publication? Mark Twain, it has been said, was a better artist than philosopher, and a better philosopher than thinker. If, then, he was not a profound thinker, why should his letters deserve more than the amount of interest which affection for the man as revealed in his formal works can inspire? For surely letters are inferior as works of art to narratives, tales, and essays.

To this there can be but one reply. Every true lover of Mark Twain's writings is ready to maintain that in a very true sense this great humorist and story teller was a profound thinker. It may be safely admitted, perhaps, that he was not a great logician or a great scholar. But he was profound, as poets are profound. He expressed fundamental things in human terms; he was elemental. Thus, in his mind, moods, fancies, intuitions, affections, opinions and those guesses that we call convictions, attained a clearness, an adequacy of expression, and a significance which most of us yearn for but are helpless to acquire.

If the chief business of life is the transmutation of experience into character, then the precisely analogous process in literature—that of transforming memories into phrases expressive of one's inmost character—is of similar importance. In novels, or in poetry, too often, this process is but dimly perceptible. In the familiar writings of such a man as Samuel Clemens it is seen plainly at work.

It is wonderful in reading these letters to see how all manner of things—things commonplace, things tragic, things irritating, things obscure, are transformed and refined and made to contribute to the merriment or to the spiritual value of life by the magic of Mark Twain's point of view. How the homely words, flying straight to

the point, stimulate and reconcile, and emphasize the burden and the privilege of living!

Mark Twain's letters seem to contain experience and emotion and thought enough to fill several ordinary lifetimes. Through them one gets the oddest, the most varied glimpses of the spectacle of human life. Through them one is able to share in more events and situations than the most generously planned novel could well be made to contain.

But of Mark Twain in his letters, as in his books, we never weary. His personality never loses its hold upon us, because it is always at work doing for us what it is the chief office of a great personality in literature to do—making life more livable for us by communicating to us its sense of humor and its sense of tragedy.

And so it involves no disparagement of Mark Twain as an artist to place the volumes containing his collected letters among his greatest works.

ADVENTURES AND LETTERS OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Edited by Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

The presumption that a man so variously experienced, so widely acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, so keenly observing, as was Richard Harding Davis, must have had much more to tell than he actually did tell in any of his writings intended for the public, is doubtless strong enough in itself to awaken anticipatory interest in his posthumously published letters. But there are not a few who will be drawn to the perusal of Davis's letters by something more than the promise of "adventures" in the title of the volume which contains them. The creator of "Van Bibber" and of "McWilliams" certainly endeared himself to a large public—and especially, perhaps, to that portion of his original public which is now approaching forty years of age. One does not envy the man—if such there is—who in youth could not grow sentimental over *Phroso* or who did not believe, for a time at least, that *Soldiers of Fortune* was the best story ever written. Never to have relished the full flavor of the Van Bibber stories, with their sophistication and their chivalrous sentiment, is to have missed something out of one's life. Romance has a way of fading, to be sure, and perhaps it is inevitable that even those earlier tales of Davis's should lose their freshness—though *Gallagher* turns out, upon re-reading, to be as wonderful a short-story as it originally seemed. At all events, those who fell in love with "Hope Langham" or grinned over "McWilliams" in their teens received an emotional stimulus very nearly as wholesome as it was pleasurable—an experience that is to be remembered with gratitude.

And so a great many persons who had no acquaintance with Davis will approach the reading of his letters with friendly interest.

Richard Harding Davis as a boy longed to become a writer, and he hardly thought of any other profession than authorship. "He never," his brother tells us, "even wanted to go to sea, or be a bare-back rider in a circus." He planned his career. After his graduation from Lehigh University he prepared for his life-work by taking special studies in Johns Hopkins, and as soon as his academic training was over he set zestfully about the accumulation of literary material and the acquirement of journalistic experience. In 1886, when he

was twenty-two, he took his first trip to Cuba, with which country he promptly fell in love. After his return to the States he entered newspaper work in Philadelphia, the city of his birth, being employed first by the *Record* and afterwards by the *Press*. Becoming acquainted, in London, with Arthur Brisbane he received from him and accepted the offer of a position upon the *Evening Sun*, and in this paper, during his connection with it, his *Van Bibber* stories were first printed. In 1890 he left the *Sun* to become managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*. By a special arrangement with the Harpers he spent part of his time in editing the *Weekly* and part in traveling and writing special articles. His first trip as a special correspondent was a journey to Texas in 1892, made for the purpose of accompanying the expedition that was looking for the revolutionist Garza, who was supposed to be hiding on this side of the border. This was the beginning of that successful and adventurous career which furnished Davis the materials out of which he wove his brilliant stories of fact and fancy. The letters are rich in the qualities that gave savor to all this author's books. They abound in varied scenes, adventures, types of character, all graphically and familiarly sketched, all touched with humor and with the glow of romance.

Finley Peter Dunne has said that Davis "probably knew more waiters, generals, actors, and princes than any other man who ever lived." In point of fact, he was as fortunate in knowing people of genius as he was happy in his faculty for touch-and-go contact with people of a less permanently desirable type. Among the friends of his father's family, when Richard was a boy, were Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. John Drew, Mrs. Barrymore, the Joseph Jeffersons. Booth and Boucicault were frequent visitors at his home. In Davis's early letters "Old Dr. Holmes" figures more than once. Among the persons well known to this promising youth were Henry Irving, Ada Rehan, Ellen Terry, and Augustin Daly—friends who might well do more than stimulate a precocious interest in the stage. As for the interesting people Davis knew in later years—celebrities, tramps, people of rare gifts or merely of picturesque personalities—a list of them would fill pages.

It is pleasant to find the agreeable personal impressions of an author that one has drawn from his writings confirmed by the closer knowledge that his familiar correspondence gives: the discovery that literary quality springs from personality is always freshly satisfying. In Davis's letters one finds the bravely humorous attitude toward life, the generous and chivalric disposition, the immense capacity for enjoyment, and the unstaled love of adventure, that his books evince. One learns, too, that his sentiment sprang from the heart of a genuinely "home-loving and family-loving" American.

It cannot truly be said, however, that these letters are of equal value with the author's best stories either of fiction or of fact. Davis profited by the restraint of form and the reserve which is imposed upon an author. Freed from this, he was witty, imaginative, amusing, but superficial, gossippy, somewhat too facile. Some of his letters rather conspicuously fail to attain that unconscious distinction which sometimes imparts a higher quality to unstudied notes than to formal compositions.

FIGHTING FOR PEACE. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

In these trying days we read with gladness every clear and personally assuring utterance concerning the war, especially when such utterances come from persons eminent in mind and character. Indeed a sort of duty rests upon all those to whom we are accustomed in any way to look up, an obligation to say what they can, to express what is in their hearts.

This duty has been performed by Henry van Dyke in his recently published book, *Fighting for Peace.* Among other things, this volume is, of course, a record of a diplomatist's experiences. It contains a good deal of fresh and interesting writing about the abortive efforts toward a Hague conference just before the storm broke upon Europe, about the attitude of Holland in the earlier period of the war, and about the important relief work carried on in that country. But most of all it is, like many "war books" of today, an attempt to clarify opinion and to concentrate feeling upon the right points.

So far as these objects are concerned, Dr. Van Dyke has been eminently successful. As the work of an idealist and peace-lover, of a man slow to think evil and not quick to anger, the book will have more than double the effect that could be produced by any impassioned tirade. Moreover, as the work of a true, albeit a very modest, literary artist—one skilled to stir feeling and at the same time to keep it within bounds, able to sublimate emotions of horror and indignation into high motives, capable of communicating to others his own steady faith and sane optimism—this little treatise, partly narrative, partly apologue, partly exposition, makes a peculiarly direct and wholesome appeal to readers of all classes. In decisive, well-measured phrases, the author shows how every peace-lover can and ought to reconcile love of humanity with patriotic zeal for a victory over the German war machine. In notably clear, homely, and inspiring language, he tells just what kind of peace it is that America is fighting for.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

IX

(*November* 14—*December* 4)

THE change in publication date of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW rendered necessary by the difficulties of distribution encountered under war conditions, makes our ninth monthly review of "Our War with Germany" coincide with the close of the eighth calendar month of American participation in the great struggle. It has been a month of steady progress in the chief task before this country, that of preparation for the real field work that is yet to come, but there has been no announcement of any conspicuous achievement by American forces in that period. Just at its close official publication was permitted of the news which had been whispered about among the knowing insiders for several weeks that the so-called "Rainbow division" of National Guard troops was safe in France. This division is composed of men from practically every State in the Union—hence its name. It was transported across the Atlantic without the loss of a man, and without any untoward experience. Announcement of its arrival was withheld by the authorities in this country until the news was passed by Gen. Pershing's censor.

The outstanding events of immediate importance in the war during this review period occurred chiefly in other lands, and with slight, if any, American participation. One, the result of which cannot yet be measured even in estimation, was the complete collapse of government under responsible authority in Russia, and the triumph of unrestrained radicalism under the pro-German Bolshevik leaders Lenine and Trotzky. Kerensky, in flight or in hiding, seems definitely out of the reckoning as a factor in Russia's future, although in the maze of conflicting reports from that troubled land there continue to come some which indicate the possibility of a revival of his influence. There are reports also that General Kaledines, the leader of the Cossacks, is coming to Moscow with an army that aims at the overthrow of the Bolshevists and the restoration of responsibility in the government.

Meantime Lenine and Trotzky, having thrown all of Russia's engagements with her allies to the winds, and having published the confidential papers in the Foreign Office files, have offered an armistice to Germany and are proceeding, at this writing, to enter upon negotiations with the German representatives. Germany approaches the desired negotiation with a certain caution and reserve, which seems well grounded in view of Trotzky's announcement that every word of the negotiations is to be taken down and published, and that Germany is to be asked to answer certain interesting questions. They are not

specified, but if they conform to the record of Lenine and Trotzky it can be well understood that it will be exceedingly difficult for the German representatives to answer them satisfactorily to the Russians and at the same time retain their influence in Berlin. It would be an extraordinary thing if this Russian collapse should yet prove to be a factor in fomenting disturbance in Germany.

News from the Italian front has been cheering as that from Russia has been discouraging. The Italian army that was so hard pressed when it reached the line of the Piave as to make it almost touch and go whether that line could be held or not seems now to have definitely mastered the situation. It has recovered its self-confidence and made good its stand on that river, so that the official reports from Berlin and Vienna tell of Italian rather than of German offensive actions. And just as this is written the announcement is made that the British and French reinforcements are in position along the river, and that danger of further advance by the Teutonic forces is minimized.

This news from Italy comports with the reports from the British front in France, where Lieutenant-General Sir Julian Byng genuinely surprised the Germans, in the latter part of November, and threw them back something more than six miles, in front of Cambrai, and made gains along a thirty-two mile section of his line. General Byng commanded the Canadians in their great victory at Vimy ridge last spring. For this attack he gave the Germans no warning by way of artillery preparation. He relied on the tanks, and the dash of his men, to get through the wire entanglements and over the obstructions, and his calculations were right. Starting with a rush, and without preliminary and warning fire, on a misty morning, his men were on top of the Germans before they had an inkling of what was coming. It took the surprised Germans some time to recover, and before they got reinforcements and stiffened their defenses their lines had been badly broken, many thousands of prisoners and some hundreds of guns taken.

There have been reports that General Byng got the suggestion for his change in methods from a remark by General Pershing, soon after he went to France, to the effect that no substantial gain was likely to be attained on either side except by the adoption of new tactics. But there is no confirmation for this. There are reports which seem authentic, however, that in some of the furious fighting which has been going on in that sector since Byng's surprise attack detachments of American troops have borne themselves with conspicuous gallantry.

America's chief part in the war—outside the routine of preparation at home and in France—has been the participation in the Allied War Council in Paris. The fight on Lloyd George which was precipitated by his announcement in Paris, when on his way back from Rome, of the formation of this council, came to its crisis just as Colonel House and his colleagues reached London. Lloyd George met it squarely in a speech in the Commons. A singularly felicitous coincidence was the receipt by Colonel House of a telegram from President Wilson saying that the United States Government considered unity of plan and control between all the Allies essential to the achievement of a just and permanent peace.

The French Government which took the initial steps toward this

Allied Council having fallen on one of those questions of the propriety of the conduct of a member of the Chamber which have upset so many French cabinets, Clemenceau the "Tiger" became Prime Minister just in time to head the French delegation in the Allied Council.

The Council met at Versailles on November 29. Colonel House having deftly suggested in advance that the Council was organized for work, not for oratory, speeches were omitted, and its deliberations were over and the members on their way home in three days. The first reports are that much of substantial benefit was accomplished, although no particulars were announced, except that an agreement had been reached for standardization of aeroplanes for allied service.

The reception to the Americans in London and Paris demonstrated again the enthusiasm in Britain and France over American participation in the war, and the readiness to receive American suggestion shows that appreciation of what our part may ultimately be.

Naval participation, in the way of convoying ships and hunting submarines, has continued in the same quiet, effective way, and although there has been a little increase in submarine sinkings in the latter weeks as compared with the first of the month, the total for the period was encouragingly low. One stirring tale of American activity was permitted to sift through the censorship. It recounted how two destroyers sighted a submarine, and first one and then the other dashed across its trail, dropping depth charges, some of which were successful. The submarine was forced to the surface, and when its crew surrendered the destroyer men endeavored to tow the submarine to port. They got a line to it, but the Germans had opened the sea cocks and the prize sunk.

Army preparation at home has seen the cantonments and camps brought nearer to completion, and the belated supplies of clothing for the men brought to such a stage that issues of woolens could be increased, especially in camps where colds and pneumonia were becoming unpleasantly frequent. Toward the close of November Surgeon-general Gorgas published the fact that septic pneumonia was prevalent in some of the camps, following an epidemic of measles. The shortage of equipment has been felt only in the camps in this country. All the men who had gone "over there" have been fully supplied, and full supplies of everything are in reserve in France to meet all possible requirements.

The ever present and ever pressing problem of labor has continued throughout the month to furnish the greatest anxiety to those who are charged with responsibility for carrying out the Government program of production. The situation is one of extreme difficulty on both sides. In some lines of employment wages have either not increased at all or the increases have not been at all commensurate with the increased costs of all the necessities of life that the men and their families must buy. With costs of living what they are, and with wages generally so high, and especially with employers often endeavoring to hire men away from one another by voluntarily increasing wages already very high, it is not surprising that there should be unrest and dissatisfaction among many of the men. The leaders of organized labor, as a rule, have worked in close co-operation with the government to prevent any

curtailment of production through stoppages of work. They have had some difficulty in securing compliance with their instructions by their followers. Disturbances on the part of shipyard workers on both coasts have threatened constantly, but thus far all but rather minor troubles have been prevented. The railroad brotherhoods, who secured the enactment of the so-called eight-hour law during the Presidential campaign of last year, have now submitted a demand for wage increases for the men on the eastern roads which would aggregate about $109,000,000 a year.

In a letter to Judge Chambers, Commissioner of Mediation and Arbitration, President Wilson, discussing the railroad labor situation, intimated that the Government might be forced to take over the running of the roads. Of the implied threat on the part of the brotherhood men to strike the President said: "It is inconceivable to me that patriotic men should now for a moment contemplate the interruption of the transportation which is so absolutely necessary to the safety of the nation, and its success in arms, as well as to its industrial life. . . The last thing I would wish to contemplate would be the possibility of being obliged to take any unusual measures to operate the railways."

Judge Chambers continued to exert himself to effect a settlement, but every day brought only conflicting reports of what the men and the roads would agree to do. Finally, on November 19, Fairfax Harrison, chairman of the Railways War Board, wrote to Judge Chambers saying: "As no interruption of continual railroad operation can be tolerated under war conditions, we are ready, should any crisis now arise, unreservedly to place our interests in the hands of the President for protection and for disposition as he may determine is necessary in the public interests."

On November 20 the convention of the American Federation of Labor voted unswerving loyalty to the country, and a determination to stand behind the Administration until peace comes.

Two days later the four brotherhood chiefs had a two hour conference with the President at the White House. At its close they issued a statement saying: "If a situation should arise which would threaten the interruption of transportation the men would be more than willing to discuss and consider any solution of the difficulty which presented itself, doing so in the spirit of patriotic co-operation, and would undoubtedly co-operate with the Government to the utmost extent in arriving at a just, equitable as well as patriotic conclusion."

The White House also issued a statement saying that the President got from the conference "exactly the impression conveyed by the statement of the heads of the brotherhoods, namely, that the men whom they represented were not inclined to contend for anything which they did not deem necessary to their own maintenance and the maintenance of their families."

Meantime both operating and financial conditions with the roads have become well nigh desperate. Traffic congestion has become such that the Railways War Board has seriously considered the curtailment of non-essential industries. A list of 450 non-essential commodities was prepared, to which there were added 75 other commodities shipment of which might be dispensed with or postponed until the con-

gestion is relieved. The board prepared a statement showing the enormous increase of traffic caused by the war. In the first five months of our participation in the war the traffic was 16 per cent higher than in the corresponding period of 1916; 50 per cent greater than in the same months of 1915, and greater than the total traffic of any year prior to 1904. Coal movements were 18 per cent greater than in the corresponding period of last year. There were 150,000 more cars of anthracite and 751,000 more cars of bituminous coal than last year, and still there are complaints of coal shortage. The railroads have moved 116,000 carloads of freight to army cantonments and National Guard camps, and 17,000 cars for the Shipping Board. The passenger traffic has been the largest ever known, and in addition to that the roads have carried 1,200,000 soldiers to camps, cantonments and ports. The movement of troops has involved the use of 2750 special trains, and the camps are taking 75,000 cars of supplies every month.

On November 23 the Railways War Board moved to secure relief without waiting for action by the Interstate Commerce Commission or Congress. A number of suggestions were made, including abandonment of competing passenger service and the pooling of all roads east of Chicago. The next day it was announced that the Board had given directions covering these suggestions, after consultation with government officials. The operating vice-presidents of the eastern lines met in Washington on November 26 to work out pooling plans. They encountered many difficulties which will demand legislative relief. They resolved on pooling all available facilities and appointed a committee of seven to take charge of the pool. This is another of the numerous violations of the Sherman law which the war has proved to be absolutely necessary, and to which the Government is a party. These war experiences may well bring to a climax the demand for the amendment of repeal of the Sherman law which began in a Presidential message to Congress twelve years ago.

In a speech at Baltimore about the middle of November Secretary McAdoo made public the startling information that the ordinary expenditures of the Government were running about $325,000,000 a month, instead of the billion a month that had been estimated. The expenditures of the War Department, for instance, had been about 50 per cent of what had been estimated. This was perhaps only another way of admitting that the margin between what we had been doing in the way of production of supplies for our Allies and the total of our productive capacity was not as great as had been estimated. We could not spend as much per month as had been figured because we could not make as much more than we had been making as we estimated we could. Loans to our Allies aggregate more than three billions. Actual credits to them by the Treasury run $500,000,000 per month, but cash disbursements against these credits were considerably less, and of these a very large part was for purchases in this country, so that these transactions involved chiefly shifting of credits. On November 1 the United States held one-third of the world's total stock of gold.

Congress met for the regular session on December 3, and received the estimates from the different departments for the fiscal year 1918. They aggregate something more than thirteen billions without counting

any loans to our Allies. Of this incomprehensible sum the War Department asks for about ten billions.

Throughout the month Dr. Garfield, the Fuel Administrator, has been in trouble over the prices and the supply of coal. Price adjustments have been made in some cases, always up, with a view to increasing production and permitting wage increases. An increase of 35 cents a ton on anthracite was made to cover a demand for more wages. Labor troubles have threatened throughout the month, and there has been much difficulty about priority of shipments in order to prevent hardship. Coal production is far ahead of last year, but consumption has increased also so greatly that there is an actual shortage of about 50,000,000 tons. Preference in shipment has been ordered generally now, covering Government orders, railway fuel, domestic requirements, public utilities and munition plants.

On November 23 the producers of bituminous coal in Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Tennessee pooled their output, with the sanction of the Government. It was another case of war necessity and never mind the Sherman law. The Government is the only one that can prosecute for violation of that law, and the Government is a partner in the violation.

November saw another reorganization in the Shipping Board, caused this time by the ill health of Admiral Capps, general manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. He was not in good health when he undertook the task, and the overwork to which he subjected himself increased his illness so that he had to ask for relief. Rear Admiral Harris, chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks of the Navy Department, was appointed to succeed him, Mr. Hurley, chairman of the Shipping Board, having asked for the appointment of an officer of Admiral Capps's corps to succeed him. An announcement of the construction program of the Shipping Board shows that it has in prospect 1409 vessels of an aggregate deadweight tonnage of 8,363,808.

At this writing, President Wilson is about to deliver his eagerly awaited address to Congress.

[*This record is as of December 4 and is to be continued.*]

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

THE TRIAL BY FIRE

(*From the Boston Evening Transcript*)

"We are still in the honeymoon stage of our war," remarked an American the other day, anent the attitude of the people and press of the United States ever since the Government declared war against Germany, nearly seven months ago. The significance of the observation was not weakened by its source, for the observer was a citizen whose leadership has added a distinguished, perhaps a lasting, contribution to the statesmanship of the world. The desire of the people and their press to let bygones be bygones and to overlook every blunder once the willingness to correct it became apparent, was born of a wholehearted determination to unite the nation as completely and as quickly as possible and mass its might behind the Government, to the end that the war may be won, not next month, nor next year, nor the year after, but as soon as possible.

But the honeymoon is coming to an end. The supersensitiveness to criticism will soon slough off. When the war began Colonel George Harvey set up a standard for course and comment to which the press and public of the nation rallied at the time and to which they have for the most part adhered: "Fair play for the Government; whole truth for the people." In the last number of the North American Review, Colonel Harvey has strengthened that rule of conduct by the addition of five words—"and nothing but the truth." It was well enough while the war was still in "the honeymoon stage" to accept the substitution of pleasant generalities for unpleasant specifications in respect of the conduct of the war, but the day is at hand when in return for fair play for the Government there must be "whole truth for the people and nothing but the truth." That is one lesson of the second Liberty Loan campaign. It has helped to bring home to the people the nationality of the war. They are beginning to see now that they are preparing to fight as their fathers fought in the sixties, not in pursuit of some dim, distant phantom, but in defence of a principle as clear to their eyes as it is near to their hearts. They have entered upon this war to defend the security of their own freedom, and they are coming more and more to realize that whether "we shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth" will depend upon whether we win or lose this war.

Thinking on these things they cannot but recall and they will be more than ever careful in the future to keep before them this warning of Abraham Lincoln upon another occasion. "No personal significance or

insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation."

A TRUMPET CALL

(*From the Rochester Post-Express*)

Colonel George Harvey's patriotic article, entitled "E-y-e-s Front!" in the October number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is like a trumpet call, summoning the embattled strength of our people to smite and conquer the foes of democracy.

He uses strong language, but not by any means too strong. He says: "'The Divine Right of Kings' is played out." That is the meaning, as he interprets it, of President Wilson's reply to the Pope. As Colonel Harvey forcibly puts it, "the United States of America serves notice upon the world that it will have no more dealings with the Divine Right of Kings, or with a government based upon that blasphemous and inhuman principle; and all the Allied Powers, republic, kingdom and empire alike, respond, 'We, too!'"

The German "reptile press" has lyingly pretended, Colonel Harvey goes on to say, that the President is trying to meddle in the domestic affairs of Germany and to "dictate its form of government." Of course, Germany has a right to say who shall rule over her. But America has an equal right to say whether she will recognize the government chosen by Germany. We cannot trust a government that started the war on "the pretext of a lie" and that has treated a solemn treaty as a "scrap of paper." The *Cologne Gazette* maintains that the entire German people will stand by the Kaiser. If this be so, the German people must, in Colonel Harvey's vigorous words, "recognize and accept the consequences, and these consequences must inevitably be that we shall have to treat them as we are now treating their government."

Another thing said by Colonel Harvey is that "treason must be made odious." The phrase was used by Andrew Johnson, "one of the least remembered of our presidents." It is well to recall it now. Treason against the United States consists in levying war against it or giving aid and comfort to its enemies. The traitors in our midst must beware of the penalty they incur by assisting the enemies of the United States. Finally Colonel Harvey insists on the thorough Americanization of America and quotes the words of Washington addressed to his countrymen: "The name of American which belongs to you in your national capacity must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discrimination."

In this great struggle against autocracy the alien who settles in the United States must be "in heart and soul American."

TO AMERICAN MOTHERS

(*From the Sioux Falls Press*)

We call attention to an important article from the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW which we print this morning on this page in the columns given

to comments from other newspapers and magazines. The facts and figures presented by the writer of the article should go far to relieve the current apprehension as to the perils of modern warfare. Perilous though war by its nature must always be, it is a fact demonstrable by records that the death and other casualty rate is less in this war than in any great wars which have preceded it. This gratifying truth is well presented by the article to which we refer.

We would not for a moment seek to minimize the sacrifices made by the men who go to war, and by the parents who give their sons to the nation's need. It is necessary to appreciate the serious side of it. But it is not necessary, and it is wrong, to exaggerate the danger. The cheering phases of the subject should by all means be emphasized when the facts justify.

One of the elements that have contributed to a prevalent opinion that the chances are all against the enlisted man surviving the conflict is the flood of narratives of personal experiences or personal observations in isolated instances of great slaughter. The more ghastly the word-picture the more vividly it becomes fixed on the reader's mind. We do not stop to think that these are the exception, and far from being the rule. And when we learn of hundreds or thousands being killed or wounded in a campaign we do not always consider that millions were engaged. But probably the factor that has gone farthest to excite extreme fear is the insidious propaganda of the pacifists and the agents of pro-Germanism. Constantly they strive to picture men sent to Europe as being poured into a veritable hopper of death.

Mother's heart is wrenched severely when her boy leaves home to go to war. Realizing that she may never see him again she is, at the moment of parting, almost certain she has lost him forever. It is a way of mothers the world over, and it will always be the same. But let us make sure she is not needlessly tortured all the time he is absent. Let us show her, by straightforward calculations based on honest figures, that he will probably come back.

We urge mothers to read the article from the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and to clip it out to show to other mothers. The facts and figures presented were regarded by Senator Sterling as of sufficient importance to justify him in having the clerk of the United States Senate read it to that body while the soldiers' and sailors' insurance bill was under consideration, as a basis for calculating the insurer's risk.

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK

(From the Tacoma News)

Gloom pervades a picture drawn by Colonel George Harvey in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of our next steps into the world war. Danger lurks, he believes, in the pinch of paying the war taxes needed to provide the huge war budget so patriotically voted; there is a menace in food control and price fixing, even when in the hands of an idealized Hoover, he thinks; conscription, a masterly stroke, cleverly put over by the President at the peak of war enthusiasm, is doomed to a reaction, and the Colonel has us doddering within months talking to ourselves, trying to figure out why we went to war, anyway.

Possibly it will hurt to pay the war taxes, discriminations will occur in food control and price fixing, often neither consumer nor producer will be satisfied, both will feel aggrieved; the selective draft measure may not continue to have smooth sailing, but with our new troubles there will come additional fortitude and when we do awaken to "our peril and the need that confronts" us, we will meet them with determination and decision. One thing can help us immeasurably in this. That is to get at the facts as to the progress of the war.

Already there has been too much of this thing of men in positions of authority setting themselves up as master minds, assuming a competency to decide what the people should know and what they should not know, themselves changing their own minds about it two or three times a week, or, as Colonel Harvey says: "Upon a Monday decide that, as a matter of policy, the country should be reassured, forthwith it is done; upon a Friday conclude that it is the part of wisdom to alarm the people; the task is easy; revised reports, previously misapprehended, presage unexpected danger, perhaps disaster. In each instance the facts revealed confirm all that the facts concealed refuted."

It is "a bad, a viciously bad system of political battledore and shuttlecock certain only to fetch dismay to one's own and to bear cheer to one's enemy!" continues Colonel Harvey. "It has worked ill in England; it must not be attempted in America. The whole truth for the whole people!"

WHAT, INDEED?

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

Among the matters editorially discussed in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in Colonel Harvey's lively manner is "The Case of La Follette." After carefully weighing La Follette's specific offense, he has the courage to say that "there is no ground for a charge of treason," and utters a warning against "building precedents likely to crumble fundamentals and to plague posterity." The only question is: Ought the Senate to purge itself by expelling La Follette? The only precedents that bear upon this case "do not warrant the drastic action proposed." The conclusion to which Colonel Harvey comes is that for the present La Follette should be endured as any other pest. To enable him to pose as "a martyr" would be bad policy.

After indicating the fundamentally objectionable features of the war revenue act, Colonel Harvey raises the question, "Must we go to jail?" and discusses the espionage act with a refreshing frankness, saying, "It is only a question of time when this 'REVIEW' will be stopped and we shall be sent as far along the road to jail as the courts will permit." Heaven forbid! And yet why not? It is all very well for Colonel Harvey to make merry with Mr. Roosevelt and with "Senator Brandegee's nutmeg factory," but when he rips and rends the sacred revenue act, criticizes Congress, and even dares to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Claude Kitchin, who hails "from that great industrial and commercial center, Scotland Neck, North Carolina," especially when he ventures to question Mr. Burleson's right or fitness to superintend the public press of the country, and declares the espionage act to be a "wicked, vicious, tyrannous thing

that ought never to have been enacted," ought he not go to jail? We tremble for him. We forsee him imprisoned, and are only consoled by the hope that, like Bunyan in Bedford jail, he may be inspired to write another immortal allegory, "The Political Pilgrim's Progress!"

Alas! what shall we do when the NORTH AMERICAN is suppressed and Colonel Harvey is in jail?

APATHY DISAPPEARING

(*From the Beaumont Enterprise*)

Colonel George Harvey, in the current issue of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, asserts that America is too apathetic about the war. He thinks the predominant spirit is of loyalty to the government rather than to the cause. "Our country, right or wrong," seems, to the mind of this able editor, the compelling force animating the nation, rather than a sober and solid appreciation of what we are fighting for.

Perhaps Colonel Harvey is right. But the situation which he describes can not exist much longer. We may be apathetic now, so far as exterior appearances go, but that apathy will give way to energetic thought and feeling as soon as our troops get into action, or as soon as our ships engage in a naval battle. At heart the American people are for the war. Really they appreciate the dangers we are facing. They are silently, but none the less determinedly, making preparations to go the route, to stay until the game is over.

Apathy is dangerous, as the editor of the REVIEW says, but apathy of the kind that now exists loses its dangerous possibilities when we consider that it is but temporary. We fail in proper realization of the magnitude of the task before us merely because we have not yet gotten it in true perspective. The first casualty lists will give us that perspective, and we shall then see the nation wake up with a degree of energy quite different from the present indifferent condition. The American mind will then perceive actualities, and with that perception will come the resolve for action, and action that will mean the speedy end of the war.

Apathetic we are, perhaps, but give us a bit of time. What time will bring in lieu of apathy is the thing the Kaiser must fear most.

THEY WILL NOT BUDGE

(*From the Albany Knickerbocker Press*)

Colonel Harvey in his latest article on the war quotes James Russell Lowell as saying that "the ten commandments will not budge." And the Colonel adds that Germany has violated "openly, brazenly, defiantly and shamelessly" every one of the lot. He says further that Germany must pay in full.

The ten commandments are, after all, the backbone of society. It would do the present generation much good to be more familiar with them. Human experience does not present an instance in which they have been broken without punishment. The new dispensation of the New Testament was able to add to them a commandment or two which have softened human

manners, but it was not able to relieve a jot of the weight which the old commandments carried.

Let those who shudder at the punishment justly due the Hohenzollerns and their dupes read over again the ten commandments. Does anyone suppose they were uttered idly or without purpose? It makes no difference what they think—" the ten commandments will not budge."

PUNGENT READING

(*From the Bookseller*)

To read the North American Review is to be cognizant of the present-day political and biographical affairs written with a keen appreciation of essentials, and a broadness of vision that recommend the famous veteran among the standard magazine to the discriminating and cultured reader. One turns to the editorial article for confirmation or opposition to one's opinion; and whether one agrees or not there is a brilliancy of touch and comprehensiveness that makes it always pungent reading. Its book department, always worth attention, contains in the present issue a review of special note. It is on Wells's *God the Invisible King,* which occupies eight pages, which attests to the importance of the book. Although its caption is " The Book of the Month," we venture to predict that its literary life will exceed thirty days. It is a review of unusual literary distinction, and the reviewer, Lawrence Gilman, has felt the power of Wells's savage sincerity. The exceptions that Mr. Gilman has taken to its weaknesses will do much toward bringing the book to the attention of other keen thinkers. In spite of the ridicule he has enjoyed indulging in, no man of the critic's analytical discernment would give so much space to a book of casual interest.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ALSACE-LORRAINE AND "ECONOMIC IMPERIALISM"

SIR,—In the November number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was printed an article entitled "The Problem of Alsace-Lorraine," by Mr. Sydney Brooks. Although a very scholarly presentation of a much mooted subject, presenting economic arguments infrequently heard, yet the conclusions and the motives which inspire its writing are greatly to be deplored.

Mr. Brooks's argument is substantially this: Give back Alsace-Lorraine to France largely because it contains the richest iron field in Europe. Deprive Germany of this great resource, for she will then be unable to rebuild a militarism which will again menace the world's peace; and which will, although Mr. Brooks very wisely minimizes its significance, also destroy Germany's trade and commercial prosperity. Further than this, German coal must be kept out of the iron fields of Alsace-Lorraine to prevent the securing of these products through the medium of exchange. And to counteract this possibility, England must supply France with the necessary coke to operate these fields; while he implies that Germany must be absolutely excluded by a tariff wall from any such trade whatever.

This argument, thoroughly sound in its conclusion, provided its premises are just, is a very fine re-enunciation of that economic imperialism which has, in part at least, brought about not only the present war, but all the great wars of modern history. An economic imperialism caused the scramble for concessions in China in 1898 and 1899, partly checkmated by Secretary Hay's two notes proclaiming the policy of the Open Door; brought about the clash between Russia and Japan in the Orient in 1904; and apparently moved Japan in the present war to occupy Tsingtau and to enforce upon China her famous Twenty-one Demands. The same motives caused France to quarrel with Germany at Algeciras and Agadir over the economic penetration of Morocco. It has been the desire of Germany and Russia to mutually exclude each other from the markets of the Balkans which culminated in the murder at Serajevo. It has been the *Drang nach Osten* which led to the Teutonic visualization of a *Mitteleuropa* extending from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf; which led to an unholy alliance with the Turk, and attempted the construction of the Bagdad railroad: all in a scramble for protected markets, trade concessions, and economic monopolies.

Now Germany has committed all the crimes known to God and man in the present war; and this in itself is sufficient justification for America's entrance into it. But Mr. Brooks would extend the repre-

hensible principles of the past into the settlements of the future. He would deprive a state of her natural rights to trade and development for fear that she will again use any such advantages for imperialistic purposes. While, on the contrary, he would give to a neighboring nation, France, the same privileges which he would deny Germany on the ground that the former is, by some unknown logic, more able to trustworthily exercise them than the latter. In other words, he would institute a trade war; he would prolongate the present struggle for blood into one for subsistence. Such principles were bespoken by the Allies' Economic Conference at Paris in the summer of 1916; and they brought forth a well-deserved condemnation not only from the general world of public opinion, but from President Wilson himself in his answer to the Pope's peace proposal of last August.

Every nation has a right to develop its resources, extend its trade, and provide for the welfare of its people so long as it does it legitimately. German philosophers and rulers have led their people to believe that this was impossible because of the "encircling policy" of the enemies about them. Hence they won a common assent to the present war. The only way to change this attitude of the German masses is to give them a normal, legitimate opportunity for trade and colonial expansion. This cannot be done by the "establishment of selfish and exclusive leagues" or by the erection of tariff walls such as Mr. Brooks suggests for Alsace-Lorraine. If Mr. Brooks would destroy German military power by depriving her of Alsatian iron, he might *a fortiori* advocate the partition of the German Empire itself, a *reductio ad absurdum* to which even Mr. Brooks is not likely to accede.

The United States has demanded that any peace Germany enters into must be guaranteed. This can be done by the democratization of the German Government, the limitation of all armaments, Allied and Teutonic, and the establishment of a League to Enforce Peace. Along with these methods might be added another: that of freedom of trade, the destruction of protected markets, which have proven the cause of so much illicit rivalry and sinister suspicions.

Now I am no Democrat. If the world is to be governed on the same basis as it has been in the past, protection is a logical necessity to the independence of nations desiring military power. But if a new era of international good-will is to be ushered in, it must be on a new economic basis which will include the right of reciprocal trading between nations, without any artificial restriction.

No one can honestly desire the retention of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany. Many, however, are dubious of France's right to these provinces. Louis XIV, in the minds of many, was just as wrong in wrenching them from Germany as was Bismarck in retaking them in 1870. Whatever form the settlement may take, Germany is entitled, by all canons of right and expediency, to exchange her coal and coke for the iron and steel of these two provinces. In fact, she has just as much right to trade with them as she will have to send her manufactures to America after the war is over. If Germany is democratized, as she inevitably will be, and if armaments are universally limited, the nations of the world have no right to fear that the new Germany will prostitute her trade in such products for dynastic lusts.

The entrance of America into the war brings with it the optimistic hope that she will be able to inculcate into the warring Powers new principles of internationalism which will prevent rather than accentuate the insensate ambitions of the past.

Occidental College, Raymond L. Buell.
Los Angeles, California.

VIEWING DR. FLEXNER WITH ALARM

Sir,—It is not without painful and justifiable alarm that we read of Dr. Abraham Flexner's plan to open a modern school at Teachers' College of Columbia University, the curriculum of which will discard "uncongenial and obsolete classics" "in favor of those studies for which an affirmative case may be made out."

That such a man as Dr. Flexner would consider offering an anticultural curriculum is incredible; that he sets at naught those subjects which have through the ages contributed to the softening of barbaric tendencies is appalling; that he has the prestige of a great university is almost criminal. (Were it not a platitude, we would say that Germany is a fair example of the Utilitarian Idea raised to the tenth power.)

If Dr. Flexner's efforts could be limited to a private clientele which, in pitiable ignorance of the higher purposes of education, was willing to accept a base metal for gold, his influence would not be a national menace. Certainly the deficiencies of our present school system are not due to a preponderance of cultural studies that is "damaging good taste," as he would have us believe, but rather to the lamentable groping with "methods."

Dr. Flexner's idea is not new; it has been followed, probably not in theory, for many years, in a large section of this country, with the resultant crudeness of society delighting in cheap amusements, inflaming literature, and a loathing of dignified repose at all times. In your December 1916 issue a most convincing article by Margaret Sherwood anent the question of culture sounded a note of warning which evidently was not sufficiently loud.

Perhaps you Easterners chuckled at Dr. Flexner's daring, and straightaway forgot him, but to us who send to Columbia hundreds of teachers who regard as gospel all they hear, it is not a movement to be ignored.

Can't you publish something that will awaken a widespread revolt against such fallacies?

Orange, Tex. Mary S. Hemson.

OUR SOLDIERS "WITHOUT A COUNTRY"

Sir,—This country contains a special group of citizens numbering some ten or twelve millions. They are, almost without exception, native-born. A large proportion of them have a longer American pedigree than either Colonel Roosevelt or President Wilson. Fifty thousand of their fathers and grandfathers fought as volunteers in the United States Army between 1861 and 1865. Many of their youths today are in the army. Many more are eager to enter it. In General Carter's article, printed in your November issue, he gives a list of the number of the workers in a

Western establishment, classified according to the nations they represent. The list is headed "Nationality," and begins thus: "Americans, 1,522." This is followed by such proper designations of people belonging to thirty-two different nationalities as "Armenians," "Welsh," etc. Then comes just an adjective, not a national name, for the thirty-third group; "Colored," with its number in service, "433." After that the list resumes its proper method and gives correct national titles to three other sets of workers, even where only a single person represents his particular nation, as "Finlander."

Why should nationality be tacitly denied to any group of American citizens? Is it likely to stimulate patriotism to be thus left drifting "without a country" by a General of the United States Army, with an adjective tossed at them to hold on to? If for any reason in General Carter's argument it was, as it may well have been, desirable to indicate racial difference, the part of a patriot and a great official should have been to make that indication respectfully. His list should have been worded:

"White Americans, 1522."
"Colored Americans, 443."

NEWTONVILLE, MASS. LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN.

SEND T. R. TO RUSSIA

Sir,—I have read with much interest "The Problem of our Colonel" in the current issue of the REVIEW, and, in my opinion, the problem could easily be solved if the President would sink his personal feeling against him and adopt the suggestion of Mr. Snodgrass, our Consul-General at Moscow.

You may recall that the latter, upon his return from Russia, in an interview as to the conditions prevailing in that country, concluded by saying that there was just one man who could offset the German propaganda and convince the Russian people that we were with them heart and soul in their struggle, and that man was Colonel Roosevelt.

The Root Commission was well enough in its way, but the members were not known to the mass of the people, and more than this, they (the people) were not in a condition to appreciate cold logic and be told in stately phrases what we proposed to do, because they were afire with their new-found power and needed some one like themselves to weld the differing classes into a harmonious whole—someone who was known to them as a man of action and sincerity. In this connection I will venture the assertion that there is not a Vilayet in Russia where the name and fame of Colonel Roosevelt are not known, and where he would not be received with enthusiasm.

Thousands of American, Democrats and Republicans alike, feel that the President is playing pretty small politics in studiously ignoring the Colonel, and they naturally resent it for practical as well as patriotic reasons.

NEW YORK CITY. O. T. ROBERTS.

YOUTH AS AMERICA

SIR,—In reading Mrs. Bishop's letter in a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on the "American look," it has occurred to me that

the figure of Uncle Sam no longer symbolizes, if indeed it ever wholly did symbolize, the American spirit and character.

We cannot think of any phase of America's development in terms of gray-headed age—nor is shrewdness the main or only attribute of American character—though humor, we trust, always may be.

It would be gratifying if some of our well known artists could portray a better type of American manhood than that represented by Uncle Sam, embodying some of those traits that seem so essentially American: youth —"slim and nervous"; interest unsatisfied; humor; vision—keen and unafraid.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y. E. SANFORD.

FROM A LAD OF EIGHTY-EIGHT

Sir,—I am now 88, but several friends lately have told me I look as young as I did twenty years ago. I have had a stake set to live 'till 90, but now I have pulled it up and set it at 100. If I live so long, I will want THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW all the time. Continue same address.

SAN JOSE, CAL. J. H. MCCOLLOUGH.

OUR WAR NUMBERS

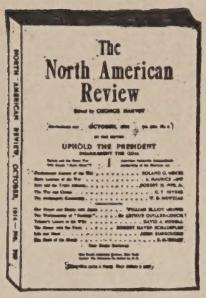
Sir,—Please send the October and November copies of the REVIEW and the December and January numbers when they appear. I greatly appreciated the war numbers, and regret I cannot now buy a lot to distribute.

SENECA, SOUTH DAKOTA R. HILL.

1918

February

One-Hundred-Fourth Year



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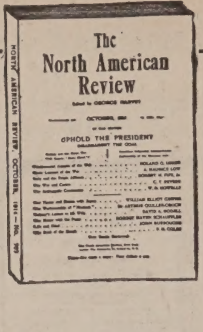

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WAR WEEKLY

By GEORGE HARVEY

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FEBRUARY, 1918

WE MUST KILL TO SAVE

For three years and a half Europe has been drenched in blood. For three years and a half the manhood of Europe—youth in the glory of its gallantry, in the splendor of its promise—has been fed to the furnace of war. Europe is a temple of sorrow, and Rachel mourns for her children because they are not.

Soon, all too soon, France, hitherto the playground of the western world, will be sacred soil to Americans. There our dead will rest. Rude wooden crosses will dot the shell scarred battlefields, each simple cross marking the grave of an American soldier who died in France in defence of the America he loved and those dear to him. America has yet to suffer her spiritual agony, but she cannot be spared. She, like Europe, must toil painfully the weary road to Calvary.

Has not the time come for America to take stock, to ask itself if it knows the meaning of this war, to face facts instead of feeding on illusion? Millions of men have been slaughtered, more millions have gone forth in the pride of their strength to come back broken. Shall America swell the ever-mounting toll, giving and yet giving the youth on whom its future centres, or shall the guiding hand of America lead the world to peace?

Rhetoric is a spiritual stimulant, and like its grosser counterpart often valuable when a sudden burst of moral or physical energy is required, but after the effect wears off there comes reaction, exaltation gives way to depression, reality takes the place of imagination, and truth is grim. It is unfortunate that the American people entered this war with two alluring rhetorical phrases ringing in their ears,—unfor-

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tunate because it has obscured the real meaning of the war and diminished its importance to them.

We were told that we went to war to make the world safe for Democracy. If this were all there is of it, clearly in the long catalogue of immoral and wanton wars that blackens the page of history there would be no war more immoral or more wanton than this. We believe in Democracy, we know its blessings, in the strength of our conviction we see that through Democracy the world marches to progress, but if we should try by force of arms to make peoples embrace Democracy who are wedded to autocracy, morally we should be as guilty as Louis XVI, who slew his thousands in the name of the gentle Christ who taught charity and love. It is what every bigot and zealot has done. Believing with sincerity that there was only one way to gain salvation, that every other way led to eternal damnation, with clear conscience and the frenzy of the fanatic he consigned to the rack and the stake the misguided, because better for them death or torture than torment without end. Our boasted civilization is back in the middle ages if in this enlightened day we are willing to make war to spread the political system of which we approve.

But, as we have said over and over again, what we are fighting for is not to make the world safe for Democracy but to make the world safe for us. Forced into war by Germany, who violated our rights as ruthlessly as she did those of Belgium, we are fighting a war of self defense. We are today in peril. To avert that peril we have taken up arms. We are fighting to defend our wives and children from the defiling hand of the German. We are fighting to protect our homes from a beast who knows no mercy, a beast whose lust is destruction; we are fighting to preserve the institutions we love, the liberty we cherish, the freedom dear to us. We are fighting in France because it is there we can strike the enemy, but if we are defeated in France we shall be conquered in America; no longer shall we be freemen but the slaves of the most merciless and brutal taskmaster the world has known. Our danger is great, and only our courage and our determination can avert it.

Nor is it true, rhetoric again to the contrary, that we are fighting not the German people but only the German Emperor and the German Government, and for the German people we have no feeling of hate. You can no more separate

the German Government from the German people than you can separate the bite of the mad dog from his blood. The wickedness and infamy of the German people is in their blood; it is the corruption and poison of their blood that have made the German people—not a small class or a caste, not their rulers alone, but the whole people—a nation of savages. Nor is it true that the Prussian alone is guilty. The brutality of the Prussian cannot be exceeded, for that were impossible, by Bavarian or Saxon, but in the refinement of their cruelty, their beastliness, their inhumanity, between North and South German there is little choice.

With this premise established our duty lies clear before us.

Our duty is to kill Germans. To the killing of Germans we must bend all our energies. We must think in terms of German dead, killed by rifles in American hands, by bombs thrown by American youths, by shells fired by American gunners. The more Germans we kill, the fewer American graves there will be in France; the more Germans we kill, the less danger to our wives and daughters; the more Germans we kill, the sooner we shall welcome home our gallant lads. Nothing else now counts. There is no thought other than this, no activity apart from the duty forced upon us by Germany. The most highly civilized nations are united as they never were before, actuated by the same impulse. In England, France and Italy, among the English speaking peoples of the new world, under the southern cross and on the torrid plains, they like us see their duty clear. It is, we repeat, to kill Germans.

We have no apologies to make, no excuses to offer, no regret for having unclothed the masquerade of rhetoric and put the case in stark and naked words. Doubtless we shall offend the over nice sensibilities of those well meaning but unbalanced persons who waste their sympathies over the sufferings of the lobster as his complexion turns from dirty blue into delicate pink while they are unmoved by the knowledge of the misery and distress of the poor and unfortunate. We hope so. We are endeavoring to arouse the millions of easy going, complacent Americans, unctuously flattering themselves they are good Christians because they feel no hate, to whom the war has as yet no meaning, to a realization of what this war means, not only to them but also to their men; that it is the lives of their men against the lives of Germans.

We do not know how many Germans we have yet to kill,

whether it is 500,000 or 5,000,000, but we do know that when the necessary number has been killed, when the German people lose heart and rebel against being led to the slaughter, this war will end, but that is the only way it will end. We may play at war and pay the cost in the toll of blood, or we can make war with courage, resolution and intelligence and our reward shall be fewer of those pathetic crosses on the wayside of France.

Recognizing the bravery of our Allies—and in all history there has been nothing more superb than the heroism of that " contemptible little British Army " fighting with bare hands against the onrushing German legions armed with machine guns and heavy artillery, who day after day were forced back and fiercely contested every foot with never a thought of surrender and then at last turned and defeated the enemy; or the French fighting and feinting until they were in position to stop Kluck and save Paris from the barbarian; or the Italians inch by inch scaling the snow-capped mountains; or the Russians mowed down by thousands, stolidly waiting to take from the dead a rifle, in the end to be betrayed by their leaders—knowing what they have suffered, the sacrifices they have made, the misery they have endured; knowing, what we have yet to know in this country, the devotion of their women, who have offered their lives and sacrificed their health and abandoned their comfort as generously as their men, we are forced to ask ourselves, in view of this will to win among the peoples of the Allied nations, and the resolution with which that will has made itself felt, why it is that the war has not yet been won, and why after three and a half years of sanguinary warfare no decision has been reached.

For now with half of the fourth year of combat spent not only have the Allies not won but, surveying the great theatre of war as a whole, we are no nearer victory than we were in the first month of hostilities; and, what is more disheartening, Germany is today the victor. Unwelcome as it is to be forced to make that admission we should be guilty of the same crass folly against which we have warned our readers were we to blink the truth and find comfort in the delusion of fatuous optimism. At the beginning of the new year Germany is stronger than she was twelve months earlier. Then, encircled by her enemies, she was fighting on two fronts, today the ring is broken and only one front has to be defended. Russia has ceased to be a menace to Germany, and the vast Russian

grain supplies will flow into Germany as soon as her engineers put the railways in service. Germany has conquered Belgium and Northern France; she has her foot firmly planted on Italian soil; she has destroyed Serbia and Roumania; she has reduced Austria and Bulgaria and Turkey to the status of vassal States. Against this we (we link ourselves with the men who have braved danger while America has stood idle, because while we have not yet fought, in spirit we are their brothers in arms) have wrested from Germany her colonies, great spaces on the map but which she would gladly sacrifice for the gain of that little strip of Belgian coast she holds so tenaciously; and we occupy Jerusalem. The success of the Palestine campaign, Mr. Lloyd George told the House of Commons a few days ago, would have a permanent effect on the history of the world. We are willing to believe this, but that will not win the war. The war will be won in France and Flanders; it is only when the Germans are driven out of France and their hold on Belgium is broken that Germany will be defeated and compelled to accept the terms we shall impose. Everything else is merely a side-show.

The war ought to have been won by Germany before the close of the year 1914. While France was hastily organizing and England was recruiting, Germany, organized as no nation has ever been, recruited to the last man, swept forward. Those first months were the crucial period of the war. Had the French wavered or the English faltered, had the Germans possessed a little greater military skill or a trifle more resolution—so evenly did fate poise the scale — Germany would have won. She did not. Unable to win then she cannot win now; but she has not yet been defeated. Can we win?

When we speak of winning the war we do not mean a stalemate peace. We can have peace tomorrow on the basis of the map of August 1, 1914, but that would be no real peace, it would be simply a temporary truce; it would be a breathing spell to enable the exhausted belligerents to recuperate and feverishly prepare for a renewal of hostilities on an even greater scale; and in reality it would be a German victory. Peace, a perdurable peace, will come only when the fangs of the mad beast of Europe have been drawn, when the military power of Germany is broken; when the German people are under the harrow, sweating to pay the indemnity that is the price of their crime, in their poverty and suffering made to realize the suffering they have brought to the world.

To the fighting men of Britain, France and Italy we have borne our tribute, to their men and women—the women especially—behind the lines, who have taxed themselves beyond their strength, who have uncomplainingly suffered, who have sent forth husband and son with a smile on their lips, although their hearts were breaking, and in mortal anguish have smiled to encourage their sisters whose hour of trial was yet to come —before these women we stand mute in our admiration.

The great mass of the people of the Allied countries are sound to the core. They have been asked to make sacrifices and they have nobly responded, but a small number of men, in numbers small but wielding great influence, who by their station and position ought to have set the finest example, have made this war a football of politics, they have looked at the war from the standpoint of party advantage, they have endeavored to use it for partisan profit. In England and France and Italy Prime Ministers have fallen and Ministries have been displaced and Governments hold office on precarious tenure, for no one knows from day to day how soon the nominal parliamentary majority may revolt and demand a new leader. It is idle to pretend that Mr. Lloyd George can manage the war with his full energy if part of that energy must be dissipated in fighting his political opponents, or that the fear of arousing political opposition will not tend to hamper his usefulness.

Germany has still further profited by the policy of individualism. It is perhaps inevitable that each nation should profoundly believe in itself, that each should be convinced it is the mainstay of the Alliance, that its campaign is the most important, but this leads to division when unity is essential, and it makes each nation think in terms of its own campaign when, as a matter of fact, there is only one campaign and one front, and that is wherever there are Germans to be killed. Jealousies, rivalries, divergent aims have been worth far more to Germany than twenty new divisions of the Prussian Guards or the strategy of the German General Staff. " Let us admit," the military expert of the London *Times* recently said, " that Germany's success in war has been far more due to the internal weakness of her enemies than her own strength," but recognizing this he argues that the " internal weakness " cannot be overcome. " It must be accepted as an axiom in this war that not a single one of the Allies is prepared to accept a position of subordination. This may be

weakness and may be sectionalism, but it is a fact." This we should call less an admission than a confession of the impenitent.

The necessity of an Allied Generalissimo has long been apparent and after the Italian disaster could no longer be dodged. Mr. Lloyd George had the courage to say so and, to use his own words, with " brutal frankness," told of the Allied mistakes, for which he was savagely attacked by his political opponents, who believed it was their opportunity to unhorse him and ride into power. It was clearly the intention of the Prime Minister to propose to his Allies the creation of a Supreme Commander in Chief assisted by an Allied General Staff, but the fear of political opposition compelled him to accept a compromise, a wretched makeshift, and to consent to the creation of an Allied War Council, which has no authority, is merely advisory and will delay rather than facilitate military operations. This is a typical illustration of the injury that has been done by the politicians whose miserable selfishness makes them play into Germany's hands.

In calling attention to at least two of the causes that have saved Germany from defeat we speak in no pharisaical spirit and with no affectation of superior virtue, but rather with the hope that America, pledged to contribute to the common cause its men and money and resources, valuable as these things are, may make a further contribution of perhaps even greater value.

Circumstances have conspired to exalt the President of the United States. Without his own seeking leadership has been forced upon him. The war has reduced the man power of all the belligerents, depleted their resources, placed them under a staggering load of debt, weakened their moral resistance. The United States has as yet made no large draft on its manhood, its resources were never so great, its financial position never so strong, it has experienced none of the agony that induces spiritual depression.

The position of the United States is unique. When Woodrow Wilson speaks not only must the world listen but it must give heed to his words. Never in history has any ruler, spiritual or temporal, any monarch or pontiff, been invested with such far reaching power or been able to influence so widely the destinies of mankind. This influence, resting on force, is fortified by the moral disinterestedness which is the political no less than the social principle governing the United States.

Making common cause with Europe, it is aloof from Europe. Fighting in defence of the civilization of Europe, of which America is a part, it is unvexed by thought of gain, by petty intrigue, by the hope of power which colors European thought. Serene in the knowledge that it seeks nothing, that no advantage can accrue to it, that only a huge burden of debt and sorrow will be its portion, the United States can, if it but has the resolution and the intelligence to act wisely, weld its Allies into unity, disperse their unworthy jealousies, lead them to a perfect understanding, and make them a force so irresistible that before it Germany will collapse.

We think the time has come—and it is a duty laid upon him—for Mr. Wilson to say to the Governments of England and France and Italy, and through them to their peoples, that with their affairs we have no concern, it is for them—and for them alone—to choose their leaders, to determine their policies, to adopt their methods, but having arranged these things we must insist—our own safety demands it—that their efforts shall no longer be weakened by the rivalries of politicians or the machinations of place hunters; that national jealousy must be subordinated to national security; that on the battlefield and on the sea and in the council chamber there must be unity of action; that he who thinks of himself as an Englishman or Frenchman or Italian or American instead of as a servant of the brotherhood that the war has called into existence is recreant to the common cause.

There is another obligation imposed upon us equally solemn. It pledges Mr. Wilson to treat with greater generosity and more frankness the men who are nominally his political opponents, who, on their part, must banish politics and rise to the loftier heights of patriotism. Already we hear members of Congress talking about the Congressional election of next November, of possible "issues," of candidates and chances. By everything that men hold sacred to the memory of those who have died for us and those whose lives must yet be offered, in the face of the misery that has fallen upon the world, dare men talk of their petty "issues" or think of themselves; are they so lost to shame, so willing to palter with their honor, that for the price of a seat in Congress or momentary party triumph they would sacrifice national welfare?

They little know the American people who think the American people are dumb and patient. Up to a certain

point they are very patient; their sense of justice, their love of fair play, makes them tolerant, makes them willing to condone much, to take on trust what is difficult for common sense to reconcile, to be generous, to give every man a fair chance to prove himself; but they will not tamely accept incompetence, stubborn pride, palpable inefficiency; they are too intelligent to muddle through; it is not in their temperament to be treated like little children and have their righteous anger appeased with the small cake of honeyed words. Our Allies asked for men and money, and they had only to ask to be given. We shall continue to give in the same spirit, to give so long as we know our men are being wisely used and our money expended so as to bring results, but we shall not give our men to be slaughtered nor our money to be wasted. We shall ask something more than praise from Europe or flamboyant statements of our own authorities telling of the wonderful things that are going to be done sometime in the future; always in the future but never in the present. As a nation we have perhaps more than our full share of national pride, of conceit, not to mince words; of belief in ourselves; but we also have a fair share of intelligence and a habit of soul searching. The American people have not questioned because they accepted on faith, but the time has now come when the spirit moves them to demand that faith be justified by works.

What good will all this investigating do? is the question most often heard in Washington. What is the use of proving that the War Department has failed lamentably in arming and equipping the soldiers whom this country has called to its service? Will Baker go? If a Department of Munitions is created, what of it, since the confusion and lack of organization will remain?

It is impossible to say whether Mr. Baker will go or not. Something vastly more important than Mr. Baker will go or indeed has already gone. It is difficult to call by name this thing which is going or has already gone, but it is that state of mind which has made it impossible to tell the nation the truth and equally has made it impossible for the nation to accept or believe the truth. Some people explain by a sort of herd psychology; when the herd is threatened it insists upon the unanimous and unquestioning acceptance of the leadership of the head of the herd. Others have explained it as springing from our national optimism; we were

unwilling to listen to anything but cheerful tidings of our war preparations. Whatever its origin it has been a real and powerful influence. Men come to Washington and say, "If it were not for the censorship what things would be told about the way things are going on down here!" But the censorship is not in Washington. It is not Mr. Creel who has kept the truth from being known. It is not the heavy hand of Mr. Gregory that has lain upon Congress and held it silent all these months. The censorship is back home; it is in the hearts of the people who read the newspapers and who elect and send men to Congress. It is the people who have imposed the silence. "Our readers don't want knocking," the editors have said. Mr. Wilson himself felt so sure criticism was unwelcome to the country, only a few weeks ago, that he ventured to hope all critics might be "exported." It was a part of the war psychology of the nation that men felt they were only fully loyal when they accepted what was done by their leaders in an unquestioning spirit. They were "doing their bit" when they found no fault and turned a deaf ear to fault finders. They yielded their minds instinctively to a kind of military discipline, and found merit in doing so. The origin of this way of thinking lies in the remote history of the race. Because men from some early acquired habits feel that they must use their minds independently when there is a common danger the censorship has lain upon us. It has been one imposed by readers and voters, not by officials. It has been termed voluntary. It has been involuntary. It has been instinctive. It has been oppressive, more oppressive than if enforced with the threat of firing squads.

In many ways this exaggerated sense of the requirements of loyalty has been a fine thing. It has served a good end in unifying the nation. Had it not been for this virtual conscription of thought, real disloyalty and division might have masked itself as legitimate criticism. But that period is passed. There is real need now for intelligent and fair-minded criticism. We shall get no further by the unquestioning acceptance of everything that the Administration does. President Wilson is entitled to the sympathy and support of the country in the performance of his difficult task. But the public is entitled to ask for results. It has made and is making great sacrifices. It has consented without murmur to the conscription of its sons. It has given

cheerfully of its wealth. It has undergone needless hardships without complaint, believing it was "doing its bit" toward the winning of the war. It is just now going short of coal in the severest weather known in thirty years, and laying the responsibility upon the war, whereas the real responsibility rests upon the Administration, for its failure to act promptly with regard to the railroads.

Well, then, the one big gain from getting out the truth is that the truth is out. The truth will make us free. Henceforth there will be reasonable criticism. The time when it was unpatriotic to say that the ordnance bureau or the quartermaster's bureau of the army was making a failure is past. A different spirit will prevail among the people. Shut eyes will no longer be accepted as full evidence of loyalty. Mr. Wilson's subordinates will have to justify themselves to a people who already know that grievous blunders have been made in equipping the army with machine guns, supplying it with clothing and housing it in sanitary quarters.

Congress once more becomes an important part of the Government. A few months ago Congress was afraid even to investigate Mr. Creel, for fear the nation would feel that it was nagging at the President when he was oppressed with the burdens of war. Today Congress is feeling its way carefully, but it is proving itself capable of independent action. Mr. Wilson might force Congress back into its old self-effacing role by boldly reorganizing his Cabinet and creating an efficient war machine. But Mr. Wilson, being what he is, is not likely to do anything of the sort, at least not at once. So Congress will remain, like public opinion, once more restored to its function, a constant spur to action.

We enter upon a new stage of the war. The revelations of the Senate Military Affairs Committee prove that we could not have gone on as we were going. In this war for democracy we became once more in fact a democracy, not a nation undergoing some strange reversion to an earlier group psychology. The censorship as we have come to know its manifestations without understanding its reasons for existence is gone, and that is a more vital fact than would be the going of Mr. Baker, with all his smug cocksureness and detestable flippancy in the midst of this most awful of tragedies the world has ever known.

THE LESSON TO THE NATION

UNTIL we know more about the winter uniforms of our soldiers than we yet do it will be impossible to say whether or not there is a scandal in the clothing of the army in this war equal to the scandal in the feeding of the army in the Spanish War. Will rags figure as largely in this war as embalmed beef did in that one? There is a saying that you must look for the profits of business in the by-products. Apparently you must look for the scandal, too, in the by-products. Canned beef twenty years ago was only a by-product of the slaughtering industry. Wool waste is a by-product of the clothing industry.

We know little about the winter uniforms. The soldiers received them in this country only a few weeks ago. In France they have had them longer. And now comes the word from France that General Pershing will equip his men with uniforms made in England. Why? Because he needs a reserve supply and cannot get it from home, is officially suggested—only suggested, for there is not positive information as to why the American commander wishes British clothing. Is it because the uniforms supplied to him by the War Department have proved unsatisfactory? They are known to be light, nearly 30 per cent lighter than the British and French uniforms. Are they heavy enough? Are they warm enough? It is common gossip in army circles in Washington that great dissatisfaction with the uniforms exists in the camps in this country. They are said to split and tear readily when men are ordered to throw themselves on the ground in field drills. After a little use they become shaggy and then it is said that when they become wet in a rain the rough, furry surface "dissolves." How did the troops stand the recent bitter cold in them? We shall know in a few weeks whether or not a terrible blunder has been made, and whether or not to the list of sicknesses and deaths due to slowness in delivering uniforms must be added another long list of losses due to the poor clothing that was furnished when at last a supply was available. It is sincerely to be hoped that no mistake was made and that the present clothing of the army will both keep the men warm and wear well, for a new supply of heavier and better garments cannot be created until after the present winter months are past.

If a debate rages about apparel of the soldiers it will center upon shoddy. Now "shoddy" is not a word Americans like. It has most unpleasant associations. In its figurative sense it stands for something pretentious that does not wear. We are assured in Washington that in thinking as we do about shoddy we are doing injustice to a most honorable institution. If you may believe Washington, shoddy is entitled to great respect. Clothes are warmer for having shoddy in them. Clothes wear better for having shoddy in them. It is difficult to trace this new confidence in shoddy. It is a part of the war psychology. We might speak of it as the symbol of our national optimism. Shoddy has been adopted by the wise men in Washington—therefore shoddy. Why have we done injustice to this noble and most American thing before?

General Crozier is right, in one respect. We must plead guilty to his charge that the nation itself is in a large degree responsible for our condition of unpreparedness. We remember, painfully well, how military appropriations were resisted in favor of "pork"; how we were lulled with the specious assurance that the Government was not unmindful of its duties and that our state of preparation was immeasurably better than the public imagined; and how not merely "pork" seeking Congressmen but their multitudinous constituents as well acclaimed the conception of a fools' paradise in which there was no need for us to have soldiers or forts or guns, for we should certainly never be involved in any serious war, while if we were thus involved, all the President would have to do would be to call for a million men in the morning, and in the evening he would have them all ready to march against the foe. Upon such egregious folly the nation did indeed feed itself for years; and of that, this wretched inefficiency of which General Crozier is one of the scapegoats is a quite logical outcome. The present question is, therefore, not whether we are going to censure or to exculpate General Crozier and General Sharpe and the rest, but whether the nation itself is going to learn the lesson which it has thus brought upon itself and act upon that learning.

STRAINING THE SINEWS OF WAR

Money is the sinews of war. Bion said it, Cicero and Plutarch confirmed it, and innumerable writers and orators

since have repeated it. We shall not challenge it, but rather observe that, since that is so, those sinews should be used with the utmost possible efficiency; neither permitted to relax nor strained to the breaking-point. Our fortunes should be employed in the service of the state commensurately with our lives; whether in million dollar bond subscriptions or in twenty-five cent Thrift Stamps.

There is a prospect that this will be done. Talk now prevails of war expenditures amounting to twenty billions, and it is not improbable that it will be realized. But what will that mean in comparison with the expenditure of human lives? Recent reports of exceptional authenticity tell us that thus far in this war Germany has lost in killed, permanently disabled and prisoners no fewer than four million men. Now the economic value of an able-bodied man to the community and the state is commonly estimated at $5,000. On that basis, then, Germany has suffered in men a loss equivalent to twenty billion dollars. In view of that, we shall not grudge the expenditure of the latter sum for the defeat and destruction of the infernal system which has brought this incomparable catastrophe upon us and upon the world.

So far as the amount of prospective expenditure is concerned, there is no occasion to worry over it or to talk of impending bankruptcy. It would take several times twenty billions, vast as that sum is, to bankrupt or even to embarrass this nation; provided always that the affairs of the nation are directed with business common sense. Twenty billions is a large sum, but it is not overwhelming. It is actually not as large, relatively, as some former expenditures and indebtedness.

Thus in the four years of the Civil War we spent in round numbers four billion dollars. Our total national wealth was then probably less than twenty billions; at the beginning of the war it was officially computed at less than seventeen billions. Reckoning expenditures at four and wealth at twenty billions, we spent one-fifth of all we had. Now our national wealth is officially computed to be more than two hundred billions; wherefore if we spend in this war as much as twenty billions, we shall spend only one-tenth of what we have, or, proportionately, only half as much as we spent in the Civil War.

Again: Let us suppose, by way of going to an extreme, that we should incur a bonded indebtedness of as much as

twenty billions, over and above the vast expenditures which we meet from current taxation. That would be a tremendous debt, far surpassing any public debt of any other nation before the war—indeed, surpassing any three or four of them put together. Yet after all it would not be as large, relatively, as the debt with which we found ourselves burdened at the close of the Civil War; and under which we rose up manfully and cheerfully, with nothing but contemptuous execration for the traitorous weaklings who whined about bankruptcy and repudiation. In 1865 our debt was more than two and a half billions, and our wealth was twenty billions. Therefore we were owing more than 12.5 per cent of all our possessions; and still were entirely solvent and quite prosperous, thank you! Now our wealth is more than two hundred billions, so that a debt of twenty billions would be scarcely ten per cent of it, or 2.5 per cent less than our debt of fifty-two years ago. Of course the same ratio holds good in computing the per capita liabilities and assets. A debt of twenty billions would mean an average of $200 a head; but the average wealth is $2,000 a head. Neither the state which owes twenty billions and has two hundred billions, nor the individual who owes two hundred and has two thousand, can reasonably be considered insolvent or even pecuniarily embarrassed.

Still, the service of such a debt would entail a heavy annual burden upon us and upon posterity, men say. Yes. A debt of twenty billions bearing interest at four per cent would call for no less than eight hundred millions a year. "Prodeegious!" exclaimed Dominie Sampson. Yet it really does not seem so formidable, after all, when we consider that our national income is forty-five billions a year. The charges for the service of the debt would thus be less than two per cent of our income. Or if we apply it to the individual instead of to the state, the yearly charge would be an average of eight dollars a head. But the average income is $450 a head, so that the individual would be paying an income tax of only 1.78 per cent. We certainly cannot consider such a charge as that oppressive, as payment for the war which is to save this nation from Hunnish spoliation and make the whole world safe for Democracy; particularly when we remember that, with the debt practically all held at home, we should simply be paying that service to ourselves.

These facts and features of the case demand attention, not at all as incitement to extravagance, but as reassurance

and encouragement to provide or to employ our "sinews of war" fully and courageously, so as to bring the war to a victorious conclusion at the earliest possible date and to make the victory in the highest possible degree complete. They unerringly denote that, while it would be a crime to expend a single dollar profligately or dishonestly, it would be a folly worse than any mere crime to haggle over and delay the appropriation of billions when they are needed for the most efficient and expeditious prosecution of the war. As a matter of fact it is certain that the longer the war lasts the more it will cost in money as well as in lives. But if such a contradiction were possible as that a billion or two dollars could be saved by prolonging the war for two years instead of ending it in one, we should cry, In God's name, no! Spend the extra billion or two, and end the war!

We submit in all confidence, then, that there is no occasion for worrying over the magnitude of the debt which we have thus far incurred, or that which we are likely to be required to incur, in this war. We might, of course, with perfect propriety argue that we should and must incur any debt which may be found necessary, even though it amounted not merely to ten per cent but to fifty per cent or even one hundred per cent of our available wealth. It would be better to bankrupt ourselves in defending ourselves against the Huns than to be bankrupted by the looting and the ransom which the victorious Huns would impose upon us. We have not outlived nor repudiated Pinckney's heroic words: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute!"

But there will be no bankrupting ourselves, nor any danger of it, in successful defence and in going so far beyond mere immediate defence as to crush the Huns and make the world safe for Democracy, thus assuring security for the future as well as for the present. In colonial days, men thought in terms of hundreds, or perhaps thousands. In the early years of the Republic, they thought in terms of hundreds of thousands, growing into millions. In Civil War times they thought in terms of tens and hundreds of millions. We must now think in terms of billions. Thomas B. Reed suggested a profound truth when, to the complaint that Congress, by the size of its appropriations, had become "a billion dollar Congress," he replied, "Yes, and this is a billion dollar country!"

Let us not be afraid because our second Liberty Loan has swelled the volume of our war financiering to something approximating a score of billions. We are a ten score billion country. If a third Liberty Loan be needed, of seven or eleven and a half billions more, and if then a fourth and a fifth be needed, the money will be forthcoming. Let no man say that it was not needed to do this, that if we had minded our own business we should not have been attacked nor involved in the war. We did mind our own business, and while scrupulously doing so we were treacherously attacked. In view of recent indisputable revelations, only a fool can deny or doubt that Germany intended, after conquering Europe, to attack and conquer America. She actually did attack us, while we were at peace and on friendly relations with her, by commissioning her Ambassador here to organize law-breaking campaigns of violence upon our soil. And five years before she made her attack upon the nations of Western Europe she prepared at once to weaken them and to make us the more vulnerable to her subsequent attack, by seeking, with money surreptitiously used here, to foment trouble and alienation between America and Great Britain.

No, there was no escape. The war was forced upon us, and we must fight it through to a triumphant finish, no matter how great may be the cost in treasure and in lives. By no act of our own, but by the deliberate, wanton act of our arch-enemy, we have been forced into a position where everything is at stake:

> For all we have and are,
> For all our children's fate,
> Stand up and meet the war,—
> *The Hun is at the gate!*

And we are not going to be content with merely driving him from the gate, but we shall track the Blond Beast to his lair and so manhandle him that he shall never again be able to approach our gate or the gate of any other democracy in the world.

They are responding to every call that is made upon them in Flanders and in France, those gallant Allies of ours who for three years have been protecting us from the ravening Huns. They are responding by going "over the top" with wave after wave of steel, and blood, and human lives. It is impossible that we should ever be so base, so

recreant, so unworthy of our Allies, as to falter for a moment in responding to whatever call is made upon us, or in going "over the top" with wave after wave of gold. Think in billions! Give in billions! And whenever there is a call for giving,—which after all is not giving, but merely loaning at a profit and on the amplest security in the world, —remember that he gives doubly who gives quickly. The Hun sends millions against us. Let us answer him with our billions!

MAKING DEMOCRACY SAFE FOR THE WORLD

THE world must be made safe for Democracy. That has become axiomatic. It is the battle call of the great war. We are insisting, we shall resolutely continue to insist until the end is victoriously attained, that Autocracy shall no more be permitted to oppress and to menace Democracy, and that the right of even the smallest nationality to live its own life in its own way, so long as it is not a nuisance to its neighbors, shall be as respected and as secure as that of the most powerful empire. The world must be and shall be made safe for Democracy.

But what of the converse? "*Quis custodes ipsos custodiet?*" demanded Juvenal. If at so great a cost we make the world safe for Democracy, who will make Democracy safe for the world? Perhaps we should say not Democracy but the things which pose in the name of Democracy. For of the intrinsic safety of true Democracy we have no doubt. A spurious Democracy on the other hand may be one of the most dangerous things in the world.

Note, for example, Russia. How many crimes are there committed in the name of Democracy! In that ill-used name things have been done which have imperilled the cause of real Democracy the world around. Bolsheviki, Maximalist, and who not else, have paralyzed the arm of real Democracy and have hobnobbed with Autocracy, all in the name of the people. Partly it was done in ignorance, partly in ungovernable frenzy, partly through the corruption of the foe. But whatever the cause, it made Democracy seem a menace to the world. It would be not merely a menace but actual destruction if it prevailed. And who shall restrain it from

thus prevailing? Who shall make Democracy safe for the world?

But Russian Democracy, say some, does not count. It is not the real thing. Russia has so long been kept in the darkness of despotism that she knows no better than to indulge in these mad excesses. We must look elsewhere for genuine Democracy, even to ourselves. We are the people. With that we cannot by any means agree. For the leaders of the most dangerous madness in Russia are not ignorant men. They are men who are learned with the learning of the schools, who have for years been students of government, who have, some of them, lived in America and observed our Democracy at close quarters and at first hand. But let that pass, and let us look to ourselves. We vaunt ourselves as the Simon-pure Democrats of the world. Is our own brand of it always altogether safe?

We have seen things done, or attempted to be done, here in the name of Democracy which are a menace and would if they succeeded be destructive to the world. La Follette professes Democracy. The People's Council professes Democracy. The Friends of Peace are ardent Democrats, in their own esteem. The I. W. W. clamor vehemently for the rule of the people. Every slacker, every pacifist, every advocate of an immediate—which means a German—peace, everyone who in vicious activity or in passive inertia seeks to hamper the Government in its prosecution of the war and to defeat its aims, flaunts over himself the ill-used name of Democrat. All the indifference—and God knows how much of it there still is all over the land!—and all the potential or actual treason that ferments and intrigues among us, take to themselves the name of Democracy. Who shall make it safe for the world?

We are not pessimistic. We know that those whom we have described are not the majority, but a very small minority of the nation. They are few. But then, Benedict Arnold was only one; yet he was not tolerated or ignored as a negligible factor. We know, too, that traitors and the disaffected are not peculiar to democracies. They exist, even more numerously, in monarchies. Yes; but that is different. In a despotism treason is often patriotism. "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." But in a Democracy treason is treason against the people. That is why it is a so much more odious thing.

The world, we say, must be made safe for Democracy. One of the surest ways of doing that, and one of the absolutely essential requisites, is to make Democracy safe for the world. We said much earlier in the war that democrats were on trial. It was to be seen whether the citizens of a republic could be as devoted and as efficient in war as the subjects of a monarchy. Now it is further to be seen whether they can be as constant in purpose, and as loyal to their aims and pledges, as is a monarch himself, alone. The one sovereign, like Frederick, or Napoleon, sticks to his course inflexibly, year after year, and never falters or wavers in his self-seeking. Can the million or the many million sovereigns of a Democracy do the same?

That is the question which is to be answered. It is for this country to answer it, and to answer it both for itself and for others. It is for us to purge ourselves of treason, to cast off indifference, and to make our Democracy a thing under the control of which the best interests of the world would be secure. It is for us, too, to bring to that standard the Democracy of other lands which are as dependent upon us morally as they are physically. Russia looks to us for money, for munitions, for engineering, and we have hastened —after long delay—to give them to her. It is no less incumbent and it is certainly no less essential and imperative for us also to impart to her in some way the spirit of a Democracy which will be safe for the world.

This war is casting the nations into a melting-pot, and the coming of peace will pour them forth into a new mould. It is for Democracy to dominate the process, and to give to the new form which the world is to assume a character, a tone, a quality, which will be safe for humanity. That, as we see it, is the supreme duty, privilege, labor, of the United States. That is paramount even to the task of winning the war, because that duty is to be performed both while we are carrying the war on to victory and when we are settling the terms of peace. It is paramount to everything else, because no matter what else is or is not achieved, victory in this war will be vanity of vanities if it does not make the world safe for Democracy; and for the world to be safe for Democracy, Democracy must be safe for the world.

TOWN MEETING DIPLOMACY

For " Town Meeting " read " Bolsheviki," or vice versa. The Russian ructionists have been putting into practice the doctrine which the " People's Council " and other theorizers, good, bad and indifferent, have been preaching. That is, that there shall be no confidential negotiations and agreements among governments through their diplomatic agents, but everything shall be done openly, in town meeting, with brass band accompaniment, and nothing shall be really effective or valid until approved by a plebiscite. To emphasize this counsel of perfection, and sternly to rebuke the former practice of diplomacy by diplomats, Lenine and Trotsky break the seals, open the books, and betray the confidences of the world.

It is an interesting and illuminating display of revolutionary ethics, the logical and appropriate complement of which would be a repudiation of the national debt which was incurred before Lenine and Trotsky looted the government. Why not? Fiscal obligations are no more sacred than diplomatic. If it is right to repudiate the former government's pledge of confidence or secrecy, it is equally right to repudiate its pledge to repay the money which it borrowed. By all means let us be logical and carry principles to their reasonable conclusion. Perhaps some of our domestic Bolsheviki, who call themselves Pacifists, will favor us with their counsel in the matter. Here they see the practical application of their pet principle. Are they prepared to advocate its extension to other things than treaties?

For us, we confess to an old fashioned persistence in keeping faith. Also, we believe in the indissoluble connection between power and responsibility. When one government succeeds another, by revolution or otherwise, it assumes all the powers of its predecessor, and it should—in our antiquated view, it must—equally incur all its predecessor's responsibilities, diplomatic and pecuniary. Perhaps the Bolsheviki and People's Council have hit upon a better practice; but we are somewhat set in our view. There may be ground for questioning whether this quite unprecedented breach of faith and decency was spontaneous with the People's Council of Russia, commonly called Bolsheviki for short, or was done at the incitement or dictation of Germany, using Lenine and Trotsky as Hunnish puppets.

It was stipulated, we are told, that a promise was made to Italy that if she would join the Allies, she should have Italia Irredenta restored to her. Well, what of that? Is there anybody in the world so jolly green as to have imagined for a moment that Italy entered the war without the fixed intention of regaining her own from the thievish Tedesci? As well suppose that France has no thought of retaking Alsace-Lorraine. In like manner other "secret treaties" were nothing in the world but agreements to do what the whole world has unhesitatingly assumed the Powers have from the outset meant to do.

The making of these disclosures, at the expense of the indelible disgrace of those who have made them, will therefore not discredit nor embarrass the governments concerning which they are made; the treacherous trick will not profit Germany, in whose interest apparently, and at whose incitement possibly, it was performed. That would be so because alone of the character of the revelations. It is so with additional emphasis because of Germany's own record in secret diplomacy. Of that a single example will suffice, which appeals with direct force to the United States. While ostensibly maintaining friendly relations with this country, and making for it high profession of friendship, that Power undertook to make secret compacts with two other Powers, which also were on friendly relations with us, for their concerted invasion of and partitioning of the United States.

This same consideration, moreover, suggests the insuperable objection to town-meeting diplomacy, that in it you are laying your cards upon the table before an opponent who keeps his carefully concealed from you. There may be those who think that we should not play cards at all. Very well. We can understand though we do not agree with them. But even they must see that so long as we do play, we must play on equal terms. If our opponents conceal their hands from us, we must in lawful self defence conceal ours from them. If the Central Powers make secret treaties against the Allies, the Allies must make secret treaties against the Central Powers. That is elementary common sense and justice. To say that Germany and her allies were to be free to conspire for the spoliation of Belgium and Serbia, the crippling of France and England, and the partitioning of America, and that France and Italy were not in return to take measures for the redemption of Alsace-Lorraine and Italia Irredenta from the

Teuton yoke, would be to affront high Heaven with the clamor of fools.

Nor are we ready for one moment to concede that the conducting of diplomatic negotiations under the seal of confidence is identical with the Unpardonable Sin. The circumstance of privacy or publicity is a matter of expediency, not of morals. A bad treaty is bad, though it be made by plebiscite and blazoned from the housetops, and a good treaty is good though it be sealed with seven times seven seals of golden solence. In war no general but a madman announces his strategy in advance. In commerce and in industry men who succeed keep their own counsel. The jury which determines the guilt or innocence of the man on trial for his life does not conduct its deliberations with speaking trumpets in the market-place. We know of no reason in sense or logic or good morals why there should be an exception in favor of enforced publicity in the case of international transactions of sovereign states.

But, as Rabelais suggested, *retournons a nos moutons.* The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the test of the town-meeting system of diplomacy is in the practice of it. In such practice the Russian People's Council has committed an act of gratuitous treachery, the baseness of which is not lessened by its futility. As for the efficiency of the town meeting which the Bolsheviki organized at Brest-Litovsk, we need not dwell upon that. It is our impression that no old-fashioned diplomacy ever made a more egregious holy show of itself than that.

KILL SPIES

A NATURALIZED German has been arrested for wilfully tampering with the machinery of torpedoes. He is charged with treason, the penalty for which, in time of war, is death. This man will be tried before a civil court, his ingenious lawyers will befog the minds of the not over intelligent jurors, the trial will be the same solemn farce that has made law a disgrace in this country, and the man who has foresworn his allegiance and betrayed his country to the enemy will, in all probability, escape by the payment of a fine, paid by the German Government, or a short term of imprisonment; if he has the luck of Captain Hans Tauscher, who offered to plead guilty to the charge of directing a con-

spiracy to blow up the Welland canal but was declared innocent because prominent army officers testified to his high character and social graces, a sentimental or corrupt jury will acquit him and he will go scot-free, with full liberty to be the means of sending American soldiers to their death.

How long before the sentimentalists in control in Washington will awaken to the fact that we are at war? How long must the people endure the silly chatter of the Secretary of the Navy who preaches the doctrine of love the German as thyself, or the Secretary of War spouting Sunday school platitudes, or the polished periods of the President reiterating the fallacy that we are not at war with the German people? How many more lives must be sacrificed before the people do justice? We are at war. The German people, whom we have been implored not to hate, with devilish cunning are daily committing murder and arson, impeding military preparation by crippling factories and machinery, killing men and women without compunction. The time for sentiment has passed, the time for action has come. The spy knows the penalty when he is caught, that penalty should be swift and certain; he should be sent not before a civil court, where justice is uncertain and legal technicalities govern, but placed on trial before a court-martial, where justice and not chicanery rules; and no politico-sentimentalist should have the power to set aside the sentence. "The sword of justice has no scabbard." Unless we keep the blade keen and let it fall remorselessly it will be turned against ourselves. A single spy shot will deter a score, but one spy cast loose because the web of justice cannot hold is the encouragement to a hundred more.

And yet—can anybody picture Newton D. Baker signing a death warrant?

RUSSIA ON THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE Russian kaleidoscope continues to gyrate with disconcerting rapidity. One day we read, in glaring headlines, that Lenin and Trotsky, denouncing the "unconscionable lies" of the German peace negotiators, have broken off relations with them; that a "red" army of three millions is ready to re-enter the war; that England and France are about to recognize the Lenin-Trotsky group as the de facto Government of Russia. On the next day, we learn that Trotsky and his colleagues are once more on their way to Brest-Litovsk, the German Eastern Headquarters, to resume negotiations; that a separate peace is practically certain.

I think we shall be wise to await the outcome before waxing enthusiastic over the war gestures of the Bolshevik adventurers; they may be simply a part of "the haggling of the market." We shall be wise to see that, in the face of the Bolsheviki, Germany's position is overwhelmingly strong. The Bolsheviki have hardly more than a choice between ignominious surrender and a resumption of war with an army hopelessly weak, absolutely demoralized by their own propaganda, without officers, predestined to disaster. It is true that the defeat of the Bolsheviki might have one fortunate outcome: it might give one more opportunity to the sane and constructive forces in Russia, if such forces still exist, to control the energies of the nation. In this event, we might possibly see Russia, after many months, re-enter the war on the side of justice and liberty. Meanwhile, we shall be wise to look the facts in the face; to see exactly what is involved by the widespread Russian desire for a separate peace, to take a clear view of the moral and spiritual principles involved.

It is not only that Russia, which was so eloquent, a little while ago, concerning German perfidy, has turned her agree-

ment with the Allies to seek no separate peace into a scrap of paper. Her betrayal is far worse than that, far more deserving of condemnation. Without doubt, Germany and her Kaiser "willed this war," all hypocrisy notwithstanding. But the actual cause of the war was the determination—the wise and noble determination—of the Russian Imperial Government not to allow Austria to crush and humiliate Serbia, as Austria planned to, when she sent her outrageous ultimatum. An invasion of Serbia by Austria, ending with an occupation of Belgrade, while dealing a deadly blow at Serbia's national sovereignty, would, after all, have been a local question. It would not have involved the whole world in universal war. But Russia would not consent to this foul violation of the rights of nations. Russia determined to go to war. And, because she was bound by treaty to Russia, France was by this step inevitably drawn into the war. This precipitated the German plan, completely developed and prepared a decade earlier, and carried out with a parade of cynical lying, to violate Belgian neutrality, and thus England, too, was brought into the war.

Russia's determination, Russia's act, thus drew down upon Belgium, France and England this appalling catastrophe, and they have, with unflinching loyalty and heroism, with a high, untarnishable sense of honor, carried out their obligation to the uttermost farthing. And now, Russia " is tired of the war," and is taking steps to save her skin, or what remains of it, by betraying the Allies whom she involved in war. This, she calls " saving the fruits of the revolution."

But base and cowardly as Russia's action towards the Western Allies is, I think that her procedure towards a group of nations much closer to her, geographically, is incomparably worse. Let us begin with Poland: Poland, the larger part of which, by no wish of its own, was tied to Russia's chariot wheels, bound and fettered to the destiny of Russia. The Poles of Russia, with rare heroism and self-abnegation, threw themselves wholeheartedly on Russia's side from the moment war was declared. They forgot their many and real grievances against Russia, forgot for the time their own national existence even, and, with a self-sacrifice which should put certain other nations with " grievances " to lasting shame, they offered themselves, soul and body, on the altar of human liberty, giving their all to the great, universal cause of righteousness.

The development of the war on the Eastern front drew down on the head of Poland the abominable horrors and outrages which Belgium suffered in the West; and the tortures of Poland were worse, because they were more remote, more hidden, less comprehended and less mitigated by the world's pitying ministrations. Poland has suffered horribly, as a result of her connection with Russia. It was the clear view of the inevitableness of this suffering, a deep and grateful recognition of Poland's loyalty to Russia and to righteousness that inspired, we may believe, the proclamation of the Grand Duke Nicholas, on August 5, 1914, beginning with the stirring words: "Poles! the hour has sounded when the sacred dream of your fathers and your forefathers may be realized." That proclamation pledged Russia to the establishment of a free, united and autonomous Poland; practically to the detachment from Germany and Austria of the dismembered parts of Poland in Posen and Galicia and their union with Russian Poland as a free nation. And, inspired not so much by this pledge as by their own splendid loyalty and self-sacrifice, the Poles unflinchingly endured horrors of cruelty and outrage at the hands of Russia's bestial foes. And now, to "preserve the fruits of the revolution," Russia is coldly and heartlessly betraying Poland and the whole Polish nation, in effect giving them over to Teuton despotism, thinly veiled by a travesty of autonomy. And this, in the name of "Russia's finer inspiration of humanity."

Take Serbia next. The Serbian race, closely akin to the Russians in blood and tongue and faith, had, in their long fight for national resurrection, been aided from the outset by imperial Russia, this aid culminating in the campaign of 1877, under "Alexander the Liberator." The name was earned by a threefold act of liberation: the freeing of the serfs, in 1861, two years before Lincoln's proclamation freed from slavery millions of Americans; the freeing of the Balkan nations, and in particular of Bulgaria and Serbia, from age-long Turkish rapine; and, thirdly, the political liberation of the Russian people, planned, but not consummated by Alexander II—because, on the eve of signing the already prepared Russian Constitution, he was foully assassinated by the Terrorists, the "revolutionary Socialists" of that day. It is true that the blundering stupidity of General Kaulbars, a German in Russian service, later alienated from Rus-

sia not only Bulgaria, but Roumania also, which had been Russia's gallant and effective ally in the war against Turkey; but the debt of the Balkan nations to imperial Russia was, nevertheless, immense. And with Serbia, Russia's relations and sympathies remained peculiarly close. It is probable that if, in July, 1914, Russia had flatly declared to Serbia that Russia would under no circumstances go to war to defend Serbia against Austria, we should have had no world war—at least at that time. That would have been an ignoble act on Russia's part but she chose the nobler part, and drew the sword for Serbia, thus inevitably plunging all Europe into the horrors of war. This championship of that small, gallant nation against her oppressors was a chivalrous act. But it also created a very sacred obligation: the obligation to continue all needed efforts and sacrifices until Serbia's cause should be triumphant. And this peculiarly sacred obligation, "free Russia" now repudiates, with a brutal selfishness that is appalling. The blood of Serbia is upon Russia's head—and not on the head of imperial Russia, which did strive to redeem the obligation of loyalty, but on the head of the Russian Socialists who "through baseness, make the great betrayal."

There is then Roumania: Roumania, whose case is peculiarly tragical. Drawn into the war on the side of the Allies, Roumania was, in the first instance, betrayed by broken promises of munitions and material help by Premier Stuermer; though it is the fact that a considerable Russian army did enter Roumania and fight gallantly in the northward ridge of the Carpathians; betrayed, now, by "free Russia," and forced, by this betrayal, to throw herself on the mercy of an implacable enemy. The blood of the Roumanian nation, like the blood of Serbia and of Poland, is upon Russia's head.

It is not necessary to say much concerning Italy; the Italian armies, the people of the occupied Venetian plain, will know exactly what they owe to Russia and to Russian faith. And if there should be further national withdrawal in northern Italy, further national suffering and sorrow, that will make the account heavier, but in no wise clearer. As to the immediate result to ourselves of Russia's desertion in the face of the foe, one need say even less. Those who among us wear mourning, because of the vastly heavier contribution of blood and sacrifice we shall be compelled to make, will

know to whose cowardice they owe their bereavement. Yet our sacrifices, even thus entailed, will bring their great reward.

This, then, is the indictment against Russia. Let us try to fix, so far as may be, the responsibility.

To accuse Russia's present Socialist masters, who are actually engineering the shameful pact with Germany, to call them traitors, would be both futile and unjust. On the contrary, they are carrying out the principles they have from the first professed.

Nor can the Russian Socialists be justly blamed. It is high time that we should understand that this is precisely the kind of thing that Socialism is; that these professional "Internationalists" are the predestined betrayers of nations; they are so by the very terms of their faith; as they are inevitably pro-German, because Socialism is so essentially German, in its origin and in its spirit: its bigotry, its tyranny, its unceasing "hymn of hate" sung in the name of brotherhood and humanity.

On the contrary, we owe a debt of gratitude to these Petrograd Socialists for stripping the mask from the face of Socialist Internationalism, and showing it for the greedy, base and treacherous travesty it is. We are forewarned now; there is yet time for us to protect ourselves from exactly the same danger, the same betrayal. I do not believe, therefore, that the Lenin-Trotsky gang can be held responsible for the loss of Russia's honor, if only for the reason that they repudiate the very principle of national honor.

But, when we come to the Provisional Government, the case is altogether different. Their responsibility would seem to be heavy and absolutely clear. And I am convinced that, in the name of honesty and good faith, we shall serve Russia best by the most unswerving analysis of that responsibility.

When the revolution was carried through, last March, we were told that it was made necessary and right by two things: first, because the Russian ministry was secretly working for a separate peace with Germany and her allies, with Protopopoff, Minister of the Interior, as protagonist of the plot. If that was true, it was unspeakably base. If Nicholas II was party to such a plot, he was guilty of a treasonable act. But what real evidence has ever been given to the world demonstrating that Nicholas II ever held that design?

What is the fact? That for two and a half years Nicholas fought loyally for the cause of the Allies—and that the day of his abdication marked the practical withdrawal of Russia from the war and the Allies' cause. If he was so completely pro-German, as his successors in the government of Russia declare, why, in the name of common sense, did he go to war with Germany? No; we have heard the assertions of his enemies, assertions unbacked so far by any genuine evidence. But we have not yet heard the side of Nicholas himself. The primal requisite of justice has not yet, in his case, been fulfilled.

As for Protopopoff, the problem is a difficult one. He was a man who stood high, an able parliamentarian, a close friend of Rodzianko and Gutchkoff, for some time Vice-President of the Duma, one of the trusted Duma leaders; and, as a Duma leader, he visited France and England with the Duma Committee in the summer of 1916. More than that: while in Stockholm on his way back to Russia with the Duma Committee, he was approached by a German diplomat who urged him to persuade Russia to make a separate peace, Russia to have, among her rewards, possession of Constantinople—at the cost, of course, of Germany's ally, Turkey. And the noteworthy thing is, that it was Protopopoff himself who revealed and denounced these intrigues in the Duma, with Rodzianko standing sponsor for him. I confess I cannot understand exactly by what process the corruption of Protopopoff, his conversion from patriot to traitor, was brought about between the Autumn of 1916 and the Spring of 1917—if it was brought about. But this fact is abundantly clear: Protopopoff was thrown into prison, in the first days of the revolution and has, seemingly, been kept there ever since. Why, then, if he was guilty, was he not put on trial? If there was clear evidence convicting him of treason—or of planning the treason which Russia is now carrying out—why was he not put on trial, convicted and shot? Elementary justice demands his trial; wisdom demands that he should have been tried, with the fullest publicity and without delay. It was found possible to try, convict and condemn Sukhomlinoff; why was it not equally possible to try Protopopoff?

The second reason alleged for bringing about the revolution was that the Tsar, or, if you wish, the Minister of the

Interior, had prorogued the Duma. Yes; we remember that there was once a Duma. . . . Its present status is obscure. Is the Duma still in being? Has it been dissolved—by the present government of usurpers, who have not a shred of legal authority, either to make or mar? Or did the Duma simply fade away into innocuous desuetude? Well, was it worth while creating a revolution for the sake of that anemic wraith? After the Tsar's abdication, all legal power in Russia was in the hands of the Duma. One would be inclined to ask the Duma to render an account of its stewardship—if the Duma could be found.

It seems to me that there was a certain insubstantiality in both these revolutionary pleas—a certain lack of candor also. For the fact is, that the Duma leaders had determined to bring about a revolution months before: long before Protopopoff could have plotted to make a separate peace; before Protopopoff was appointed Minister; long before the Duma was prorogued. These were not the causes of the Russian Revolution; they were merely pretexts, excuses before international opinion. The truth seems to be, that the Duma leaders wanted to become Ministers themselves—as they did in fact become Ministers—perhaps because they felt certain that they could do infinitely better than the old imperial ministry which was, they said, honeycombed with pro-German feeling and grossly incompetent. Well, the world can now judge which of the two was more competent, more formidable to the enemy.

But at this point, I shall probably find myself in conflict with American feeling and American opinion, which holds that a revolution against Tsardom is so inherently right and necessary, that no justification is needed; which holds that it was magnificent of the "Russian people" to rise in their might and throw off the hated yoke; which applauded enthusiastically the arrival of "the world's youngest democracy," "the new republic of the Slavs."

Yes; an overwhelming section of American opinion held that view—in part, I think, from a natural ignorance of real conditions in Russia. We forgot, those of us who exulted in the Russian Revolution, that their case was worlds away from ours. In 1776, the year called to our minds by the word Revolution, the thirteen American States had been schooled in constitutional government for generations; their

representative institutions were an immediate outgrowth, nay, a living part of the great tree of representative government which is England's lasting contribution to the organization of mankind. They were saturated with English constitutional law and practice; and it was precisely in the name of English constitutional law that they raised the standard of revolution.

But the Russian people have had no such training. The communistic meetings of their village Mirs bear no analogy to the constitutional organization and training of the thirteen American colonies. It was, therefore, a piece of large credulity, to say the least, to credit them with an inherent and full-grown aptitude for the very complicated and difficult task of constitutional government. They already had a beginning of representative government, in the young and still inexperienced Duma; they had, what we have not yet in the United States, the beginnings of ministerial responsibility. They had a dynasty, established by the national will, in a great Constituent Assembly in which were represented all the living elements of Russia, three hundred years before; a dynasty, with whose growth Russia had grown great, pushing north-westward to the Baltic, south-westward to the Black Sea, eastward, across the vast untouched spaces of Siberia to the Pacific, and even across Bering Straits to include Alaska. With the Romanoffs, Russia had grown great; already, with the lapse of the dynasty, Russia is falling to pieces. Unquestionably, the old régime had its faults, many and grave; but it had this supreme virtue: it was able to call, and to call successfully, on the Russian army for immense sacrifices and heroic devotion, as against the gross motions of selfishness which seem to be the highest ideal of " free Russia."

But the Russian People, I shall be told, threw off a despotism. Let us for the moment say that they did. But they have now fallen under a far worse despotism, whether it be that of paid agents of the German tyranny or—still worse—the despotism of all that is basest in themselves.

But the plain truth is that the Russian people did not throw off a despotism, nor did they carry through a revolution. The mass of the Russian People—if there be a Russian People, and not a mere conglomerate of self-centered villagers—had as small a part in the " Russian Revolution "

as had the highlanders of Tibet. Nor have the Russian People had any chance to express an opinion as to the revolution. After nearly a year, that elementary step has not been taken; no Constituent Assembly has been called—for the packed Congress of Socialists being got together under that name is a fraudulent pretence.

But to return to the Provisional Government and their responsibility. Trotsky, with a fine sense of honorable obligation, has been publishing secret treaties, with the deliberate purpose, of course, of damaging the Allies and helping Germany, though he has quite failed to throw discredit on the Allies. But there are two secret treaties which he has not published yet, and is not likely to publish: first, the treaty which the Petrograd Socialists made with the Kaiser, the operation of which we are now witnessing; and, second, the treaty which the Duma leaders made with the Socialists of the Sovyet—the operation of which has been Russia's shame and humiliation since the early Spring. The fact is that, already at the end of April, the Provisional Government was tied hand and foot, supine before the Sovyet, timidly obeying the Sovyet's behests. And the supreme proof of their subjection was, and is, the anarchic demoralization of the Russian army. And the plain truth is that, for the promulgation of this ghastly piece of folly Alexander Kerensky is absolutely responsible. There was, if you wish, an element of idealism in urging self-government on an army, on the battle-line. But there was more of folly and yet more of vanity. Folly, because even a little common sense would have told him that an army is not a debating society, but a stern instrument of war, formed for work that, at the best, is terribly dangerous, work on whose efficiency depends the liberty, nay, the very existence of nations; an army can win only if moved by a single will, carrying out a single plan; and, even on this condition, it is far from certain to win. But, without this condition, it is absolutely and fatally certain to lose.

There was much of folly here, but even more of vanity. These Russian leaders, green and untried in practical tasks, were self-persuaded that they were going to set up a new standard, teach a new lesson of human perfection, to the whole world—and notably to " effete " France and England, which still insist on real discipline in their armies. Kerensky did not see, and did not want to see, that to turn an army

into a debating society is about as wise as going to sea in an apartment house; the foundering of one is as certain as the disaster awaiting the other. And he did not see this, I am persuaded, largely because of his overweening vanity. I doubt whether he sees it even now.

But, in the last analysis, responsibility rests with the manhood of the Russian army. We have heard a part—a very small part—of the truth regarding the assassination of Russian officers by men in the ranks. That was condoned, if not actually counselled, by the members of the Provisional Government, who gave to the soldiers lists of officers "faithful to the revolution," and who were, therefore, not to be shot. I suppose they did not say so openly; but it is pretty plain that they expected all officers not thus franked to be assassinated. At any rate, large numbers of officers were so assassinated, both by the soldiers and the sailors. Among these officers murdered was Commander Butakoff, for years Russian military attaché to the United States, a man as kindly and gentle as he was loyal. And he was butchered, and hundreds like him. And the gentlemen of the Provisional Government did not raise a finger to stop it. They simply franked their own favorites. This, in the name of "the new liberty."

So they made their fatal bargain with the Socialists, and now the mortgage has fallen due.

But their acquiescence in murder in no way exonerates the soldiers and sailors who did the butchering. Their guilt is their own. And the guilt of Russia's base betrayal is theirs also. It is mere intellectual levity to think that the Germanic Socialists at Petrograd, even if "advised," as we are told, by members of the German General Staff, are delivering an unwilling army, bound and helpless, to treachery and dishonor. There are still brave men and men of honor in the rank and file in the Russian army; but their helplessness in the ghastly collapse in the fighting, last July, shows that the cowards are in the majority. As for the officers, as General Alexeieff said at Moscow, many of them are martyrs, tragically alive to the disgrace that is being brought upon them. We should give these officers our heart-felt sympathy now—even if we made no protest when their fellow-officers were being murdered.

There is, perhaps, one ray of hope for Russia: that General Kaledin may be completely successful, and may estab-

lish a government founded on loyalty, on devotion, on obedience, on good faith. From the scattered fragments of the "Provisional Government," I am convinced that we need hope for nothing. I think they have shown themselves devoid not only of the rudiments of statesmanship, but, what is a greater matter, pretty completely devoid of moral principle. Their pact with the Socialists sufficiently demonstrates that.

For Russia, I am quite convinced, the only right government is a monarchy, one in which the mainspring will be loyalty and devotion, not the grossest selfishness and self-seeking. If there should be any possibility of the establishment of such a government, whether through General Kaledin, or by any other means—except German intervention—let us learn from our mistakes; let us not only not criticise or oppose such a government, with a narrowness which can see no good in any institutions but our own; let us, on the contrary, welcome and strengthen it. Let us clear our minds of shadows and the superstition of names, and see things as they really are. We have optimistically—and somewhat credulously—called Russia free, a republic, a democracy. Russia has not, for a single day, been either a republic, a democracy, or free. Under a monarchy which makes the high appeal of loyalty, she may be really free, and may have something of genuine democracy also. But we must, I think, remember that, if it be necessary to make the world safe for democracy, it is even more necessary to make the world safe for honor and justice.

It is with deep shame and a sense of personal humiliation that a life-long friend of Russia writes of Russia as I have felt compelled to write. Yet not without hope also. For in the Russia the world has known, in the Russians one has known, there was so much that was fine, honorable, inspiring, that there is yet room for hope. It may be that, even at the eleventh hour, all the forces in Russia that make for righteousness, and they are many, may find the unity and strength to bring Russia back to the path of loyalty and honor, justifying all that her friends have hoped of her, of nobility and justice and genuine humanity.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

BRITISH RAILWAYS DURING AND AFTER THE WAR

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

Few things have been more completely satisfactory to an Englishman in our conduct of this war than the management of the British railways. It was one of the problems we had really thought out, with the result that plans laid down in times of peace were carried out with a flawless efficiency when the hour struck for their application. As long ago as 1871 the Regulation of the Forces Act was passed, empowering the Government to take control, whenever necessary, of the railways of the country. Ever since then officialdom and the heads of the different companies have worked in the closest co-operation, devising their programme of mobilization, agreeing on the best points of concentration, mapping out the most convenient routings, computing the amount of stock that would be available at various centres for the transportation of troops and material, arranging not the terms but the principles of the financial agreement between the State and the railways, drawing up elaborate time-tables, choosing from among the managers of the companies the men who would be best qualified to take command at a crisis, studying, in short, in detail and as a whole, the infinitely difficult task of converting to war uses a railway system not one mile of which had been built with an eye to strategic considerations.

For over forty years the work had been going on, each year, of course, seeing some addition to or variation of particular points in the scheme of operation, but probably no change at all in its general character. From the very first the objects to be aimed at were clear: First, to run the railways as a complete unit, a single system; secondly, to place their management in the hands of an executive committee composed of the best men from the principal companies; and, thirdly, to compensate the railways so that the shareholders,

even if they gained nothing, would lose nothing by having come under national control.

War was declared on August 4th, 1914. On the same day the Government took over the railways, and the mobilization scheme came into force. A fortnight or so later the whole of the original Expeditionary Force, about 120,000 strong, had been landed in France without anyone in Germany and very few people in Great Britain knowing anything about it. Southampton, which was closed to all but military traffic, was the port of embarkation. Eighty trains a day converged upon it. Each train ran to its fixed schedule. Each train was made up of the precise equipment assigned to it. And each carried precisely the troops which the scheme had allotted to it.

There was not, I believe, a single case in which the men of the Expeditionary Force had to wait for their trains. They were entrained, detrained, embarked, disembarked, without hitch or accident or the loss of a minute of time or a pound of equipment. The mobilization order called for 1,500 trains and the conveyance of 60,000 horses in 9,000 trucks. On one day 213 special troop trains were in motion in different parts of the country. On another the railways ran 104 trains, carrying 25,000 troops, over 6,000 horses and 1,000 tons of baggage. They were scheduled to reach Southampton at intervals of twelve minutes during the sixteen hours from dawn to dark. A special instruction provided that if any train was as much as twelve minutes late it was to be regarded as having missed its turn. It was to be sidetracked at any convenient spot, and the transport was to leave without waiting for it. The instruction was not necessary. No single train during the whole embarkation period failed to fall into and to keep its appointed place in the procession.

What began so brilliantly has been as brilliantly sustained. Since the outbreak of the war the British railways must have carried to and from the different ports of embarkation and shipment, for purely military purposes, not less than 13,000,000 persons, about 2,000,000 horses and mules, at least 70,000,000 gallons of petrol, 1,500 tons a week of mail matter, and something like 25,000,000 tons of explosives and material. But that has been only part, and by no means the most complex part, of their services. An immense amount of traffic, unprecedented in character, volume, origin and des-

tination, has devolved upon them throughout the country. Huge factories have sprung up where no factories existed before the war. Little wayside stations have become the centres of vast encampments. Half a dozen important ports have been taken up wholly by naval needs and their normal traffic diverted elsewhere. Small and unconsidered lines have grown to be vital arteries. The munitions industry, which necessitates the manufacture of components at widely separated factories to such an extent that four or five works at four or five different places may each have contributed to the completed shell, has likewise involved the railways in colossal readjustments.

And with all this, with an extra burden of traffic and an abnormal wear and tear and endless dislocations of their established routine, the railways have had to get along with a greatly depleted staff. Of the 640,000 men and boys who were in the service of the companies before the war nearly 170,000 have joined the Colors; and their places have been only partially and inadequately filled by the 60,000 women who have taken up railway work. Not only, however, have the companies throughout a period of unexampled stress been short-handed; not only have they had to do without one man in every four of the rank and file; but renewals and repairs have fallen necessarily into arrears. Shops that should have been building new engines or overhauling old ones have been given up to making shells and aeroplanes and motor lorries. Steel that should have been rolled into new rails has been commandeered for ship plates and munitions. All the British railways are now being worked on the narrowest margin of safety known in their history.

But they have done much else besides transporting troops and material and keeping the internal trade of the country alive and handling and distributing an inordinate volume of imports. Before the war they had spent some £50,000,000 on docks and harbors. These they at once turned over to the Government. They had spent a further £6,000,000 or so on steamers and tugs, and practically the whole of their fleet has been requisitioned by the Admiralty. Some of their shops have been turned into munition factories; others have specialized in turning out transport wagons, telephone equipment, and a variety of special vehicles for armament traffic. The vast works at Crewe, Swindon, Doncaster and Gorton have been busier on Government than on railway work.

The companies, again, have converted some of their steamers into hospital ships. Several of their convalescent homes are now homes of rest for wounded soldiers. At not a few of their shops repairs and construction for the Navy have been undertaken. They have furnished the Army with the most perfectly equipped ambulance and commissariat trains in existence. Special corps of railway men have helped to rebuild the shattered bridges and tracks of France and to restore, maintain and develop that wonderful system of railway communications behind the British Front which is one of the biggest achievements of the war. Taking all the theatres of war together, British railwaymen and engineers have laid down not less than 4,000 miles of track. And in handling the wounded, in stretcher-bearing and in all kinds of ambulance work the railwaymen, thanks to their training in first aid, have been invaluable.

I need not say that the companies have done everything in their power to provide for the comfort and refreshment of travelling soldiers and sailors or that they have been splendid subscribers to the War Loans or that they have generously supplemented the Government allowances to the dependents of their own employees who have joined up, or that, as large landowners, they have heartily seconded the national efforts to increase the production of food. One takes all that as a matter of course. But it is worth emphasizing that the British railways, the target in other years of much bitter and ignorant criticism, their efficiency questioned and their public-spiritedness denied, have, in this war, by a supreme effort of coöperation that has extended from top to bottom of the profession and among all the companies alike, rendered the nation and the national cause, at home and at the Front, inestimable services. It would be difficult to say to what body of men we owe more than to the railwaymen or whose claim on the gratitude and admiration of their countrymen could well exceed that of Sir Guy Granet and the members of the Railway Executive Committee.

Naturally, the railways have not been able to perform their overriding functions as an integral part of the war machine without a considerable derangement of the ordinary traffic schedules. Since the war began they have closed some 500 stations in Great Britain. They have discontinued more than that number of trains. Passenger fares have

been increased by fifty per cent in order to discourage travelling. Breakfast, luncheon, tea and dining cars have been almost universally discontinued. Excursion trains and cheap fare facilities, with but a few exceptions, were withdrawn before the war was eight months old. The reservation of seats and compartments, saloons for private parties, through coaches, the conveyance of motor-cars and carriages on passenger trains, the collection and delivery of travellers' luggage in advance, and many other conveniences of peace have been abandoned; and the amount of free luggage that a passenger may take with him is now limited to one hundred pounds. Many miles of track have been torn up and the ordinary time-tables and services have undergone a drastic and progressive curtailment, the purpose of all these restrictions and readjustments being to relieve congestion, to keep the way clear for military traffic, to promote economy, and to release as many men and as much equipment and rolling-stock as possible for the Front. With the simultaneous reduction in the supply of petrol and of available horses, there must today be parts of Great Britain where movement is hardly freer than it was one hundred and fifty years ago.

But what, above everything else, has enabled the railways to rise to the full height of the national crisis is the system on which, from the first moment of the war, they have been administered. Competition between the companies has utterly ceased. For the past forty months the British railways have been worked as a single interdependent system, with the facilities of each company at the service of them all. The agreement that was at once entered into with the State provided that all Government traffic should have priority and be carried free; that the Government should take all receipts from ordinary traffic, pay all operating expenses, and guarantee to the proprietors of the railways the same net revenue as they had earned in 1913. And, subject to minor adjustments, this agreement has been adhered to ever since. If, after the working expenses and the guaranteed net revenues of all the railways have been met, there is a surplus, the Government takes it. If there is a deficit, the Government finds the money to meet it.

The arrangement has probably been a good one both for the railways and the State, but there are no published figures that show in detail how it has worked. The speeches

of the companies' chairmen at the annual meetings, never very illuminating orations, have since the war been merely a tissue of amiable generalities. The companies' accounts have been issued only in skeleton form. The Board of Trade Returns have shrunk to a single page of meaningless totals. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for January of this year estimated that during the first five months of the war, when trade was bad, the Treasury must have had to meet a considerable deficit; that throughout 1915, when business was booming, the Government had the better of the bargain; but that the balance has again been shifted by the three rises in railwaymen's wages, and that "there can be little doubt that for the latter months of 1916, and thence-forward indefinitely for at least as long as the war lasts, the Treasury will have to meet a substantial deficit."

But even so, the financial results of the arrangement cannot be judged until we know the amount of Government traffic that has been carried free of charge and what the charges for it would have been at pre-war rates. Both sides so far appear to be well satisfied with things as they are. Mr. Bonar Law in December, 1916, assured the House of Commons that the State had made "a very good bargain," and that in spite of the successive bonuses, there was "every reason to believe there will be no financial loss, but probably some financial gain" as the result of the arrangement with the railways. The companies and the shareholders, for their part, seem equally pleased. They feel they have been fairly treated. With very few exceptions they have been enabled to maintain their 1913 dividends, and if some of them can reflect that they would have been a good deal better off without the agreement, others are equally conscious that it has saved them from something like collapse.

When the Government took over the control of the railways it left their management undisturbed. It vested their operation in an Executive Committee composed of the general managers of the thirteen principal lines, with the President of the Board of Trade as their official chairman, but with the acting chairman, who is one of the general managers, exercising the real power and direction. To the ordinary trader and passenger there is nothing to indicate that the most revolutionary change in the history of British railways, or, indeed, any change at all, has taken place. The companies retain their distinctive names; they are operated

by the same general manager, with the same, though a smaller, staff as before; they hold the usual annual meetings and are apparently governed by the familiar Boards of Directors; the fact that the supreme control is really in the hands of the Executive Committee, whose function it is to insure that all the companies work together as a harmonious whole, and whose orders and recommendations have behind them the full power of the Government, is not a fact that is obtruded on the public. But the general managers of the different companies never have much chance of forgetting it. They can hardly have received since the war began much less than 1,000 circulars from the Executive Committee necessitating vast inquiries and rearrangements, ordering innovations here, suggesting the abandonment of customary practices there, covering and transforming pretty nearly all the multifarious details as well as the accepted principles of railway management. The Government decides what it wants done; the Executive Committee determine how it is to be done; the individual companies do it. There could scarcely be a smoother or more effective system of co-operation towards a common and comprehensive end.

It has become progressively clearer and clearer that the railways cannot, when the war is over, go back to their old positions and their old methods. Finance alone forbids it. The railwaymen have received in the past three years three successive additions of five shillings a week to their wages. They have been disguised under the name of war bonuses, but nobody that I know of expects them to disappear with the war. On the conclusion of peace the companies will find themselves faced with an increase of considerably over £20,000,000 a year in their wages bill. This sum exceeds by several millions the amount, some £17,000,000, paid out in 1913 as dividend on the Ordinary stock. But that is not all. The cost of material has risen by about sixty per cent, the increase is not likely to be scaled down for many years to come, and another huge item is thus added to the working expenses. Moreover, all the companies are behindhand with renewals and repairs; their goodwill, the creation of decades of assiduous labor, has been profoundly affected by a war that has played havoc with the normal channels of trade; some lines have been involuntarily advanced to a position of unwonted importance; others, through no fault of their own, have had to yield ground; and the State,

which is responsible for these upheavals, cannot, when peace returns, wash its hands of the immense problems of reconstruction they will bequeath.

Were the Government to follow any such course, were it to terminate its contract on the conclusion of peace and to leave the railways to work out their own salvation, the result would be, first, that the companies as a whole would be hard put to it to pay any dividends at all on their Guaranteed and Preference stocks; secondly, that the dividends on the Ordinary stock, representing nearly £500,000,000 of paid-up capital, would be wiped out; and, thirdly, that the directors would all but inevitably be driven to raise their rates just at a time when the national chances of recovering from the devastation of the war and of competing successfully in international trade would largely depend on cheap transportation. The consequences of such a solution have only to be faced to put it out of court as impossible.

There remain, therefore, two alternatives. One is that the Government should itself acquire the railways by purchase and operate them as it operates the Post Office; in other words, that the railway system of the United Kingdom should be nationalized. The other is that some such plan as has been found admirably effective in time of war should be continued into the years of peace, and that in return for a financial guarantee the State should assume control of general railway policy, should insist on the companies being worked together as they are now being worked together, and should require the adoption of the reforms, the almost innumerable reforms, that the companies have too long resisted and that the pressure of the war has forced upon them. The choice will be between Government ownership and operation on the one hand, and a far more thoroughgoing and rational system of State regulation and control and of State responsibility on the other.

Of the two, nationalization is unquestionably the simpler solution. And just because of its simplicity those who have mastered the fallacy of the short cut in politics will incline to suspect it. The easy solution is usually the wrong solution; and nothing can be easier or apparently more final than to get rid of the problems propounded by the private ownership of the railways by abolishing private ownership altogether. There is a completeness in such a plan that appeals to the type of reformer who likes all his remedies

to be annihilating, and who has not yet educated himself above the notion of a political cure-all. It is a plan, too, that a Government, confronted as ours will be in the days of reconstruction by a hundred gigantic questions, with no time to think anything out, and yet bound to do something, will naturally incline to.

And undoubtedly many interests will favor its adoption. People sometimes forget that by the Railways Act of 1844 Parliament, on giving three months' notice, already has the legal right to buy up all the British railways built after that date at twenty-five years' purchase of the average profits for the three years preceding the exercise of its powers. A considerable and variegated body of opinion would like to see those powers turned to the fullest account the moment the war is over. Many shareholders, for instance, would welcome it. They have seen an enormous shrinkage in the value of railway securities during the past twenty years; they have seen expenses mounting up without any corresponding increase of receipts; they have seen dividends diminish until they now represent a return of no more than 3½ per cent on the investment; they are well aware that the State purchase of private property in Great Britain rarely turns out to the disadvantage of the expropriated owner; and they would jump at a chance of exchanging their company certificates for State scrip on reasonable terms.

Nor would the railway managers and officials be likely to oppose the transaction. They must long since have recognized that along their present lines they are fighting an almost hopeless fight; that they have inherited a redundant and waterlogged system; that they will never again be able to raise money on the old easy terms; that the growth on the one hand of motor and tramway competition, of local taxation, of the cost of labor and raw material, and of Governmental insistence upon shorter hours, more provisions for safety, and cast-iron rates, and, on the other hand, the opposition that is always stirred up in and out of Parliament to any scheme of consolidation of interests among the companies which might offset some of the handicaps under which they are laboring, have gradually produced an impossible situation; and that as State officials, with a comfortable pension to look forward to, and able in the meanwhile to give all their time and thought to scientific railroading

instead of wasting much of their energy on squabbles with their employees, or groups of traders or factions in Parliament, their position would be at once freer and more satisfactory than it has been for the past two decades or is ever likely to be again.

Shippers in general would approve of nationalization in the confident hope that it would mean lower rates and even uniform rates, if not for all classes of freight, at least for the whole country. The public would be for it. On all such questions it has come to entertain a hazy presumption in favor of the State. It believes that there is a great deal of waste under the present system of company ownerships. It has a feeling that the labor problem would be more easily handled if the Government owned and operated the railways, and that the country would be less exposed to the menace of a general strike. It has heard of the profit of nearly £40,000,000 made in one year by the Prussian State railways, and it sees visions of a similar sum being devoted "to the relief of taxation." But by all odds the strongest influence that is propelling us towards nationalization is that of the railway employees. They count upon it as a sure stepping-stone towards higher wages or fewer hours, and most probably towards both desiderata simultaneously; and, being a compact electoral and Parliamentary force and an important wing of the Labor Party, which is more and more governing our politics, their views on the future of railway policy are likely to be decisive.

Now, there cannot be much doubt that nationalization or any scheme which brought the British railways under a single unified control would find an ample field for economy and improvements. No one pretends that the 250 different companies which work the 24,000 miles of line and the 56,000 miles of track in the United Kingdom are the last word in railway administration or that our transportation system is a model of what such a system should be. It grew up in the usual spasmodic, haphazard fashion of all private enterprises; it was overloaded from its infant days with abnormally heavy expenses for land, lawyers and material —no railways in the world carry such a burden of capital per mile of line as our own; it never evolved from its own ranks or encountered in Parliament any man with a real sense of railway statesmanship; it passed through one phase of wild-cat finance and another, and later a phase of cut-

throat competition; and it finds itself today weighed down by duplicating services, extravagant and extraneous undertakings, a faulty technique, the jealousies of Parliament, the restlessness of Labor, the importunity of traders, and a suspicious, if not a hostile, attitude of the public mind.

Assuredly in all this there is scope enough for enormous savings. The British railway managers in the past would seem to have committed two fundamental errors. First, instead of concentrating on their main business of furnishing cheap, safe and rapid transportation, they have branched out into a variety of side-shows, such as the collection and delivery of goods, hotels, steamers, docks, engine works, car and locomotive shops, and so on, and have thus involved themselves in great expenditure on the provision of facilities that are accessory, but not essential to their central functions as carriers. Secondly, they have handled their business in a retail and not a wholesale fashion. The full wagonload and the full trainload are of the essence of sound railway operation. But the curse, the fatal weakness, the irredeemable fault, of British railway operation has been half-loaded wagons and half-empty trains. The average American freight car carries a load of about 22 tons; the ordinary Prussian car of 12 tons is always loaded up to seventy-five per cent of its capacity; the British truck is supposed to hold 10 tons, but probably carries on an average somewhere less than three.

There is the root evil of our railway system. British managers in aiming at small consignments and rapid delivery have had to pile up an immense amount of rolling-stock that is practically never employed to anything like its full capacity, and have scattered traffic over the largest number of points instead of concentrating it at the fewest. Rates can never be as low in Great Britain as in America or France or Germany because of the comparative shortness of the haul. But they might be considerably lower than they are —and nothing else can effectively and permanently reduce them—if the full wagonload and the full trainload, such as we have today under pressure of the war, were to become the rule and not the exception of British railway practice. How little our managers have made these two essentials the object of their policy may be proved from the fact which Mr. W. M. Acworth has repeatedly emphasized that our British methods of railway accounting do not show what is

the average rate charged for carrying a passenger or a ton of goods a mile; what is the average weight of goods conveyed in a truck or in a train; or what is the volume of traffic carried over a given line.

I cannot see that nationalization is likely to advance the introduction of these two radical reforms, which would revolutionize the goods traffic and the passenger traffic of the kingdom. On the other hand, there is little chance of getting them introduced at all unless the supreme authority of the State in some form or other stands over the separate companies and insists upon their compliance and co-operation. Whether Governmental ownership and operation is the only method of bringing the companies into a working unison is precisely the point that has to be determined. The difficulties and the dangers of any such solution are grave and manifold. It would mean a vast issue of Government stock at a time when our national finances are already sufficiently precarious. It would bring the State with a rush into the field of private enterprise as hotel proprietor, engine builder, steamboat owner, and so on. It would throw back upon the ratepayers throughout the kingdom the amounts now contributed by the railway companies for local taxation; and there is no conceivable possibility that it would satisfy all the interests concerned or fulfil all the expectations that its advocates hold out. The State, in other words, even after reaping the benefits of a more centralized and therefore theoretically a more economical administration, will be as impotent as the companies themselves to reduce rates, increase facilities, shorten hours of labor, and raise wages at one and the same time.

As a matter of fact, foreign experience and one's own knowledge of the British character and of British institutions forbid one to be excessively optimistic as to the advantages of nationalization. It has meant abroad (1) the exalting of red tape, (2) abnormally large and ill-disciplined staffs, who are not allowed to form labor unions or to go out on strike, and who enjoy few or none of the privileges and supplementary benefits furnished by the British companies to their employees as a matter both of generosity and of justice; (3) a lack of initiative and responsibility among the heads of the various departments; (4) a standard of rolling-stock, train service and station building rather decidedly inferior to our own; (5) rates fixed

by the arbitrary will of the administration and on a principle of uniformity that makes adjustment to particular conditions and requirements impossible; (6) a slower and less dependable transport of freight and very inadequate compensation for lost, damaged or delayed goods; (7) a startling enhancement of the ratio of expenditure for receipts, or else a severe limitation of the sums paid out in extensions and improvements; and (8) advancement and promotion determined by political "pull," and the whole administration of the roads and the whole course of railway policy saturated by politics.

There is no reason to think that we in Great Britain would be immune from the ill-effects of adding some 600,000 electors to the Government pay-roll or from the paralyzing influence which bureaucratic control seems everywhere to exercise on enterprise, invention, and the higher kinds of directing ability. On the other hand, it is a clear necessity of the situation that the State after the war should act far more helpfully and thoroughly than hitherto as a general superintendent of the British railways, with a financial stake in their prosperity. Our old system of State control from the outside has admittedly broken down. The alternative of State purchase and of State management is one that is as attractive to the unthinking as it is likely, in the special circumstances of Great Britain, to be disastrous in practice. Is there no scheme of State partnership that can be devised, one that will bring in the State as the majority stockholder in all the companies, that will place its decisive power at the service of the directors, that will enable it to exert the necessary influence to effect otherwise unobtainable reforms, that will give it a financial interest in the results, and that will thus combine Government direction and responsibility with private initiative and experience? Arrangements of this general character are not unknown, and have worked remarkably well in the case of minor public utilities such as gas and tramway undertakings. There is no intrinsic reason why some such plan, infinitely preferable to the bald solution of Government ownership and involving no great change in the present wartime relations between the companies and the State, should not be applied to the problem of the British railways.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE VICE OF SECRET DIPLOMACY

BY A. MAURICE LOW

No greater contribution to political morality and national security has ever been made than that of the framers of the Constitution of the United States when they wrote the Sixth Article in these words:

"This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the land."

It was a blow struck at that mass of intrigue, deceit and dishonesty which for centuries the world had known as secret diplomacy, the most vicious, immoral and dangerous power seized by a ruler in defiance of the rights of his subjects. Diplomacy was the royal prerogative. It was one of the divine attributes of kings. They it was who made war, contracted alliances, bartered territory, sacrificed liberty for a whim or superstitious fear. Even when the people began to exert their power, to assert their right to some control over their own affairs, to raise taxes and to determine how they should be spent, the king was still the sole authority in foreign relations. Diplomacy was supposed to be beyond the comprehension of the common mortal. It had to be conducted with much mystery and always great secrecy. The people knew nothing until they were plunged into war because in the exercise of his royal prerogative their sovereign had made a secret alliance, and the nation was committed to a costly campaign involving great sacrifices.

The framers of the Constitution determined this should be impossible in America. When they wrote into the compact of the States that treaties should have the same force as laws, they deprived a weak, ambitious or unscrupulous President of the power to contract a secret alliance. A law

to be observed must be made public, for no man can know what the law is unless it has been published. As a treaty was placed on the same footing as the law and had the same force and effect as a law, like the law it must be made public for its terms to be respected.

We have seen within the last few years the evils of secret diplomacy, that is the power of sovereigns to enter into agreements without the knowledge or acquiescence of their subjects; and the history of Europe, from the time that its history first began to assume concrete form and diplomacy was established as a principle, is largely the record of this unrestrained power. It is responsible for the endless intrigue and cabal so dear to the Minister without conscience or willing to barter his honor for gain. The people, the victims of the system, who had to pay for it, were always in a state of fear, never knowing when they were next to be dragged into the army and forced to fight for a shadowy cause about which they were ignorant and cared nothing. Yet while the world has seen nothing so disastrous as secret diplomacy, it has seen nothing so foolish, more befitting the idle moments of schoolboys, than the serious work of statesmen to whom the world ascribes genius.

Every nation in turn has sought to secure advantage by means of a secret alliance, and every treaty of alliance solemnly entered into, declaring on the faith of kings that it would be loyally observed, invoking the name of the Most High or the Trinity, in the stilted language of diplomacy as witness to the sincerity of the high contracting parties, has been merely a scrap of paper, made for the advantage of the moment and broken without a qualm of conscience when a greater advantage was to be obtained. That is the stupendous folly of this diplomacy. Similar to the Bourbons who learned nothing and forgot nothing, the necromancers who practised the black art of secret diplomacy forgot everything and profited nothing by experience, otherwise how can one explain that king succeeded king, and minister followed minister, and yet this wretched farce went on, not for a period, not for years, but for centuries, and the tradition has been handed down to our own times; for have we not seen the Autocrat of Prussia and the Autocrat of all the Russias writing to each other in the language of schoolboys and secretly intriguing against the peace of their neighbors?

Bismarck, the most cynical but also the most astute man of his times, defended his immorality by asserting that when he entered into a secret agreement intended to nullify a public convention he was simply taking out a policy of reinsurance. The phrase was his, but the principle was as old as diplomacy itself, and as mistaken. Instead of the secret treaty being a policy of reinsurance, that is a measure of protection, it was, on the contrary, always a measure of danger. Sovereigns were too well versed in the dishonesty of kings to put faith in the royal promise, and while treaties might be kept secret from their subjects they became known to the governments against whom they were directed, who on their part took out a policy of reinsurance against the treachery of a nominal ally by making a counter alliance. That has been one of the evils of the vice of secret diplomacy. It has never protected, it has never prevented war, it has never curbed the ambition of a conscienceless ruler, but it has provoked other and more dangerous combinations, and the allies confident of their strength have treacherously forced war or struck at the security of nations at peace.

It would require too much space merely to catalogue the long list of secret alliances and their consequences, but a few taken at random may be offered to show they never exercised the slightest restraint upon their signatories, and they were shamelessly broken almost as soon as they were concluded.

In 1516 Henry VIII of England entered into negotiations with Charles V of Spain directed against Francis I of France, whereupon Charles made a secret treaty with Francis. Later when both were rivals they sought the support of the King of England, and both bribed his chancellor, Cardinal Wolsey.

In 1668 England and the Netherlands made a secret treaty to force Louis XIV of France to make peace with Spain, but he heard the news with indifference. The forehanded Louis had already made a secret treaty with the Emperor of Austria by which they were to divide the Spanish dominions on the death of the then king.

Charles II of England, who was chronically hard up, secretly sold Dunkirk to France.

Richelieu was always making and breaking secret agreements.

The secret family compact of the Bourbons, France and Spain, in 1733, was one of the causes of the French and English war in America.

Napoleon detached Russia from the Allied cause and made her an enemy of England by the treaty of Tilsit. That treaty was made public, but the terms of a secret agreement made at the same time were kept secret.

In 1815, after Napoleon had been banished to Elba, the Allies met in Congress at Vienna to readjust the map, France having a voice. While the Congress was sitting England, France and Austria entered into a secret treaty directed against Russia and Prussia, their putative allies. The secret was so little a secret that the Czar knew of it immediately after the treaty was signed.

Napoleon III, walking in the footsteps of his illustrious uncle, secretly proposed to Bismarck that France should be given Belgium and Luxemburg as the price of his friendship to the new German Confederation.

In the discussion of secret diplomacy a confusion exists between negotiation and consummation. Secret negotiation is not only proper, but, in many cases, absolutely essential; it is so necessary that if negotiations were not kept secret few treaties could be concluded and the negotiators would always be hampered. If the political or commercial interests of the United States require it to obtain a strip of territory to construct a canal, or a group of islands having strategic value, it would be unwise in the extreme for the United States publicly to proclaim what it was after. It might get it, but it would be forced to pay an extravagant price, it might even fail because of the opposition of a rival. The essence of a good bargain—and a treaty, it must always be remembered, is only another name for a bargain—is secrecy and a certain skill in affecting indifference.

Secrecy, therefore, in the early stages of negotiation is perfectly proper and was so recognized by the men who made the Constitution, and they were good judges of how far it was wise to entrust authority. In explanation of the power given to the President to negotiate treaties, but not to conclude them, Jay wrote:

"It seldom happens in the negotiation of treaties, of whatever nature, but that perfect *secrecy* and immediate *dispatch* are sometimes requisite. There are cases where the most useful intelligence may be obtained, if the persons pos-

sessing it can be relieved from the apprehension of discovery." He adds "there are many persons who would rely on the secrecy of the President, but who would not confide in that of the Senate," therefore, "the convention has done well" in so arranging that although the President must act by the advice and consent of the Senate, "yet he will be able to manage the business of intelligence in such a manner as prudence may suggest."

This is an arrangement as nearly perfect as human intelligence can devise. It combines the prime requisites of secrecy in negotiation, which is all essential; counsel after the negotiations have been concluded, and publicity when the Council of State, the Senate, has assented. The United States is the one great nation that has written into its Constitution the equality of laws and treaties, but the example set by the United States, its morality and advantages, is beginning to make the peoples of other countries ask whether it would not be wiser for them to have a share in the making of treaties instead of surrendering their authority to a few persons: the sovereign in an autocratic government; in a democratic monarchy, as in England, where by a legal fiction the treaty runs in the name of the king, actually it is the Prime Minister and his Cabinet, the real Government of England, that negotiates and concludes.

Recently Mr. Balfour, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, found it necessary to attempt to stem the growing demand for the democratization of European diplomacy. "I think there is in the public mind a profound illusion as to this so-called secret diplomacy," he told the House of Commons. Governments, he said, could no more conduct their affairs in the open than individuals reveal their domestic difficulties, so the business of diplomacy had to be conducted in secret, and the less light that was let in on "the mysterious intricacies of foreign diplomacy," the better it was for the peace of mind of all concerned. A member suggested that the creation of a Parliamentary Foreign Relations Committee, to have practically the same functions as those of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, would be an improvement. Mr. Balfour did not agree with him. The present system worked well enough, and "to reveal from day to day what is ultimately revealed with all due precaution in the Blue Book would really be insanity."

No sane man proposes that the day to day conversa-

tions between the Minister and an Ambassador shall be revealed, but between that reticence and the unlimited power to commit the nation to a policy that involves thousands of lives and millions of treasure is quite another thing. What was the arrangement existing between Germany and Austria in the closing days of July, 1914? No one knew, for that was a secret between the two Emperors. How far was Germany prepared to go in the support of Austria in reducing Serbia to terms? Again that question remained unanswered, because while the two Emperors knew their subjects did not. What understanding existed between England and France? The British people did not know, the British Parliament did not know, neither the German Emperor nor the Austrian Emperor knew. Sir Edward Grey, the then Foreign Secretary, converted a somewhat loose entente, the terms of which even to this day no one knows, into a formal alliance, and then went down to the House of Commons and told what he had done. Parliament naturally had to stand behind the Government, what other course was possible?, but it simply ratified an executive act, after the act was committed, instead of delegating to the Executive authority to act, as the American Congress does, thanks to the foresight of the Fathers.

"Diplomacy with its shoes of felt" clings to secrecy because even in an age of progress diplomacy remains faithful to tradition. It resists innovation, and it stands triumphant as the one perfect institution devised by the perverted ingenuity of man. The professional diplomatic service of Europe is a trade union, very jealous of its membership, but, similar to other trade unions, while the members quarrel and intrigue against each other, they are always ready to forget their differences when in danger from outside attack. A Foreign Minister may know of the incompetence of his Ambassador, but the code of professional ethics and loyalty to the trade union stay his dismissal, because that would be a reflection upon the service. The interests of a nation may be put in jeopardy, but the feelings of a diplomat must never be hurt.

In the speech I have quoted Mr. Balfour said the business of a diplomat "is entirely directed not to making quarrels, but to healing quarrels; not to creating difficulty but to preventing difficulty; not to provoking war but to stopping war"; but when a member of the House of Com-

mons suggested that if the House had been taken into the confidence of the Government, the war would not have burst upon the country as an unexpected thunderbolt, Mr. Balfour said, "I do not believe that the Government, in June, 1914, had the slightest notion that there was any danger ahead." It was a cynic who described a doctor as saying to a patient, "I haven't as yet made the diagnosis, but do not alarm yourself needlessly, for we will be able to discover everything at the autopsy"; and Mr. Balfour's admission that sixty days before the greatest war the world has known the British Government had no suspicion of what was coming, suggests the happy indifference of the physician, who atones for his lack of diagnostic skill by his ability in making the post mortem, which satisfies the laudable curiosity of the practitioner but does not exactly compensate the patient. If it were not for the coroner fewer medical mistakes would go unrecognized, and the diplomat, shrouded from public gaze, can blunder until war or history, usually written long after the event, reveals his ineptitude, and then it is too late for the damage to be repaired. Lord Salisbury traded Heligoland for a shadowy German claim in Africa. Imagine the amiable Mr. Bryan, with his deep love of humanity and his horror of war, by virtue of his office as Secretary of State, offering to Germany Key West in consideration of Germany signing an arbitration treaty, convinced that Key West was of little value to the United States but its transfer to Germany would forever render impossible any danger of war between Germany and the United States, and then when the treaty was duly sealed, signed and delivered calmly announcing to the country his latest diplomatic triumph!

That brilliant Frenchman, André Chéradame, says:

> The typical professional diplomat lives in a world of his own. Either his information comes from the office or it is second-hand; it rarely is reached by direct observation of people or facts. The secretaries of the Embassies divide their time between office work, copying documents in copper plate hand, or social functions, pleasant enough but confined to a particular and narrow set. Few of the secretaries know the language of the country in which they reside, fewer still travel in the interior of the land in order to study it.

It is necessary, he adds, to dispel the false notion the man in the street has of diplomacy. He fondly thinks that diplomats, while preparing clever and mysterious combina-

tions, fashion history, but experience shows that they merely chronicle history and do not make it; "diplomats are history's attorneys," is his epigrammatic description. "Unfortunately," he points out, "it does not seem that fortune has endowed any of our Allied countries, either before or since the war, with a head capable of leading, on grand lines, the diplomatic affairs of the Entente. The latter therefore has been only served by those diplomats who are mere officials, and who as such await instructions from higher quarters, and these instructions are very often found wanting."

No one, I think, will question the fairness of these observations. This war has torn away a lot of the tarnished trappings of conventional civilization, but nothing stands so thoroughly discredited as professional diplomacy, "folly in a coat that looks like sagacity." Between the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia twenty-five days elapsed. In those twenty-five days the world's fate was being decided, yet not a single Entente Ambassador nor a single Minister for Foreign Affairs had the slightest knowledge of what was going on, and so little was the gravity of the crisis appreciated that at the time of the delivery of the ultimatum some of the Ambassadors of the Great Powers were away from their posts on holiday. In London, Paris, Rome, and elsewhere Excellencies, with high sounding titles and numerous decorations, sat, in Crabbe's phrase, "dexterously writing despatches, and having the honor to be," but knowing nothing; blind themselves blissfully leading the blind, and looking forward with certitude to their invaluable services being rewarded with another Grand Cordon. The diplomacy developed by the war, and the diplomats who have made reputations, are those of the United States, which an Englishman may say without being accused of undue partiality. Gerard, Herrick, Francis, Van Dyke, Brand Whitlock, Maurice Egan, Penfield, and the two Pages, with no professional training and only the most perfunctory instruction, lawyers, bankers, men of letters, passing from their customary vocations to their new posts, have done extraordinarily well; in trying situations they have kept their heads and shown the same shrewdness, grasp of affairs and quick comprehension that won them their place in law, commerce and literature.

"The American Ambassador," a London newspaper

recently remarked, " owns none of that rather absurd diplomatic sentiment which sets the Diplomatic Service in a class apart; he has no superstitious awe of Chancelleries; and the portentous words Ballplatz and Wilhelmstrasse, Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street, which were used as a kind of incantation by the older school of professors of international politics, simply bore him. He wears neither star nor any other decoration. When he has something to say, he says it in plain United States." The newspaper quoted is the London *Morning Post,* the leading conservative journal of England, and a supporter and defender of the established order rather than an admirer of experiment. When it recognizes the absurdity of the frippery of modern diplomacy, or the sorry figure cut by Excellencies " who have the honor to be," and is impressed by the straightforwardness and directness of the American Ambassador speaking "in plain United States," there is hope that Europe will sweep out a ridiculous institution and the world will be freed from the " seething diplomacies and monstrous mendacities, horribly wicked and despicably unwise," in the language of Carlyle, who never minced his words.

European diplomacy is a survival for which there is little justification at the present time. It is an attempt to link the stage coach with the telephone, an unworkable combination; and it is about as sensible as it would be were our khaki clad girls to drive an ambulance in the crinolines of their Victorian grandmothers. Three or four hundred years ago the Ambassador really was the personal representative of his sovereign, in Sir Henry Wotton's classical phrase he was " an honest man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country "; and it was a seventeenth century commentator who advised that no matter what his religion, it was an Ambassador's duty to invent falsehoods and to go about making society believe them. In short, as Paschalius suggested, while an Ambassador should study to speak the truth, he was not debarred from the " official lie," and, on occasion, he should be *splendide mendax.* He was naturally deep in the confidence of his king, he was compelled to act almost entirely on his own judgment and initiative, because communication was slow and uncertain, and the great game in which sovereigns were engaged could be so easily upset by an Ambassador more adroit, whose wits were more nimble or who was more unscrupulous, who knew the right minister

to bribe or the woman to make love to; and it was an Empress of Russia who advised Frederick of Prussia to replace his elderly Ambassador with a young and handsome man having a good complexion. In those days youth, looks and a good complexion counted for much, and if in addition the royal representative was rich, a grand seigneur, able to turn a neat phrase, well versed in the classics, careful in his religious observances and yet sufficiently immoral to excite a flutter in the breasts of dowagers and anticipation in the hearts of the reigning beauties, then this Admirable Crichton would be a success as an Ambassador and either win for his master an empire or lose him his crown.

But we have changed all that, and the pulchritude of an Ambassador is no longer considered when he is about to be appointed, nor is it necessary that his complexion shall be the envy of a boarding school miss. He need not necessarily be old, but he will certainly not be young, for wisdom and not fascination is his recommendation, and yet how terribly unwise so many Ambassadors have proved themselves to be. He still remains that fictional character the personal representative of royalty, actually he is the agent of the Foreign Office, which keeps a very tight rein on him. In modern times, no Ambassador has latitude of action or is given a free hand, and every move he makes must be immediately reported to the Foreign Office.

In a period of profound peace, when the most cordial relations exist between two countries, it becomes necessary to adjust a minor shipping or trade matter, which has to be done by treaty. The Minister for Foreign Affairs makes the suggestion to the Ambassador, who undertakes to communicate with his Government, because that is the extent of his authority. He has no power to agree to anything, not even by inference. If the Minister for Foreign Affairs consents, he gives the Ambassador authority to enter into negotiations, and indicates the line to be followed. The negotiations proceed smoothly and a draft is prepared, which is submitted to the Foreign Office, where it is subjected to rigid scrutiny, passed upon by legal and other experts, perhaps a few changes made in form or phraseology. If the other side is willing to accept the changes the Ambassador must notify the Foreign Office; if counter proposals are made, even although they are trivial and do not affect the substance, the Ambassador must ask instructions. An

agreement having been reached the treaty is written on parchment in both languages in parallel columns, and even in an Anglo-American treaty the same form is observed, because of the difference in spelling certain words in England and America. Still the Ambassador can not sign until he has received specific authority and has exhibited to the Minister for Foreign Affairs what is technically known as "full powers," but really is the national power of attorney.

This is the routine followed in the most trivial negotiation. This close supervision, a supervision that would suggest the Foreign Minister has no confidence in his Ambassador, and dare not accord him the discretion the ordinary man gives his agent, is met by the paradox of the almost unlimited importance attached to the opinions, impressions and deductions of the Ambassador. Few Foreign Ministers have more than a superficial acquaintance of foreign countries, most of them know absolutely nothing of their people, their institutions or their politics. The Foreign Minister therefore is compelled to rely on the Ambassador, who, often ignorant of the language of the country, unable to read the vernacular press, because of his exalted position debarred from mixing freely with the people, and living in a narrow circle whose members are only too frequently misrepresentative of public opinion, is supposed to be able to keep his Foreign Minister correctly informed of the state of affairs, the currents of politics and the national sentiment. Is it any wonder that diplomats, now that we are getting some insight into their confidential correspondence, should have so woefully misled their Governments or proved how little they really understood the people to whom they were accredited? Yet so implacable is the diplomatic tradition, so firmly convinced is every Foreign Office in its own inerrancy, that the same Foreign Minister who will not trust his Ambassador to sign a petty treaty without the closest scrutiny, simply because custom does not ordain it, will unhesitatingly accept the information conveyed to him by the same Ambassador which may influence a policy leading to war.

Some time, one hopes that time may be near but dreads to think it may yet be far, but some time the greatest war mankind has known must be brought to a close by the signatures of the plenipotentiaries to the most momentous treaty of peace in the world's history. That treaty will, it can be

safely assumed, contain many radical and startling articles as befitting the climax to the titanic struggle, and may not America again serve the world by ridding it of secret diplomacy? By insisting that there shall be written in the treaty an article that in every country treaties shall like laws constitute the supreme law of the land, and must be ratified by Parliaments, the immorality of the secret agreement would no longer be possible. It would appeal to the democracies of England, France, Italy and Russia, and it would be championed by the enlightened republics of South America, whose constitutions have been so closely modelled on that of the United States. It would do more to keep the world safe for democracy than any one other thing. It would be a greater protection against a repetition of the horrors of the last three years than paper disarmaments, theoretical freedom of the seas, leagues of peace, or economic alliances. It would not bring Utopia, but it would make diplomacy honest, straightforward, clean; it would make almost impossible the chicanery, fraud, intrigue that for centuries have deluged Europe in blood and brought misery to its people, and there would be little further opportunity for a Hohenzollern or a Hapsburg, a Ferdinand or a Constantine, to make alliances for war unless with the authority and consent of their subjects.

A. Maurice Low.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

BY ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

TOWARD the close of a sombre afternoon, in rain and mist, I stood before the *Estaminet de Commerce* in the city of Lillers. The melancholy autumn season had come, and the spectre of approaching winter in the trenches loomed before us.

It was a mournful throng of soldiers and civilians that stood there waiting and silently shivering, or stamping wet feet on the *pavé* of the Grand Place. The spirit of the throng, and the funereal aspect of the day itself, were sadly in keeping with the occasion which had brought us together.

Through the Grand Place with arms reversed, to the wailing music of the Dead March from *Saul,* came a column of marching troops. Over the *pavé* rattled a gun-carriage, bearing a box entwined with the Union Jack. Lieutenant-General Sir Thomson Capper was being borne to his grave. The far-famed and gallant General of the Iron Division had fallen two days before in the awful fighting at Loos, and now his comrades were giving him the soldier's last farewell.

Many times I had encountered the Seventh or Iron Division. Sir Thomson Capper was a name to conjure with along the western front. Only a short time before one of his own Northumberland Hussars had held forth to me on the deeds of the Iron Division, from their belated arrival at Antwerp, to their historic stand at Ypres. "And it's all because of our General, it is," declared the trooper. "He's the fightin'est General on the line."

On Sunday afternoon Sir Thomson Capper stood directing his men in a frightful and bloody encounter. This was nothing new to him, or to his Iron Division. Ever since the autumn of 1914, they had been winning their name by ceaseless fightings in such battles. On that fateful Sunday

afternoon General Capper was shot through the lungs. He was carried to the rear, and died in hospital next day. "We are here to do the impossible," was the fiery watch-word which he left with his troops.

And now on that Tuesday evening in September, all that was mortal of our "fightin'est General" went by on a gun-carriage. His career of lustre and renown was ended. The keeping up of the resplendent glories of the Iron Division had fallen into other hands. As the cortege passed the place where we were standing, our irregular shifting mass suddenly became rigid as every soldier came to the salute, a salute that bespoke the soldier's deepest feeling.

Half an hour after the General's funeral, I saw many of the faces lately darkened by sorrow again radiant and fair. Whatever clouds might be without, true soldiers never suffer them long within.

Last night was a restless and tumultuous one. This evening there is a momentary lull. It is the lull in the storm. The nerves are tensely waiting for the thunders that shall break again, and meanwhile in that gay foregathering of the *Estaminet de Commerce* there is no place for sad repining.

At home in the good old world of peace, we speak of the Angel of Death. His rare but tragic visitations are cataclysms in our home. "Over There" it is no longer the Angel of Death. We must say Angels of Death, "Over There," for they fly in legions. One is ever dwelling beneath the shadow of their withering wings. On the right and left comrades are always falling, until what was cataclysmic in our homes becomes incidental in our trenches.

A loud rapping is heard from without, and in explosive notes of alarm a voice cries forth, "S O S! Battery action!" Up under the scintillant flare of the star-shells there is a sudden burst of hectic light and a muffled roar. Up there beneath that flare some of our boys are dying, and others in frantic tones cry forth for us to save them. We read their cries in trailing rockets through the night. "Forgetting the things which are behind," we, the servants-of-the-guns, must leap to action and give back our thunders in answer to that cry.

Now and again, as I have moved up and down behind the various portions of our line, in France or Flanders, I

have paused for contemplation in one of our great and ever-growing cemeteries. Everywhere behind the lines one encounters these tragic yet soul-enkindling plots of ground, that have been forever hallowed by the bones of our brave.

Who can regard the grave of a man who died for his country without experiencing emotions that lie too deep for words? On such spots one enters into the inner meaning of the sacrifice of Calvary. "For what greater thing can a man do than to lay down his life for a friend?"

In front of Westminster Abbey there is a column erected to the dead heroes of Westminster School. Many a time as a lad I have stood in front of that column, and read in solemn silence its inscription:

> To those Boys educated at Westminster School, who died in the Russian and Indian Wars, Anno Domini 1854 to 1857, some in early youth, some full of years and honor, some on the field of battle, some from wounds and sickness, but who all alike gave their lives for their country.
>
> This column is erected by their old school fellows, at Westminster School, with the hope that it may inspire in their successors the same courage and self-devotion.

On the reverse side of the column I read the long list of names, from Field Marshal Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, to the youngest cornet and middy who had died. From the school Quadrangle came the merry laughter of Westminster boys at play, and standing there, there came upon my soul the first dawning of that sacrifice which soldiers make when they lay down their lives for their country.

During the armistice between the first and second Balkan War I was in Egypt. Traveling one day across the desert, I alighted at a station called Tel-el-Kebir. Here Wolseley won his victory over Arabi in 1882. On the January day of 1913 I found a single building, serving as a railroad station, and beside it a cemetery, with its rows of crosses drawn up in as orderly a fashion as a company on parade.

I entered the cemetery, and the first name I read was that of Lachlan MacTavish of a certain Scottish regiment. The burr of his Highland name sounded like the rush of a mountain tairn in his far-off Highland home. For the moment I seemed to feel the freshness from the moorlands

and the heather, then my eye caught the pathetic little cross that stood amidst the shifting of the desert sands. There as never before I realized the sacrifice of those who laid down their lives on a foreign soil in the service of their flag.

A yet profounder realization of this sacrifice was borne upon me one evening in June, 1915. That night I entered the trenches beyond Givenchy town for the first time.

At twilight I turned in from the La Basse Canal, crossed a field to the main street of Givenchy, and proceeded down into the town. The place was completely abandoned, and had been badly ruined by shell-fire. In that twilight hour the streets were full of haunted houses, instinct with ghosts and memories. A solitary dog leaping across a wrecked bridge, that hung by a single trestle, appeared like a ghoulish creature. I was oppressed by these haunting shadows in what had once been Givenchy homes, far more than I was by the frequent note of shells passing over the town. In one quaint house, whose wall had been crashed in, I saw a little cradle; what eloquence of tragedy was there!

In a saddened mood I approached the distillery. In one of the houses opposite, a grand piano still remained intact. The Fifth Royal Highlanders of Canada were coming out of the trenches that night. The first company was already out, and one of their musicians was playing *To You, Beautiful Lady in Pink,* upon the inharmonious and strident instrument. Up and down in the rooms of the adjacent houses the Highlanders were cake-walking, some with their packs still on their backs. The bursting of several shells in a side street only served to accentuate the comedy of the scene. Whatever else happened, this battalion was going out, so the musician pounded the keys in ecstasy and the boys cake-walked with equal glee.

Through the shadowy distillery I wended my way with a higher spirit from the contagious merriment of the Highlanders. Beyond the distillery was another open field, and a farm-yard with the buildings long since razed to the ground. Hardly a stone was left standing in this spot. The enemy's shells had surely reaped good harvest here. Beside the ruined farm was the witness of a still sadder harvest. A cemetery with its row on row of little wooden crosses stretched out toward the communicating trenches. The night was falling fast, and there in the gathering

gloom I waited for over an hour for the last company coming in. In the darkness I was especially touched by the meaning of those little crosses. In fitful light beneath the star-shells, these crosses loomed before me in momentary flashes, then faded in the night.

How profound was the peace that lingered round that spot! In front of me I could see the white glare that marked the firing line, from whence came now and then the rattle of musketry, the popping of machine-guns, or the krump of bursting shells. Behind me in Givenchy town the artist was still performing on the grand piano. *The Pink Lady* was the limit of his repertoire, but the Irrepressibles still danced on. Between the grim firing line on the one hand and the revelry of the Highlanders on the other, stretched those little wooden crosses. In their quiet plot the Brave slept well that night, for they had done their duty.

Their work was finished, and well might they sleep on, knowing that those comrades whom they left behind would carry on in their stead, and that even as they, their comrades behind would be faithful unto death.

From our line the rattle of rifles told me that England was busy, and that our troops up there were keeping their faith with their pals who had died.

"I've copped it, mate, swat 'em one for me," were the dying words of a game little Cockney.

"Go about your duty," was the last speech of the stricken Colonel MacLean of the Sixth Gordons, to those who paused in the fighting to attend to him.

What all these dead required was that the living should fight on, and thus keep faith with them. Up and down that bivouac of the dead I seemed to feel their unseen Sentry walking. Where they had pitched their silent tents, they too had set their silent picket. That night, above those shadowy graves, the Sentry of the Dead paused and listened. From the line came the sound of fighting. From behind came the voice of revelry and song. And this was as it should be. Not in repining, but in gladness, must the soldier spend his resting hours. Soon perchance that Highlander who was pounding out *The Pink Lady,* and all his jolly dancers, would join these dead in their narrow beds. But there they were playing their part as true soldiers.

I seemed to hear the Sentry of the Dead cry out that night, "All's Well!—All's Well!" The Brave might sleep

their sleep in peace, because their comrades behind were doing their duty.

In France one encounters soldiers' graves in all kinds of unlikely places. Right in the Front Line trenches, before Hill 60, there was a little wooden cross with the name of a French soldier painted on it. The soldier fell away back in the first months of the war, when everything was fluid and the tide of war was shifting back and forth. Soon after that our lines locked and froze, and ever since he has been sleeping in that frightful place known as Our Front.

For months that little cross had stood there, while landmarks all about had been wiped out, while the tower of the Cloth Hall had been pulverized, and the Verbranden Windmill splintered to kindling-wood. I have often paused up there on the Front Line, after a nasty strafe from Fritz, and regarded with awe that immortal wooden cross. With parapets crumped in in many places, and the ground about pocked with shell-holes, amid all this wild havoc, the simple memorial to the dead French soldier seemed to bear a charm.

At home we have a cemetery in a place of rustic peace, on a secluded hillside, looking down upon the harbor where the ships go out to sea. There in their snug haven the dead forget their storms. But under the wooden cross, up there in the Front Line trench, the fallen French soldier slept just as soundly as they. Mines might be sprung around his grave, and months of storms and thunders roll across his resting-place, but the inviolate cross remained, an emblem of his peace unbroken.

One day on the Somme, while moving over a fresh battlefield, looking for a new position for our guns, I chanced upon the grave of a Corporal of the East Surrey Regiment. He had been hastily buried, just where he fell upon the field of battle. There had been no time for ceremony or for the planting of a cross. His rifle had been thrust into the ground to mark the grave, and his soldier's cap was placed upon the mound of turf to serve as a memorial. That little weatherbeaten khaki cap was unobserved by many, but to those who saw, it was a memorial as eloquent as costly marble. As I bent over to examine the grave, I saw a shingle, on which some rough hand had scribbled a short text with an indelible pencil. The rains had washed blue streaks across the writing. One could just decipher the text. It was: "Thou art forever with the Lord."

The rough soldier's epitaph brought to mind a visit which I had made to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus. There on the tomb of a baby girl, I read in Greek, " Dearest Cleo, sweetest child, thou art forever with the Lord."

To encounter such evidences of faith on the battlefield of the Somme, or in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, was to feel instinctively that there at last was the real thing. Matters of faith were dark enough on the Somme, but to read the hope of that Tommy was like the bursting forth from darkness of some serene and shining star.

I was in the Ypres salient in April, 1915, and back there again in the spring of 1916. That bloody and awful salient is a vast graveyard of Canada's fairest and best.

A young Canadian officer, who was a comrade of mine, told me how that in the summer of 1913 he left the City of Ypres, a cameo of priceless beauty, with the splendor of its Cloth Hall and its Cathedral and its guilds, and took the tram-line out to Kruystraesthenk Corner. Alighting there, he and his sister crossed the fields where the daisies and anemones were growing, and regaled themselves in the wondrous charm of that Flemish landscape. Now on those same fields that officer is sleeping, and in summers to come the flowers that spring up there shall wave about his grave.

On fine mornings in June, as I have been coming in or going out from our battery position, I have passed through the grounds of Bedford House, a Belgian chateau, and I have marveled at what must have been the exceeding beauty of that place in times of peace. A wistful loveliness still lingers round the ruins. If in the past light hearts have journeyed there for scenes of beauty, in years to come a host of deeper hearts will journey there as to a shrine.

If where an Englishman is buried on a foreign soil is called " a little bit of England," then we may call the Ypres salient a mighty bit of Canada. If anyone were to inquire what is the most important city of Canada, we might answer unhesitatingly, " The City of Ypres." The hosts of our young men who have fallen in battles round that city have hallowed the name for all Canadian hearts, and rendered the place ours in the deepest sense.

Montreal, and Halifax, and Vancouver are among our lesser cities, but Ypres, where so many of our Brave are buried, shall remain for us the city of our everlasting possessions. In years to come, the touchstone for the Maple

Leaf will not be "Queenstown's Heights and Lundy's Lane," but "Ypres and Lagemark."

I stood one night on a certain hill that commands the firing-line in an almost boundless panorama. Beside me was an officer of the Second Canadian Division, who had just come out. There that night, by its white trail of iridescent light, we could trace the course of the firing-line for many miles through France and Flanders.

Just to our left the line of light jutted far out, like a lone cape into the sea. "What is that jutting-out place?" my friend inquired.

"That," I answered, "is the Ypres salient, the bloody angle of the British line."

To mention the name of Ypres is to have one's memory awakened with a veritable kaleidoscope of pictures. That trail of light that jutted out into the night looked like a cape, and an iron cape it has been through months and years of war. But the holding of that cape has been at an awful cost, and there was not an inch along that trailing line of light that had not cost its trailing line of blood.

Just after the first gas attack in April, 1915, the whole countryside was in a panic. The roads were filled with civilians in alarm, fleeing down country, and with limbers and marching troops hastening up. I was passing through the town of Vlamerthigne, which is situated two miles beyond Ypres. In a field at the side of the road I saw a funeral party. It consisted of several pioneers, serving as grave-diggers, a gray-headed Scottish Major, and a Corporal's Guard to act as firing-party.

I learned that this inconspicuous group were burying the last original officer of a battalion of the Cameron Highlanders. The dead officer was a young subaltern, and the gray-haired old Major was his father, who had come from another regiment to attend the funeral of his son.

As they were lowering the body, wrapped in a gray blanket, into a grave, the old Major remonstrated: "No, not there, not there! He fought with his men in life, and he shall be buried with them in death."

So, over in a great deep trench, where a number of the rank and file of the fallen Camerons were already laid, the body of their dead subaltern was placed. As I saw the officer and his men of the bonnie Highland regiment thus laid to rest together, I thought of the requiem of Saul and

David: "They were beautiful in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

As the rifles rang out in a volley for the last farewell, a passing squadron of the Bengal Lancers, crack cavalry from the Khyber Pass, halted suddenly and came to the salute. Thus troopers from the Highlands of India paid their last respects to a fallen comrade from the Highlands of Scotland.

I was out of the trenches in hospital at the time that my dearest friend in France was killed. On first returning to the Front, I did not have the courage to visit his grave. I sent some of my men to plant flowers there, and after a time I went myself. That was my most poignant moment in France.

The flowers had sprung up and were blooming on his grave, and a little white cross stood there with the name of my beloved pal upon it. Near by stood another cross, bearing the name of his brother. I thought of what they two had done for their country, and of what their widowed mother had given, and beside those two white crosses, all that we living ones call sacrifice seemed to grow pale and fade into insignificance.

Verbranden Moulin, Hill 60, and Mount Sorrel are three hills to the left of Ypres. For Flanders in the summer of 1914 they were points in a landscape of beauty. For Canada today they are triple landmarks of glory and sorrow.

One morning in August, 1916, our Brigade of Artillery said "goodbye" to "Wipers." With mingled feelings I turned back in my saddle, and gazed long and intently at the tragic place that had cost us so much of our precious blood. The towers of the Cloth Hall and the Cathedral were in ruins. The high steeple of the Poperinghe church still stood. I was glad to bid these landmarks all goodbye, but in those fields and hills beyond I left my heart with many a fallen comrade. Often since my heart has journeyed back there to those same tragic fields in which they sleep. But I know that they are sleeping well, in the repose of those whose work is nobly done.

I think that some of our American allies, who are new to the sacrifice of this war, have not yet entered into its deeper and hidden meaning. As the long lists of inevitable American casualties appear in the newspapers, we must not

get into a panic of the soul, we must not pity the men who have fallen. They need no pity, and could they speak they would repudiate such maudlin sentiment. If the fallen Brave could talk to us, we know that it would be to tell us to envy them, and not to pity them, because their lives have found so glorious an ending.

Idealism wanes in prosperity and waxes in adversity. England has become a new England out of the adversities of this war, and in the same struggle a new America will be born.

I met a certain woman at dinner not long ago, a representative of that prosperous type of female referred to by the prophet Amos as the "Kine of Bashan." She waved her hands and deplored the fact that "poor dear General Pershing had to go to France!"

I said to her, "Madam, what are soldiers for?"

She replied, "Oh yes, but we may lose him."

I answered, "Did your country lose Stonewall Jackson when he died gloriously fighting at Chancellorsville? Did you lose any of your brave who have died for their country?"

Corporal Fisher was a college boy in Canada in the spring of 1914. In the spring of 1915 he was the bastion of the British line at Ypres. Only a schoolboy yesterday, but today, with the gray waves of Germans rolling towards him, he and his machine-gun were the rock on which the whole line held or broke.

Corporal Fisher was young in years, but he stuck to his post of duty, and died in the fullness of honor. In time to come schoolboys of our great Dominion will hear how Corporal Fisher won the Victoria Cross in his passing. His career so short, and yet so bright, will remain one of Canada's shining and everlasting possessions.

America is tiptoeing along the threshold of such new possessions. A galaxy of new names are about to burst forth in the pages of American history. We must not then forget the glory which is woven with our sorrow. Our dead who have fallen in battle shall sleep well in an alien land, and we who still remain must not withhold from them the pride which is their due.

ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

PROHIBITION AND THE STATES

BY FABIAN FRANKLIN

It is now for the State Legislatures to decide whether the amendment proposed by Congress, which decrees bone-dry prohibition throughout the Union, shall become an integral part of the Constitution of the United States. Whether the proposal will receive the kind of consideration and discussion which its importance calls for, remains to be seen. If there is to be any chance of such consideration and discussion, one condition, above all others, must be fulfilled—there must be a clear realization of what it is that is being done. In the brief debate that preceded the taking of the vote in the House of Representatives, such realization was conspicuously absent; a natural result, perhaps, of the short time-limit. And there is one point, in particular, which, so far as I have been able to find, was passed over altogether in the debate, and which it is of the first importance that the State Legislatures, and the constituencies which elect them, should have placed clearly before their eyes.

If this amendment shall be adopted, it will bring about a state of things which is in several respects absolutely unprecedented. It will be the first instance of a deliberate imposing upon the people of one State of the will of other States, in a matter affecting the ordinary daily life of the people of the State; it will be the first instance of prohibition decreed for the population of any great city in the world; but what I here wish particularly to direct attention to is that it will decree prohibition in a manner essentially different from that which has obtained even in the States and parts of States in which prohibition has existed. I do not refer to any circumstances concerning the effectiveness of its enforcement; what I have in mind is the character of the decree itself—the way in which it is riveted down. There is no substantial analogy between an enactment put into a

State Constitution and one that is made part of the Constitution of the United States. In nearly all of our States the Constitution can be changed by a process that is not much more formidable than the passing of an ordinary law; in none is the process comparable in difficulty to that of amending the Constitution of the United States. If the people of any State desire to repeal or modify the act by which they inserted prohibition into their State Constitution, that desire has only to be made clearly manifest in order to be accomplished. But once imbed such a provision in the Constitution of the United States, and it will not only be impossible for the people of a single State to repeal or in any way modify it, but it will be next to impossible for the people of the United States to do so.

The question has widely different aspects for various sections of the country, and its character in States that have no large cities is utterly dissimilar from what it is in States with large urban and metropolitan populations. It will accordingly be almost hopeless to bring home to the people of the former class of States the objections found against it in the latter class. And yet so long as thirteen States, however small, however remote from the great centers of population, hold out against repeal, the bone-dry prohibition of the Federal Constitution will stand, and everyone of the forty-eight States must live under it. It will be possible, in this state of things, for thirteen States whose aggregate population in the census of 1910 was less than five million to keep prohibition riveted upon all the rest of the hundred million people of the United States. In other words, we are asked not only to decree prohibition, but to decree it in such a manner as virtually to take away our power ever to annul the decree.

If the nature of the proposed act, as thus indicated, should be brought clearly home to the minds of the people and the legislators of the various States, it ought to be within the bounds of practical possibility that even some of the States which have enacted prohibition for themselves will decline to impose it upon other States. Millions of Americans have favored local prohibition within the State —under "local option" laws—but have been opposed to State-wide prohibition. They have recognized that what was desirable for certain parts of the State, and especially for certain fairly homogeneous communities, was not desir-

able for the entire population of the State. But the argument against nation-wide prohibition and in favor of State control is infinitely stronger than the argument against State-wide prohibition and in favor of local option. It would be so even were there not in the case that element of hopeless rigidity which has just been dwelt upon.

The man who votes for State prohibition in Georgia or Vermont votes for it on the basis of the conditions he knows to exist in his own State; and besides the circumstance of those conditions being radically different in New York or Pennsylvania, the Georgian or Vermonter may—and if he is a good American should—feel that the question is one which the people of New York or Pennsylvania are competent to decide for themselves, and upon which it is not his business to coerce them. There would therefore be no inconsistency whatever in a State which would adopt prohibition for itself refusing to take a hand in forcing it upon others. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that when a State *has* adopted prohibition for itself, it has not deprived itself of the right to change its decision whenever it may change its mind on the subject. When Vermont or Georgia votes for prohibition within its own borders, it leaves future generations of Vermonters or Georgians free to deal with the question as they may see fit; when it votes for a prohibition amendment to the United States Constitution it votes not only to coerce other States, but to abdicate for all time its own control of the subject within its own borders. In view of all this, the rejection of national prohibition by a State that had adopted prohibition for itself ought to be regarded not as a freak, but as an evidence of political sense and moral courage.

Especially is this true of the Southern States, and for more reasons than one. Not only are the States of the South peculiarly interested in the preservation of the principle of control of State concerns by State authorities, but in this particular matter of prohibition they were moved to take the action they did by considerations inseparably connected with their own special conditions. Had it not been for the question of the effect of liquor on the negroes, it is inconceivable that State after State of the South should have been swept into the prohibition camp in such rapid succession; but even apart from the negro element, the evil of drink has been

far more pervasive in the South than in New York or Massachusetts or Ohio, while the better side of drinking—its contribution to rational enjoyment, relaxation and refreshment—has been far less of a factor. If the Southern States, simply because they desire prohibition for themselves, are going to cast their weight upon the scales to fasten prohibition upon those States—be they few or many—that do not wish to live under that régime, they will remove the last vestige of support for any protest that they may hereafter wish to set up against Federal encroachment upon their control of their own affairs.

And such encroachment, it must be remembered, need not by any means take the shape of an amendment to the Constitution. The crucial instance in the past was the famous "Force Bill," which was designed to place elections under the control of the Federal Government. The bill had behind it an abundant majority in both houses of Congress, and was undoubtedly regarded as just in its aims by an overwhelming majority of the people outside the South. Its defeat was accomplished by resolute obstruction; but there can be no doubt that this obstruction would have broken down had it not had behind it the moral force of the principle of local self-government. Rightful as the people of the North regarded the intent of the measure to be—the safeguarding of the suffrage conferred on the negroes by the Fifteenth Amendment—they were not indignant at the determination of the South to prevent its enactment. They approved the end, but they realized the force of the objection to the means. Not even to secure the carrying out of what had already been ordained by a war-bought amendment to the Constitution, were they disposed to insist on the adoption of this measure of centralization in the face of the determined opposition of the Southern States. And once defeated, the project has never been revived; the forlorn-hope fight of the anti-force bill obstructionists resulted not only in victory but in the permanent settlement of the question at issue.

Who knows when an issue of the same moment may arise in the future, or what shape it may take? Who knows what dissension, what bitterness or discontent, may be produced by the decision of such an issue in the opposite sense—a decision in favor of central domination and against self-government in the States? And if this prohibition prece-

dent is now set, what bulwark will remain to hinder such a decision?

The issue thus involved is not that of any abstract or legalistic doctrine of State rights. It concerns not a juristic or technical interpretation of the Constitution. The principle at stake is, indeed, inseparably associated with the letter and spirit of that instrument, and with its historic origin; but it is more than that. It has formed an essential part of the American tradition, it has been a life-giving element in our whole political history. Take away the sense that each State has a right to order its purely internal affairs according to its own desires, and you condemn to inevitable decay, slow perhaps but sure, the public life of every one of them. One encroachment will succeed another; and it will not take many to reduce the boundary lines of the States to little more political significance than attaches to parallels of latitude or meridians of longitude.

This language would be too strong if the prohibition question were not one that belongs so emphatically to the class of questions of purely internal concern. Of course, there is nothing in the world that is literally and absolutely of "purely internal concern"; the interests of Alabama or Kansas cannot fail to be affected in some degree by anything that affects conditions in New York or Illinois. But except in this unreasonable sense, it is no concern of the people of Alabama what action the people of New York may take in regard to the drink question; and except in an extremely minor and feeble way, no pretense has been made that the prohibition amendment is to be passed because it is a matter of inter-State concern. The ground upon which it has been urged is that, in the opinion of those who back it, it is intrinsically right, beneficial, desirable; and some States are to be compelled to live under it simply because other States think they ought to.

Obviously, there is no assignable limit to the range which coercion of this kind may take; and if the prohibition amendment is adopted, no excuse or apology will hereafter have to be made for the exercise of such coercion. If the regulation of drinking is not a question over which the separate States can assert their separate jurisdiction, nothing is.

I trust that enough has been said to show that the ques-

tion of national prohibition by Constitutional amendment demands the gravest possible consideration even by the people of those States which have adopted prohibition for themselves. But in the drive that is about to be made by the Anti-Saloon League to bring about the adoption of the prohibition amendment, we may be sure that it will not only be assumed that the twenty-seven "dry" States will vote for ratification as a matter of course, but every one of the other States will be urged to get on the prohibition "band-wagon" with a rush—to accept the inevitable rather than attempt any resistance. But if resistance is a duty in the case of legislators who, while favoring prohibition at home, realize the grave objections to forcing it upon communities of a totally different character, and the deep injury to the whole character of American life which is to be apprehended from the establishment of such a precedent, much more is resistance a duty on the part of those who are opposed to prohibition in their own States.

Every State that wants to preserve personal liberty within its own borders upon the subject of drink should feel doubly and trebly bound to fight with all its strength a proposal which would not only impose prohibition upon its own people, but impose it through Federal coercion, impose it upon all other States regardless of their separate will, and impose it in a form that, humanly speaking, makes any reconsideration forever impossible.

During the agitation for national prohibition by Constitutional amendment carried on by the Anti-Saloon League, William H. Anderson, one of the foremost, and probably altogether the most energetic and effective of its directing heads, thus stated the position of that powerful organization:

> The Anti-Saloon League is not asking any member of Congress to declare that he is in favor of national prohibition, but simply that he shall not become an avowed exponent and protector of the liquor traffic by refusing to vote to allow the people of the nation, by States, through their representatives, to determine this question in the manner provided therefor by the framers of the Constitution.

False as this view is, obviously as it is at variance with the intent of the Constitution and with any sound understanding of the responsibility resting upon Congress, there can be no doubt that it exercised a great influence among the members of that body. It chimed in only too well with

the disposition so widely prevalent to vote on such an issue not in the way dictated by one's own conviction, but in the way that is supposed likely to incur the least odium in any important quarter. At least one of the speakers in the final debate avowed that he was simply passing the question on to the States. How many of the votes were cast in this spirit, it is impossible to say. But surely it is not extravagant to assume that more than nine of the 282 votes cast for the proposal may be thus accounted for; and a change of nine votes from yea to nay would have sufficed to defeat the amendment.

Neither Congress nor any State should shirk its responsibility; the very essence of the process of adopting a Constitutional amendment lies in its subjection to the *bona fide* judgment both of Congress and of the States—its ability to command the approval, first, of two-thirds of each house of Congress, and secondly, of the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. The Anti-Saloon League endeavored—with how much success no one can tell—to take the life out of the first part of this requirement on the plea that only the second part ought to be considered as involving any real responsibility; let it not now be permitted, upon any plea whatsoever, to reduce the second part—the question of ratification by the States—to a similar condition of nervelessness. In every State in which there is any considerable opposition to this revolutionary, and yet irreversible, innovation, this unprecedented attempt to standardize the habits of life of all the people of a great nation, that opposition should be asserted with an energy and persistence commensurate with the importance of the issue.

It may perhaps be thought by some that the emphasis placed in this article upon the character of the coercion which this amendment proposes to put upon the States, the contrast between its nature and that of other provisions of the Constitution, is somewhat greater than the facts justify. If so, a little reflection will, I believe, suffice to remove that feeling.

The Fifteenth Amendment does forbid the denial by any State of the right of suffrage on the ground of race, color or previous condition of servitude; and the original instrument provides that no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts. But whatever objection may, from the standpoint of State autonomy, be made against

either of these provisions, it is at least clear that their object is the preservation of rights regarded by its framers as fundamental. Their intent is, broadly speaking, of the same nature as that of the provision in the original instrument by which the United States is required to "guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." Infinitely different from anything of this kind would be the imbedding in the Constitution of an act of legislative control over the mode of life which may be permitted to the inhabitants of the various States. Nothing in the least degree resembling such restraint is contained in any existing provision of the Constitution.

Finally, apart from all questions of self-government for the States, and all questions of personal liberty for the individual, the insertion of the prohibition amendment into the Constitution of the United States would constitute a deplorable degradation of its character. The Constitution is not perfect; it has been amended to its advantage, and will need to be amended in the future. But there is a noble simplicity about it, which is an incalculable factor in its strength. It does not undertake to lay down prescriptions about the multifarious matters which belong to the domain of ordinary legislation. Its injunctions, whether positive or negative, relate to fundamentals, and are the embodiment of broad and deep political convictions. To introduce into it the decision of a special question like that of the control of drink, however strong the wave of public feeling that may seem to be behind that decision, is to lower the level and weaken the authority of the whole instrument. The Constitution has often been criticized as being too difficult of amendment; the criticism will gain infinitely in force if instead of being, as it now is, simply an instrument for safeguarding the fundamentals of government in a Federal Republic, the Constitution is to become a recourse for those who, having at any given time gained the favor of the people for some alluring propaganda, seek to amalgamate their special project with the enduring structure of the great instrument which embodies the organic law of the nation.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

AN INTELLECTUAL EQUIVALENT OF "STUDENT ACTIVITIES"

BY CHARLES F. THWING

PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

"STUDENT activities" is one of the charming paradoxes of the academic life and lingo. The phrase stands for those doings which college men plan and manage by and for themselves. In its classification is included all athletic sports, dramatic clubs, musical societies, debating teams, class contests of many sorts, fraternities, Young Men's Christian Associations, and fun and sport of all kinds and conditions. The common characteristic of all these affairs is found in their origin and continuation in the students themselves, without specific or particular reference to college regulations or guardianship. Their executive relation, and not their intellectual, their communal fellowship, standing for coöperation of certain or all parts of the student body, represent the essential element. Initiative and creativeness, voluntariness and happy freedom, are parts of this undergraduate process. Comprehensively, "*This,*" the fellows say, "is college life." It is a microcosm of life extramural. It is declared to be "the real thing!" "Latin —what have we to do with Horace's Odes or Cicero's Letters? No one writes like either of them today!" "Philosophy—what is that? Knowing nothing about nothing, and saying less!" "Greek—who cares for such an outlandish and antique thing as that? It is deader than a door-nail!" This life, it may be added, is really doing on a small field and by identical methods, in somewhat different materials and under unlike conditions, what one will do in the life subsequent to the academic days and years.

The attitude of the students themselves to these activities is most interesting and significant. For the majority it is an attitude of approbation, or participation, and of much happiness. To the formal scholar, the studious stu-

dent, they may not be of interest. But the formal scholar and the studious student is no longer the most general representative of the academic body. He is indeed the still small voice, the tender of the lamp, the priest at the altar of learning. But his devotion fails to command the respect, or to quicken the commendation, or to arouse the enthusiasm, once willingly given. One wishes that such were not the condition. One could, and does, desire that every student were a tender of the lamp, a priest at the altar, a prophet of scholarship. Perhaps some day a college may be founded which shall gather in such alien spirits.

The comprehensive question I wish to ask is, therefore: Can the interest which students now give to their own self-originating, self-administrative activities, be carried over to what the teachers of these students are still inclined to regard as their chief business? The question is rather serious. For, with full appreciation of the worth of the minor elements of a college education, the higher education cannot, will not, and ought not, to survive with these minor elements made major, and the major made minor.

The suggestion which I wish to offer in answer to the question is based upon the using of the creative and executive element in character—that element in fact which is most conspicuous and fundamental in the " activities "—as a more constant and formative method for reaching the mind of the student and for quickening that mind unto hard working. My meaning I can make clear by its application to specific studies. Let me apply my suggestion at once to that subject which possibly is of all subjects the least popular, to wit, mathematics. If it is the least popular, it is in certain respects the most important, not only because of the severity of its discipline, but also because of its relation to most scientific subjects. It is unpopular both because it demands profound and accurate thinking and also because it is by many regarded as utterly unpractical. It is said that mathematics has no relationship to what the student is going to do in life. Most of the mathematics taught in the undergraduate college is pure. My point is this, Can this pure mathematics be made applied? Can trigonometry, for instance, which, under a required system, is usually taken in the Freshmen year and which is hated by most members of that class, be at once applied to the problem of surveying fields, or of sailing ships? I have known Freshmen to study

trigonometry for eighteen weeks and to have no more idea of the purpose of sine, cosine, and logarithms, than they have of the weather fourteen years ahead. They might just as well have been learning Chinese characters as a means for quickening interest or securing power. If actual ships cannot be sailed—as they usually cannot—can certain actual lands be measured? Of course the lands can be measured, and the campus surveyed!

English, too, is a subject quite as common as mathematics in the Freshman year. The dislike of it is less deep and less general than of the severer subject. But it is so taught in that year as seldom to arouse enthusiasm. Cannot it be made to have the interest of the creative processes? There are three things which all graduates do. First, they talk constantly. Second, they write letters frequently. Third, they make an interpretation in writing of some force or method or event occasionally. These three things are pretty intimate to their life. Can teachers make courses in what are called "oral English" quickening to intellectual taste, formative of judgment, enlarging to sympathies? Can teachers so teach the writing of letters, either business for their succinctness or absolute clearness, or friendly for their charm, as to make these men believe that to write letters is one of the most precious results of education? Can teachers so oblige men to describe a football game, or a fire, or a chemical experiment, or the building or equipment of a biological laboratory, as to cause the undergraduate intellect to know and to feel that the power of interpretation is really worth gaining? One does not ask for letters like Byron's, nor for interpretations like Huxley's. But one does ask for writing just as good as this youth of nineteen can give.

Writing is taught in college altogether too much like Hegel's philosophy, as a pistol shot out of pure space. It is so taught that it has little interest and small relationship. If the content were interesting and inspiring, the writing which embodies the content would be made also interesting and inspiring. Most students really have nothing to write, and, therefore, they write this nothing unto nothingness. If they had ideas, they would write these ideas with clearness and force, even if not with some sense of beauty. Therefore, our writing should be taught less by and for itself. It should be taught more and more as a part of every course in the college. It would be well to submit all papers in every other de-

partment to the English teachers for judgment and for criticism.

History, too, is a subject which has been made more interesting in recent years. Yet to many men it still seems remote and unrelated to present conditions and forces. The problem is, Can history be made to have the interest which the undergraduate activities possess? In answering this question one of my associates says:

"I believe in practical work for college students in history. But whatever I write now I write with fear and hesitation lest my suggestions should be exaggerated or misunderstood. . . . I have lived long enough to distrust radical reforms and to know that methods of teaching must take into account existing conditions, traditions and prejudices. It has seemed to me college authorities have it within their power to start a back-fire, so to speak, against the popular student activities which leave too little room for the real work of the college student. I think I can see why such activities are popular. They set the student to work in a practical way. He earns recognition from his fellows. In my view the problem of the college teacher, particularly of history, is to put the students to work in such a way that they will earn recognition by work as well as by play. Our handicap is that it takes longer to train a student to be a skilled worker in history than a successful athlete or manager of a student activity. The task is to harness and employ the energies and ambitions of students along practical and, wherever possible, productive lines, supplementary to the process of acquiring information. Red-blooded students unconsciously weary of merely listening and absorbing. The process is a prolonged one in these days of four-year high schools, almost colleges in methods and ideals. It would perhaps be treason to my profession to admit to the students that they had any business growing weary of learning. I fear they do.

" My suggestion is that ways be found to set them to work collecting sources of local history, assembling the sources for the study of special problems and exercises, and later in using these sources in arriving at conclusions, and still later in writing up these conclusions from the study of the sources into essays. Some of these essays may be selected for publication in the local periodicals. Probably only a few students would succeed in dealing successfully with the sources in the later stages, but such ones would have a recognition and a

satisfaction in having their work published. This plan seeks to combine three methods—the ripened views of the lecturer in the formal lecture, the reading of selected authorities, and, finally, the student practical exercises. . . I see no reason why the plan will not be workable. However, it requires time to elaborate a technique and secure the means and equipment." Thus, with wisdom and inspiration born of experience, writes Professor Benton.

"I shall not apply my proposal to every department of the college. But I may be suffered to seek to adjust it at least to one other field, and that is the field of the social sciences. In the great domain of government, of economics, of sociology, would it be possible for the heads of these departments to seek to make of the college an ideal commonwealth? A commonwealth republican, with bodies for legislative, judicial and executive functions, a state under which all forms and processes of government should be made plain, impressive, and quickening to the student-citizen. Would it be feasible for the principles and the methods, the conditions and the forces, the difficulties, the causes and the results, which government stands for, to be made a part of his studies and of his life? Of course, such an intimation represents a big and complex job. It is a job, however, most worthy of prolonged and profound consideration."

Regarding the proposition to which I thus give a bare outline, I wish to make two remarks in conclusion. First, this suggestion is not designed to serve that select group of students whose primary interests are already intellectual. They can be, and are, approached directly and immediately through their minds. It is designed to serve that large body whose primary interests are not intellectual, but whose minds should be quickened and enlarged in great human relationships. If, for the select group, the will and character are approached through the intellect, for the larger number the intellect is to be approached through the will. My second remark is that the application of this method would lay untried methods and conditions upon many teachers. In the use of such methods and conditions, teachers would need to exercise great patience with themselves and with their students, and possibly their students, too, would not be entirely free from the need of exercising a similar virtue and grace toward their teachers.

CHARLES F. THWING.

MADONNA OF THE EVENING FLOWERS

BY AMY LOWELL

All day long I have been working,
Now I am tired.
I call: "Where are you?"
But there is only the oak tree rustling in the wind.
The house is very quiet,
The sun shines in on your books,
On your scissors and thimble just put down,
But you are not there.
Suddenly I am lonely:
Where are you?
I go about searching.

Then I see you,
Standing under a spire of pale blue larkspur,
With a basket of roses on your arm.
You are cool, like silver,
And you smile.
I think the Canterbury bells are playing little tunes.

You tell me that the peonies need spraying,
That the columbines have overrun all bounds,
That the pyrus japonica should be cut back and rounded.
You tell me these things.
But I look at you, heart of silver,
White heart-flame of polished silver,
Burning beneath the blue steeples of the larkspur.
And I long to kneel instantly at your feet,
While all about us peal the loud, sweet *Te Deums* of the Canterbury bells.

AMY LOWELL.

COMMUNION

BY WINIFRED WELLES

With delicate, white hands the priest has laid
His usual blessing on the wine and bread,
And to each broken figure, each bent head
The symbol brought, the silver cup conveyed.
The candles peer, uneasy and afraid,
Like small, grey faces of the mournful dead,
And up and down the aisles the organ's dread
And doubt and grief and gravity have strayed.

Softly the stained glass windows split apart,
Their ineffectual angels pine and pass—
I am upright and proud. Whom I seek now
Sudden and sure as dawn breaks in my heart—
And I tread stars as intimately as grass,
Touch light as though it were a golden bough.

LIFETIME

I am the river, I have been immense
With hope, great as the inner heart of spring—
The reeds have heard my husky whispering
Through fiery noontides heavy with suspense.
Between the ruins of magnificence,
Stained and autumnal, one last dirge I sing,
And then among my white beards muttering
Grow old and sleep into indifference.
I have no returning, onward is best,
Close to the dark, sweet earth in every place,
But there's the sky's mark hidden in my breast,
And a star's shadow falling on my face.
Where shining spaces wait to fill with me,
Death is the beautiful and bitter sea.

WINIFRED WELLES.

DOSTOIEVSKY'S MYSTICAL TERROR

BY CHARLES GRAY SHAW

It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God, but that is what happened to Fydor Dostoievsky. It was not Russia, vast, fantastic, terrible, but real existence as such which wrung from his soul his tales of self-inquisition. "Reality has caught me upon a hook"; this chance expression in one of his romances of reality is the confessed secret of the anguished author. Dostoievsky is Russia, and "the Russian soul is a dark place." Having said this of his own land, Dostoievsky, without playing upon Amiel's pretty epigram, "the landscape is a state of the soul," proceeds to show us how the outer darkness pervades his own soul. He knows not why, but at dusk there comes over him an oppressive and agonizing state of mind difficult to define, but recognizable in the form of "mystical terror." Because of his pessimistic realism, Dostoievsky is not to be understood by any attempt to force his stubborn thought into the pens of conventional literature; "standard authors" afford us no analogies, so that it is only by relating the Russian to Job, Ezekiel, and the author of the Apocalypse that we are able to make headway in reading Dostoievsky. Hoffmann, Poe, and Baudelaire played with the terrible as a boy plays with toy spiders and snakes; but their soul-states knew no Siberias, their mental hides escaped the hooks of reality.

With the several volumes of Dostoievsky weighing one's book-shelves down or with the ponderous pages spread out before perplexed eyes, the reader cannot comprehend Dostoievsky as artist unless the reader is prepared to look upon art as absolute. Style is swallowed up in significance, technique surrenders to subject; for the story *is* something, not about something. As architecture and music are arts which refuse to represent something other than themselves,

but are real and representative together, so the art of Dostoievsky, instead of being pictorial and imitative, is so much reality spread out before one's gaze. The idea becomes fact, the mental solidifies, and that which is said is no more, no less, than that which took place. The story is a stream which carries river-bank and river-bed along with it, while huge cakes of reality float upon the surface. Some of this Russian realism Dostoievsky learned from Gogol, and, like many another ardent Slav, he beheld the troika of Russia speeding its nocturnal way like a thunderbolt from Heaven upon some mad mission of God. But Dostoievsky had no one to guide him when in his Slavonic demonism he turned "Russian" into an adjective capable of qualifying things most absolute. In this spirit, he speaks of "Russian sympathy" as if to suggest that the human heart has resources of compassion which man outside Russia has not been permitted to feel. Only the Russian nation is "god-bearing"; in such a land alone may one say, "an atheist can't be a Russian." In his egregious zeal for the Slavonic mood, Dostoievsky goes so far as to speak of "the Russian God," who, he admits, is in danger of being overcome by cheap vodka.

It is imperative to consider Dostoievsky's art from an intensive standpoint as so much psychology, but a psychology which would strain one of our modern laboratories, while its Russian aspects would disconcert what is popularly known as "sociology." The Russian writer chooses to style it "double-edged psychology," whose methods of analysis are so painful to the subject that he cries out, "Don't rummage in my soul; cursed be all those who pry into the human heart." Dostoievsky's fascinating fear of psychology was probably due to the fact that his most precious moments of introspection were enjoyed in connection with his experiences as an epileptic. In the midst of his mystical terror, the spirit rends his soul, while he screams as though another person were crying out within his own soul. Nevertheless, this epileptic experience has its heights of transfiguration, since the sufferer with his "special, sudden idea" is able to behold the "highest synthesis of life." Entering in true Russian fashion, without knocking, Reality informs him that such an exalted moment is worth one's whole life, while it further conveys the tidings that, after all, the whole world is lovely, like trees, flowers,

and children. Reduced to exact formulation, as though a moral maxim were concealed in that which is epileptic and existential, this real moment persuades the sufferer that "compassion is the only law of human existence," just as it gives him apocalyptical assurance that time shall be no more. This eternal love of All comes in blinding flashes, but from the tangled light-rays he weaves a web of moral and religious meaning.

However vague and disconnected the soul-states of Dostoievsky may appear, it is doubtful whether his readers can deny that they are wholly free from such "special, sudden ideas." In practically every mind, no matter how much common sense there may be, there are occasional whirlpools and explosions which show how untamed are human ideas and impulses. At heart, all tend to feel somewhat of Dostoievsky's mystic terror, even when they have the mystical tendencies and their better natures pretty well under control. As an exceptional psychologist of the dark Russian soul, Dostoievsky is fond of rearing unexpected islands in the stream of consciousness. Every plan for the murder carefully made, Raskolnikov, the hero in *Crime and Punishment,* lies down to wait for the coming of the necessary darkness. The resolution to kill his victim has been forged; the hatchet is by his side. Now, in this moment of waiting, he is as it were in Egypt on some palm-dotted oasis; camel and caravan rest quietly, man and beast drink alike from the murmuring stream as it flows over the many-colored stones and golden spangles of the sandy bottom. Between the idea of diabolical preparation and the impulse which leads to the bloody execution of his plan does this remote and charming picture pass in the mind of the murderer. Another example of unexpected abstraction occurs in *The Idiot,* where Lebedev, the money lender, who is just bereft of his wife, spends the night upon his knees, but praying for the repose of the Countess Du Barry's soul. Dmitri Karamazov, about to leap from the darkness and murder his father, notes with great care how the light from the window of the paternal mansion intensifies the red of the berries upon the near-by bush; in the criminal court where he undergoes searching examination, he is fascinated by the amethyst in the prosecutor's ring. Instead of following a scientific psychology, which would make the soul-state a mere appendage to the event in nature, Dostoievsky is

persuaded that consciousness has tides which rise and fall in response to an unearthly influence.

Two general principles seem to guide Dostoievsky's contemplation of life: one is anthropological in its attempt to define man and place him in a habitat; the other is racial, and seeks to analyze the Russian soul. As an anthropologist, Dostoievsky refuses to subsume man under the genus homo, just as he is unwilling to assign him to earth as his home. "Man," said Pascal, "is neither beast nor angel—*ni bête, ni ange.*" According to Dostoievsky's calculation, *man is either beast or angel,* since he is never merely man; or, to use his own language, man is a "diamond set in the dirty background of life." Wholly wanting in Laodicean conceptions of life, the artist prefers to regard man in Gadarean fashion, a beast demonized from without. "It has always been a mystery to me," says he, "and I have marvelled a thousand times at that faculty in man (and in the Russian, I believe, more especially) of cherishing in his soul his loftiest ideal side by side with the most abject baseness, and all quite sincerely." In his mystic intuition of life, Dostoievsky could behold nothing between the black, barren earth and the endless shining of the sky; from which follows the fact that, as he says, "the man with the ideal of Sodom in his soul does not renounce the ideal of the Madonna." The climax of this crass view occurs in the clever but unhappy twist given to the words of the Latin humanist: *Satan sum et nihil humani me alienum puto.*

The anthropology which makes of man a beast-angel is accompanied by an exalted sociology which makes of Russia a peculiar blending of Tartar and Buddhist. With the Russian, there is no such thing as mere living; man must either assert or deny the will to live. For this reason, the interpretation of Dostoievsky must be carried on in the courts of a super-psychology and a major morality; if the reader clings to his traditional ideas of man as a creature of common consciousness and proper morality, he will soon be floundering in the flotsam of Dostoievsky's turbid soul-stuff. Schiller, whom he admired, looked upon man as a chemical combination of sense and reason finely synthesized through æsthetic education; but Dostoievsky himself can concoct no plan suitable for uniting the Tartar beast with the Buddhist angel; hence, he says of his Russian, '*Grattez le russe et vous verrez le tartare.*' Catalogue the characters

which move about in the romances of this Slavonic apostle, and you will find, never a human being, but always an animal or an angel. Out of such a social appreciation of his own race, he extracts an opposed pair of moral categories wholly distinct from the ethical presumptions of extra-Russian moralists; they are those of strength and weakness, of super-strength which makes man worse than bad, of victorious weakness which makes the man better than the good.

Enthralled by the idea of a super-strong consciousness which turns human blood to lava or moulten iron, Dostoievsky makes Milton's Satan and Nietzsche's blond beast appear quite amateurish and unconvincing; the strong Slav is a reality in the artistic experience of the writer. "Strong natures," says he, "often find it difficult to bear the burden of their strength." Prominent among these strong ones is Raskolnikov, who raises his nervous will to the n^{th} power of human volition; strictly speaking, Raskolnikov has no will, but a volition-channel through which the vicious assertiveness of the Tartar rushes like a spring freshet. The most systematic treatment of undue strength is found in *The Brothers Karamazov,* which celebrates the "primitive force of the Karamazovs, a crude, unbridled earth-force, a thirst for life regardless of everything." Other nations, he tells us, may have their Hamlets, but the Russians have their Karamazovs. Dostoievsky's strong one turns to crime to cleanse his soul of the sense of power whose superabundance has become a burden to him. In this spirit, Rogozhin, in *The Idiot,* with a garden-knife slays a family of six for the sake of killing them, from which act of disinterested deviltry he turns to the murder of his beautiful bride. Prince Harry, in *The Possessed,* that Gadarean swine story, bites off the ear of the old count who in his deafness is trying to hear what the youth has to say. Famous among Dostoievsky's tales of terror is that of the two peasants who go to bed in the same room, whereupon one cuts the other's throat because of the silver watch which his friend carries, although the murderer has neither need of nor desire for the time-piece. To make the matter still more unearthly, the artist assures us that the foul act was accompanied by a fervid prayer on the part of the bloodthirsty man, who ejaculates, "God, forgive me for Christ's sake." Again, a young girl reads the story of a Jew who, having cut off

the fingers of a child, crucifies it with no regret save that the Golgothan period of the child's suffering was limited to a paltry four hours. Not content with absorbing this touch of Sadism, the fair maid often imagines that she herself is the Jew, while she adds a personal touch to the story by expressing the idea that, had she done the deed, she should want to sit by the cross "*eating pineapple compote.*" According to Dostoievsky's amiable psychology of strength, everybody loves crime, just as everybody in the Karamazov community loved Dmitri, who was believed to have killed his father. To such a murderous major premise, the artist adds a minor one to the effect that, as a matter of fact, one always wants to kill one's father. Astounded as one may well be by such tales and such interpretations, one should consider that the news which keeps journalism alive is habitually pessimistic, since it is made up of columns of human sin and human sorrow, just as one may recall the further fact that the Man of the Evangel warned His disciples that out of the heart of man come such things as wickedness, deceit, foolishness, murder.

Side by side with such frank frightfulness, for which even the German U-boat fleet can hardly prepare us, Dostoievsky loves to place accompanying tales of excessive want and extravagant self-abasement. From tropic to poles his art passes without literary inconsistency. In his hands, the story shifts from the Slavonic to the Sanskrit, while a word from him turns the Cossack into a Buddhist. Meanwhile, we are kept wondering just when man in the European and American sense will make his appearance. The underlying philosophy of Dostoievsky puzzles the eyes of reading-room and magazine-people, because this philosophy puts the negation of life upon a par with life-assertion. "The law of self-preservation and the law of self-destruction," says he, "are equally strong in humanity." Thus the Hindu becomes the match for the Tartar, while the Buddhist hypnotizes the Cossack. Walking side by side with the ferocious characters and enjoying their crimson confidence too are so many gentle souls whose sense of want and whose capacity for compassion make them strange bedfellows. Prominent among these amateur angels appear Vanya, in *Injured and Insulted,* Prince Myshkin, the "idiot," and Alesha, of the family Karamazov. With such, the need of negation and the nostalgia for the Nought

expresses itself quite frankly in connection with suicide as a fine art. Self-destruction is not at all uncommon; fear of dishonor, disappointed love, and even the high cost of living instruct the coroner in his search for causes. However, Shakespeare and Schopenhauer have indulged in the casuistry of self-destruction, so that suicide is a topic about which we are, as it were, pretty well informed. But, according to Dostoievsky, no one has a right to take his life for a cause; if there must be suicide, it must be for no reason at all. In this manner, Kraft, in *Injured and Insulted,* takes his own precious and promising life, because the science of craniology and anthropology have led him to the conclusion that the Russians are a second-rate race, so that to live as a Russian is not worth while. The young consumptive in *The Idiot* contemplates but does not consummate suicide, not because of his malady, but simply because the spectacle of life appears in itself repulsive. Stavrogin, in *The Possessed,* is perfectly willing to slip the noose about his neck, but fears that such a display of courage may create the impression of a soul-greatness which he did not possess. Kirollov, the practical and successful man of affairs, is anxious to take his useful life simply because he has no reason for so doing. "The highest point of self-will," so he argues, "is to kill myself with my own hands. To do this without any cause at all I shall be the only one." For himself, Dostoievsky concludes that life is at its best when its tides are at their lowest ebb, its colors of an infra-red tint. The best man is the least of men, a kind of idiot who possesses just enough volition and ideation to continue diplomatic relations with life. Good and bad, life and death are one; at the same time, all souls are open to the one world; the endless publicity of Siberian existence had taught Dostoievsky that bitter lesson. "In truth," he says, "we are each responsible for all, and it's only men who don't know this. If they did, the earth would be a paradise at once." This oneness of human life on earth is the source of the artist's sympathism; all may be walled in, but there are no separating partitions. Sorrow is sacred, hence the monk, in *The Brothers Karamazov,* bows in reverence before the suffering in store for the young villain. More striking and better known than this episode is the incident in *Crime and Punishment* where Raskolnikov kisses the feet of the despised street-girl, and says, "I do

not bow down to you personally, but to suffering humanity in your person." Such a text is the essence of the Russian novel.

Dostoievsky's theology is neither the latitudinarianism of Berlin nor the anthropomorphism of the Kaiser. Instead of accepting the idea of God, he finds no possible way of rejecting the notion. The Psalmist admitted that the fool might say, *non est deus,* even when he did not think it; but Dostoievsky cannot admit the possibility of the atheistic *dixit.* The atheist, he thinks, " will always be talking about something else." Like his favorite character, Alesha Karamazov, Dostoievsky seems to say, " I am not rebelling against God; I simply don't accept his world." Dostoievsky's rejection of the world is due to the pessimistic perception that the planet is the place of disorder, which fact makes possible the art of the Russian, even when his æsthetic capitalization of the cosmic chaos is not quite the same as that of the munition-maker's. That which gave Dostoievsky his deepest wound was the thought that, when the Man appeared, the earth had no place for Him except Golgotha. It was indeed for the sake of the Man that all things were made, and without Him all were madness; yet the fact that the laws of the planet did not spare Him proves that " the very laws of the planet are a lie, and the vaudeville of Devils." There are places in the art of Thomas Hardy where the condemnation of the planet is no less strident; but Hardy proceeds to his bitter conclusions in a spirit less tender and less evangelical. Of the Russian it may be said that this is perhaps the only place in his æsthetic system where the mystic becomes malicious; even here his indignation assumes no more threatening an aspect than that of the " suffering smile."

If atheists are always talking about something else than the Deity whose existence they would deny, Dostoievsky showed his willingness to listen to their rash utterances; it was as a mere listener at Fourier meetings that he was condemned and exiled. These atheists who pour henbane into the ear seem to have reduced the cosmic proportions of the Deity until God became little more than a magnified Man, and as such an undesirable citizen. Much of this fervent anthropomorphism may be traced to the Hegelianism of Feuerbach and others whom nihilists like Turgeniev had studied in Germany; some of it was elaborated upon a quasi-

political basis, as if God were a sort of Czar. This "god," so Dostoievsky hears, is to be deposed and exiled; "then they will divide history into two parts: from the gorilla to the annihilation of God, and from the annihilation of God to the transformation of the earth and of man." Convinced that atheism cannot be fact, thought, or even word, Dostoievsky further has compassion for "God," as for all other unfortunates. In this spirit, he makes the convict say, "If they drive God from earth, we will shelter Him underground; and then we men underground will sing from the bowels of earth a glorious hymn to God." In general, Dostoievsky's art is a subterranean song, his religion the bowels of cosmic compassion. God torments him with inner calamities as He used to torment the patriarch Job, but Dostoievsky still trusts; the world seems like the Devil's vaudeville, yet he stoops to kiss the black earth. Man is naked and a beggar rejected by both heaven and earth, but man may walk in the light, and while he *is* nothing he may see everything.

It was Dostoievsky's fate to be possessed of a primitive and patriarchal spirit and be called upon to display this in an age of industry. Place him in the world when creation was fresh and when the newest winds of Heaven fanned faces not yet furrowed by doubt and care, and your Dostoievsky had been fit and ready to join Enoch as he walked with God. But, finding himself in a world where economic systems have become superior to things and men, Dostoievsky could not help invoking the spirit of nihilism, even when he repudiated nihilistic politics as such. Confronted by the spectacle of his Russia engaged in industrial activity, Dostoievsky can only condemn business and rejoice in the fact that there are so few practical men in Russia. In the midst of an animated discussion on the subject of railways as the saviours of Russia, Dostoievsky allows his 'idiot' to lisp something to this effect: "I believe that beauty will save the world."

Along with this spiritual nihilism which condemns the railway as a soteriological principle goes Dostoievsky's repudiation of science. He feels that science is selfish and tends to forbid pity, whence it will be folly to put one's trust in its princes, just as Gorky admitted that science was a divine beverage, but that up to the present time it resembled Russian vodka, in that its ultimate yield was noth-

ing but headache. "Science," says Dostoievsky, "has ever given the solution by the fist. This is particularly characteristic of the half-truths of science, the most terrible scourge of humanity, unknown until the last (eighteenth) century, and worse than plague, famine, or war." Science, he believes, could not exist were it not for beauty, while the contrast between the æsthetical and the scientific makes it possible for one to conclude that "Shakespeare is better than boots, Raphael greater than petroleum, the Sistine Madonna finer than a pencil." The Russian God may have survived the emancipation of the serfs, but it is a question whether He can stand out against the railways.

Such epileptic exaggerations are more likely to occasion a smile than to cause wrath, but it cannot be denied that there is in them the implicit criticism of a philosophy which the thoughtful and semi-thoughtful person of the day carries around with him. All such philosophers are interested in the exterior perfection of humanity as this is to be found in the proper assembling and organizing of the sons of men, just as they are mildly concerned about the elaboration of an inner and intensive humanism as this is to appear in their own individual hearts. This is, of course, bourgeois, but better than nothing; it sprouts up in labor-unions, in charity organizations here, in free libraries and women's clubs there. Now, can we deny that our creeds begin with, 'I believe in railways'? Our freight-rebates and eight-hour-per-day strikes may distill some doubt about our new god, but the Apostles worried along with the bag-holding Judas, and we ought to be able to pull through in spite of our modern men from Kerioth. Adam Smith and Herbert Spencer have formulated our new creeds for us, so that we are beginning to feel quite at home in our new temples, which like some new railway stations resemble the old Dorics and Gothics. Dostoievsky may not have found the integrating principle which shall not only bring men together, but persuade them that they belong together, but he has been of some service in showing us that our hope in horses and chariots, in steel cars and automobiles, is a vain and far-fetched consolation.

As to the terrified mystic himself, the reader of his unique works may close the several volumes with the conviction that, no matter what science may say about him, no matter what society may do to him, man exists. There must

be some better way of describing the freedom of man in the world than to do as Dostoievsky and Gorky do when they liken the present aimlessness of human life to the meanderings of a "cockroach." There must be some superior way of evincing the spiritual character of man's inner self, so that one will no longer need to follow Dostoievsky through all the perturbed ramifications of the stricken soul. While this philosophy of man is being elaborated, we may keep in mind Dostoievsky's idea that man, far from being a brick in the industrial wall or a cell in the social organism, is an inner world-order, fantastic, terrible, yet beautiful. . . . According to the words of the apostle Jude, "Of some have compassion, making a difference." Dostoievsky was "different."

CHARLES GRAY SHAW.

NEW VERSE AND NEW PROSE

BY WILLIAM MORRISON PATTERSON

There was a mán
Who made his líving
By painting róses
Upon sílk.

. . . .

He thought ónly of róses
And sílk.
When he could gét no more sílk
He stopped paínting
And only thoúght
Of róses.

So chants Amy Lowell, with the vigorous sense of "swing" which is one of her undeniable gifts. On an occasion when she recited aloud these phrases from her poem, *The Painter on Silk,* in the course of a psychological experiment at Columbia University, it was part of the listener's reaction that from one chief accent to another—from "mán" to "líving," from "líving" to "róses," from "róses" to "sílk," and so on—the intervals of time gave a satisfying impression of swinging equality. By "swinging" we mean such compensative retarding and hastening of *tempo,* intuitively manipulated, as is familiar in the performance of any musician. The "equality" of these time-intervals, therefore, is not the dead, mechanical equality of time between the ticks of a metronome, but the elastic, "live" equality which the musician instinctively achieves.

A sáng
Ihc schal you sínge
Of Múrry
The king.

So bounces into our ears from older days the hurrying rhythm of *King Horn.* We have taken the liberty of spac-

ing the units separately, for purposes of emphasis. The same sort of tumbling tune, jerking itself up with a shorter interval between accents at the end, is in part of Langland's *Piers Plowman:*

> What this moúntein
> Beméneth
> And this dérke
> Dále.

From the still more ancient generation of the "Beowulf" sagas, we hear—that is, some of us hear—a similar accelerating group of time-units, marked by chief accents:

> Ofslóh tha
> Aet thaere saécce
> Tha me saél
> Agéald.

Beowulf is speaking of the house-guards, whom he

> Slew then
> In the conflict
> When the chance
> Was given.

What is this "verse"? Or is it verse at all—this "unmetrical" chant of our ancestors, which, scholars like Sievers and Schipper insist, quite contrary to the opinion of the present writer, was delivered in the manner of free recitation—"nicht taktierend"—"without beating of time"? How strange, too, that we find it emerging as one form of *vers libre* in the hands of our imagist contemporary! Is this a *genre,* then, really native to the genius of our language—since it lorded over all our known primeval efforts—which we have mistakenly neglected, but which now springs up from its forgotten dust with the dramatic irony of Cæsar's ghost?

To answer these questions we must return to the forbidding confines of the laboratory, where any discussion of rhythm involves a discussion of time and our sense of it. Contracting and relaxing muscles, especially those connected with recurrent automatic movements, such as those of the heart and lungs, are the usual clocks by which we measure the length of temporal intervals. A certain comfortable sensory reaction tells us that the rate of our heart-beats or

of our breathing is close to normal. Segments of breath-waves, each segment marked by a slight reinforcement in the flow of air, and measured, in turn, by so many concomitant heart-beats—when these are consciously felt—may easily register for us our mental seconds. It is only by such mental time-beats or " unitary pulses " that we are able to make anything like accurate judgments of time. Suppressed articulation usually assists us in counting; our memory images record the numbers. " While I was taking three comfortable breaths the butterfly floated *slowly* past my window." During two painful gasps on the part of a helpless spectator the villain engaged in *rapid* measures to stab the hero.

It is interesting, accordingly, to note that whatever physiologically developed time-sense, *manifested by ease in evoking " unitary pulses,"* resided in Miss Lowell's listener, on the occasion of the experiment with this particular example of her *vers libre,* was easily adjusted to a predominating coincidence with the chief accents in her delivery of the lines. *This predominating coincidence stamps the experience psychologically as verse, regardless of the absence of metrical pattern in the consciousness of the listener.* The opposite of coincidence is syncopation. If sounds do not hit together they are bound to hit apart. Whenever a listener's time-beats occur just before or just after the chief accents of a spoken passage, the syncopating tune thus arising from the *combination* of accents and pulses falls inevitably into the rhythm of prose.

Verse, through its predominating coincidence with a series of mental drum-beats, has, in its most typical forms, a bounding, marching, community-singing effect, always characterized by a certain simplicity, and so not difficult to analyze. On the other hand, the tunes of prose, though often of amazing intricacy, are nevertheless easily recognized by our intuitive processes, *without needing to be analyzed,* and can, in fact, be readily tapped off with our fingers from memory. The only questions to be asked are: First, is the rhythmic tune beautiful or haunting in itself? Second, is it *appropriate* in its movement to the mood of the passage?

There are those who do not seem able to hear these compound tunes for the simple reason that they lack the regulating unitary beats without which the outline of the music is merely a tantalizing shadow. The " aggressively rhythmic

timer" lives, as it were, in unitary spurts of "Life! Life! Life! I'm alive! I'm tremendously alive!" The haphazard world jiggles by his ears and gets tangled up with his life-song. The resulting compound tune is sometimes prose and sometimes verse, but in either case the world's big and little waves of sound are regulated by the timer's internal waves of living. It is this hypnotizing inner surge that is externalized in the dynamic "boom! boom! boom!" of the Indian's tom-tom, the "plunk! plunk!" of our ancestral harpists, or the unitary drone of the mediæval monks, intoxicated with the swing of their Gregorian chants.

The intuitive response to complicated syncopation, possessed by savages, and lost to so many of us through the inhibiting influences of sedentary life, is surely requisite to rhythmical technique in writing prose and verse. Any attempts, however, to regain this instinctive response must include a resort to physical means. The gift seems to reside not in our minds, as such, but in our bodies. Since time is measured by muscular contractions, let us remember that our muscles of varying length, when they work simultaneously, are capable of unconsciously performing the most complicated types of syncopation. The trick is to become intuitively conscious of the time-values involved. But values demand a standard, and a standard means units. We must learn to evoke time-beats out of the general depths of our muscular sense. We can put a finger on our pulse or a hand over our heart, and thus measure our breathing and its segments. Then with our breath we can measure our walking-step, and so to the end of the game, when the units, if we win, must come to us without effort.

In the meantime, let us visit the Zoo and watch a polar bear in the midst of his side-stepping at some restive moment. His cage is just so long; his legs are just so long; the muscles of his neck, his tail, his tongue, his eyelids, are just so long and just so elastic; but these "just so long's" are not the same. They form an irregular series of elements. At the moment in question the bear's *élan vital* demands a certain amount of physical action. What is the result? A beautiful case of utterly naïve compound syncopating motion—with spontaneous tail-flips, eye-winkings, and lip-lickings, irregularly overlapping in their intervals ponderous neck-sways, all harmoniously but intricately regulated by the incessant unitary "flap! flap! flap!" of those great white

feet. We are actually seeing the rhythm of prose! There is no more mystery about it!

Provided thus with a physiological and psychological basis for a clear distinction between prose and verse experience, we are ready to investigate the *genres* of each. Verse experience, we discover, falls into two main types, unitary verse and metrical verse. In " unitary verse " predominantly coincident experience is produced by language whose chief accents mark off impressions of equal time-intervals, regardless of the number of syllables in between. The typical march-like movement of all verse is there, but it is not the march of a two-legged being. It is the stately unitary progression of a measuring-worm, whose legs we have forgotten to count.

In " metrical verse " the basic time condition is very much the same—virtual equality of interval from accent to accent—but upon this foundation is superimposed a succession of stress-patterns, such as our so-called " iambs," " trochees," and " anapæsts." These stress-patterns are quickly recognized, and, together with tone-color patterns—rhyme, assonance, and alliteration—produce in " metrical verse " a *genre* that favors memorization. " Haunting lines " are likely to be easily scanned. What we must constantly remember is that as soon as we depart from these strict patterns of " metrical verse " and write in " unitary verse," for instance, a notation of some sort seems to be demanded in order to preserve the integrity of the intended *genre*. The Old English poets marked their chief accents, as a rule, with alliteration, which is quite equivalent to drawing a red line around the syllables. The spacing of unit phrases on separate lines, which we find in contemporary verse, is also helpful as a form of notation, except in such cases where too much rhythmic emphasis is put upon weak words. On the other hand, as soon as we see two or more units printed on one line the value of the spacing as notation is largely lost. *The Painter on Silk* by Amy Lowell begins with such spacing of the separate units, which, at any rate, prepares us for the swing of unitary verse which she consistently maintains in her delivery of the poem to the end.

Oread by "H. D.", as delivered in the laboratory by Miss Lowell and registered with the sound-photographing apparatus, showed a striking predominance of virtually equal time-intervals between chief accents.

Whírl up séa—
Whírl your pointed pínes.
Splásh your great pínes
On our rócks.
Húrl your green óver us—
Cóver us with your poóls of fír.

We have preserved " H. D.'s " spacing. In connection with her poem it is interesting to find in the *Songs of Selma* by Ossian a passage, printed as prose, the rhythm of which suggests *Oread,* and, consequently, " unitary verse." In giving it we have adopted a spacing somewhat similar to that of its kindred composition.

Aríse, winds of aútumn, aríse;
Blów along the heáth!
Stréams of the moúntains, róar!
Roár, témpests,
In the gróves of my oáks!

But all *vers libre* is not " unitary verse," by any means. The vast majority of it falls into what we may term " spaced prose," " mosaics," and, occasionally, "blends." " Spaced prose," such as Miss Lowell's *Reaping,* produces predominantly syncopating experience, and differs from normal or " fluid prose " in that the printing of prose phrases on separate lines, or their delivery with correspondingly marked pauses, focuses our attention upon the rhythm as rhythm—especially the broader rhythmical balance of the phrases against each other. As an artistic form, " spaced prose " is acceptable—in oratory or in reading aloud or in the printed guise of *vers libre*—when the dominating thought or mood of a passage has been so clearly established that emphasis upon the rhythm as rhythm is welcomed.

Oratorical examples of " spaced prose " occur in the vigorously punctuated speeches of Colonel Roosevelt, such as the one made recently at a dinner given by the Pennsylvania Society. The established subject of the passage we are taking is France and her heroism. The hearer is quite ready, therefore, for rhythmic emphasis in the " peroration." Once familiar with the characteristics of Colonel Roosevelt's delivery we unconsciously " space," even in our reading of the speech, such phrases as the following:

For thrée and a half térrible yéars
She has wálked hígh of héart
Through the válley of the shádow.

In order to achieve some form of notation for "spaced prose," we prefer to make the spacing consist of fairly long lines, as opposed to the separate spacing of unit-phrases, which if carried out more frequently would be of great assistance in preserving the integrity of "unitary verse." Of course, in certain instances of the latter *genre* the chief accents may be so obvious that separate spacing is quite unnecessary. This is largely true of *Oread,* to which we have already referred.

The second type of "spaced prose" is purely mental and the result, not of oratorical suggestions, but of reading aloud the rhythmical development of any well-confirmed theme. We again take an example from Colonel Roosevelt, because he, like Miss Lowell, has, quite of his own free will, taken an interest in the present discussion of *genre,* and made himself accessible to investigation. In experimenting with the following passage from his *Booklover's Holidays in the Open,* in which the dominating mood of each chapter is soon established, we find ourselves again giving emphasis to the phrase rhythm for its own sake. We may *read* the phrases thus:

> Líons róared and élephants trúmpeted,
> And in the papȳrus béds,
> Benéath the lów blúffs on which our ténts stóod,
> Hippopótamus béllowed and blów
> Like the exhaúst-pípes of húge stéam-éngines.

But it would be an error to *print* the passage in this self-conscious way.

The third form of "spaced prose" is one of the prevailing types of current *vers libre.* An indication of the form is announced at once, on the part of the author, by the notation of spaced phrases. Naturally, with writers who have not as yet made obvious distinctions in their practice between "unitary verse," "spaced prose," and "mosaics," this notation is not very impelling. A moving example of "spaced prose," big in its human touch, occurs in Miss Lowell's *Reaping.*

> An' dón't make any mistáke about óne thing,
> When I márried yer I lóved yer.
> Why, your vóice 'ud make
> Me go hót and cóld all over.
> An' your kísses most stopped my heárt from beatin'.

Lórd! I wás a silly fóol.
But thát's the wáy 'twás.
Well, I márried yer
An' thought Heáv'n was comin'
To set on the doór-step.
Heáv'n didn't do no séttin'.

It is significant to note that in one reading of this passage, when the chief syllabic accents in the rhythmic tune were felt to occur where they are marked, the unitary pulses of the reader were syncopating to such an extent that in no single case did they coincide with the chief accents. They seemed to occur consistently somewhere between these accents or at the end of a line. In no case were there more than two such pulses to a line. Vague muscular sensations localized the pulses in the region of the head. The tempo of the reading as a whole seemed rather fast. The tempo of the pulses themselves seemed rather slow.

"Mosaics" form a *genre*—coördinate with "spaced prose"—in which verse and prose, or the several kinds of verse and prose, alternate successively. Much of the prose of Robert Ingersoll gives us the impression of a mosaic of bits of metrical verse, the metre being changed at every breath, as if it were a conscious trick on the part of the author. Quite different are the mosaics in the *vers libre* of Edgar Lee Masters, where bits of unitary verse, metrical verse, spaced prose, and normal prose joggle up against each other constantly. Walt Whitman, the most vigorous American poet, expresses himself at times with the same uncertainty of *genre*. Long stretches of Whitman are quite tamely metrical—other stretches have a splendid free swing with sudden drops into rather futile regularity. It is only natural that we should resent in so big a personality both his paddling and his spluttering moments. We expect of him the swimming of a strong man. To what an extent "mosaics," successful and unsuccessful, occur in Masters we leave the reader to judge from the following portion of *Father Malloy*, parts of which are great "poetry":

You are over there, Father Malloy,
Where holy ground is, and the cross marks every grave,
Not here with us on the hill—
Us of wavering faith, and clouded vision
And drifting hope, and unforgiven sins.
You were so human, Father Malloy,

Taking a friendly glass sometimes with us,
Siding with us who would rescue Spoon River
From the coldness and the dreariness of village morality.
You were like a traveller who brings a little box of sand
From the wastes about the pyramids
And makes them real and Egypt real.

" Mosaics " of verse and prose such as are found in the writings of Paul Fort can hardly be discussed here, since the French language presents at once new problems. Its stress-patterns are dimmer than ours, and its chief accents are quite differently disposed. French does not tumble back and forth, from slow to rapid, with the athletic alacrity that is displayed in English. Hence our *vers libre* seems to be much more " free " than theirs, and so more likely to depart from the integrity of its particular *genre.*

" Blends," finally, are those types of writing in which effects not commonly found together are superimposed. For instance in the " polyphonic prose " of Amy Lowell and of John Gould Fletcher tone-color patterns—chains of rhyme and assonance and alliteration—are added to a medium which, from the point of view of rhythm alone, would be classified as a " mosaic." The addition of rhyme and pronounced " return " of thoughts and images to a passage of syncopating experience would undoubtedly affect the final rhythmic impression, with a probable reduction of syncopating coördination between the chief accents and our inner time-beats. The " gadya " prose of Sanskrit offers similar effects. So, in a way, does the Old English prose of Aelfric and later that of Richard Rolle. More recently Gertrude Stein's experiments in suggestion have been couched in what is rhythmically " mosaics," with much of the " blend " machinery. The following striking passage from Amy Lowell's *Night and Sleep* is a good example of her " polyphonic prose ":

" I leave the city with speed. Wheels whirl to take me back to my trees and my quietness. The breeze which blows with me is fresh-washed and clean, it has come but recently from the high sky. There are no flowers in bloom yet, but the earth of my garden smells of tulips and narcissus."

The most signal example of a " blend," however, in which verse rather than prose forms predominate, is the poem called *Patterns,* singularly irritating to some but singularly beautiful to others. Its admirers are increasing. Here we have

a frank mosaic of metrical verse, unitary verse, and spaced prose, in which rhyme is superimposed on some of the syncopating spots. The poem, as a whole, seems to be held together by a preponderating movement of unitary verse, with patches of metre and rhyme blossoming out where the emotion appears to demand it. In other words, there is evidence of a sense of artistic propriety in whatever rhythmic vagaries occur in *Patterns* that is quite different from what we meant by the many weak lapses into metre found in Whitman. The first stanza is an adequate example of the complicated texture Miss Lowell has essayed:

> I walk down the garden paths,
> And all the daffodils
> Are blooming, and the bright blue squills,
> I walk down the patterned garden paths
> In my stiff brocaded gown.
> With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,
> I, too, am a rare
> Pattern. As I wander down
> The garden path.

Shall we call this "polyphonic verse"?

Unitary verse, the elastic swing of which furnishes a key both to Miss Lowell's *Painter on Silk* and to the disputed rhythm of "Beowulf," our most ancient epic; metrical verse, in which our later poets did their singing and conjuring; spaced prose, the oratorical and "embroidering" form of syncopating experience that characterizes so much current *vers libre;* and, finally, fluid or normal prose, such as we find, for example, in Addison, in Macaulay, and, with singular perfection, in Newman—these are the four major *genres.* Mosaics and blends, polyphonic prose and polyphonic verse—these are their permutations and combinations. It is the discussion of *vers libre,* however, that has led us to our attempts at an analysis which we hope possesses some practical value for literary artists. Our heart is with all poets—metrical and free; but we are particularly indebted just now to those of our contemporaries who have instinctively composed in these *genres* and thus helped us so materially to hear, or to think we hear, not only the music of everyday language—the rhythm of its prose—but also its ancestral cadence, the forgotten swing of "unitary verse."

This lost child of our House of Rhythm, after so long wandering unrecognized through the "mosaic" paths of

the King James Version, of William Blake, of Walt Whitman, of Synge, and of Tagore's translations, is worth being rescued and presented in proper integrity. The final word as to this lies with the poets, not the critics. You have our affection—however we may glare at you in the precincts of our dungeon-laboratories. Your generation is proving its gift of fire. On the other hand, they say in France that you lack "technique" and "concentration." Isn't this partly true? Perhaps, then, you will be among the first to realize that you should feel your *genres* a little more distinctly, and having felt them help the rest of us, as the musical composer helps us, and as Miss Lowell in several instances has helped us, by employing a clearer notation, such as long lines for spaced prose and shorter lines for unitary verse, or any other device that will keep us straight as to our rhythmical whereabouts when we read you. If, in addition to this, both you and your friends of more strictly metrical persuasion—you of the flaming hearts, you to whom things magically "come"—will wait at times just a bit longer for the "one right word," be assured that D'Annunzio's "virgins vowed to St. Apollinaris" will "burn not with such an ardor in their heavens of gold" as we, your humble worshippers, shall burn in response to you. We believe in you younger poets, particularly, and in your future; for, apart from our impressions of your vigor and sincerity, surely it is a significant thing if, in your newest songs, we hear, quite suddenly, the harp of our ancestors!

William Morrison Patterson.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

> This mortal house
> Which we are born into, is haunted by
> The ghosts of the dead passions of dead men,
> And these take flesh again with our own flesh
> And bring us to confusion.

EVEN in a Tennysonian setting the fact is too commonplace for words. But one must have a text, a starting-point.

Also, although facts be as obvious as it is possible for them to be, their bearings are not. Their meanings to our various minds, the ideas that roll and surge about them, in which thought may grope for ever without sounding bottom, are to them as fathomless seas to the ships they carry—ships that are perfect products of their day, to become imperfect tomorrow and obsolete the day after. Also again, like these in their buffetings with elements unknown, the most indisputable statements are apt to prove disputable in time, to give way to strain, to succumb to wear and tear, to be modified, discredited, superseded by new truths that are but the offspring in another likeness of the old. Anyway, it is useless to tell us to take things as we find them. Above all is it impossible to leave things alone. We cannot do it, and live.

This mortal house that we are born into—indubitably our own, our very self, and yet pre-empted by a horde of ancestral shades that invisibly dispute possession with us at every turn—if there be one thing more than another that is of perpetual personal concern to us, it is that. These "ghosts of the dead passions of dead men" which we are born not to be governed by but to govern—this mystery of heredity that is all one with the mystery of the Universe which nobody can reasonably ask to understand, but which we are bound to explore as far as we can go—herein is inexhaustible matter for philosophic thought, and the last word will not be said while a tongue can speak or a pen

write. This pen, however, indites no treatise on the subject, but merely gives utterance to one of those little reveries to which the elderly are addicted when they become onlookers at the game of life, the onlookers who are proverbially able to see more of it than they did when they were down in the arena taking an active part themselves.

The War, which is at the bottom of all our thinking nowadays, suggests the theme. The moral earthquake which has shocked open so many closed doors in our house of life, which has let light into so many unsuspected or long-forgotten hiding-places, reveals the character of some of the inmates we have been harboring and what their claim to board and lodging and a position of high authority over us amounts to.

There, dragged into the open at last, in the forefront of them all, is the figure of that mediæval swashbuckler, survivor from the days before men had learnt the rudiments of loyalty to their race, who has terrified us out of our very wits for a generation at least—a shape of horror indescribable. Why has he been "walking" all this time as if the world belonged to him, and we have not had the sense to see what he was made of? We are like the simple citizens in the old Spanish story of the Cid. When the Cid was dead and it was desired that the people should not know it, his corpse was set on horseback, propped between boards that were hidden under his gorgeous apparel, and led through the applauding streets; the people had only to see the familiar robes and trappings to take a living body within them for granted. So have we been imposed upon by the splendid clang of the regimental band and the magnificent spectacle of the March Past, by the power of immemorial traditions, the might of the revered dead hand. "What should we do with our younger sons if we had not the Army and Navy to put them into?" the ghost of the aristocrat of feudal times admonishes us. "Take away those schools of discipline and valor, which have turned out heroes innumerable, and what semblance of a manly life is left to them?" It sounds a posing question, if you can forget that armies and navies are not maintained for the benefit of younger sons. And you must forget something. Opinions are not formed by continually moving round and round an argument in the endeavor to look at all sides at once. And the direction easiest to follow is laid down by those

ghosts of the Past who, entrenched in our house while the Modern Spirit they oppose is still an outsider, are in a position to gull or cow us. And they say War is an integral part of civilized life—always was and therefore always must and will be—and never mind if it does devote the bulk and best resources of civilization to the perpetuation of savagery, in other words to the systematic defeat of its own ends. Logic and ethics cannot plead against unalterable facts.

They are all leagued together, these ghosts of the dead passions of dead men, to bring us to confusion. Who has been persuading us that younger sons of one set of human beings cannot work with their hands and earn their bread by the sweat of their brow like the younger sons of other sets, and still be heroes if the heroic seed be in them? Why should a whole body of potentially fine young men, elder sons and younger, the former class cursed with too much, the latter with relatively too little, be tethered in unwholesome conventions and beset by subtle evil influences from which their happier fellows of the common herd are free? There are heads of "good" families who inherit with their estates a consciousness of high responsibility and labor to administer them for the benefit of others beside themselves; on the other hand there are very many who do not; and for one decent fellow provided with this job there are dozens and scores who have no job at all (outside the Army and Navy and in a rapidly lessening degree the Church) except to marry for money and enjoy themselves if they can. Suppose the "Services" closed to them, there remain as outlets for healthy activities but polo and steeplechasing, mountaineering and exploration, yachting, hunting—in short, a life of games.

And a life of games is really the life of the large bulk of the "leisured" classes (I am speaking of my own country, England), or it was so before the war; and the ghost-ridden sociologist has accepted the arrangement as part of the Constitution. But what a fine old ghost it is, apart from its high respectability, the ringleader of the spirits of dead-and-gone British sportsmen who stand for "the good old times" we are so prone to hark back to instead of attending to the times that it is our business to make better! I was myself brought up to revere the whole tradition of the Hunt. Father and mother both rode to hounds, and all my memories of

the Field—the pack, the horn, the red coats flashing through the naked trees and lighting up the winter landscape—have the heroic glamor on them. But in cold fact what a cruel and childlike business! In the gallant fox-hunter rides the ghost of the primeval savage who had to defend himself from fierce animals and ran down his daily dinner, the lust of the chase surviving by centuries and centuries the need and justification for the relentless pursuit and the kill. I am sure that many a kind fellow who joys to see the poor little red beast fighting his unequal battle and being torn to pieces at the end would lift a fly out of the milk-jug rather than see it drown. As for the pleasure and benefit to the horse, of which so much is made in the defence of fox-hunting—there is another dead and dusty plea. It may tend to improve his quality for the benefit of his owners, and he may enjoy it, but solicitude for his personal advantage is not a motive to lay stress upon. We see what we have done for the horse through the ages of his association and service with us when today, with his physical strength and powers of endurance, he is above all else a bundle of panic nervousness, always in terror of what is going to happen next and with no independent idea in his head except to run away. The ghost of the uncivilized human brute is his master still, and the S. P. C. A. allows it. I do not remember ever to have seen a hunter whose tail had not been cut off almost to the base.

For the first time within living memory there was no hunting season in the winter of 1914-15, as there was no Henley regatta in August and no Oxford and Cambridge boat-race in the following March. Tremendous changes! And the Masters of Hounds with their grooms, and the landlords with their tenants, and the elder sons with the younger, all the castes that have been so careful of their boundary-lines mixed up together in the mud-filled trenches and on the blood-drenched battlefields—they are fighting for elemental Right and the Liberties of the World, and in that business the best soldier is the best man, even as regards social status. New standards of values have come in with these terrific circumstances, to the confusion of the ghosts that have done the confusing for so long.

Is their reign over? Oh, pray Heaven we are seeing at least the beginning of the end of it! Pray God we remain brothers in peace that are now brothers in arms and sink

in that brotherhood all considerations of rank and race, creed and color—especially color, which represents one of the most mildewed and poisonous prejudices in the whole of our rotten stock. Why have we, right into these enlightened days, lumped together all the non-white peoples as "inferior races" without regard to any merit that is more than skin-deep? No reason can be found or invented except that it has been our habit to do so from time immemorial. How, we might ask ourselves, does our most conspicuous apostle of *kultur* compare with the Indian prince who, from the highest motives that can animate human action, offered unasked to the nation that had conquered him not only all his possessions but himself, to (with his traditions!) serve in the ranks with his own subjects? The Japanese man is a gentleman, tried and proved, and some whites of that rank who have been admitted into the "exclusive circles" of China have found their equals there also. All those peoples, we are apt to forget, had been civilized or at any rate highly cultivated, for ages upon ages, at a time when our forefathers were hairy savages in woods; and how have they not reproached us for our ill-breeding and our religion of words without deeds by their dignified patience under insult and the sincerity of their worship at the shrines that are their own! Whereas we have been calling them heathen and sending missionaries to them, and objecting to the tint of skins that in one case at least are the cleanest in the world. Of course, the idea of social and especially sexual intermixture with them horrifies us beyond words, although we freely admit that the science of eugenics is in its infancy as yet; but, amusingly enough, it never for a moment occurs to us that it may, with perhaps even better reason, be abhorrent to them. A Japanese gentleman provides his European guests with curtains, carpets, arm-chairs, all the stuffy things he thinks they like, but in quarters sufficiently detached from his own house to preserve the latter from contamination. With his fastidious regard for personal purity he feels that if he once admitted a relatively dirty white man into his private rooms he would never get them sweet again. A friend who has often been in large crowds of Japanese of the lower orders has told me that in closest contact they emit no odor of flesh or clothes, not to speak of their abstention from pushing and elbowing and the use of abusive language. I had myself

at one time a considerable acquaintance with the persons and manners of Japanese naval men, on their ships and ashore; high or low, and without an individual exception, they were physical health and fine courtesy incarnate. To watch the politely quiet bearing of a group of their "common" sailors on a crowded tram where white roughs of an equivalent class hustled and made fun of them was to feel very strongly that it would be well to leave off sending missionaries to the heathen and to see if we could not learn a little something from them instead. Mouldy precedents apart, the best men of the world are entitled to share and share with the best, irrespective of the color of their skins as of the color of their hair.

All the old thrones of Privilege, built for men who are now but ghosts, have been shaken to their foundations by this wild wind of destiny. They will have to be re-set, where not altogether rebuilt or altogether swept away—yes, from the bottom to the top, even to the topmost of them all. Of that, however, not much need be said. Monarchy has already (if unconsciously) come to rest on merit, except in an instance which not only proves this new-formed rule but is inevitably establishing it for all time. The outlook for the warring nations may be dark and dubious in many aspects, but if there is one clear point visible it is that no one man by virtue of a crown and sceptre will ever have the chance to make hay of the world's vital interests again. It is just a matter of words—the words that are the ghosts of things. Call King George President of the British Republic, and nothing whatever would be altered from what it is now, though we love the old name best because we are used to it. Let the Belgians, restored to their national life again, elect King Albert President of their newborn State; no title of honor could make him less honorable or more. The dignity of the one he wears is what he confers on it and not what it confers on him. When, soon or late, the World Council draws up its new Constitution (from which war is to be eliminated), it will be taken for granted that divine-right kingship is no more. The subject will be tacitly ignored as having no bearing on the deliberations. That ghost, at any rate, is "laid."

How we are governed by empty words!—thought-forms that once held something no longer there, but which we do not see is no longer there because the outside looks the same

and the outside is what matters to the unthinking mass of men. Take the subtlest, the most powerful, the most tenacious of these imposters—what we call "Christianity"—Christianity, that we are so anxious to convert the heathen to, because we say they cannot be saved without it—Christianity, that after two thousand years has brought the Christian world to *this!* Oh, poor Christianity, that preached brotherhood and meekness, what dastard crimes are committed in thy name! Here indeed is a ghost that does worse than lag superfluous.

When Christianity was the lovely ideal and inspiration of the peoples it came to, it meant Religion—Religion with the full significance of the capital R. Christianity was its habitation as well as its name. Christianity today is like a bottle corking up the perfume of a flower that has seeded into other fruit and other flowers; or like a pupa-case formed to last for ever on the theory that live things last for ever also without growth or change, instead of bursting out in new forms to increase and multiply. The contents have gone, but they are not lost, only elsewhere. Precious knowledge it is to the "so few" who, as Frederic Harrison puts it, "will listen to a religion that is not up in the sky," that we have Religion still, renewed, revitalised. No longer "up in the sky," whence its effect on the affairs of men has been worse than fruitless, but down on our poor diseased and blood-soaked earth itself, where it is needed and can be felt, a new Spirit of the Times moving on the face of the polluted waters, unwelcome as all new things that disturb the customary old, but here to stay and spread and work changes incalculable. The professional religionist, buttressed in his powerful traditions, does not see it or wish to see it, but it has been quietly busy under his nose this long time. It does not echo the prayers and precepts of Hebrew prophets and mediæval monks; it has no special caste; it knows no arbitrary "sacred" and "secular"; no hard-and-fast rules and regulations, no orthodoxy and heterodoxy, no thousand sects fighting one against the other, each one right and all the others wrong; no burning questions of high and low, Catholic and Protestant, this vestment or that; no consciousness of a "call" to the seat of judgment. It worships in deeds, not words; it devotes its energies and resources to the urgent business at hand—to raising the ideals of citizenship and the standards of munici-

pal, national, and international life, to increasing the common store of knowledge and developing the common intelligence to make worthy use of it, to bettering the conditions and character of mankind. In short, Religion is what it always has been and will be—unselfish goodness—which is not the same thing as the religion of church-going. Church-going in theory is the most direct incentive to goodness, but in practical result I have not found that it has the slightest effect upon conduct, while its effects on character seem often harmful, narrowing the mind and blunting the moral sense. As a clergyman's wife for over forty years I have had exceptional opportunities for observation, and I can honestly assert that this conclusion has been forced upon me quite against my will. However, it only means that Religion has outgrown the "Establishment," that it has come to another stage in its existence as a vital force to uplift the human race, as a child whose school-days are over comes to the serious business of its adult life. Certainly it does not mean that the Religion of sincerity and truth is not as substantial a fact as ever. The War itself is making proof of it. The good conscience of mankind has been called out by the shame and agony as a phoenix from flames.

What we are seeing, let us hope, is a vast Spring-cleaning, a thorough sweep-up of the dust of ages, a thorough turn-out of the holes and corners where our pernicious bogies have lurked unseen. Ghosts never "walk" in the fresh air and the open—everybody knows that; they are what doctors say tuberculosis is, essentially a house-disease. It is no use to inquire how they came into houses, flesh or stone; the origin of life itself would fall short of the ultimate, since there is no perceptible boundary line between living matter and the non-living from which it is derived; besides, all that was their business. Their own houses were their own. It is why they remain in ours, outstaying their day and usefulness, which is the question for us to consider. The doctors tell us, and we quite believe them, that the White Plague would vanish in a generation if we all took to living out of doors; so that it is quite our own fault if we keep it going. A few of us have come as near to profiting by the implied advice as irresistible adverse circumstances allowed, but in the main science has preached that gospel to deaf ears—those deafest of deaf ears that do not choose to hear (for a multitude of ghost-suggested reasons). We

go on building our material homes on the principle of the primitive tent, instead of covering them with a roof like a ship's deck, from which rain-water could run off just as well; where, with suitable parapets and weather screens, we could largely live by day and sleep by night in light and freedom and untainted air, with the precious additional advantages of family privacy and immunity from trespassers. We continue to dwell with the microbes in unventilated rooms, and to get ill and die before our time, for no reason in the world save that it is the custom so to do—the custom as laid down by the ancestral ghosts. As houses of brick and stone last a long time, and open ground space is limited and costly and liable to the incursions of midnight cats and tramps, Heaven knows when tuberculosis will be stamped out.

Besides, there is the furniture. Has anyone fully realized how we are enslaved by our domestic equipment—also organized on the lines approved by the shadowy oracle? "So sorry," we plead regretfully, in response to attractive invitations, "but nobody else being at home I cannot leave the house;" and the invitors recognize an insuperable difficulty and say no more except to echo the regrets. What bodily and mental and spiritual profit in healthful outings, in free and happy hours, are eternally lost because we have to stay in to take care of the spoons. But there—you must have the "proper" things, and make a "proper" use of them. You must live like a gentleman, like a lady (meaning the sacred prototypes). Should one demur with a "Must you really?" the unanswerable reply is ready: "Oh, well, you know, you *have* to."

Yes, yes—we know. And you have to pay formal calls in the proper manner, although each caller tells the other, who perfectly and as a matter of course agrees with her, that it is a horrid bore. And give proper dinner parties at great labor and expense, and go to them wearily, all fine clothes and artificial smiles, when your natural impulse is to slip on a loose gown (or coat) and spend the evening with a book at your own fireside. And dress in the fashion, which with all its vagaries never forgets to make you uncomfortable in some way or another. And generally fritter away your brief time and trifle with your one opportunity, and wrong not yourself only but your family and your country and the world and the race in a thousand ways that it is

impossible to touch upon. All at the instigation of a power you know to be in itself powerless, and yet yield to because others do—the others doing so because you do.

But a new day, please God, is dawning. A new era is emerging out of the hideous storm-welter of the blackest night in human history; a new world is in making for us. The darkest hour cannot shake our faith that Right is Might when all is said and done, and that precious blood poured out in its defence is never shed in vain. Liberty is going to be crowned afresh, invested with new power and authority; the enslaved nations are to be free as they never were before. We cannot doubt it—we dare not. So now is our time to break the little shackles with the big—now, or perhaps never. It is indeed the chance of our lives—of generations of lives—to Spring-clean our house, turn out the old tenants whose leases have so long expired, sweep up after them, and enter into full possession and enjoyment of what is nobody's but our own, this dear home of the soul, that should be content even if it is never to know another. So easy it would be if we all turned to, or if only enough of us would make the start! No wild exertions are called for. No violent revolutions are necessary. We have but to open doors and windows wide and let the clean fresh wind and clear light of day—*our* day—flow through. Ghosts are things of darkness and airless places; they vanish automatically when those shelters are taken from them.

At the least and worst, if we try to oust them and fail, we lose nothing. And who knows when he fails who only sees the beginnings of things and never the ends? While we are making our individual effort we are uplifting ourselves above puerilities, and that is half the battle. The mere contemplation of "higher things" takes our eyes off the lower. And no one can look away from these without arousing curiosity in the bystanders to discover what his object is. And so their eyes go upward too.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

MR. JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS AMPLIFIES SHAW.—A NEW FRENCH OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We wish that Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams had not seen fit to disillusion us about Bernard Shaw when introducing to New York, with a journalistic preamble, his comedy *Why Marry?* One can understand Mr. Williams' anxiety to make quite clear and unmistakable to us the difference between his own outlook as a dramatist and the outlook of Mr. Shaw. This was a valuable service, and Mr. Williams, obviously embarrassed in the performance of an awkward duty, has manfully accomplished it. But we wish he had not deemed it necessary to be so frank about Mr. Shaw. Poor dear Mr. Shaw! Can he not be left to the fireside peace of his autumnal years, and cannot we who so long have affectionately companioned him be left in tranquility by such grim iconoclasts as Mr. Williams? One had supposed that even the last faint smoke-cloud of the great battle of Shaw *contra mundum* had vanished. Yet here is the ruthless Mr. Williams, indifferent to the appealing spectacle of the venerable Celt at ease in his armchair, telling us that Mr. Shaw "illustrates the limitations of the scientific attitude in his sophomoric refusal to acknowledge the existence of the things that cannot be seen and felt and demonstrated and tabulated. . . . He intellectualizes everything. . . . There is nothing in Shaw to show that he knows much of anything about the things of the spirit, the things which science has not succeeded in card-cataloguing." These deficiencies, we may infer, are supplied in Mr. Williams' own performances as a dramatist, wherein, presumably, Shaw is taken several steps further—spiritualized, humanized, made sensitively intuitive.

It is well to have these matters set in a clear light. But Mr. Williams proves too much. He should have been content to indicate thus helpfully his own depth and breadth

of view, without interning Mr. Shaw in the chilly company of "scientific" intellectualizers. Where, anyway, did Mr. Williams get the quaint notion that Shaw is exclusively cerebral? That is a hoary superstition akin to that other one which Mr. Williams is shrewd enough to ridicule: that Shaw is a "farceur," "a clever self-advertising buffoon." But Shaw "sophomoric," Shaw a victim of "the scientific attitude"! Come, come, Mr. Williams—shoot if you must "the scientific attitude," but spare that old gray head nodding by the fire, that fine gray head that has held more poetry and more romantic idealism than that of any English dramatist of his generation. Shaw an addict of "science"! Why, bless your guileless heart, Mr. Williams, Shaw is as romantic as Colonel Roosevelt and as visionary as Blake. He is an irreclaimable emotionalist, one of the great rhapsodists of the theatre, and an incorrigible poet—a poet tortured by incomparable honesty of vision. As for Mr. Williams' assurance that Shaw knows little about "the things of the spirit," that, too, is an old wives' tale unbecoming in so determined a modernist as Mr. Williams. Shaw has the mystical temper, and he has the priceless gift of ecstasy. So far from his having little flair for the things of the spirit, nothing else really interests him profoundly. Those passages of startling apocalyptic beauty that flame out in his dialogue from time to time would long since have betrayed him to everyone, were it not for the fact that beauty spoken in the modern theatre has as much chance of reaching its mark as a pea-shooter in an air-raid.

If Mr. Williams does not believe these obvious truths—which ought to be stale to him, but seemingly are not—he need only ask the youngest Vassar undergradute he knows, who will at once confirm our assertion that Mr. Shaw is now perceived to be as sentimental as Dickens, as indefatigable a student of the human heart as a Congressman up for reelection, and as flagrant a mystic as Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

We dare say the reader may wonder why we are discussing at any length Mr. Williams' opinion of Bernard Shaw. Because his views as to Mr. Shaw's deficiencies throw a helpful light upon Mr. Williams' own ideals and practices as a dramatist. Mr. Williams regrets that Shaw leaves us thirsting for a realized sense of spiritual things; he regrets that "there is nothing in Shaw to show that he knows what it means for a man and a woman to want each other." But Mr.

Williams, clearly enough, does know these things, and is competent to exhibit them. He knows the secret language of the heart, he has heard the beatings of the spirit's wings. And what are they like, as he overhears and reports them?

Mr. Williams has written a play about marriage, a play that exhibits marriage as the various kinds of failure it is likely to be. Marriage as degrading sensual bondage; marriage as a barter of commercial and social values; marriage as respectable wretchedness for the indigent, ordered but not paid for by society; marriage as our old friend, "legalized prostitution"; marriage as a penalty; marriage as a mandate dictated but not read: marriage, briefly, as the institution which, so Mr. Nat Goodwin says in the play, is doomed, unless we all get together and do something about it.

As Mr. Williams exposes and discusses these things, they seem as true and detestable and absurd as possible. Mr. Williams is admirably untrammeled, and he has a surgical wit. His play says much that is sage and justly pondered; much that, even today, is courageous. There is an abundance of comedic efficiency in his writing; if this is an extension of "the new satire," it is, as Bill Nye said of himself, "pleasant to be thrown amongst."

But if Mr. Williams is strong in the language of satire, he is weak in the language of feeling. In the handling of sentiment, of emotion, of those "things of the spirit" in respect of which he finds Bernard Shaw so defective, Mr. Williams will give joy, one fears, to whatever discerning enemies he may have been unfortunate enough to incur. The young lover in *Why Marry?*—scientist, free-thinker, radical, —discovers one evening that his Girl miraculously returns his passion; and the next morning, over a Sunday breakfast, he tells the clergyman of the play that though he had never believed in Heaven, he knows now what it is (yes, Mr. Williams really makes him say this, with impassioned sobriety). Later on, this entrapped young radical, whom the other characters regard as a "highbrow," tells his sweetheart that when she is in his arms he fears nothing from Hell and wants nothing from Heaven. Still later, in a moment of dramatic emergency, you hear him say that he "came at the call of his mate." In short, he sounds, as most of Mr. Williams' characters sound in moments of emotional exaltation, amazingly like a novel by Laura Jean Libbey. "There is nothing in Shaw," Mr. Williams has told us, "to show that he

knows what it means for a man and a woman to want each other." What it means to Mr. Williams is not easy to determine with certainty, because his report of it in his most serious dramatic moments is conveyed to us, with disaffecting frequency, in the romantic *clichés* of shop-girl fiction. It is a pity that anyone who can at times recall the wit of Mr. Shaw should revel at other times in what Lady Dunstane called " the plush of speech." It is a pity, because, if he had been as scrupulous and vigilant in his expression of feeling as he is shrewd and delightful in his manipulation of comedy, Mr. Williams might have given us, if not (as we have been told) " the most intelligent and searching satire on social institutions ever written by an American," at least a satire of uncommon point and distinction.

Why should a thin-blooded creative artist, whose imaginative quality is as unluscious as shredded wheat, try to evoke the Orient? Few composers, for example, are as wise as Beethoven, who, knowing that it was impossible for him to be musically sensuous, never attempted to express voluptuous emotion.

M. Henri Rabaud, contemporary Parisian, is less sagacious than Beethoven. Clearly destined by Heaven to be one of those who should avoid the Orient as unswervingly as Mr. Bryan avoids the bacchanalian, he has recklessly sought entrance into that spell-bound world of sultry enchantments, of violence and languor, of blazing shrillness and drowsy insinuation, of Romance under its scented aphrodisian veil. Holding carefully under his arm the bag of tonal tricks that every modern musical Frenchman can conjure with almost as skillfully as the man of genius from whom they are derived, our adventurous Parisian has boldly penetrated the walled garden of the Arabian Nights and has sought to make himself at home there. His opera, *Marouf, the Cobbler of Cairo,* is the record of his adventures there. It has recently been set before us by Mr. Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan.

Wagner, said Mr. George Moore, reminded him of " a Turk lying amid the houris promised by the Prophet to the Faithful—eyes incensed by kohl, lips and almond nails incarnadine, . . . and all around subdued color, embroidered stuffs, bronze lamps traced with inscrutable designs, . . . minarets and the dome reflected in the tide, and in a

sullen sky, reaching almost to the earth, the dome and behind the dome a yellow moon—a carven moon . . . mysteriously marked, a moon like a creole, her hand upon the circle of her breast, and through that twilight the sound of fountains, like flutes far away." Now that, of course, is Mr. George Moore exulting in his virtuosity, rather than a life-like picture of Wagner (the Wagner, say, of *Siegfried* or *Meistersinger*); but it *is* a life-like picture of the things we should be reminded of by any composer intended by Nature to feel at home in the midst of the Arabian Nights. M. Rabaud, as we have intimated, was not born to feel at home in such surroundings. He seems, indeed, as ill at ease and self-conscious there, as flagrantly anachronistic, as a Watteau shepherdess at a clam-bake. It would be hard, indeed, to think of any composer now writing who is less adapted to comport himself comfortably in the East of the *Thousand and One Nights;* for he is not only thin-blooded, but he is what Arthur Symons once inadequately called Strauss: *un cérébral.*

M. Rabaud is one of that numerous brood of contemporary French music-makers who have looked too lovingly upon the enticing wine of Claude Debussy's art, and who have sought to extract its equivalent from their own inferior vineyards. It is sometimes said that Debussy has founded no school, as it has been repeatedly said of Wagner that he did not. Both dicta are absurd, except in the very limited sense that neither the old romanticist nor the new deliberately sought to create a body of disciples. In a larger sense the assertion is nonsense. The music of the two decades following Wagner's death is as redolent of Wagnerism as a sea-wind is of brine; and the music that the younger men in France and England and Russia and America have produced since *Pelléas et Mélisande* emerged on the stage of the Opéra Comique in 1902 has been steeped in Debussyism. The more potent among these epigones—men like Ravel and Dukas and Stravinsky—have contributed some ingredients of their own; but imagine, nevertheless, the *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte* or *Daphnis et Chloe,* imagine *L'Oiseau de Feu,* without their groundwork of Debussyism: they become as destitute as the men of the late nineteenth century would have been without *Tristan* and *Parsifal.*

M. Rabaud, however, is not of the breed of such gifted fabricators as Ravel and Stravinsky, who, at their best, have

something to say on their own account. He is one of the horde of under-nourished Lilliputians who flock about the seductive board of Debussy, and greedily make off with his leavings. And they not only glean from Debussy's own leavings, but they glean from the leavings of those disciples who themselves are Debussy's beneficiaries. They are an anæmic and a rather contemptible crew, these little hangers-on in the banquet-hall of a genius. They are adroit and appreciative and extraordinarily clever, extraordinarily adept at making over their pilferings into ingenious substitutes for the authentic. Their expert rehashings of the substance of masterworks are quite marvellous triumphs of aesthetic gastronomy.

Take *Marouf,* for instance: here is a wing from M. Dukas' plate, here a feather from Stravinsky's Bird of Fire; and here is a bit of Mélisande's heart. And, of course, this being an *Arabian Nights* opera, we get also much second-hand exoticism—the conventionally Eastern flavors and spices that every competent tonal chef keeps in stock on his shelves: the characteristic scales and intervals and rhythms and instrumental garnishings that are to be found on the shelf marked "Local Color," in the jar labelled "Oriental."

The result is agreeable and in its way admirable. M. Rabaud is an exceedingly accomplished chef, and his taste will seem to you above reproach—except in those occasional moments when you come upon some over-sweetened bon-bon from the bourgeois table of Massenet or Gounod, the presence of which, should you indiscreetly reveal it to M. Rabaud, would mortify him deeply. For, alas, one suspects long before one comes to the end of *Marouf* that M. Rabaud's deft modernity is as inorganic as an actor's makeup.

Lawrence Gilman.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MAY SINCLAIR'S NEW WAR NOVEL[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE children of Frances Harrison delighted her because their slender bodies were "clear and hard." Clearness and hardness: these qualities are dear to Miss May Sinclair, devoted biographer of the Harrison clan. They haunt her mind as the word "dim" used to haunt the mind of William Butler Yeats before he began to turn a suspicious eye upon all misty and shadowed loveliness.

Miss Sinclair is obviously, these days, a spiritual Imagist, adoring clearness and hardness, clean surfaces and definite edges. Her preoccupation is as plain to the eye of even the casual analyst as is the reading of neuroses to the dauntless Freudians of the tea-table. On page sixteen of *The Tree of Heaven* it is the slender bodies and the hair of Frances Harrison's four children, Dorothy and Nicholas and Michael and John, that are "clear and hard." On page one hundred and twenty-four it is Dorothy, now a young radical fearful of being drawn into the Feminist Vortex, who would keep the "clearness and hardness" of her soul—for she shuddered before the tremor and the surge of collective feeling: she loathed the gestures and movements of the collective soul. On page one hundred and eighty-five it is Michael, making experiments in "live verse," who seeks "the clear hard Reality," fearing to collapse into "the soft heap of contemporary rottenness." Page two hundred and twenty-five sees Dorothy resisting the emotionalism of the suffrage procession, and discovering that she is now victoriously "clear and hard." On the very next page Michael again has his turn, when weariness and disgust of the herd-soul have caused his face to set "clear and hard." Twenty pages fur-

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[1] *The Tree of Heaven*, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1918.

ther on, Michael, horrified this time by the terrible unanimity of the collective soul as he perceives it in the Futuristic Vortex, thinks of himself as standing free from it—"clear and hard in the clean air." In the brain of Nickey arise, on page two hundred and eighty, "clear, vivid images with hard outlines." Dorothy's mind is once more exposed to us, on the three hundredth page, as "clear and hard," and again as "clear and hard" on page three hundred and sixteen; and on page three hundred and seventy-three " the clear, hard, unbreakable thing " is, this time, Michael's mind.

This passionate clinging to sharpness of definition is of course, with Miss Sinclair, merely a symptom of the genuine mystic's hatred of blurred contours. For it is here that the mystic and the Imagist, formally arrayed against each other, find themselves clasping hands; and so it is possible to discover Miss Sinclair, a flagrant mystic if ever there was one, fraternizing with mysticism's dearest foes.

Her writing is full of pictures extraordinary for their clear and luminous beauty:

Of Vera, whose hair " shone like copper-beech leaves," who was easily recognized by her forehead that looked so broad because her eyebrows and her eyes were so long, by " her fine, unfinished, passionate mouth, her pointed chin; her eyes, spread wide apart under her wide forehead like dark moth's wings; they hovered, rested, flickering, vibrating to the fine tips of their corners."

Of Veronica, with her incredible maturity, " her eyes shining in her dead-white face, far back through deep crystal, . . . the sense one got of her soul poised, steady and still, with wings vibrating "; so that Michael thought, as he watched her, " Of course Veronica's soul will come down like a wild pigeon into the ash-tree in our garden, and she will think that our ash-tree is a tree of Heaven."

Of Stephen, Irish poet, playwright, essayist, " whose black hair hung forward in two masses, smooth and straight and square "; who had " sorrowful, bitter eyes, and a bitter, sorrowful mouth, the long Irish upper lip fine and hard-drawn, while the lower lip quivered incongruously, pouted and protested and recanted, was skeptical and sensitive and tender "; whose " short, high nose had wide yet fastidious nostrils " (which may lead you, for comparison, back to Mr. George Moore's *Evelyn Innes* and the portrait therein of the same illustrious dreamer.)

And there was Frances herself, sitting in her terraced garden under the tree of Heaven, with the view over the Heath: Frances, who kept her mouth shut when she smiled, yet whose smile "mocked other people's solemnities": who believed in permanence because, in secret, she abhorred the thought of change, since at thirty-three she had got all the things she wanted. "Her happiness was a solid, tangible thing. She knew where it resided, and what it was made of, and what terms she held it on. There was no illusion about it."

Whenever Frances looked at her children, her mouth tightened itself so as to undo "the ruinous adoration of her eyes. . . . The bright solidity of their forms helped her to her adored illusion, the illusion of her childhood as going on, lasting for ever and ever." It was her four children who were the center of her world—chiefly her boys, Michael the poet and solitary, Nickey the subtle bright indomitable, who was always "top dog" in any encounter, and young John, whose hair was white gold. And all the time she knew that the awful thing about your children was that they were forever dying. The baby Nickey was dead, and the child Dorothy was dead, and in their places were strangers, aliens to that unique past which you would have brought back if you could. She wanted to have all their lives about her, without mutation, all going on at the same time.

You meet Frances and Anthony her husband and their four children, and certain aunts and uncles and brothers-in-law, and the adulterous Vera, and Veronica, for whom the walls of other souls were like gossamer veils—you meet them all under the tree of Heaven at Anthony's place in Hampstead. You meet them in 1895, and follow them through the time of the Boer War, and through the time of the Suffrage Vortex, and the time of the Home Rule-Ulster Vortex, and the time of the Aesthetic Vortex, up to and into the time of the Agony. Here is another novel of the War, but one with a longer background, a more deliberate prologuing, than anyone else has attempted. For elaborateness of preparation its closest analogue is Mr. Ervine's *Changing Winds*. In its concern with spiritual conflicts and precipitations it recalls inevitably *Mr. Britling*. With these two it constitutes the most deeply pondered report we have had of the behavior of the British soul since

the Terror began to stalk the world in the summer of 1914.

The special feature of this history is its impaling of a whole family upon the spit of the War. Its psychic unit is the Harrison family. Miss Sinclair has wrought as a polyphonist; her narrative is a true internal history, conducting simultaneously a many-colored web of spiritual adventures. Particularly, it studies the emotional and intellectual soil upon which the stupendous eruption poured its flaming rain. It exhibits the younger generation of Englishmen—the generation that came of age in the first decade of the new century—as they lived in those swirling, restless, seminal, ante-bellum days: those days of germinating social confrontations and crises, of emerging and dissolving intellectual vistas, those days of unexampled ferment, of immense self-consciousness. It was a generation that has been stupidly called "neurotic." It was less "neurotic," of course, than it was eager and curious and unappeased, incorrigibly challenging and experimental.

It has a restless, avid life in Miss Sinclair's electric writing. Michael and Dorothy, with their fear of the herd and its monstrous dominating soul, drawn inextricably into the Vortex—in his case, the convulsion of the new æsthetic revolt, which sucked him in although he resented its enmity to his solitary, fugitive, private soul; in Dorothy's case, the Feminist upheaval, which, though its "swaying and heaving and rushing forward of the many as one, the tremor and surge of collective feeling," repelled and sickened her, at the same time held her fascinated on the edge of the whirlpool. Nickey, with his subtle, Puck-like temperament, his riant stoicism. Veronica, with her abiding, frail mysteriousness, her fourth-dimensional soul: Miss Sinclair denotes and discriminates them all with triumphant lucidity, and assembles them with sacrificial tenderness for the Thunderbolt. These preparatory chapters (they absorb two-thirds of the book) are remarkable—remarkable for their probing and sensitive comprehension, their veracity and charm, their fineness and elasticity of texture, their recurrent loveliness of mood and indication.

But Miss Sinclair disappoints in what should have been (in the convenient speech of the theatre) her Big Act. Her manipulation of the War is conventional and formularistic. One had suspected her of nursing for her Big Act a precious opportunity: the chance to exhibit the inadequacy of "soli-

tary, fugitive, private souls" in the light of a spreading communal awareness. The larger human and social commitments of the War—the vast emancipations and renovations that, God willing, are the smouldering dawn behind its appalling night: these implications concern her, at the climacteric moment of her history, not at all, though earlier you had seemed to feel her groping toward them. Instead, she writes with her mind wholly engaged and exalted by the spectacle of private sublimations—almost you fancy that you hear the voice of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Almost—but not quite. For the essential distinction of this book, that comes near to yielding compensation for its restricted humanism, is its saturation in spiritual beauty—its continued response to a sense of exquisite certitudes that haunt it like remembered music.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE. By Edward E. Hale, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1917.

Humanity, wholesomeness of mind, the joyousness of right living —these are the qualities that most appeal to one in the letters of Edward Everett Hale.

With the adequate connective narrative supplied by the editor, the letters fill two large volumes. They are, from the purely literary point of view, a trifle disappointing. Considering Dr. Hale's effectiveness as a preacher and his rare gift as a fictionist, the letters contain fewer suggestive views or entertaining discoveries, or penetrating appreciations of men and things, than one might anticipate. They are, for the most part, simple, unceremonious accounts of the writer's activities and interests.

But if one misses in these pages the art of the epistolary essayist or critic, this fact only serves to call attention to something more important—the strong impression produced by the record as a whole. The two volumes of the *Life and Letters* preserve as fully as may be Dr. Hale's character and example, and they supply the best possible equivalent for personal knowledge of him.

His personality is diffused through the narrative and letters—the personality of a man who learned in good time how to live, how to rule and coördinate the impulses of a complex nature, how to free himself from the littleness and hypocrisy and unreality of ordinary living—how to be (ambiguous term!) "sincere." The significance of the narrative is felt as a continual demonstration of the fact that liberal Christianity, in the manifold relations, both private and public, of a life not narrowly ministerial, does, in the pragmatic sense, really "work."

Even the accounts given of Dr. Hale's literary tastes and methods confirm this impression. His stories always had a rather definite human meaning; they were frequently based upon a fantastic idea, capable of the most entertaining developments; they were invariably worked out with a Defoe-like verisimilitude that testified to the author's love for "transforming machinery into life."

The ethical motive in his fiction, to be sure, can be stressed too much. To suppose that Dr. Hale wrote his stories as a moralist or sermonizer, would be to miss the very point of his life—his success, that is, in making life religious and religion vital, that concreteness and actuality of his which saved him from self-consciousness and formalism in every thing that he said or did. No more than O. Henry, who, like him, used to breathe the breath of life into whimsical plots

based on sound ideas, was he a moralist disguised as a fiction-writer.

Beyond pointing out the cumulative effect of personality which the letters convey, it seems scarcely profitable to attempt to characterize the story told in the *Life and Letters*. It is a story variously interesting, of course, zestful in its record of manifold achievements, appealing in the kindliness, the liberality of thought, the practical idealism that are everywhere displayed in it. But it is not a story the qualities of which can be justly displayed by quotation of particular passages or by a bare recital of deeds. In the main, the impression conveyed is simply one of unity of character, resulting in personal effectiveness; but there are indications, too, of the "elements" out of which, as the saying is, the man's character was "formed," and these bits of analysis, or of material for analysis, must in some sort be summarized as being not the least interesting features of the work, serving, indeed, to enhance the meaning of Dr. Hale's life.

In the first place, then, one notes that Edward Everett Hale in youth showed no powerful bent toward the kind of life that he afterwards led. Before becoming a minister and a leader of men, he was simply a normal, level-headed young man of scholarly and literary tastes and of winning personality. He "thought Mr. Emerson half crazy; disliked abolition, doubted as to total abstinence, and in general, followed the advice of [his] Cambridge teachers, who were from the President down to janitor, all a hundred years behind their time." He was not especially interested in the anti-slavery movement, though he greatly admired one of its leaders, Dr. John G. Palfrey. Even of the ministry he had at first no very exalted conception, thinking of it simply as an occupation that afforded an excellent opportunity for a man of intelligence to indulge scholarly and literary tastes while at the same time helping and advising others.

Needless to say, his ideas were in later life greatly enlarged. Before he had been long the pastor of the Church of the Unity at Worcester he had formed in his mind the ideal, toward which he ever afterwards strove, of the church as an active social factor in American life. In a speech delivered at some religious anniversary in Worcester he is reported to have said that he "knew very little about the negative side of Unitarianism and never succeeded in understanding it or explaining it. Its positive side gave him more to do than he ever did and suggested all he had to say at the meeting. The business of the church was positive." When, in 1856, he accepted the call to Boston, he already felt that the work of a minister should not be confined to the pulpit or the parish. "I soon saw," he wrote in 1865, "that the man who meant to move the community by moral agencies for its good, needed a wider base for his operations than any deference given to the pulpit, even in its best successes, would give him. My theory is that the pulpit gives a man the influence which he must use in other walks and spheres, than the pulpit alone." How his activities widened, how he employed every faculty of his versatile mind, including his literary gift, in the service to which he felt himself called, how he became a pioneer in social work and an effective worker for what he called "the New Civilization," need not here be told.

The significant thing in all this is not that the man's nature was

transformed, but rather that it was unified and coördinated. Dr. Hale's tastes and talents, his interests and enjoyments, remained various. He continued to be in a certain sense conservative. No more than in college days was he, in any strict sense, a Transcendentalist. Far from being subdued to what he worked in, he seems to have lived a richer and more intense personal life than ever. His usefulness, therefore, was built upon a broad foundation of normal humanity. In other words, one may say that in him the natural all-around man, rational in thought and virtuously epicurean in tastes, was reconciled with the religious enthusiast.

This reconciliation was one of two important adjustments which seem to have taken place in him. The second of these was the reconciliation of the individualist with the altruist. Individualism he came by honestly from his New England ancestry. In youth it was one of his prominent characteristics and it continued to be so in his mature life. Though Dr. Hale was a great organizer, organization as such did not especially appeal to him, because organization is machinery and machinery cramps individual initiative. The ideas that we now name "efficiency" or "scientific management" did not attract him. What he liked to do was to "transform machinery into life." Among his writings, if *The Man Without a Country* presents the claims of the life in common, *My Double and How He Undid Me* urges, though with a humor that is the sign of reconcilement, the claims of the individual life. Thus Dr. Hale's ideal of service did not destroy, but simply controlled, his independent personality. In his nature, the individualist and the altruist both had elbow-room.

The summing-up of these considerations, though rather obvious, is perhaps worth making. Dr. Hale, admittedly a man of rare gifts, was the reverse of what we ordinarily call a genius—that is, he did not, as the genius does, follow an inward impulse of a special kind without knowing how or why. Nor was he, except in one way, a profound thinker: he was not one of those who continually grope, as some must do, for hidden meanings, who create for themselves problems, or who find that their ideals are "bitter gods to follow." But he was one of the wisest of men in that he settled with himself the great essential questions of living, letting the more abstruse questions go; and he was one of the best of men because he lived, consistently, energetically, and with an unobstructed will, according to his faith. His way of life, though not imitable in its special features by men of smaller minds and weaker powers, seems in principle so much the best way for most of us that his *Life and Letters* are as good as a philosophy.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN FISKE. By John Spencer Clark. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

The life of John Fiske was contemporary with a tremendous forward movement in human thought. The rapidity of this advance is strikingly indicated by the experience of Fiske himself, first as a student and then as a lecturer in Harvard College. In 1861, when he was a junior in the college, young Fiske was threatened by President

Felton with expulsion if he should be found guilty of disseminating Positive or Evolutionary ideas among the students. Later, on the invitation of President Eliot, he delivered at Harvard a notably successful series of lectures upon the once forbidden theme. In the University there had occurred within a period of eight years a complete revolution; and although in the world outside prejudice against the new philosophy as irreligious continued for a long time to be formidable, the battle for freedom of thought was in effect already won.

The full liberalizing influence of the new movement, John Fiske understood and interpreted better, perhaps, than any other man of his time; and his life and letters are of the greatest interest not only because they show the progress of the Evolutionary idea, but also because they enable one to understand those qualities of mind and heart that made John Fiske so able a mediator between science and religion.

As an interpreter and popularizer of liberal philosophic thought, Fiske may be not improperly compared with Emerson, whose order of ideas seemed to Fiske old-fashioned, and with William James, who in Fiske's own time was introducing a newer fashion in philosophy. All three men preached a kind of lay gospel; all three lifted burdens from men's minds and thus earned the affectionate regard of their readers; all three possessed a remarkable individual power of expression.

It is as the principal expounder of the religious implications of Evolution that John Fiske joins hands with Emerson. In 1838 Emerson had written in his diary an account of his idea of God which Fiske afterwards endorsed as expressing exactly that conception which he had himself endeavored to set forth in his writings, and which, so far as its temper and style is concerned, might readily be mistaken for a passage from one of Fiske's own letters. But Emerson belongs to the pre-scientific period of philosophy, and in Evolution as a theory supported by scientific evidence he appears to have had no interest.

It is as a scientific philosopher that Fiske comes into comparison with James. The two men had much in common. But James went in speculation far beyond the scope of the Cosmic Philosophy and indeed came in time to reject a part at least of what Emerson had never troubled himself to understand. His strictures upon the Evolutionary philosophy are well known.

The work of John Fiske, if far less original, appears to be more firmly based, and if the Cosmic Philosophy, even more conspicuously than Pragmatism, fails to say the last word about metaphysical problems, it remains nevertheless valuable in its entirety as a formulation and development of the widest and most fertile generalization that has been made in modern times.

From youth onward, John Fiske had a singularly prosperous mental development. He was always, as De Quincey said of himself, an "intellectual creature"—and as healthy-minded as he was intellectual. His boyish letters zestfully trace his mental progress, reflecting the character of "a boy who loved knowledge and his mother in about equal proportions." At the age of eleven he was studying geometry and logic, and had read four books of Cæsar, eight books of Virgil,

four orations of Cicero, and a considerable amount of Greek. His appetite for knowledge was voracious; yet when one of his masters forbade him to study during play time he was boy enough to turn with delight to the pleasure of outdoor life.

Naturally thorough and systematic in everything he did, young Fiske before entering college received, in a limited number of subjects, a training that would now be considered inordinately severe, while his own interest led him to do a large amount of reading in history, philosophy, and the then neglected sciences. Yet he seems never to have become sated, and, unlike J. S. Mill, he experienced no unpleasant reaction in after life.

That power of simple and lucid expression which afterward won him so much admiration from men like Darwin and Huxley, as well as from the general public, was evident in him even in youth. Letters of his, written as early as his thirteenth year, are perfectly correct and coherent in style—though by no means stiff or priggish—and except for the simplicity of the subject-matter show no signs of the writer's immaturity.

When at the age of eighteen John Fiske entered Harvard as a Sophomore, he already possessed a thoroughly trained mind. His regular college studies he found rather easy, and although he never unduly slighted these, he devoted no small part of his energy to the enlargement of his knowledge and the settling of his convictions through independent reading and thought. He was not long in finding himself. Before he was twenty-two, he had entered upon what proved to be his career by writing those essays upon Buckle's historical theories and upon the evolution of language which so impressed Professor Youmans that he searched the young author out and induced him to open correspondence with Herbert Spencer.

It was one of Fiske's great merits as a writer upon philosophy that without undue simplification of his ideas he was always able to make his meaning wonderfully clear and interesting even to those who had little previous acquaintance with the subjects of his discourse. Unlike Spencer, he was an artist in words and not a mere logic-grinder. As regards this matter a passage in a letter written to Fiske by Darwin, who had just been reading the *Cosmic Philosophy,* is illuminating. "With the exception of special points," wrote the modest founder of the theory of evolution, "I did not even understand H. Spencer's general doctrine, for his style is too hard work for me. I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are; and I think I understand nearly the whole—perhaps less clearly about Cosmic Theism and Causation than other parts."

Expository skill and logical clearness, however, could not alone have given Fiske his strong appeal. His power lay quite as much in the fact that he felt the need, and saw the possibility, of reconciling religion with science.

Here again he differed from Spencer, who seems to have been quite indifferent as to the effect of his doctrine of "the Unknowable" upon religious belief. Apropos of this difference, it is amusing to observe how warily Spencer in some of his earlier letters to Fiske avoided committing himself as to the religious implications of his

friend's ideas. That he did finally endorse these implications is a high tribute to Fiske, and the endorsement is in itself worth quoting, not only because it is characteristic in form, but also because it is perhaps the warmest utterance ever reported to have fallen from the lips of a man whose temperament seems to have been as frigid and dry as a winter's day in the Northland. At the close of his visit in America, Spencer was given a farewell dinner at which Fiske delivered an address upon the philosophic relation of the doctrine of Evolution to religion. "Fiske," cried Spencer, when the speaker had finished, "should you develop to the fullest the ideas you have expressed here this evening, I should regard it as a fitting supplement to my life-work."

To do the work that Fiske did a man was needed who was at the same time sternly scientific in mind and deeply religious in temperament. It was by reconciling the differences in his own nature that Fiske became able to cheer and elevate the minds of many to whom the antagonism between religion and science seemed unutterably depressing. How deep and sensitive his nature really was one cannot fully understand without reading in the *Life and Letters* the story of his religious experience and the account of his inner struggle to free himself from dogma while preserving faith. Moreover, his artistic temperament—which revealed itself in a love of music that led him to study the art of musical composition, and which made itself apparent in many poetic passages of his writings—is seen to have been a considerable if not indispensable element of his greatness.

Besides setting forth with great fulness and coherence a wealth of interesting facts regarding Fiske's ancestry, the course of his life, his habits and modes of thought, the *Life and Letters* is richly rewarding in the familiar delineations it gives of such notable men as Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Lewes. Mr. Clark has done thorough and thoughtful work. His narrative is not merely a setting for Fiske's letters, but a well considered biography broadly and variously interesting.

THE COMING DEMOCRACY. By Hermann Fernau. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1917.

Except for the frequent employment of the phrase "We Germans," the earlier chapters of *The Coming Democracy* read almost as if they had been written by an American or by an Englishman: they have indeed precisely the same tone of righteous indignation, precisely the same overwhelming argumentative massiveness, which have become familiar to Americans in a multitude of "war books." They are even a trifle tedious to a reader already well versed in the literature of the subject with which they deal. For the unfortunate fact is that within the space of a few years Prussian bad faith and Prussian medievalism have become almost outworn subjects for discourse—though by no means outworn motives for action. It is scarcely more possible to write anything fresh or startling upon these subjects than it would be to compose an original and moving address upon the atrocities of Nero. The issues between Imperial Germany and the

democratic Allies, have passed beyond the sphere of judicial discussions. Our minds are now made up, and what we heed most now are encouragements and aids to effective action. Thus, so long as Mr. Fernau speaks from the point of view of the enemies of Germany —so long as he confines himself to demonstrating the responsibility of the Imperial Government for the world war, to piercing the shallowness and inconsistency of German pretexts and justifications, to exposing the spirit of the German dynasty and of the German military class,—we approve him, indeed, because he, as a German citizen, sees and courageously expresses what we as American citizens have for a long time seen and expressed without hesitation; but we are not greatly enlightened or thrilled.

Books which go more deeply into these matters are available to all readers—treatises which fully and dispassionately refute German claims by analyzing diplomatic correspondence and historic facts, studies of German social and political life which reveal with clearness the German conception of the State and the superficial character of German liberties and German social reforms. Upon some questions, moreover, the author deliberately, and perhaps wisely, refrains from touching more than incidentally. He says nothing, for example, about the Prussian Constitution, the Prussian franchise and Upper House, the privileged position of the Junkers in the Prussian political system, or the Prussian policy in Poland. On these features of the German system the controversialist will find more facts unfavorable to the Imperial Government even in Prince von Buelow's *Imperial Germany* than in this book of Mr. Fernau's.

Furthermore, the author is obviously too sincere, too hopeful, a German patriot ever to be quite happy when he writes from the standpoint of *J'accuse*. His moral indignation lacks the point of stinging satire or the probing penetration of intellectual contempt.

But when Mr. Fernau begins to write as in some sort the spokesman of a section of the German people, when his voice seems to become the voice of that truer Germany which we hope exists, when he adopts the point of view expressed in the title of his earlier book, *Because I Am a German,* then he interests and moves us in the highest degree.

Two things are firmly believed by perhaps a majority of the German people today. The first is the theory of the Imperial Government,—a theory supported by sophistical reasoning and fabricated evidence,—that the war is from the German point of view a *defensive* war. The second is that German progress and prosperity has been absolutely dependent upon the successful carrying out of the policies of the German Imperial Government.

Neither of these beliefs is indicative of a hopeless perversion of character. When a people in which the fear of invasion is deeply ingrained is assured that it has been attacked and is immediately thereafter mobilized; when patriotic citizens have been worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiastic self-sacrifice over a "holy defensive war," what likelihood is there that, after the struggle has begun and while the enemy is doing his utmost in the way of apparent aggression, the rank and file will coolly reconsider their views? And since the unification of Germany through the warlike policy of Bismarck, and

through the militarism and centralization of the nation after his time, has seemed even to foreign observers so indisputably to account for German success in various fields, how can one expect Germans themselves to take a contrary attitude? Could they possibly see that "if Bismarck had welded the German races into national unity without any war, the national prosperity of Germany would, thanks to the genius of the German merchant and technologist, have developed just as brilliantly . . . as it did through Bismarck's annexation and armament policy"?

Such questions are powerfully suggested by Mr. Fernau's discussion and they are certainly not altogether wanting in pertinence. Much more to the point, however, are certain passages which go far toward convincing the reader that much of what is advanced as gospel truth by the Imperial Government and that is officially taught and promulgated, is not believed by the German people as a whole. Though the people of Germany are grievously mistaken about many things, they are not, according to Mr. Fernau, by any means insane.

"The simple German instinctively felt that a danger and a reaction were concealed in the events of the past forty years, but he could not and dared not realize the secret opposition which necessarily arose in a feudal military state like Prusso-Germany between dynastic rights and privileges and nineteenth-century notions of civil law." Repression both kept him in ignorance and enforced a sometimes unwilling outward conformity to the official view. Consequently, that conception of law, civil and international, which in most civilized countries has passed into political practise, "remained in Prusso-Germany punishable, *even as a theory.*"

Repression and arbitrary direction, too, very largely explain that rigidity of form and that repellent spirit of force-worship which prevails in most phases of German art and culture. This art, this culture is, in fact, not true Germanism, but "merely the will-to-power of the dynasty expressed in scientific and artistic forms." The unfortunate result has been that "almost everything that has been said about German culture in France, England, and Italy, since the beginning of the war, is false; because it is impossible for the people of those countries to conceive that the national idea of right and of culture can be a dictate from above and consequently they believe that it emanates from the people."

Nevertheless, despite the official dictation and the official falsification, despite the natural disposition of the average German to reverence the wisdom of his political rulers, to accept the teachings of the learned as gospel truth, to bow humbly to the expert in all departments of knowledge, freedom of thought and of conscience in Germany, declares Mr. Fernau, is by no means dead. "The fact is," he writes, "that we Germans for the last hundred years have not dared to be what we actually are and would like to show ourselves; namely, the descendants and the upholders of the classical Germanism of Leibnitz, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Humboldt, Uhland." Among private individuals, sitting at their firesides, this older Germanism, we are told, still prevails; public expression of it is cut off by the dread of certain paragraphs in the penal code. Thus, when Germans begin

to speak or write for the public, they "execute veritable egg-dances in order to avoid the necessity of speaking the truth."

But perhaps this love of older and better ideals represents only a feeble and flickering sentiment, while the real convictions of the people do in fact, as they seem to do, support the policy of the dynasty. To such a supposition Mr. Fernau would reply, first, that, according to his own personal knowledge, "two-thirds of the German electorate have a horror of a war of conquest, secretly condemn the crimes committed against Belgium, and can only conceive the world-war as the result of Cossack invasions, bombs dropped by aviators, and 'actual attacks'"; secondly, that there is in Germany no large party which desires the monarchy for its own sake; thirdly, that on every occasion on which the majority of the people has been allowed to express its views upon vital questions it has disapproved the policy of the Government; finally, that if in 1914 Germany had had a responsible parliament, truly representing the people, there can be no manner of doubt that the military class would have been unable to commit the country to war.

It is not without reason, perhaps, that Americans during the last year or so have become somewhat less receptive to the message of Mr. Fernau's book than they would have been at the time when the author began to write. "Make no mistake," we have been exhorted; "we are fighting the whole German people, and they are heart and soul against us." Still, we may hope; still, we may retain a certain faith in human nature; still we may feel encouraged to believe that the coming of democracy in Germany will find a majority of the German people far more ready to accept it than we had hitherto supposed. Moreover, Mr. Fernau's right-minded and fervent, if perhaps too optimistic, vindication of the soul of the German people, fits in admirably with that distinction which President Wilson as the spokesman of America drew between the German people and the rulers of Germany.

Canon Sheehan of Doneraile. By Herman J. Heuser, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1917.

In this puzzling world there are few intellectual experiences that are more enjoyable and beneficial than acquaintance with a man whose personal qualities enable one, not to forget, but to transcend, differences of creed. A most religious man, a sincere Catholic, Canon Sheehan impresses the non-Catholic reader of his books as a great human being, and the more so for being a Catholic, for his religion is an inseparable part of him. To Protestants as well as to Catholics, therefore, his life-story should prove appealing and profitable.

Patrick Sheehan was born in the year 1852, in County Cork. At the age of fourteen he was sent to St. Colman's College, a preparatory training school in the diocese of Cloyne, in which school he was fitted for entrance to the philosophical department of the Theological Seminary at Maynooth.

After completing his studies, he was appointed to the English mission. He went first to the Plymouth diocese and then as curate

to the Church of the Sacred Heart at Exeter. For a time he was administrator in Exeter Parish. In 1887 he returned to Ireland to take up the duties of a village curate. In 1881 he was called to the Cathedral in Queenstown, but later, after an illness, he was sent back to his native parish. From 1895 to the day of his death he was Parish Priest of Doneraile. Towards the close of his life he received from the Pope the degree of Doctor of Divinity and from the Bishop of his own diocese an appointment as Canon of Cloyne Chapter.

A man of learning and of finely tempered culture, Canon Sheehan was first and always a priest. Just what being a priest meant to him, may best be told in his own words: the vocation to the priesthood he summarized as "the virtue of loving men and the talent of making them know it." His character—so largely the expression of this thought—is beautifully portrayed in his letters and in Doctor Heuser's narrative.

What this thoughtful and fine-spirited man wrote on general questions may be read with pleasure and advantage by those of another faith and a different point of view. His somewhat critical discussions, for example, of Catholic education, and of emigration from Ireland to America as seen from the viewpoint of the Church, are thought-provoking.

In all his writings,—letters, essays, and novels,—an idealistic and poetic spirit makes its influence felt in pleasant and seemly ways; and his fiction is really remarkable—almost *sui generis*—in its happy delineations of priestly life and in its shrewd and sympathetic delineations especially of Irish peasant character. "The supernatural shines vividly through almost every character," wrote one critic concerning *My New Curate;* "nevertheless, there is not a goody-goody line in it." Of the same novel, Joel Chandler Harris wrote to his daughter: "I am glad your teacher enoyed the book, *My New Curate.* It is a piece of real literature, and is the finest book I have read in many a day."

Canon Sheehan's breadth of thought may be indicated with approximate fairness by quoting some passages from a letter he wrote to his intimate friend, Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Would you be surprised to hear that in what you say about intellect you come very near the dogmatic teaching of the Church, especially as revealed in the late Papal Encyclical against 'Modernism.' . . . It is a condemnation of 'emotionalism' or 'intuitionalism,' as the sole motive of faith. The Church takes its stand upon reason as the solid foundation on which Faith rests. . . . But, as you say, intellect has its limitations, which we are all painfully conscious of; and therefore if we are to reach the Truth, there must be some other avenue. This we call faith. . . . If we accept 'intellect' alone as the norm and standard of truth, we drift at once into the belief that all knowledge is relative, and there is no absolute truth. This won't do! The Absolute Mind alone can discern absolute Truth. The moment you speak of limitations, or say 'we cannot know,' you admit that. Therefore, what we can know about the Universe is just what reason verifies and what Absolute Truth has *chosen* to reveal." The whole letter is profoundly interesting.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

X

(*December* 4—*January* 3)

THE ninth month of American participation in the World War opened with a technical extension of our responsibilities through a formal declaration of war against "the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Government," upon the ground that it "has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States." The joint resolution making this declaration passed the Senate on the afternoon of December 7, after a very brief debate, by a unanimous vote. Several Senators who opposed the declaration of war against Germany voted for this resolution. Senator La Follette left the Senate chamber while the debate was proceeding and returned just after the vote had been taken. He explained then that he had gone to his office to draft an amendment to the resolution, embodying a declaration that the United States would not agree to depriving Austria-Hungary of any territory which it held on August 1, 1914. If that amendment had been accepted he would have voted for the resolution, otherwise he would have voted against it.

In accordance with the recommendations of the message of the President the declaration was confined to Austria-Hungary, and did not include Bulgaria and Turkey, although there was strong sentiment in both Senate and House for such inclusion. In the Senate the vote was 74 ayes and no nays. In the House, which voted a few minutes after the Senate did, there were 365 ayes, including the lady from Montana, Miss Rankin. One negative vote was recorded in the House, that of Meyer London, Socialist, of New York.

While the United States was thus extending the range of its war activities, and making new efforts toward the effective organization of its war resources, the peace talk that has accompanied all operations in Europe for many months took on more volume and a little more possible direction than ever before. This was due, in chief part, to the Russian collapse and the attempts of the Germans to secure the largest and most immediate advantage from that situation. The peace conference, preparations for which occupied a considerable share of public attention the world over for several weeks, met formally at Brest-Litovsk on December 22. It was attended by delegations from Germany, headed by von Kuehlmann, the Foreign Minister; Austria-Hungary, headed by Count Czernin; Bulgaria, Turkey and Russia. The Russians submitted terms including: 1. No annexations, and prompt evacuation of occupied territory. 2. Restoration of political independence to nations that have lost it during the war. 3. Right of

self-definition for non-independent national groups. 4. Defense of rights of minorities in mixed nationalities through educational freedom and administrative autonomy where possible. 5. No contributions. Private losses to be indemnified from general fund contributed by all belligerents. 6. No economic boycotts. Self-determination for colonies.

Pending the reply of the Teutonic delegates to these proposals the Kaiser addressed the second German army, on the French front, saying: "If the enemy does not want peace then we must bring peace to the world by battering in with the iron fist and shining sword the doors of those who will not have peace."

On Christmas day Count Czernin, for the Teutonic allies, submitted a response to the Russian statement purporting to accept the principle of no annexations and no indemnities, but declaring that the Russian proposals "could be realized only in case all the Powers participating in the war obligate themselves scrupulously to adhere to the terms, in common with all peoples." Political independence to be restored to those nations which lost it during the war, but self-definition of non-independent peoples "must be solved by each Government, together with its peoples, in a manner established by the Constitution." Furthermore, "the protection of the rights of minorities constitutes an essential component part of the constitutional rights of peoples to self-determination." The Teutons were ready to renounce indemnification for war costs and war damages, but each belligerent must pay the expenses for maintenance of its war prisoners "as well as for damage done in its own territory by illegal acts of force committed against civilian nationals belonging to the enemy." This last clause was apparently laying a foundation for use in the case of settlement for Belgium.

As to the last clause of the Russian terms, covering colonies, Germany, being the only one of the Teutonic allies possessing colonies, replied alone, with the assertion that "the return of colonial territories forcibly seized during the war constitutes an essential part of German demands, which Germany cannot renounce under any circumstances." Germany also declared that the right of self-determination, as far as her colonies were concerned, "is at present practically impossible." The Russian principles of economic relations were approved wholly and claimed as their own by the Teutons.

The submission of this statement by the Teutonic allies caused the Russians to ask for a ten days recess of the conference in order that they might submit the proposal to their allies. As this is written the cable reports that the Russian delegates have broken off negotiations and returned to Petrograd because of German insistence on holding strategic points in Poland and elsewhere.

Not a ripple was produced in Washington by this German peace move. The only opinion expressed by public officials and prominent men generally was that it was best to follow the leadership of the President. The White House maintained absolute silence on the subject. It was obvious that the essential requirement for peace laid down in the President's reply to the Pope, when he declined to treat with the present German Government because it is not to be trusted, is not

attempted to be met by the Brest-Litovsk proposal. Our European allies, having accepted the President's leadership and statement of war aims on previous occasions, seem disposed again to await his response to the invitation from Brest-Litovsk.

While our enemies are manœvering to obtain the utmost possible advantage, by peace or otherwise, from the collapse of Russia, our own preparations for effective war making are progressing with materially increased speed. The close of the month was signalized by the issuance of a proclamation by the President, on December 26, putting all the railroads of the country under Government control for the period of the war, and appointing William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, to be Director General of Railroads. This action was taken under authority of the act of August 29, 1916,—the army appropriation act—which empowers the President, "in time of war . . . to take possession and assume control of any system or systems of transportation, or any part thereof, and to utilize the same, to the exclusion, as far as may be necessary, of all other traffic thereon, for the transfer or transportation of troops, war material and equipment, or for such other purposes connected with the emergency as may be needful or desirable."

The Director General was empowered by the President to perform the duties laid on him through the directors and other officials of the railroad systems, and except as the Director General's orders provide the roads remain subject to existing laws and the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to the orders of the regulating commissions of the various States. But the orders of the Director General are specifically made paramount.

Of utmost importance to the roads themselves was the paragraph of the proclamation providing that the Director shall negotiate with the roads for "just and reasonable compensation for the possession, use and control of the respective properties on the basis of an annual guaranteed compensation above accruing depreciation and the maintenance of their properties, equivalent, as nearly as may be, to the average of the net operating income thereof for the three year period ending June 30, 1917."

Director General McAdoo assumed control of the roads under this proclamation at noon on December 28, but for the purposes of accounting the Government control did not begin until midnight of December 31.

It had been apparent throughout the month that something of this kind was soon to come. On December 5 the Interstate Commerce Commission submitted a special report to Congress pointing out the necessity of operating the railroads of the country in a unified system in order to solve the perplexing problem of furnishing adequate transportation during the war. Two alternatives were suggested by the Commission. One involved special legislation permitting conjoint operation under the existing management of the roads. This necessitated the repeal or suspension of the anti-trust and anti-pooling laws so far as they applied to combinations of railroads, for both Federal and State laws stand in the way of such a combination of railroads as is necessary to carry out the plan. The other suggestion was for the

President to take over control of the roads under the act of August 29, 1916. The Commerce Commission suggested that if this were done Congress should provide ample return to the roads for upkeep, betterments and use while under Government operation.

The Commission advised Congress in this report that if the roads were to continue to operate under their own control it would still be necessary for the Government to assist in financing them, because of heavily increased expenses, and because of Government occupation of the securities market with bond sales for war expenses and for loans to allies. Even if the fifteen per cent increase of freight rates asked by the roads were granted by the Commission they would find difficulty in providing adequate war service.

The railroads had been operating under a voluntary coöperative agreement effected early in April. The Railways War Board, consisting of a committee of railroad executives selected by the roads, under the chairmanship of Fairfax Harrison, head of the Southern Railway, believed that the voluntary system of unification was adequate to secure maximum efficiency. Mr. Harrison pointed out that no interest had declined, for selfish reasons, to respond to the requirements of the coöperative organization. He declared that the roads needed a Government traffic manager, to represent all Government departments and secure the prompt and orderly transportation of Government traffic and avoid the excessive, wasteful and hampering issuance of preference orders, which had been the chief cause of congestion and delay in transportation. The roads also needed supplies and equipment which had been ordered and which they were ready to pay for. But priority orders were needed to obtain the 3,800 locomotives and 33,000 cars under order. Also 2,000 additional locomotives and 150,000 cars would be needed for 1918. An increase in rates was needed to meet the increase in operating expenses, but Government aid was needed also in providing new capital for equipment.

The necessity of operating the railroads of the country in a unified system was emphasized by the inability of the Fuel Administration to prevent coal shortage and famine in different sections, despite all that could be done through priority orders and through such efforts as could be exerted in the absence of complete control. Dr. Garfield, the Fuel Administrator, told the Senate committee which was investigating the coal situation that the policy of competition which had been adopted by the United States had made impossible the employment of the railroads in one combined system, but that such employment of the roads was essential to the relief of the fuel shortage.

The first order of Director McAdoo was a telegram to all railroad presidents and directors requesting them to "move traffic by the most convenient and expeditious routes." Thus the pooling of the railroads was made effective. Mr. McAdoo asked the Railways War Board and all the coöperating committees formed under it to remain in service "for the present." Three days later, however, he accepted the resignations of the Board and appointed an Advisory Committee headed by John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency, with whom are associated Hale Holden, president of the Burlington, a member of the old Railways War Board; Henry Walters of the Atlantic Coast Line;

and Edward Chambers and Walker D. Hines of the Santa Fé. He also appointed A. H. Smith, president of the New York Central, to be supervisor of the trunk lines in the East and North, and Mr. Smith issued his first orders aimed at clearing up all congestion.

Mr. McAdoo accompanied these moves by orders annuling all previously issued priority orders and abolishing the authority of army and navy officers in supply and other bureaus to "blue tag" Government shipments and demand priority for them. He prescribed also the abandonment, as far as practicable, of long-haul passenger trains to and from New York which interfere with freight traffic; the common use of Pennsylvania tracks, tunnels and station in New York, for freight traffic, and the common use of railroad owned water carriers at New York and New Jersey freight terminals.

The immediate purpose of these orders was to relieve the freight congestion and put an end to the coal shortage that was nearing the famine point in and about New York City. As Mr. McAdoo was issuing these orders, C. C. McChord, a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was testifying before the Senate railroad investigating committee that the priority order system had increased railway congestion instead of relieving it. He said that more than half the shipments were under priority orders, and that they tended to disorganize the whole transportation system. He told of a naval officer who issued a priority order on a shipment of anchors to a shipyard before work on the ships was started. The Priority Board, the War and Navy Departments, the Food Administration, the Fuel Administration, the Car Service Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission had all been issuing priority orders. The multiplicity of them was not only congesting the railroads, it was interfering with the industries of the country and directly menacing the success of future Liberty Loans.

Mr. McAdoo opened the New Year with an order giving coal for New York City right of way over passenger service through the Pennsylvania tunnels and terminal in the city. Drastic interference with passenger service all over the country resulted from the efforts to relieve freight congestion. Railroad officials and Government authorities joined in impressing it upon the public that unnecessary travel was discouraged. In many ways accommodations were curtailed—by the withdrawal of chair and sleeping cars, dining and buffet cars and the reduction or withdrawal of special service of all kinds. Commutation service into New York was reduced by several roads, both in number of trains and in time of transit.

The reassembling of Congress was accompanied by the submission of the estimates of expenditures from the different departments and bureaus of the Government for the fiscal year of 1919, appropriations for which must be made at this session. These estimates aggregate thirteen and a half billion dollars. But they do not include any loans to our allies, which have been authorized to the extent of seven billions for this fiscal year. If loans to allies reach a similar sum in the next year the total of estimated appropriations will be twenty and a half billions as against $18,788,961,437 thus far this year. That figure represents the appropriations made up to date. But there is an Urgent

Deficiency bill pending that carries about a billion and a half, which will bring the total for 1918 over twenty billions. Moreover the expenditures of several supply bureaus are still considerably below the estimates, owing to delays at factories. Production generally will soon be at full speed, however, and then daily expenditure will increase accordingly.

Estimates for the War Department absorb more than ten of the thirteen billions needed for 1919. One billion is asked for pay of the men, and two billions for quartermaster's supplies—clothing, certain kinds of equipment, and transportation. The Surgeon-General wants $157,000,000 for hospitals and medicines, and the Engineers ask $135,000,000 for the equipment of engineer troops and $892,000,000 for the expenses of their field operations. The Ordnance Bureau asks $2,672,000,000 for ammunition and guns, exclusive of $237,000,000 for machine guns. The army aviators ask $1,032,294,260 as against appropriations for this year of $739,067,766.

The Navy asks for a total of $1,047,914,027 as compared with appropriations for 1918 aggregating $1,596,936,455, with some deficiencies yet to be cared for. The Shipping Board wants nearly $900,000,000 more to carry on its great programme and the Food and Fuel Administrations need about double what they have had this year. Their requirements, however, are mere small change compared with those of the fighting organizations. The army estimates for pay cover 62,000 line and 25,578 staff officers and 1,208,300 enlisted men of the line and 398,053 enlisted men of staff departments, a total force of 1,693,931 officers and men.

Congress quickly took cognizance of complaints of inefficient work in both army and navy organizations and began investigations covering both those departments and the Fuel and Food Administrations and Shipping Board as well. At this writing the army investigation has gone into the Ordnance Bureau and Quartermaster-General's office, and has developed a long and unpleasant story of delays and of failure to secure ordnance and other supplies with the promptness and in the quantities which the public desired and expected. The hampering effect of red tape has had a new demonstration. It developed that our men abroad are equipped with French instead of American artillery, and that we are using British rifles because we could not make our own fast enough. Our men in camps and cantonments at various places in this country are not fully supplied with rifles, have no machine guns and are short of artillery. They are not fully supplied with proper clothing, and Surgeon-General Gorgas reported that at camps which he personally inspected there was disease and suffering due to insufficient clothing. Army officers, contractors and members of committees of the Council of National Defense, all of whom have been involved in the unhappy revelations, have spent much time trying to shift blame to other shoulders. Secretary Baker, upon whom General Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, laid part of the blame for army lack of equipment, defended the army in a public speech with the remark that there were "two ways to look at the nation's war progress, what we have done and what we have not done."

"The activities of the Government departments doing war work

had to be multiplied three thousand fold," said Mr. Baker. "We had to undertake new problems on a colossal scale. These were things which the country was not prepared to do."

The investigation disclosed the fact that an enormous amount had been accomplished in the equipment of the army, and in preparation for the organization and equipment of additional forces. The story is by no means wholly dismal and many besides Secretary Baker will find satisfaction in contemplating what has been done, although it is not all that might have been accomplished.

The inquiry into naval conditions found a much pleasanter situation. The annual report of Secretary Daniels showed that the great guns for the batteries of the new battleships are in place and the new sixteen inch gun is ready for testing. The destroyers in European waters are kept supplied with all requirements. The navy has placed orders for all explosives needed and the projectile problem has been met, more plants bidding for contracts than were needed. This is in marked contrast to the army situation.

In mid-December Mr. Daniels announced the formation of an inter-allied naval council "to insure complete coöperation between the allied fleets." England, France, Italy, Japan and the United States are represented. Mr. Daniels told the Congressional investigating committee that several hundred ships had been added to the fleet since we entered the war, and that contracts had been let for hundreds more, including superdreadnaughts, battle cruisers, destroyers and every class of naval vessel. There are 424 ships in course of construction, not including 350 submarine chasers. The navy has over a thousand vessels in commission against less than 300 two years ago. The personnel numbers 280,000 as compared with 64,680 men and 4,376 officers when we entered the war.

On December 15 Secretary Baker, after a long conference with President Wilson, announced the formation of a new War Council, composed of himself, the Assistant Secretary of War, General Bliss, the Chief of Staff; General Crozier, the Chief of Ordnance; General Sharpe, the Quartermaster-General; General Weaver, the Chief of Artillery; and General Crowder, the Judge Advocate General and Provost Marshal General. The announcement said that the new council was "to oversee and coördinate all matters of supply of our field armies and the military relations between the armies in the field and the War Department." Skeptical Washington was inclined, however, to consider this as a promotion out of responsible work for some of the new council members, and to recall several cases among our allies where distinguished officers have been promoted similarly to posts of less arduous and important duty. A few days after this announcement Mr. Baker announced that General George W. Goethals had been recalled to active duty and assigned as acting Quartermaster-General, and that acting chiefs of ordnance and artillery had been appointed.

The investigation of the Shipping Board disclosed a situation so satisfactory that at the close of the examination of Chairman Hurley the committee frankly asked him how it could help in the work he was doing. Mr. Hurley had said that the programme is moving steadily

and surely forward to successful completion. There had been some delays, as was well known, but the new organization of the Emergency Fleet Corporation for the first time gave the chairman of the Board the proper authority and fixed the responsibility where it belonged. When he joined the Board on July 27 there were 840,900 tons of wooden ships, 207,000 tons composite and 587,000 tons of steel ships under contract. Since then contracts for 3,378,200 tons of additional steel ships have been let, together with 504,000 tons additional wooden vessels. Also the Fleet Corporation has rendered financial aid to forty-two yards. This was superimposed upon a programme of naval construction equal to 2,500,000 tons of merchant shipping.

The coal investigation developed a situation of railroad congestion that prevented deliveries, although production for 1917 was much greater than in 1916. This situation, as has been shown, was the first one tackled by the new Director General of Railroads.

The investigation of the Food Administration promptly developed into a personal assault upon Mr. Hoover, the Food Administrator, by Claus Spreckels of the Federal Sugar Refining Company, who accused the Food Administration of working with the sugar trust and of bringing on the sugar shortage. Mr. Hoover retorted that Spreckels was resentful because his profits had been interfered with. The Senate Committee, headed by Senator Reed, who had opposed Mr. Hoover's appointment, declined to permit Mr. Hoover to testify immediately in response to Mr. Spreckels, or to print a statement by Hoover. Thereupon President Wilson took a hand and published the statement through the Committee on Public Information. The strong flow of charges and counter charges indicated that an old rivalry was getting a new airing.

The month heard the usual reports of German intrigue, with another chapter of the Lansing serial exposure of Count Luxburg, the German Minister to Argentina. And, as usual, it saw no serious punishment for sedition or treason, or spy work. But we hope we are getting on.

[*This record is as of January* 3 *and is to be continued.*]

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

FOR A WAR COUNCIL

(From the Houston Post)

Nothing will come before the session of Congress of greater importance than the question of war finance. The reports indicate a palpable difference of opinion between groups of congressmen with respect to the relative merits of additional taxes and further bond issues, or with respect to what proportion of revenues shall come from the one and what shall come from the other.

Up to the present time there has been no difficulty in making appropriations for war measures, but the revenue measures have been difficult to agree upon, and the revenue measures of the last session do not seem to have settled the question of revenues to meet the Government's requirements up to the end of the fiscal year on June 30, 1918.

This question of finance is one of tremendous difficulty because of the many elements which enter into it.

It is a scientific question which is easily beyond the congressional layman's comprehension.

It is one that invites the agitation of individual theories, which are seldom based upon solid information.

Even the treasury experts, headed by Secretary McAdoo, realize how tremendously difficult a problem which has to be approached from so many angles is bound to be.

In the presence of such a difficulty, it seems to *The Post* that President Wilson and Congress as well would find Colonel George Harvey's oft-reiterated suggestion of a board of counsellors of great service at such a time.

Unquestionably a board of financial advisers composed of distinguished financiers could render much aid in the solving of the financial problem.

Admittedly, one imperative necessity is to avoid the depreciation of any form of money in circulation. The redeemability of all issues in gold must be maintained.

It is likewise imperative to determine just what the bond assimilating capacity of the nation is, and in what proportions the money needed must be raised from loans and taxes.

Only the greatest and wisest financiers are able to solve such problems and surely their advice would be of incalculable aid to Congress.

Secretary McAdoo has already recognized the importance of such counsel in securing the services of Mr. Vanderlip, but even Mr. Vanderlip would welcome the counsel of other financiers.

The banks must handle the loans. They are the custodians of the

people's money. They ought to be consulted. It will not be with them a matter of profit, but a matter of conserving the credit of the country and keeping the war on a solid financial basis.

The war has reached the point where the counsel of the greatest statesmen and greatest financiers ought to be readily at the disposal of the President. He can not carry the burden alone, and his cabinet ministers are naturally absorbed in the work of their several departments.

The greatest minds of the country are at the disposal of the President for the asking, and, regardless of party affiliations, they could be summoned to the country's service—most of them without money and without price—just as Judge Lovett, Mr. Vanderlip and numerous other citizens have answered calls upon them.

And if there are those who require their expenses to be paid it would be money well expended.

Colonel George Harvey, who suggested this plan, has offered an idea of which the President has already availed himself partially. But surely Congress, with but little opportunity to know and comprehend the great questions entering into war finance and wanting to do what is best and safest, might find such a board of counsellors of much assistance in the work of formulating a financial policy adequate for all the country's needs.

There should be no further haphazard financial legislation. Congress should move upon known ground.

MORE STEAM CALLED FOR

(*From the Burlington Free Press*)

Colonel George Harvey asks in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, "Are we losing the war?" That is a startling query for America. As we look at the subsidence of Russia, with the consequent probability that Roumania, cut off from all Allies, will also be forced out of the war, we echo the query. As we realize that every great military movement outside of France has been a German gain up to the present drive in Italy, we must concede there is ground for Colonel Harvey's startling question.

If, in spite of the tremendous expenditure of money by Americans, we are helping to lose the war, then manifestly, instead of blocking the wheels of the Wilson Administration in any way, we should insist that it put on more steam. That policy was found to be necessary in both England and France, as well as in Italy, to promote war efficiency. We are probably no exception to the rule.

After showing that all is not as easy as it would have been a year or six months ago, before Russia and Italy weakened, and that we are now in the darkest moment since the battle of the Marne, Colonel Harvey concludes: "But we do not despair; we are not even dismayed. Our mental gaze cannot pierce the cloud, but our moral vision tells us that its lining is of silver; it must be; and we shall find it, never fear. Are we losing the war? No. But we are not winning it—and we have far, very far, to go."

Those are timely words and pertinent, as Congress resumes its work. We have not only far to go, but there is much to do on the way. Congress must see to it first of all that our boys sent to training camps are not

made victims of pneumonia because of necessity of wearing summer khaki in winter owing to lack of material. If the Germans had shot as many of our boys as have died of pneumonia, the whole nation would now be up in arms. These and all other necessities at home must be attended to at once, instead of waiting. We must all put our shoulders to the military machine and help push it along. Otherwise we may be as late in reinforcing our own troops now in France as were the Allies in succoring Serbia, Roumania and Italy. In short, we must begin at once to work every possible weapon, military and naval, as well as political, if we would win this war decisively.

DIGNITY DEMANDED

(*From the Union Township Dispatch*)

Colonel George Harvey, who rendered the civilized world a great service when he unearthed Woodrow Wilson at Princeton ten years ago and brought him forth as a Presidential possibility, is still working might and main to undo his great service.

His latest grievance against the President is the sending of Colonel House to Europe to participate in the great Allied conference as the representative of President Wilson. Colonel Harvey does not feel that Colonel House measures up to the importance of the conference, and the Camden *Courier,* one of those typically partisan Republican newspapers of South Jersey, agrees thoroughly.

According to the *Courier,* it seems that the fact that President Wilson and Colonel House are chums disqualifies the latter for the important mission upon which he has been sent. While Colonel Harvey proved himself to be a good picker when he saw Presidential timber in the former Princeton chief, President Wilson has had a good deal of experience as a picker himself in recent years.

There are bigger men and more experienced statesmen in America than Colonel House, but he is evidently a man who is better able to grasp the Wilson viewpoint than some others, and the man who can carry out a Wilson plan is a more serviceable man than some who might suit Colonel Harvey. When Mr. Wilson chose Elihu Root to head the mission to Russia he showed that his selections were not controlled either by personal friendship or partisanship.

The country, and the entire world, should appreciate Colonel Harvey's great service in bringing Woodrow Wilson to the attention of his country at the time when the world needed just such a man, but, having done that, he should not permit personal grievances and disappointments to interfere with a full appreciation of what the President is doing. He should be big enough to make the best of it, and at least act with dignity.

THE POWER OF FAITH

(*From the Columbia State*)

In a recent article in The North American Review, reprinted in the Boston *Transcript,* Colonel Harvey, in his own inimitable style, unbosoms himself of a credit and a debit column. He considers that the Executive

could have made a more brilliant choice than House for his pre-eminent position, but on the other hand he might have done worse. Putting "one's House in order" is always a ticklish job. He holds Lloyd George correct in all his criticisms, except in the absence of the one which he neglected to launch against his own "negligence in failing Italy in her hour of need."

He is sure that the cause of the Allies is worse off than ever before, except just after the Marne, but that there is as yet no reason for despair. He believes that the war will last for five years longer, but by that time we shall be able to fight in a more workmanlike manner. He sees the necessity of a generalissimo, but suspects that "there ain't no sich animile" available. Finally, he asserts what sounds like a confession of faith: "But we do not despair; we are not even dismayed. Our mental gaze cannot pierce the cloud, but our moral vision tells us that its lining is of silver; it must be; and we shall find it, never fear!" In plain English, he puts his trust in Providence.

It is always interesting to see the authoritative person bowing to a higher authority. If that pregnant little "it must be" means anything, it means that, like the rest of us, Colonel Harvey is daring the Universe to act in flagrant defiance of good and justice;—which is but a different way of trusting it to be on the side of righteousness. He is calling on that mysterious Something which, throughout history, from Babel and Marathon to the Marne, has put out a manifest command, "So far and no farther." But think of Colonel Harvey in the devotional attitude! What a triumph for the Unseen!

UNSOUND AND FAULTY

(*From the Philadelphia North American*)

That is the situation today—Germany reinforced by hordes of fresh troops and ready to launch a tremendous assault against her last powerful antagonists, Great Britain and France; among her people new confidence and strength of will, among the others the beginning of a feeling of weariness and uncertainty, manifested in profitless wrangling over "war aims" and unconcealed dependence upon American aid; and in this country a backwardness in preparation which is ominously suggested in the revelations now being made by the Congressional inquiry into our military affairs.

The North American Review offers a plausible theory to account for the last-mentioned condition. "The whole difficulty," it suggests, "is to be found in the secret hope, even anticipation, both in Washington and in London, that when this country, with its 'boundless resources,' should have been in the war long enough to make a tremendous showing by way of preparation, Germany would 'crumple' and the war would come to an end."

If that was the design it was not only unsound in principle but lamentably faulty in execution; for the showing which seems to us prodigious is still so far from being complete that it does not discourage Germany's effort nor mitigate its force in the remotest degree, and conceivably may be too late to counteract its effects and avert the world disaster of a Prussian peace.

COMPREHENSIVE AND FEARLESS

(*From the Bookseller*)

The war numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW have increased the sales of the magazine to a remarkable extent. It is read by the discriminating reader, who wants a calm statement of fact and accurate information about the subjects discussed. Various world conditions and problems are commented upon in a way to illuminate, and the papers are written by the authors of note, experts, as it were, in their various fields. Not only does one get a broad survey of world events, home politics and biographical matter, but the literary output also comes in for its share of criticism and comment. It is one of the standard monthlies of the day, having maintained its position as the veteran periodical among the literary magazines of the times. The editor's articles are always dynamic in force and popular in appeal for Colonel Harvey hits from the shoulder and what he says about Americanizing America—in the current issue—merits a careful reading, for his ideas are as comprehensive as his English is fearless.

A CONSTRUCTIVE INDICTMENT

(*From the Financial News*)

If you want to know the real cause of the "mysterious liquidation" which has demoralized investment confidence you will find it in the brilliant editorial of the December issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, headed "Are We Losing the War?"

Every patriot should read and pass it along.

Colonel George Harvey has completely "kicked over the traces" of censorship and, in a powerful, merciless and constructive indictment, has exposed incompetence, heretofore concealed by the cloak of secrecy, that has been responsible to a large extent for the failure of the Allied conduct of the war.

It is a patriotic, exhaustive and constructive arraignment of the highest type, combined with a clarion call to Americans to substitute instant action for wordy delay, if we hope to avoid defeat.

Great powers lie behind it.

BROADWAY AND FLANDERS

(*From the Churchman*)

In the death last week of Walter Dorsey Davidge, who for twelve years had been head usher at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, we are reminded of the needless toll of human life exacted every year from reckless driving of automobiles. Mr. Davidge was run over while crossing a street. In New York City alone over eight hundred persons were killed last year in this way. Mr. Harvey, in the October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, may have been indulging in rhetorical exaggeration when in reviewing percentages of deaths among the soldiers at the front he said that it was more perilous to cross Broadway than to face the enemy. The utter indifference and callousness of

the American public regarding accidents is one of the weak spots in our national easy-going temperament that will need eradicating before our democracy can be made safe for its citizens.

AN ENGLISH VIEW

(*From the London Shipping World*)

Colonel Harvey's essays in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW are orations, and Mr. Asquith's orations are essays. In both cases the literary products are powerful, timely, convincing. Colonel Harvey opens our eyes, we admit, in respect of the toll of death in the present War. The truth is, he says, that the death toll exacted by modern warfare is immeasurably smaller than ever before in history, and has decreased steadily since the fighting began. He deals with such scheming, insincere men as La Follette, who is fouling his own nest, without gloves; and very properly speaks of pacifists as traitors. Indeed, they are the meanest, the most objectionable class of traitors to be encountered in the world, and Britain has more than her share of these enemies of their country.

MORE LIGHT WANTED

(*From the St. Louis Mirror*)

Without undue alarm a more unsuspected supporter of the President than Colonel George Harvey may agree in all loyalty that, as he says in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, "this is the darkest moment since the battle of the Marne." There is no occasion for panic. But there is occasion that the people should be told more than they have been told about the situation. It is time to disabuse their minds of the idea that when we went in the war was all over. When the people realize the truth they will come to the support of the Government in a spirit that will assure limitless sacrifice of things they are as yet loth to forego.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR DR. CLARK

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

The appearance of George Harvey's NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is always an event. Its outside papers are thoughtful, and the contributions by its editor are brilliant and audacious and, of course, finely written and thoroughly entertaining.

"TONE"

(*From the Johnstown Democrat*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW may yet be obliged to follow the *Masses* and the *Call*. Neither of these has been worse in "tone" than Colonel Harvey's great monthly.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RE-EDUCATION FOR CRIPPLED SOLDIERS

Sir,—Magazine and other statements on the re-education of wounded soldiers usually describe or picture mechanical and human miracles. How many times have we seen the picture of the man without arms or legs standing on a ladder painting a house! These presentations of the subject cause us to think that there is an enormous task ahead of us in making, by mechanical means, whole men out of little more than remnants. This is not so. There may be a dozen such cases, there may be a hundred, but to take this as indicative of the problem of re-education is to warp the judgment and misdirect the general endeavor. In this respect it is camouflage.

Canada is understood to have about three quarters of a million men in the field. She has been at war three years. The number of men returned who have undergone amputation are less than 900. The total number of blinded is thirty-two. Ninety per cent of all returned wounded go back to their old jobs, leaving only ten per cent to be re-educated. In France ninety-nine per cent of the wounded return to their previous occupations. We may expect the same percentage in Canada, where until now, however, "only the more seriously disabled have been returned."

The Province of Ontario has sent 400,000, or half of the entire Canadian contingent, into the field. Up to October, 8,910, or two per cent, had returned incapacitated for service by wounds of the severer sort. Of these only 101 have lost one arm. Only one lost both hands. Only four were blinded. Seventy-two lost one eye. Thirteen lost one hand. Twelve lost one foot. Six lost both legs. Only three are "totally disabled."

In one factory in the United States famous for its efficiency and high wages are 1,585 defective men whose listed defects are singularly like those of the 8,910 in the Ontario list except for the cases just noted. Its force is never thought of as deficient in any respect, but the reverse. Its employees number one tenth of the Ontario soldiery, and its defective men are twice as many.

Undoubtedly many more men are injured annually in American industries than we may expect in years of war.

Seventy per cent of all wounded men never had a trade. Consequently the teaching of any trade or any kind of machine operations to any of this seventy per cent gives them better incomes and easier work than their former occupations.

To take typical examples: A brick-layer and mason was shot through the shoulder. He cannot raise his right hand above his shoulder, cannot plaster overhead or high up. He has an eight grade schooling. He is apt. He becomes an exceptionally good draftsman. A machine shop

fitter used to handling heavy pieces was struck across the abdomen. The muscles are so weakened that he cannot lift much. He is quickly taught enough of the machinist trade to give him good work and wages. A man with one leg is taught a sedentary job. A man without a trade and not especially apt is taught to operate one or two rather simple machines at better wages than he formerly enjoyed.

Thus re-education to the extent of from ninety-seven per cent to ninety-nine per cent is nothing else than ordinary industrial education—simply a matter of "sawing wood" in established industrial schools, in day continuation, and night classes, and in factories where the crippled man is so nearly competent to do the proposed work that the employer can properly put him to work, supervised by some one in the establishment under direction of the responsible public authority.

It is a relief to get away from the discussions upon this subject in the States and witness the practical, everyday doing of this work in Canada. There it is directed jointly by two bodies, one, the Military Hospital Commission which has military direction of injured men until they are ready to re-enter civil life, and the other the Provincial authorities for Industrial Education.

Judging from a joint meeting of these two bodies (or was it their special committees?), in furtherance of their work three fourths of the Military Hospitals Commission are returned, wounded officers, engineers by profession. The remainder are medical and other men. Who better could understand and further the vocational needs of the rank and file? The members of the training force are the Director of Vocational Training for the Province and the regular or especially appointed Directors of Vocational Training in the several districts and cities.

To see these bodies at work in everyday fashion, with the spectacular eliminated, and no flitting questionnaire or blue-sky conjecturing, is to wish that the whole matter in the States may be left to the authorities in industrial education who know how to train ordinary folk in the ordinary occupations, with a coöperating Military, or quasi-military, Hospitals Commission like Canada's, and with the same kind of personnel.

Canada has found no place for the spectacular. Some of her regiments have been decimated. Her soldiers have gone the limit, and she is going the limit in care of the injured. Until now, however, and apparently in prospect also, re-education means, and can mean, only the kind of industrial training that is always given in educationally intelligent countries to all workers who need it, with only a little more intensive personal consideration of the capacities and limitations of the pupil.

From the startling pictures we commonly see it may be judged that the Federal Government may well secure one or more of each of the mechanical contrivances that have been developed in Europe to replace lost members, and that some institution may well be prepared to use these and other contrivances for the exceedingly few who may need them.

It is said that a man who loses both legs almost never recovers. Also that a man whose face is badly "mussed up" soon dies of poison. A world of sympathy and help will be given to those who are extremely crippled. This is done in peace times. But these cases do not in any sense constitute the problem of re-education. They are few, special and apart, if we can judge from Canada and from what she tells us of the European experience.

The Canadian wounded are now coming back from base hospitals abroad in much greater numbers than heretofore, so that the figures here given will be largely increased, but it is not expected that the problem will be different. Existing facilities for industrial training may need to be greatly increased because of returning soldiers, but they need to be increased anyway, because America has only begun to provide facilities for the industrial training of her working people. The extension of existing facilities along the usual lines will enable these extensions to serve perfectly in later peace times.

There is apparently no need of special institutions, which would be of little use in later years, or of large numbers of instructors set apart for this particular problem. It commonly takes six months or less to train a disabled soldier, and that training enriches the experience and develops the abilities of the industrial instructors in the regular work.

We have most excellent institutions for the lame, the blind, and all other defectives. Why not simply and quietly further strengthen the masterful directors of these institutions, and send our worst injured to them?

It is hoped that the statements here made will not be taken as an attempt to do more than state broadly the main features of the situation. They are based upon the *Report of the Work of the Military Hospitals Commission of Canada,* May, 1917, and attendance upon a recent meeting of the controlling authorities of the Province of Ontario.

WASHINGTON, D. C. H. E. MILES,
(Chairman, Section on Industrial Training for the War Emergency.)

A PLEA TO THE PRESIDENT

SIR,—I have read with a mingled sense of admiration and pain your editorial, "Thank God for Wilson," in the January number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Admiration, because of the brilliant ability and justice with which you have characterized a great and critical situation. Pain, because, at this supreme crisis of national and world interests, there should exist the conditions which compel the criticism.

Politically I am a Republican who patriotically and intensely wishes the largest and broadest success for Mr. Wilson's Administration. I earnestly covet for him not only the promptings of highest patriotism, but also that statesmanlike breadth and wisdom which the present so supremely demands. If his future shall demonstrate this, I could easily forget that he was ever a political partizan.

To a multitude of studious observers of public men and events, it is not altogether easy to obliterate the memories, and the fears which such memories engender, of both words and acts recorded in the first term of Mr. Wilson's Administration, which, taken together, were frequently at cross-purposes, not only failing to give clue to large, clear, heroic, and consistent national policies, but which in the thought of millions of the best-thinking Americans seemed partizan rather than patriotic, vacillating rather than firm, exhibiting more of calculation in the interests of political issues than of unselfish concern for momentous and over-shadowing world-interests.

But since the great and well nigh peerless state paper issued April second last, Mr. Wilson has traveled measureless distances toward instating himself in the confidence of patriotic America. He is a man of transcendent intellectuality. In his higher moods, if he would only always dwell upon these upper planes, he has great vision. The sincerity of his patriotism is not to be questioned. The real interrogation concerning him is, as to whether he has a sustained ability to dwell habitually upon the plane of his own best thinking; or, as to whether, in choosing his official advisers, he has the best discernment of fitting men; or, whether he is not too saturninely confident of his own ability, irrespective of advisers, to meet the herculean requirements of the hour; or, finally, whether he is not under the obsessing lure that, in this time of world-emergency, when every ounce of patriotic strength throughout the land needs to be called into requisition, the Democratic party alone should rightfully assume autocratic and exclusive control of the nation's affairs.

In alignment with your own editorial, it is a matter of great regret as well as of grave concern, with multitudes in the nation, that Mr. Wilson seems either to lack disposition or capacity to extend a more elastic reach in the selection of men for patriotic service; that, among his pre-eminent gifts, the art of exercising the non-partizan spirit, even for the country's supreme good, does not seem to be in him so well developed.

Lincoln lives, and will forever live, as one of the most illustrious of historic characters. But when the nation was rocked in the seeming throes of dissolution, when his own political future might seem to be jeopardized, he had the sagacity, the statesmanship, the superb unselfish devotion to the national welfare, to choose as his advisers men of known and transcendent ability, even though they were his personal rivals. In time of war, he finally selected as the War Secretary a Democrat, Edwin M. Stanton, but a man whose blood was richly charged with iron.

There are at least two positions in the present Cabinet which should be filled, irrespective of the partizan antecedents, by men of the largest ability and experience to be found in the nation—the War and the Naval Secretaryships. It will prove a source of discreditable weakness, and it might be of infinite disaster, if in any Cabinet position of today any man or men, charged with prodigious and grave responsibilities, should be so narrow-visaged as in any measure to divert themselves in the attempt to build up their own political fences for the future. Mere political partizanship in America in these days is not only small: it is contemptible. Among men in positions of high administrative responsibility it borders either on incapacity or criminality.

To very many good, loyal, and discerning Americans, it appears as nothing less indeed than a tragedy of short-sightedness—or something else as fully discreditable—that at this time of supreme crisis, when the nation's needs rise on every hand to Alpinous heights, no place equal to his conspicuous, available, and well nigh unequalled abilities can be found for the patriotic services of Theodore Roosevelt. It seems to very many others an unexplained misfortune that a man with the unquestioned patriotism, the exceptional experience, and acknowledged abilities, of General Leonard Wood should in times like these be remanded to a comparatively useless desuetude.

With all my heart I say with you: "God bless Wilson." For the sake of a world-humanity, for the sake of untold Americans yet unborn, I devoutly pray that he may be inspired for adequate leadership of this greatest nation on the globe, and for all the coming days of immeasurable and most critical needs.

HARRISBURG, PA. GEORGE P. MAINS.

HUMORING THE BEAST

SIR,—Thanks for "The Sinners and the Sin" in the November number. I believe it represents the conclusions and belief of those who have prescience enough to see what must be done to end this war, and thereby possibly all future wars. The "dawning consciousness" will soon become the fully illuminated conviction of even those who, like myself (a former member of the American Peace Society), are opposed to war and militarism, but who are unable to comprehend more than one way of dealing with a mad dog retaining diabolical intelligence and efficiency.

One of the strangest things connected with the conflict is, that our Government so easily falls into ways for making the path of the mad dog easier. For example, it is an old principle of the law of this and all other countries, that an alien enemy cannot sue in the courts thereof during the continuance of war. His right is suspended until peace is declared. Yet Congress, in the very *Trading with the Enemy* Act, approved October 6, 1917, provides, in substance, that:

(1.) A citizen of the United States may apply for a license under a patent owned by a German, *provided* he deposits a *trust fund* with the alien enemy custodian as security for the German, against a recovery by a suit to be brought after the close of the war. *Or,*

(2.) If he refuses to take a license under such terms, *he may now be sued for infringement by the German patent owner at war with us,* by means of a power of attorney given to some attorney in this country so unpatriotic as to plead in our courts the cause of an enemy alien seeking to destroy us.

Within three weeks after this became a law, the representatives of at least one alien enemy took advantage of it.

The alleged reasons for the law are, that it is desired to preserve reciprocal relations with Germany with respect to patent rights, and to give citizens of this country the "right" to make and sell articles controlled by patents owned in Germany.

The folly of this is apparent when it is considered:

1. That a citizen of this country already has the *privilege* of making and selling such articles, subject of course to suit *after the war* for infringement, if a court should find such exists, and the payment of damages for such infringement.

2. That a citizen of this country cannot bring a suit in a German court during the war (Save the mark!), and

3. That most German patents owned by American citizens are already void under the German law, because of the inability to pay the yearly taxes thereon required by the German law to keep the patents alive.

In return for nothing except the alleged good will of the Beast, we have therefore given him the right to require United States manufac-

turers to put up a trust fund for him, to pay damages in advance to a trustee, and have opened our courts to him against our own citizens.

Although opposed by the Patent Law Association, and stricken out in the Senate, the law was restored in conference. The ways of the Beast are past finding out. If we had commandeered German patents, as we have German ships, and as Germany has (in effect) commandeered our patents; or if we had let the old law stand, leaving the German to establish his rights, if any, after the war, justice would have been served; but now we may yet see the spectacle of a United States court asked to grant an injunction against the maker or user of some of our airplanes or other engines of war, in favor of a German patent owner. And the court would evidently have to grant it, unless the maker or user took out a license or deposited a trust fund against a day of trial and settlement.

I do not advocate "stealing" patents owned by Germans; but surely we should not have permitted ourselves to grant them or their agents a right heretofore unknown in the law, and put it in their power to tie up our manufacturers in litigation based on some real or doubtful charge of infringement. Our courts should be closed to them, absolutely, until after the war, as has always been the case, in all countries, since laws were established.

WASHINGTON, D. C. GEORGE E. TEW.

JEWISH PATRIOTISM

SIR,—For many years I have been a reader of the great REVIEW, and am always keenly anxious for the next number. The December number is exceedingly interesting. Your resumé of war conditions serves two purposes: to tell the truth and to arouse the American people to the gravity of the situation. Ever since the war commenced, although optimistic all my life, and now in my eighty-second year, I have had but one feeling in regard to the outcome—that it would take at least five, if not ten years, unless a miracle took place, to win the war, and that the burden of it would finally fall upon the United States; that fifty billions, if not seventy-five of our money, would be needed, and five million of troops, provided we could get men across. The Germans are not superhuman, but they have had forty-five years of preparation, with the most wonderful military machinery, but even that would have counted for naught had it not been, and was it not, for the fact that the Allies have blundered from the start up to this moment, and the United States seems to be a good second. Instead of declaring war at once against the Central Powers, we are nibbling, and now have simply declared war against Austria, leaving the spies of Turkey and Bulgaria to roam at large. What other possible reason can there be, outside of fearing a massacre of missionaries, is to me a mystery—but were it not better that a thousand or even ten thousand missionaries, Jews, and Christians should be sacrificed to the moloch of hate, than to incur the danger of sacrificing a million of people, who in consequence of the non-declaration of war may be slaughtered?

But this letter was not written on a subject that must be stale to you, but simply to say that I have read the article entitled "I am a Jew." It is a curious coincidence that this article should appear in

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. In 1891, in the December number, there appeared a scurrilous letter from a person named Rogers, who assailed the patriotism of the Jews in the United States, claiming that none of them participated in the Civil War. I took up the challenge, and after three years' hard work, issued the book entitled *The American Jew, as Soldier, Patriot and Citizen,* a six hundred-page book wherein I conclusively showed that American citizens of Jewish faith had, from the earliest days of the Republic up to that date, and of course since, done their duty, and to a large extent, compared to their number, have done more than those of any other faith in the country.

WASHINGTON, D. C. SIMON WOLF.

A QUESTION FOR SECRETARY BAKER

SIR,—On the 5th of this month appeared in our local daily a communication purporting to be from Washington, D. C., which stated that it cost this Government 14.3 times as much to maintain a soldier as it does the Imperial German Government. After meditating about the matter, I telephoned the Editor, who informed me that the facts were obtained from the Bureau of Information at Washington.

If Germany, shut in as she is from the commerce of the world, can maintain 14.3 soldiers at their present standard of efficiency for what it costs us to maintain one, it occurs to me that this means either retrenchment, bankruptcy, or defeat—perhaps all three; for German success in this war means our bankruptcy, and bankruptcy means enforced retrenchment.

With but eight per cent of the money appropriated for our army expended for purposes requisite to health, comfort and efficiency, and ninety-two per cent for purposes bearing no relation thereto; and with the continuation of our present liberal pension system, bankruptcy seems to me inevitable should the war be prolonged.

This matter, Mr. Editor, seems to me of such prime import that I trust you will pardon me for asking that you give it your attention in one of those pungent editorials which I have found so pregnant with the essentials of forcible English, viz.: smoothness of construction, clarity of expression and accuracy of conclusion.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND. L. J. COPPAGE.

COLONEL WHITE HOUSE AGAIN

SIR,—Nothing has given me greater satisfaction and pleasure for a long time than your editorial in the December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN.

Nothing have I resented more than that my country should be represented—if one may misuse the word—by the man who is but a voice and "nothing else," unelected, appointed to no recognized function, and responsible to the country in no way. You have voiced my thoughts so that the whole country may hear, if it will only listen, and I thank you sincerely. In slight measure of appreciation I am sending you by separate cover something I have written on war subjects, a small book

called *Hillsboro in the War.* I doubt if it has or if it would come within your sphere of notice, but in view of what you have written, I feel that what I have written may serve to amuse and perhaps interest you in some one of your less occupied hours.

AMHERST, N. H. RICHARD D. WARE.

[We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the captivating little book of verse referred to.—EDITOR.]

THE BEST NONE TOO GOOD FOR HIM

SIR,—I wish to say that I regard THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as the best magazine published. Please continue my subscription. I would not be without it.

The masterly articles by Colonel Harvey are a necessity in times like these, and should be put in pamphlet form and sent broadcast throughout the country.

NEW YORK CITY. CHARLES W. CARPENTER.

A LITTLE HISTORY LESSON

SIR,—The attached sheet came out of your magazine [containing a reference to "the War of the Rebellion"].

Please advise me when the war underlined on this sheet took place. I have read the History of the United States and can find no such war.

SAVANNAH, GA. MURRAY STEWART.

[Try 1861 to 1865.—EDITOR.]

HIS PRESCRIPTION.

SIR,—When I want to enjoy myself a hundred per cent, I get a good, comfortable chair and curl up to read the latest one of your reviews of current political and national events, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Then I'm happy from crown to sole.

With all good wishes, I remain,

WASHINGTON, D. C. EDWARD D. BALDWIN.

A WISE BULL MOOSE

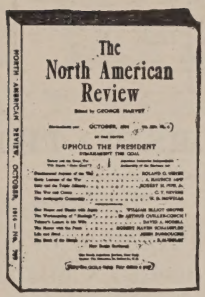
SIR,—Enclosed find cheque for $4 to renew my subscription to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for the year 1918. I would not think of doing without this illuminating magazine even in the days of Hooverism, and even though I am the worst of Bull Moose and Republicans!

BRISTOL, TENN. S. H. THOMPSON.

1918

March

One-Hundred-Fourth Year



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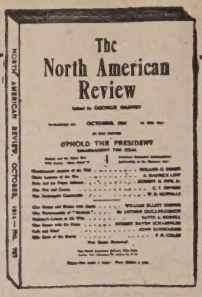

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G. K. CHESTERTON
contributes a fine bit of satire in his second war essay for the REVIEW, which those who are gathering data for peace terms would do well to read.

VERNON KELLOGG,
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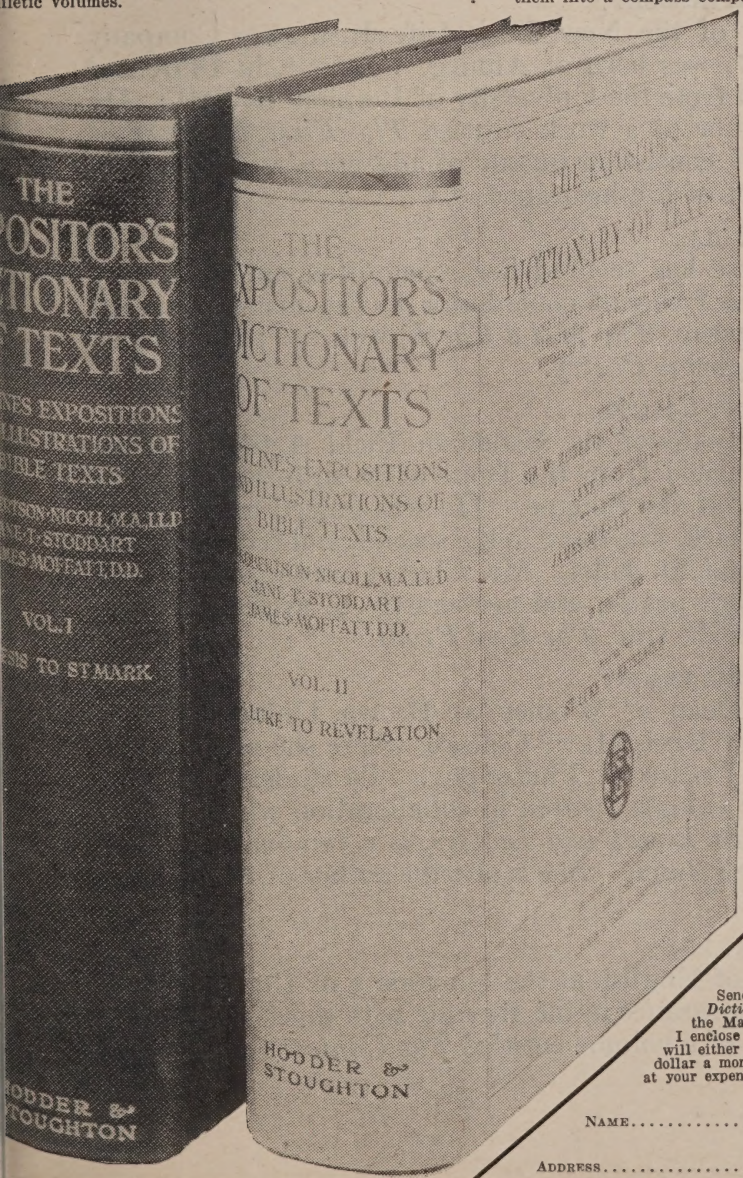

Thousands of Contributors In compiling the material for this marvelously useful reference work—encyclopedic in its completeness, not *one* mind, but hundreds of authorities have been consulted and are quoted. Every shade of meaning in every text is suggested. The clergyman does not live who, with this splendid work, will not teach and preach with increased confidence, more intimate knowledge and telling effect.

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EMILE BOUTROUX,
the distinguished French writer and member of the French Academy, has as many friends in England and America as in France. He has written for the *Fortnightly Review, The Contemporary* and other journals. The authorized translations of his articles are by Fred Rothwell.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY,
President of the New York Life Insurance Company since 1907, was born at Alburg, Vermont, in 1857, and graduated from the University of Vermont in 1881. He is the author of a work entitled *The First Business of the World,* consisting mainly of addresses and papers on the subject of life-insurance.

LOUISE DRISCOLL,
whose verse has secured her recognition among poetry lovers, is a frequent contributor to the magazines. In 1914 her poem, *The Metal Check,* won the prize offered by the magazine *Poetry.*

ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE,
late Lieutenant of the Canadian Field Artillery, is recently returned from the front after suffering a severe concussion at the Somme. He was gassed at Ypres in the first attack, was there in the second, and took part also at Loos, and St. Eiloi. Mr. Chute's writings have won for him high praise, and are shortly to appear in book form under the title, *The Real Front.*

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON,
formerly Dean of Women at Brown University, is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, where she received her degree of Doctor of Philosophy. To students of Hellenism her volume written in collaboration with her husband, *Greek Lands and Letters,* is a familiar and companionable volume. She is also the author of *Roads from Rome.*

HARRY T. BAKER,
Professor of English at the University of Illinois, makes his first appearance in the REVIEW with this issue. He is the author of a volume entitled *The Contemporary Short Story.*

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MAJOR-GENERAL PEYTON C. MARCH, U. S. A.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MARCH, 1918

WANTED: A LEADER

CAN PACIFISTS WIN THE WAR?

A PLEA TO THE PRESIDENT

BY THE EDITOR

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?—Jeremiah 13: 23.

Or, as we Americans might now fitly and with no little dread in our hearts inquire, Can ingrained Pacifists wage war successfully? Is it within the range of their tranquil and philosophical natures to fetch into ruthless action the requisite fighting spirit and indomitable soul? Does human psychology constitute an insuperable barrier? Can the stern necessities of the moment crush out of being the cheery optimism of a lifetime? These are the most vital questions which now confront us as a Nation—questions which must be answered soon and cannot be answered too soon if we would avert appalling cost to a certainty and irretrievable disaster as a possibility.

The military situation abroad is not hopeless. It is by no means probable that Hindenburg " will be in Paris " on April fool's day. Even though he should make good his boast, he will not have won the war; he will only have compelled a truce or prolonged the struggle, with increasing slaughter. But whatever may happen in the immediate future, we cannot ignore the bitter truth that it is the enemy and the enemy alone, whose next move is awaited,—awaited

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with confidence, to be sure, but with confidence tinged with trepidation. Nobody is wondering what the Allies have in contemplation; everybody knows; it is neither more nor less than to strive desperately to hold the long, thin line from Flanders to Switzerland and the hazardous position in northern Italy. The programme is purely defensive, promising little gain and leading nowhere. Presumably the Allies are waiting, in simple hope and mild expectancy, to hurl back an advancing horde with such vigor and destructive force as to convince him of the futility of further assaults; that is all.

Assuming, as we trust in God we may with assuredness, effective resistance, what then? A great drive in return by the weakened Allied forces? Not at all. Failure of the augmented and reinvigorated German army to "break through" would serve only to show the utter hopelessness of a like attempt by the French and British against vastly stronger fortified intrenchments. Indeed, if specific evidence of this fact be required, it can be found in the ghastly failure—far more ghastly than this country ever imagined—of Byng's highly lauded battle before Cambrai.

We are assured by the foremost living military expert in the United States and we do believe that "it has been overwhelmingly demonstrated that no frontal attack by either side against the intrenched lines of the other can break through; nor can this long intrenched line be turned, since the neutral country of Switzerland is at one end and the neutral country of Holland is at the other; the result is a military stalemate." For this very reason, but for the positive certainty of our exceptionally versed Secretary of War, one might be disposed to doubt the reality of the enemy's widely advertised intention to pitch its mighty assault upon a strongly defended position, while another infinitely weaker is scarcely less available for attack.

But it is not the enemy, whose ways are his own, who most concerns us. It is the Allies. And, so far as the world is informed, the Allies have no plans. Their Supreme War Council was summoned into being with a flourish of trumpets but quickly ended its first session with the sapient announcement that "unity of action" had been agreed upon. The United States was not represented officially, but Colonel Edward M. House attended as a personal friend of the President and subsequently published a memorandum to

the effect in general that England and France were pledged to coöperate with this country in transporting troops and supplies across the Atlantic. There seems to have been considerable talk about winning the war but none as to how it might be won. In fact, the entire list of distinguished statesmen and commanding generals present did not contain the name of a single strategist of note. The second session was quite brief and produced only an expression of opinion that the so-called peace proposals of the Chancellors of Germany and Austria were unworthy of consideration.

Whether America shall be represented adequately or at all in future conferences is yet to be determined by the President. Why she should not be or has not been while her all is staked upon the outcome of the great event cannot even be surmised, except upon the almost incredible assumption of deliberate evasion of responsibility such as characterized the Administration's policy of unpreparedness, for which our Pacifist Secretary of War fervently thanked God—" I delight in the fact," were his words—even after we had been drawn into the conflict.

There was no misapprehension of the situation on the part of Mr. Baker. Speaking in Richmond on December 5, 1917, he said plainly:

> From the moment the *Lusitania* was sent to a watery grave by the hand of the assassin, the United States had only two choices. The United States could have crawled on its knees to the Hohenzollerns, crying out that their frightfulness and military efficiency were too great, that we submit and become their vassals, or as an alternative we could fight. We chose to fight.

The *Lusitania* was sunk on May 7, 1915. Two months later the Field Secretary of the National Security League reported that Mr. Baker, who was then Mayor of Cleveland, " refused absolutely to coöperate with the League because he said he was a pacifist and opposed to the agitation for preparedness," in point of fact, " of all the Mayors I interviewed Mr. Baker was the most pronounced opponent of preparedness." Clearly, at that time, with full understanding, he preferred that his country should become a vassal of the Hohenzollerns rather than fight. Not only, moreover, did he revel in the part of a craven, but he disdained to equip the nation for acceptance of the only alternative open to a brave and self-respecting people.

" Scorning," he declared in New York on December 28,

1917, "to be armed to the teeth in times of peace, ready to leap at any one in her path, this nation has shown that in time of war a peace-loving, progress-making people, when the time came had but to touch the magnet of its spirit to defend itself."

Unctuous satisfaction with the results of his own ignorant and inefficient direction, soon to be revealed with startling force by the Senate's investigation— truly a replica, faint, but clear, of his beloved Bryan's vision of a million hayseeds leaping to the rusty shotguns of their grandfathers! A gentle egotist commissioned as the vice regent of Mars. Pacifism twirling its thumbs while hellish Mars was wrecking the universe. Murder, rapine and sudden death, horror piled upon horror, the world feverishly burnishing its armor while a lamb-like little gentleman, serene in his certitude of the triumph of morality, sat like a monk in his cell, unvexed by gross passions, rubricating the golden rule! A man with no experience in big business—that once derided term of infamy—suddenly put in charge of the greatest business establishment in America!

We may admire the President for that consistency which refuses to acknowledge a mistake and we should concede much to a laudable endeavor to live down a reputation for restricted gratefulness of spirit; but this is a time of war, grim and deadly, when the whole truth must be spoken without mincing of words and with scant heed to personal feelings.

We say bluntly, then, that, while the Secretary of War must necessarily be held to account for the wretched blundering and the fatal negligence of his department, it is not Mr. Baker who is responsible for Mr. Baker; it is the President himself who must answer to the people for the perpetuation of a concededly second-class Cabinet in the day of the nation's gravest peril—a performance for which, strive as we may earnestly and considerately, we can find little excuse. When Mr. Wilson dipped his hands into the dusky Democratic grab-bag and drew out the names of those who constituted his original Cabinet, he took chances necessarily, and, all things considered, he did not so badly. There have been stronger Cabinets, many of them, and weaker, a few. Taken as a whole, the group of politicians picked to serve as head clerks to their master was about as good as the Democratic party could produce; and it is but fair to say that their respective capacities and incapacities during the first term balanced fairly well, unless, of course, there be allotted to them a share

in the great crime of unpreparedness. In any case, the President should not be held too sharply to account for the consequences of his enforced groping for satisfactory aids.

But when Mr. Wilson was inaugurated a second time the situation was wholly changed. He knew then the calibre of his secretaries, collectively and individually; he had wintered and summered with them; their points of strength and of weakness were patent to his discerning mind. That they suited and served sufficiently well his purposes in a time of peace we can readily understand. But when Mr. Wilson took his second oath of office war was certain. Germany had made impossible the continuance of neutral relations; the Ambassadors had been recalled; there was no escape for a self-respecting nation upon any conceivable grounds; and the inevitable happened precisely one month later, when the President appeared before the Congress and asked that the existence of "a state of war" with Germany be heralded to the world.

Nothing could have been more plain or more certain that March 4, 1917, was the day upon which a new Cabinet, designed primarily to conduct effective warfare upon the most powerful military nation in the world, should have been proclaimed. It was, moreover, the natural, fitting and traditional time. Precisely as Mr. Wilson's term of office had expired and he was required to take a new oath, so had the terms of the members of his Cabinet expired, and the names of their successors should have been sent to the Senate for confirmation, as provided by the Constitution. The circumstance that no changes were to be made did not alter the case. The plain intent of our fundamental law is that Cabinet officers shall be confirmed by the Senate existing at the time of their nomination, since the Senate itself, although a continuing body, undergoes material change in *personnel* during every four years. Beginning with George Washington, every reëlected President without exception observed this requirement and submitted his appointments accordingly. In many instances there were changes, in some there was none; it made no difference; the spirit and design of the law were heeded scrupulously, and the example set by Washington became the usage of the country.

President Wilson violated both the intent of the law and the custom. He sent no nominations to the Senate, and none of the secretaries has been confirmed in office by the existing body. Even the Postmaster General, whose term is re-

stricted explicitly by statute to thirty days after four years of service, was continued without reappointment, and exercised full authority without warrant of any kind whatsoever for nearly seven months, till a few weeks ago, when the blunder was discovered and admitted, and he was renamed. Whether the other members of the Cabinet are now or have been for nearly a year *de jure* officials of the Government is perhaps a question, in view of the various statutes, but the best legal minds we have been able to consult concur in the judgment that they are serving in purely *de facto* capacities.

We note this peculiar state of affairs in passing only. The point we would make is that the President deliberately disregarded established usage and probably violated technical law at a time when, without injuring the *amour propre* of any one of his pacifist associates, he might have constructed a real War Cabinet of big minds and fighting souls. It is to this lack of vision, accentuated by either excessive obduracy or wilful evasiveness, that the pitiable plight of the half-armed forces of this mighty nation, at the beginning of the second year of our war, must in no small degree be attributed.

It is *not* " the system," so politely and considerately condemned by cautious Senators, that is at fault. It is the men who have proved incapable of applying existing methods on a large scale. The army system may not have been the best; quite likely it was not; but it was a system, a working system; and there is little reason to doubt that if the established divisions, bureaus and branches had been kept intact, expanded and strengthened by the injection of new blood and fresh vigor and supplemented by expert business experience instead of being supplemented by a crazy quilt of meddlesome muddling, the whole machinery would now be running as smoothly as that of the navy, whose unchanged " system " has been adapted readily by Admirals Taylor, McGowan, Earle and Palmer to enlarged and highly effective service. While it makes the heart sick to hear that the keel of the first new destroyer is yet to be laid, there is this at least to be said of Secretary Daniels: that he was shrewd enough to step aside when actual fighting began and give the trained professionals their heads.

Mr. Baker, on the other hand, fussed and fiddled, making one superannuated General Chief of Staff for a few weeks and then another, only to supplant him in turn by successive " acting chiefs," until now, at last, after a lapse of a full year, a real soldier in his prime is coming home to attempt a re-

organization which should have been begun and ended long ago. So it is that we are still commencing to prepare to get ready to " speed up " to go to war.

But that is not the worst of it. Trying as these unnecessary delays have been, and are likely to continue to be, they are far less apt to prove fatal than a false point of view. There it is that we are weak, weak as dishwater. Invariably, in their innumerable speeches, both the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy blandly assume that the war is already won, and they ramble fatuously along about how tenderly we must regard our enemies, so soon to become our friends, and by our contrasting example point out to them in delicate and unoffending fashion the error of their ways. It is " the new world to come " fulfilment of the flabby " ideals " of Bryanism, and the " heroic tasks " to be done " after the treaty of peace has been signed," that engrosses the minds of these, our kindly warriors. As to the outcome of the war itself Mr. Baker continues, " it would be irreligious to doubt," and forthwith, to the disgust of General Crowder and without consultation with the energetic Provost Marshal, he sends to Congress a bill releasing from service all men who have reached the age of thirty-one since they were called, and in common with the President, declares his opposition to universal military training. And the Secretary does not stand alone. The President himself writes to the farmers that " the culminating crisis of the struggle has come, the achievements of *this year* on the one side or the other must determine the issue."

If so, God help us! Consider what the achievements " on the one side or the other " have been since the above words were written on January 30: On the part of the Allies, successful defense—always defense—of the Italian position on the Piave; on the part of the Central Powers, a negotiated peace opening up for their use the rich mines and vast wheat fields of Ukrainia, demobilization of the Russian army, releasing for service elsewhere one hundred and forty-seven divisions of German soldiers on the Eastern front and 1,500,000 trained men hitherto held as prisoners, and, finally, as we write, a strong probability of the capitulation of Roumania, with her great oil and grain production, to say nothing of the disquieting rumors that Holland, against her will, is being driven by our embargo upon the necessaries of life into the arms of the enemy.

What wonder that, by strange coincidence, on the very

day when the President was holding forth the olive branch to Austria, the Kaiser was shouting defiantly in Hamburg, "We want peace and shall seek it, but the victory of German arms must first be recognized!" and that Ambassador Gerard, who has yet to be consulted, except perfunctorily upon his arrival, by his own Government, was saying, "There is no chance of starving Germany, and there is no chance of winning through a revolution in that country; Germany can feed all except her old people, whom she leaves to die; before they would starve themselves they would starve 10,000,000 Poles, 5,000,000 Frenchmen, 2,000,000 Belgians and 2,000,000 prisoners of war; the only peace she would adhere to would be a peace that really gave her victory!"

This is not pessimism; it is the stark, naked truth, in the face of which we are making actual preparations for hardly more than a year of conflict and are hoping against hope, like true pacifists obsessed with optimism and given to opportunism, for the working of a miracle through moral suasion and suave diplomacy. "It means peace within a year," said Representative Flood, of the President's speech; "a drive for peace," interpreted Mr. Mann; "a hint that peace is nearer than any of us dream," said Mr. Pou; "a conclusion that peace is very near," echoed Mr. Slayden; "his goal is peace and he is driving to it," added Mr. Garrett; "it brings us near an honorable peace," thought Mr. Sims; "a step in the direction of peace," remarked Senator McKellar; "*a modification of the President's war aims address,*" bluntly declared Senator Johnson.

Peace—peace "without victory" for us, peace with victory for the Huns! Is that what it all portends?

We cannot, we will not believe it. Black as the outlook is and black as we should frankly recognize it to be, ultimate triumph is as certain as that there is a God in Heaven if we will but clear our vision and press on and on, be it for one year or for ten. What the mighty forces of civilization need and all they need is a leader. Our war-worn but indomitable Allies know this and admit it; and they recognize the man —Woodrow Wilson, whom above all others they would prefer to have in person at the head of the great council, and whom, even as merely but suitably represented, they stand ready and glad to heed and to follow. But the President himself holds back; he keeps aloof as a "co-belligerent;" he outlines programmes without consultation with accredited representatives of the associate nations; he consults only one

elderly and amiable, though estimable, gentleman; he is surrounded and supported almost exclusively by professional pacifists; he addresses the Congress, the country and the world, not as the leader of God's children, fighting, bleeding and dying by the million in the great cause of human freedom, but as a judge between all nations, powers of darkness and evil no less than peoples of light and good.

This cannot go on. *We must win.* Our Allies are drifting, drifting from lack of direction, aggression and inspiration, which Woodrow Wilson alone can give. We beseech him to sever the bonds which now hold him fast, to delegate to others, better trained for the purpose than himself, the work of organizations and reorganizations, to slough off the infinitely distracting details of management, to charge responsible political leaders with the shaping of domestic legislation and the execution of the laws, to rid himself of pandering, palavering Pacifists, to call to his aid and counsel the fighting souls of America; in a word, to take a fresh perspective and then apply the full power of that remarkable intellectual force and indomitable will which have constituted him the natural, inevitable and universally recognized spokesman of civilization and *leader of the world* in the greatest crisis the world has ever known.

God grant that he, this son of Destiny, may see the light and fail not!

COÖRDINATION AT THE TOP

WHY not coördinate the President and Congress? Since, like "that blessed word, Mesopotamia," coördination is to be the magic talisman of victory, why not apply it at the top as well as at the bottom, or half way down?

The question is suggested by the recent manifestations of friction, to employ no harsher term, between the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government, and particularly between the War Department and the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. We have faith to believe that this friction will be abated, and that ultimately, perhaps, good may follow it. But just because overruling Providence brings good out of evil, the evil remains no less evil still. We are told that the controversy has delayed some of the most urgent war operations of the Government, which might have been nothing short of disastrous. It was assuredly not edifying to have the President of the United

States calling one of the foremost members of the Senate constructively a liar and a traitor; for that, translated into Our Colonel's "shorter and uglier" words, is what his retort upon Mr. Chamberlain was equivalent to. Nor can we think that the moral effect of the incident, upon our own citizenship at large and upon the observing world, was favorable, of having democracy, in the midst of a great war for its vindication and confirmation, thus rent with dissensions and at loggerheads with itself. Surely now is the time of all times in human history for a democratic government to display harmony and efficiency instead of bickering and helplessness.

This regrettable state of affairs is, we are compelled to believe, chiefly to be charged to two sources; neither of them, however, intentionally mischievous. One of them was, the President's persistence in a policy, or in the practice of a theory, which was enunciated by him long ago, before his accession to the Presidency, and to which he has long been known to be passionately attached, but which has never been regarded with any considerable degree of popular favor. The other was, somewhat paradoxically, the President's abandonment and repudiation of a policy to which in his earlier career he expressed the strongest possible attachment, and which the public unquestionably approves and indeed demands.

If only he had done precisely the opposite, and had abandoned the policy to which he has clung, and had maintained that which he has repudiated!

The first of these policies was correctly referred to by Senator Hitchcock when he said that "The President belongs to the school of political philosophers who adhere to the belief that all important legislation should originate with and be proposed by the Executive to the Legislative body." That is, we believe, exactly true, according not only to Mr. Wilson's present practice but also to his former very deliberate and thoughtful utterances. Years ago he described the Presidential chair as having originally been—by implication, having been intended by the framers of the Constitution to be—"the true centre of the Federal structure, the real Throne of Administration, and the frequent source of politics." In these later years, however, it "has fallen from its first estate of dignity, because its power has waned"; and he explained, in what seemed unmistakably

to be a tone of regret and reproof, that " its power has waned because the power of Congress has become predominant." Again translated into the brief, terse phrases of the Man in the Street, the President used to be and ought to be the ruler of the nation, but his place has now been usurped by Congress.

From what the President received that impression of the original estate of the Presidency, we cannot venture to suggest. Certainly we do not find in the records of the early Presidents and their administrations any warrant for it. We do not think that Washington or John Adams or Jefferson sought to exalt himself above the representatives of the people. Neither do we find authority for it in the Constitution, the very first words of which, following the Preamble, are: " All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States." It is true that the British system affords an example of the initiation of legislation by the executive administration, but that is manifestly inapplicable to this country, because of the radical difference between a Ministry responsible to the Legislature and dependent upon it for tenure of office, and a President and Cabinet not thus responsible and not thus dependent.

We are quite in accord with Senator Hitchcock in thinking that the enforcement of the President's views upon Congress has generally had good results. But we are equally in accord with his addendum, that to this rule there must now and then be exception; and we cannot help thinking that an exception or two must be made in these recent cases. We have been informed, without contradiction, that the President did not wish a committee of the Senate to report to that body a bill for the creation of a War Cabinet, and that he objected to any discussion of the subject in the Senate. Now it may be that the bill as originally proposed was in some respects inadvisable and even improper. We rather think that it was. But those were faults to be corrected through discussion and conference. It is simply impossible to admit for a moment the proposition that the President is qualified to dictate to Congress what legislation it shall and shall not propose, and what subjects it shall and shall not discuss, and any attempt at or inclination toward the exercise of such dictation is inevitably calculated to produce precisely such friction as that which we have all been

deploring. The Presidential chair is not and never was meant to be a " throne " of any kind, and the less frequently it is the " source of politics " the better it will be.

The other source of friction to which we have referred is to be discerned in the increasing inclination of the President toward secretiveness. This, as we have said, is an abandonment of his former and more commendable policy. We all remember his admirable denunciations of " secret government " and his high professions of devotion to transparent openness. " My hobby," he declared, " is the hobby of publicity. I cannot imagine any portion of the public business which can be privately and confidentially dealt with. The root of all evil in politics is privacy and concealment." Yet there has of late in his administration been a conduct of affairs with a degree of secrecy unprecedented in American history. Of this, two examples will be sufficiently illuminating. Senator Chamberlain made some strong charges concerning what he regarded as the inefficiency of the Administration, particularly in the War Department; and the reply of the Administration, made through the Secretary of War, was that Mr. Chamberlain was uninformed of the really great achievements of that Department—in brief, did not know what the Administration was doing. (The President's personal reply we have already cited.)

Now the obvious rejoinder, not for Mr. Chamberlain but for the nation to make, is that the Senator and his colleagues ought to have known all about it, and the Administration should have seen to it that they were kept constantly informed to the fullest degree of the work that was being done. It may be that it is desirable to keep a great many facts secret, concerning our preparations for the prosecution of the war. With that we are fully agreed; though we do think that American citizens are entitled to know as much about their own affairs as their enemies across the sea are permitted to know about them. But it is an indescribable anomaly for some of the most important details of administration to be kept secret from the very Chairman of that Committee of the Senate which is charged with the duty and responsibility of devising ways and means for the prosecution of the work. Of what profit is it to have a Senate Committee on Military Affairs if it is not to know what the War Department is doing? Would not a rubber stamp do as well? We should think that one of the first, most

important and certainly most welcome duties of the Secretary of War should be to keep constantly and intimately in touch with the committees of both Houses on Military Affairs. In no other way could the prompt and ungrudging support of Congress be so certainly assured.

Again, strongly resenting the proposal of Congress to provide for a reorganization of the Executive departments by the creation of a War Cabinet and a Secretaryship of Munitions, the President sent to Congress as the alternative an omnibus, blank check bill, giving him autocratic authority to make any changes he pleased in the Executive departments, without in the least indicating what the changes were to be. Under the bill as drafted he could have combined the Treasury Department and the Labor Department in one, and could have made the Navy Department a bureau of the Department of Agriculture. Now, we have no idea that any such extravagant excursions were contemplated by the President, and we are quite confident that some considerable reorganization of departments and bureaus, for the elimination of red tape and the consolidation of responsibility, is highly desirable. But we must regard it as extraordinary for even the President, occupying what he esteems to be the " Throne of Administration," to ask to be invested with so sweeping powers without the slightest intimation as to the extent to which and the direction in which they are to be exercised. For the President to object to Congress's so much as considering a change in the organization of the Executive departments, and in the next breath to ask it to give him autocratic power to do anything with them that he wishes, is certainly apt to give rise to regrettable friction. It was observed that as soon as, a few days later, some explanations and assurances concerning the proposed reorganizations were forthcoming, the opposition to such a measure began to abate. There was no opposition to reorganization, *per se.* All recognized that it was desirable. But there was a very strong conviction that sweeping changes in the Executive department of the Government ought not to be authorized without the legislative representatives of the people having some inkling of what they were to be. Had the President's executive reorganization bill been prepared and introduced in that spirit of publicity which the President himself formerly so much commended and boasted, it might have been enacted, *nem. con.,* within three days.

When the President went before Congress and frankly disclosed the course and condition of our relations with Germany, there was an instantaneous and most favorable response to his proposal of a suspension of diplomatic intercourse. When he similarly made known the necessity for accepting Germany's arrogant gage of war, there was a similar response, as prompt, as ungrudging and as unanimous as even he could have wished. Such, indeed, has been the case on every occasion when, with his unsurpassed powers of elucidation and persuasive argument, he has sought coördination and coöperation of the Executive and Legislative departments. And what has been done can be done again. All that is needed to abate friction—all that was needed to avoid it—is the renewal and maintenance of that frank policy of confidence and coöperation.

Congress must recognize that the President is bearing, like the Weary Titan, "the load well nigh not to be borne," and must be helpful to him and not add to his embarrassments. The President, too, needs to realize that Congress is just as much concerned as he in the successful prosecution of the war, and that it is seeking to aid and not to hinder him. The two must confide in each other. They must be coördinated. We are fighting for Democracy. It would be lamentable at such a time for Democrats to fight among themselves; or show Democracy to be inefficient; or to compel Democracy to be transformed, even temporarily, into Autocracy.

THE HUNNISHNESS OF THE HUN

It is now and then worth while to recall a bit of history, to point a present moral. We now and then meet with someone, "good, easy man," who is so forgetful of the not distant past that he regards the present perversity of Germany as quite a new thing, and the moral degeneracy of William the Damned as an unprecedented phenomenon; and without being unduly pessimistic we are inclined to fear that a great many of our complacent and more or less oblivious fellow citizens cherish that same delusion; the fact being that the turpitude of the Kaiser and his Huns in our day is nothing but the logical and consistent culmination of a policy which had its origin at least as far back as that Great Frederick who,

with his grandfather and himself, constitutes the trinity of the Kaiser's adoration, and which was especially emphasized, readopted and developed in the circumstances and ways and means of the creation of the present Prussianized empire.

Mr. James Brown Scott, in his monumental work on *International Relations Between the United States and Germany, August 1, 1914-April 6, 1917,* reminds us of many pertinent facts of history to this effect; of which space will permit us to cite no more than two. These remind us of the almost incredible moral turpitude with which the creation of the present German Empire was marked. It is unpleasant to believe such things of Bismarck, who despite his crimes was one of the world's greatest constructive statesmen, and we could not do so had he not himself confirmed them, with cynical exultation in their efficiency.

One is, of course, the familiar incident of Bismarck's deliberately falsifying the Ems telegraphic dispatch, for the direct purpose of provoking France into a declaration of war. He had long before determined upon a war, as a means of unifying Germany under Prussian suzerainty, of crushing Germany's only continental rival, of enriching the German treasury with a huge cash indemnity, and of securing a slice of French territory which Germany needed for the mineral wealth which it contained. But in order to assure the first aim, German unity, and also in order to win the sympathy, or at least assure the neutrality, of other Powers, it was highly desirable that France should declare the war and make the attack, so that Germany could pose before the world as being on the defensive and could thus with the better grace demand an indemnity at the end.

Try as hard as he could, however, Bismarck was unable to provoke France into a quarrel, until the dispatch in question presented an opportunity. Had he transmitted it honestly, as it was written, peace would have remained unbroken. But by maliciously falsifying it, by garbling its contents and suppressing an essential portion of them, he made it a certain provocation to immediate war, at a time when he knew that France was quite unprepared while Germany was fully prepared. He kept the monstrous falsification, of course, a profound secret until after the war, when it was too late to undo its effects. It was only because of that falsification, it was only because they were deceived into believing that France was really the aggressor, that Bavaria and other German

States were prevailed upon to ally themselves with Prussia in what they mistakenly supposed to be a war of defence against French aggression.

That was in 1870. Just forty-four years later came a singularly close parallel. William the Damned had decided upon war with France, in order again to crush her and rob her and steal some more of her rich soil. But in order to obey the German Constitution, and in order to command the support of his ally, Austria-Hungary, it was necessary to make it appear that France had begun the war and that Germany was on the defensive. Not having the subtlety of Bismarck, and not having a chance to forge or garble a telegram, he simply lied. He declared that France had begun the war by an unprovoked and hostile military invasion of Germany and the commission therein of overt acts of war. Afterward it was officially confessed that there was not a word of truth in this. But it was " a good enough Morgan until after election." It served its purpose, and the war of 1914 was founded on a lie, as that of 1870 had been founded on a forgery. There was nothing extraordinary in the later crime. It was simply the logical successor of the former one. William the Damned showed himself an apt pupil of the Pilot whom he had dropped.

The other incident which Mr. Scott recalls to mind preceded this by a few years, but was a part of the same infernal intrigue; and it was nothing less than the Prussian Government's practical connivance at an attempt to assassinate the Czar of Russia. This was on the occasion of Alexander's visit to Paris, along with the other European sovereigns, at the international exhibition of 1867. Already Bismarck was planning for war against France, and was scheming to prevent any other country from coming to the aid of that power when the might of united Germany should be crushing it. Above all he was solicitous concerning the attitude and course of Russia, and he feared that during the visit to Paris the Czar might become too friendly with Napoleon III, who was then at the zenith of his reign.

When, therefore, one of Bismarck's innumerable spies brought word that a young Pole was preparing to assassinate the Czar in the streets of Paris, the Prussian statesman hailed it as a godsend. He saw in it an opportunity at once to alienate Alexander from France and to win his grateful friendship for Prussia. He therefore gave orders to his

spies that the matter should not be disclosed to the French police, but that the would-be assassin should be permitted to proceed with his murderous attempt; but that a Prussian spy should be at hand to interfere at the last moment so as to deflect the shot from the imperial target. Thus, Bismarck reckoned, the Czar would be led to think that Napoleon had not sufficiently safeguarded him, and would in consequence be estranged from France; while at the same time he would be grateful to Prussia because a Prussian had saved his life.

The very day before the commission of the crime one of Bismarck's jackals reported the matter to him, saying:

"I have, of course, been very careful not to put the assassin under arrest; but I have given orders to one of my best agents to follow him step by step and not to leave him."

To this, Bismarck replied:

"Well done; . . and one of your agents, without doing anything to prevent the shooting, will take hold of the arm of the assassin and deflect the mortal shot. . . . Thus while the crime will be averted, the attempt will remain. . . . Realizing that the French police were not able to protect him, Czar Alexander will leave France with the most unfavorable impression."

Next day at Longchamps the shot was fired, as Bismarck intended it to be; the assassin's arm was struck at the moment and the shot went wild; and the neutrality of Russia was assured in the coming war. That is to say, in order to gain a diplomatic point Bismarck deliberately compounded a felony. He permitted the Czar to be made the target of an assassin's bullet, trusting to the good luck and quick act of a bystander to disturb the aim at the very moment when the trigger was being pulled. If the bullet had found its mark and the Czar had been killed, Bismarck would have been a party to the murder, as guilty as the actual slayer himself. We should doubt if the modern history of the world contains another equally atrocious example of cold-blooded villainy—unless it be that, as many have charged on very plausible grounds, the murder of the Austrian Heir Presumptive and his wife at Sarajevo was planned and ordered by the Austrian court at German instigation, in order to provide a pretext for the present war.

This happened, it is true, half a century ago. But it is of present pertinence as a reminder of the moral principles upon which the Hohenzollern German Empire was founded,

and which were inculcated in his youth into the mind of the perverted criminal who now occupies the German throne. These two incidents afford, moreover, so striking a precedent parallel to the suspected circumstances and known facts of the present war as to provoke a certain wonder at the poverty of German ingenuity. In 1867 and 1870 the *modus operandi* was first to connive at attempted murder, and then to lie. In 1914 it was, first to connive at actual murder, and then to lie. Can the much vaunted inventive genius of Germany devise no other method of starting a great war, that it is content with such repetition?

These things are profitable to recall, too, because they inform us of the character of the foe with which we have to deal, and give to the world the amplest vindication that could be desired of the President's demand that in the making of peace we shall have some more reputable and trustworthy government to deal with than that of the perjured and murderous Hohenzollerns. It would be nothing short of insulting to ask self-respecting peoples to enter into negotiations with a government whose ordinary methods of diplomacy comprise forgery and assassination. We have spoken of the principles which prevailed at the founding of the German Empire. They were Prussian principles, enunciated and adopted by the founder of Prussia's power. "Know once and for all," said Frederick the Great, "that in the matter of kingcraft we take when we can, and that we are never wrong unless we have to give back what we have taken." That is the spirit of the Hohenzollern Hun. Any theft—of Poland, of Schleswig-Holstein, of Alsace-Lorraine—is to be approved so long as it is successful. The only evil is, to be compelled to relinquish the loot.

Upon such a basis as that, this country cannot stand, nor can it maintain relations of friendship and confidence with any power that does so. Such principles and practices as those of the Hohenzollerns are an offence and a menace to civilization and to democracy. They are no more to be compromised with than is a mad dog or a pestilence. The only way to deal with them is to destroy them, and to destroy all who persist in them. Those who renounce them, and replace them with the principles of civilized States, may be welcomed back into the fellowship of peace-loving and law-abiding nations. But for those who cling to practices of perjury and assassination, there is nothing left but the application

of the inexorable rule, They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.

BRAZIL'S INTEREST IN THE WAR

Brazil's entry into the war is abundantly explicable and justifiable on several grounds. We are not inclined so greatly to vaunt ourselves as to attribute it chiefly to Brazil's friendship for the United States and her desire to follow our example and to give us support, though we have good reason for believing that those motives were by no means without force. Another powerful reason is found in Brazil's prompt and comprehensive recognition of Germany's violation of international law and of the obligation incumbent upon every law-abiding State to resent such action and to suppress it if need be with force and arms.

A third reason, from the purely selfish point of view the strongest of all, was supplied by Germany's scarcely dissembled intention some day to dismember Brazil and to plant upon some of its fragments a German colonial empire. It was with that end in view that German settlers flocked by thousands into those five southern States of Brazil, the climate and other conditions of which were most favorable for their residence. It was for that purpose that those settlers remained German in language and customs, and saw to it that their children and children's children did the same. Years ago a German traveler and publicist, Dr. Leyser, writing in The North American Review, blurted out the truth:

"Nowhere are our colonies, those loyal offshoots from the mother root, so promising as here. To-day in these provinces over thirty per cent. of the inhabitants are Germans, or of German descent, and the ratio of their natural increase far exceeds that of the Portuguese. Surely to us belongs this part of the world, and the key to it all is Santa Catharina, stretching from the harbor of San Francisco far into the interior, with its hitherto undeveloped, hardly suspected wealth. Here, indeed, in Southern Brazil, is a rich and healthy land, where the German immigrant may retain his nationality, where for all that is comprised in the word 'Germanismus' a glorious future smiles."

That and some other utterances of the same tenor were

regarded as indiscreet, and the Wilhelmstrasse hastened to counteract them with camouflage. Under instructions from his Imperial Master the German Ambassador at Washington, Speck von Sternburg, wrote to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW denying that Germany had any thought of seizing a part of South America, and arguing that there was no ulterior significance whatever in the German colonization of Southern Brazil.

The speciousness and insincerity of his representations and arguments were, however, readily recognizable, and they were recognized by all well informed and thoughtful men, both here and in Brazil. It was doubtless true, as the Wilhelmstrasse represented, that many, perhaps most, of the German settlers in Brazil became naturalized Brazilian citizens. But that meant nothing, seeing that Germany, alone of all nations, maintained a system of dual allegiance, under which a German subject could swear allegiance to a foreign country and become a citizen of it without forfeiting his German nationality and allegiance; his explicit renunciation of all allegiance to Germany in his naturalization oath being regarded as merely so much camouflage, uttered with a convenient "mental reservation."

Moreover, it was actually to Germany's interest, it was a part of the plot, to have these colonists become Brazilian citizens. That was the means by which a German conquest of Brazil, perhaps of all South America, was to be effected without violating the Monroe Doctrine or giving the United States cause for intervention. It was recognized that this country would not for a moment permit aliens to overthrow the Brazilian Government or to seize Brazilian territory. But it was also perceived that the United States was strongly committed to the principle of self-determination, and to that, also, of non-intervention in civil strife or even in intra-American conflicts. It did not intervene when a revolution overthrew one government and set up another; when a part of a South American republic revolted and seceded, or when one South American State went to war with another and annexed some of its territory as spoils of victory.

It was upon the basis of these principles that Germany looked for conquest in Brazil. Said a distinguished German diplomat to the writer of these lines: "You concede the right of people to determine their own form of government, do you not; and, therefore, the right of revolution? Yes; because

your own government was founded upon that principle. Then if the citizens—the citizens, mind you—of some of the Brazilian States become dissatisfied with the government of that country, and decided to set up an independent government of their own, you could not object; no? Very well. You also concede the right of independent American States to go to war with each other, and even to annex each other's land by way of indemnity or otherwise; do you not? Yes; I remember that you did not intervene when Chili went to war with Bolivia and Peru, and when she annexed as spoils of war some of their most valuable territory, depriving Bolivia altogether of her frontage upon the sea. So; I assume that if the new States formed of former States of Brazil were in time to find cause for war with the remnant of Brazil, you would not forbid it, nor would you intervene if as a result of that war the new States took some more Brazilian territory. Or, if in time this new State became involved in war with some other South American republic, and whipped it, and took some of its territory, would you consider that a violation of the Doctrine of Monroe? I think not, and so I think that you will some day find it difficult, at least on the ground of Monroeism, to check the development of Germanismus in the Western Hemisphere."

So Albrecht Wirth, in his *Volkstum und Weltmacht in der Geschichte,* ten years before the war, declared: "If we do not soon acquire new territory, a frightful catastrophe is inevitable. It signifies little whether it be in Brazil, in Siberia, in Anatolia or in South Africa."

These German designs upon Brazil, and through her upon all South America, have been perfectly well known in that country. It was realized there, long before our own short-sighted and happy-go-lucky pacifists perceived it, that America would have in the near future to defend itself against a hostile Germany, just as a century ago it had to defend itself against the menace of the German-inspired Holy Alliance. At Rio de Janeiro no secret was made of the fact, no matter how much it may have been ignored or pooh-poohed here, that it was for protection against Germany that the two great dreadnoughts, *Minas Geraes* and *Sao Paulo,* were built ten years ago, and that at the same time a universal military service law was enacted.

The apprehensions of that time are now realized, and Brazil is not as unready as we to meet them. That is why she

has entered the war so promptly and with so much potential efficiency. It is a war for which she has been preparing, and which she recognizes to be a war for the preservation of her own integrity as well as for the vindication of international law and the safeguarding of democracy throughout the world.

LOSS OF TRADE AND NEED OF SHIPS

It may seem strange to speak of the decline in foreign trade which we are suffering, seeing that the much-quoted figures for last year show a substantial increase in both exports and imports over those for 1916 and of course for any preceding year. It must be remembered, however, that these figures express values and not volumes. There has been an increase in the gross value of our commerce in both directions, but there has also been an increase in the prices of most commodities, and there is reason to suspect that the latter increase has been the greater of the two, in which case we must conclude that there has been an actual decrease in the quantities of goods shipped.

Thus there was in 1917 over 1916 an increase of something more than 13 per cent in the total value of exports, and of 23 per cent in that of imports. But at the same time there was, it is estimated, an increase of at least 30 per cent on the average prices of the commodities dealt in. If that estimate be correct, there was a considerable diminution of the volume of trade. A further analysis of the figures show us where the chief loss occurred, and suggests graphically the effect of war conditions upon commerce and the increasing urgency of the needs of our Allies.

It seems probable that the only countries of Europe to which we sent as much volume in 1917 as in 1916 were Italy and Spain. To them our total exports increased respectively 38 and 44 per cent; or somewhat more than the average rise in prices. To several other countries there was a smaller increase, not so great as that in prices. To France, for example, the total increase was less than 10 per cent; to Russia in Europe it was less than 2 per cent; and to the United Kingdom it was less than 7 per cent. Such small increases, against a rise in prices of from three to fifteen times as much can mean only one thing, that those coun-

tries received a much less quantity of goods from us last year than the year before. Seeing that their own capacity for production—of food, at any rate—was less, as was also their ability to procure supplies elsewhere, we can begin to understand how serious a scarcity now besets them, and can understand both the strict rationing system which has been adopted in Great Britain and France, and the eager and urgent desire which those countries have for our long-promised expansion of our merchant marine.

The other European countries have, of course, fared still worse, seeing that there has been a decrease in the total value of their receipts from us. Our exports to Belgium declined 26 per cent, to Denmark 25 per cent, to the Netherlands 25 per cent, to Greece 75 per cent, to Norway 6 per cent, and to Sweden 57 per cent. Take into account with these figures the 30 per cent increase in prices, and the shrinkage of the volume of their receipts is realized to have been enormous.

So far as the Scandinavian countries and the Netherlands are concerned, the diminution of trade might be attributed largely to the embargo which was directed against them on account of their diversion of goods to Germany. In the cases of our Allies, however, it must be attributed in part to the ravages of the U-boats against cargo shipping, and partly to the use of shipping for the transportation of our troops and their supplies to France and therefore the diversion of it from the work of supplying our Allies.

These conditions are further emphasized by the contrast between our trade with Europe and that with other parts of the world. Thus to Canada our exports, not by ship but by land routes, were 37 per cent more than in 1916, meaning some increase in volume; and to Mexico the increase was no less than 105 per cent, or more than to any other country, an indication of improving relations with that country and improving conditions within it. To Brazil and to Argentina there was an increase of 40 per cent each, and to Chili of 72 per cent. Of course in our commerce with those countries there is no trouble from U-boats. To Cuba and to Central America the increase was only 19 and 13 per cent respectively, presumably indicating a decrease in volume.

Exports to China increased 29 per cent, and to the British East Indies 26 per cent, showing a slight loss in quantity; and to British South Africa 21 per cent, showing

a larger loss. To Russia in Asia there was an actual loss in values of 22 per cent, with of course a very large decline in volume. To Australia and New Zealand there was a decrease of 6 per cent in value, and a loss of volume. But to Japan, perhaps largely because she sent her own ships for the goods, there was an increase in values of no less than 70 per cent, while our own Philippines again showed their commercial worth to us with an increase of 73 per cent.

These figures may be disappointing to some, who imagined from the statistics of total values that our foreign trade was enormously increasing in volume and that we were abundantly supplying the needs of our Allies. They should serve as a potent stimulus to all thoughtful Americans to do with increased energy and efficiency two things of capital importance. One is, to increase our production of foodstuffs of all kinds, so as to meet our own needs and the needs of our Allies, without, if possible, the strict rationing which now is necessary. The other is, to build ships, to build ships, and yet again to build ships, with all the energy that ever has been credited to our much-boasted American enterprise.

The bald, bare facts of the case are that while the needs of our Allies have been increasing, our supplies to them have been diminishing, and that with the increasing number of men whom, Mr. Baker says, we are to send across the ocean in the near future, our capacity to supply our Allies will be still further lessened unless at the same time we increase greatly our cargo-carrying tonnage. That is why one of the supreme duties and necessities of the time is to think ships, to talk ships, to plan ships, to build ships, to place in commission ships, *ships,* SHIPS!

THE GREAT ILLUSION ABOUT GERMANY

BY F. V. KEYS

Of all the features of the Great War that make it a war without precedent and without parallel in history, none is so fraught with incalculable consequences to the future of civilization as the fact that this is literally a war not of armies, nor of governments, but of entire peoples. There is no other feature of the struggle which it is of such supreme and present importance for all who hope for a stable peace to bear in mind and attempt to understand. For at this hour the Power that precipitated war at the moment of her own choosing is attempting to precipitate peace, also at the moment of her choice.

Now this Power is the very one that is responsible for the fact that this is a war of whole nations—this Power which, at the very outset of hostilities, mobilized not only every human and every material resource of her people, but also every inherited ideal and loyalty, every future hope and aspiration, of the nation; which deliberately, for the first time in history, has made a by-word of culture, by betraying it into the service of ferocious military aggression. The solidarity of the German nation, first in evolving and next in maintaining this condition of affairs, is such as to have succeeded in imposing a similar solidarity on each successive opponent as these entered the field against her. But there is the gravest danger of the democratic peoples forgetting that the organization they uneasily submit to, as a necessary measure in a moment of national peril, represents the settled habit and accepted mode of German thought and action throughout the whole of the history of the German Empire, and for centuries in the case of the dominant partner in that empire, Prussia.

Just as we see ourselves approaching an external resem-

blance to the German people, in that we too are perforce assuming the aspect of an armed camp, there is the danger that we shall project into our view of German mentality some of the rooted aspects of our own: the taking for granted that government expresses the will of the people, that it is responsible to the people; our incapacity to consider whole classes of our fellows as compounded of different clay, as by birth endued with social and political privileges beyond ourselves; our oblivion of the existence of a State Church and the enormous weight of its combined ecclesiastical and political prestige in enforcing its policies in the education of youth and in controlling the political and social fortunes of individuals. No consideration of the German nation that fails to face the enormous gulf that separates them from modern democracies in the only province that counts here, the province of political thinking, will serve any purposes save those of the modern scientific feudalism entrenched less strongly in the soil of its opponents than in the brain and the very blood of its own people, whether they belong to the class that issues or the mass that takes orders. It is in the interest of these latter, as it is in the interest, finally, of even the former, that we who have evolved another philosophy and another practice of government, should see the German people as they really are politically—not as our ignorance, or a shallow idealism, or self-delusion, would wish them to be.

Every appeal to the German people over the heads of its leaders, every attempt to impress it with the good faith and disinterestedness of its opponents in this war, every assurance that we are fighting, not for the extermination of the German people but for their right to develop their great virtues and manifest genius in the humane forms ensured alone under the influence of free institutions, pre-supposes in Germany the existence of at least a kernel of the sort of thought which we describe by the phrase "public opinion." But no one who has been long and intimately familiar with the inside of German institutions, with the ways of thinking in typical German circles, whether liberal or conservative so-called, with the whole political atmosphere breathed by radical or reactionary within the borders of the German Empire, can hesitate to say that *there never has been in Germany any such thing as public opinion.*

In the summer of 1912 I happened to hear an address

made before the *Fraueninteressenverein* of Munich by a German who had just returned from a visit to this country. He was representative of the most liberal thought in the intellectual and artistic circles of South Germany, and a vein of Anglo-Saxon blood in his descent made him an excellent observer. His hosts and guides in his journey across this continent were among the leaders of progressive ideas in various fields of American social endeavor. In reporting his impressions of America, he said that, to a German, the most striking and novel thing in this country was the element which invariably entered into all discussion, and which people called " public opinion." He had asked at first what party it represented. He was told it represented no one party; that it was outside of all parties, that it constituted, in fact, the court of appeal from party. Everywhere he went, among all kinds of people, he heard the phrase, and everywhere it was used unquestioningly as indicating that which, in the last analysis, everything must be referred to, and, in the last decision, judged by. It could not be likened or even compared to any German arbiter of opinion, to any of the existing German hierarchies, whether military or courtly or ecclesiastical or political. For while remaining always unidentified with party opinion, this public opinion on occasion drew on the ranks of all parties, who appeared to meet on a plane of thought and purpose where party lines disappeared and where the broader distinctions of right and wrong divided men into opposing groups. In other words, what was recognized by Americans as the sovereign power in all matters of debate, was apparently none other than the judging power lodged in the moral responsibility of the people at large, a judging power invoked to decide public questions and pass sentence on public officers on a basis of the plain human issues involved, and in the large interests of humanity itself. Now this, he said, it was almost impossible to make a German audience understand. For it meant a national psychology different not so much in degree as in kind. For in Germany, there were always just two bodies of opinion on any and every matter: there was the Government, and there was the opposition. No one really got outside of these two categories.

The truth of this presentation of the case, on the German side, the events of the war have proved almost past belief. We have seen that the group of men which in every

country is assumed to be vowed to a strict observance of ascertained fact, the scientists, in Germany distinguished themselves by issuing to the world a document denying flagrant facts on the sole authority of their word, so that the famous *Es Ist Nicht Wahr* throws into the shade all the prerogatives claimed by the bulls issued over the signature of papal infallibility. Meanwhile, the intellectual leaders of all schools, not excluding those that had coquetted with the political "left" and had sedulously followed the lead of æsthetic and literary innovators in Paris and London, closed up their ranks with the Government, and left nothing unsaid that would fan the belief of the masses that this was a holy war in defense of German culture itself. And the opposition? It did precisely the same.

The reason for this is plain, and of the utmost moment for us in America to bear in mind whenever and wherever the idea of a negotiated peace with Germany, as she now stands, is put forward.

Why is it so impossible for the German mind to apprehend and understand that which we mean by "public opinion"? For the reason that the German nation has always been, psychologically, on a war footing. Her mentality has been, in a quite literal sense, the mentality of an army. And an army is the one place where there can be no public opinion. An army, indeed, is allowed its recreation, when off duty. Nor is the censorship strict in regard to the range and license permitted to those who furnish its recreation, provided these do not infringe upon the authority of the army discipline. Many foreigners, especially Anglo-Saxons, were misled into believing in the emancipated political state of German opinion by the extreme freedom with which the German novel and particularly the German stage treated all social traditions and conventions, especially those pertaining to sex. The grossness of the extremely clever German caricaturists was indicative of a public graduated, in the highest as in the meanest of its members, from the barracks. Not alone the military barracks, but the educational ones, where during a long and rigidly enforced attendance the German mind was trained in the two essentials of an army, absolute reliance on the officers and unremitting apprehension of the near presence and treachery of the foe. The discipline of the class-room was in no way behind that of the army, for which it prepared and shaped the whole youth

of the country. And from the authority of the schoolmaster there was as little appeal as from the authority of the commanding officer.

Nothing speaks so eloquently of the intolerable interlocking of parental and school authority in Germany as the steadily rising toll of child suicide, expected and occurring yearly with the return of the Easter promotions in the schools. Where the results of an examination were responsible for making or unmaking a career, the burden upon the pupil was beyond the strength of all those not capable of assimilating an army drill, and caught between the school and a parent trained to know better than to connive by sympathy at the undermining of authority. The German gymnasiast, of an age corresponding to that of our high-school boys, presented a compound of solid learning and extraordinary academic maturity, with a feudal political mentality that could be described intelligibly to an Anglo-Saxon only by the term "arrested political development." But the same youth might show, if living in one of the larger centers, a literary and dramatic and artistic taste formed on the best classics and the most advanced modern works in these provinces. And for that side of him, too, the Government was responsible, tightening its grip on his loyalty by its insistence in making him a creature of a masterful power and efficiency in every domain, and never letting him stray for a moment beyond its watchful attentiveness to his needs. Every schoolboy in Germany was made to feel himself the future defender of not only the boundaries but of the genius of his country against an obviously inferior and covertly jealous world. How deeply the German nature took the mould thus imposed, the world has seen.

And what of the "opposition"? What, under the disguise of mere name, of mere profession, and of merely domestic policies, does the "opposition" in the German nation signify today to the enemies of autocracy and the friends of democracy in the ranks of the Allies? Are they justified by the history and temper of that "opposition" in regarding it as a possible purchase on the German people in the interest of an internal revolutionary movement against the present German Government?

First, as to its history. There are here two capital points to be noted. They can only be indicated, but their far-reaching effects will occur to every student or thinker

on the subject of those practical politics that make, and do not only criticise, history. The first point is, the essentially exclusive pre-occupation of the German Socialists in the Reichstag with questions and measures of purely domestic policy, the pouring of their whole energy into the attempt to push forward the enfranchisement of the laboring classes, the re-distribution of electoral districts, nationalization or municipalization of transport and commodities, and the general insurance measures for the workers. In all this, neither the dangers nor the responsibilities attaching to foreign policies were in the minds of the Socialist leaders, still less on their programme for the education of the masses. This was to a certain extent inevitable. The German nation as a whole was absorbed, until Bismarck fell, in consolidating the newly raised structure of the German Empire, itself the creature of a military annexationist policy, which crowned its Emperor at Versailles, and proceeded to build itself up internally by turning into its commerce and industry the proceeds of the enormous indemnity imposed on France, by exploiting scientifically the two rich annexed provinces and expropriating their French inhabitants to make room for German colonists.

It was under this régime that the present Reichstag Socialist party was born. The master of this régime, Bismarck, was the parliamentary trainer of the first and greatest of the Socialist leaders, August Bebel, who applauds, in his *Memoirs,* the openness with which the Chancellor conducted his side of the argument. But the fight Bebel fought with Bismarck was a fight within the Empire only. That the German masses should be satisfied with this as the one and only necessary struggle, was merely the natural result of their complete inexperience in all government, as it was also the foregone conclusion from the very nature of the Reichstag itself, permitted to exist only as a place where the measures designed by the Government might previously be submitted to public debate, and thus furnish to the Government reliable proof of the condition of parties, by which it could be safely guided as to time and occasion for furthering its own ends. But for us at the present time it is momentous to remember that during the period when the German Socialist party was still virgin—as yet unwedded to Blacks or Blues for the purpose of obtaining its own domestic ends—it was breathing an air infected with the

triumph of aggressive military imperialism. Its leaders had so little inborn political consciousness as practically to ignore the whole question of German foreign policy in their political education of their rank and file, contenting themselves with repeating the party slogan that all armies were merely the weapon of capitalism against the home laboring class. These leaders, nevertheless, had in their own lifetime seen the German army used as the effective tool of territorial expansion against Denmark in 1864, against Austria in 1866, against France in 1870. The territorial gains in the Austrian War were slight, but the psychological gains to Prussian imperialism were enormous. The victory of Sadowa eliminated Austria as a possible leader of the already projected German Empire, and left Prussia, *on the strength of her victorious arms,* the undisputed head of that federation, to be shaped according to the ideal of an undiluted Teutonic race. And during the long period following the War of 1870, these same Socialist leaders saw that the tool which determined and achieved the aims of German foreign policy, the army, was being steadily increased in respect of size, specialization of arms, and the utmost scientific efficiency; and to this army, after the Emperor had launched a new world policy of imperialism in his declaration that " the future of Germany lies upon the seas," there was added a navy that set out to surpass that of the Power whose navy was her sole arm. Far from making it their main concern to warn the German masses against the avowed uses to which these preparations pointed, the Socialists used the Government's policy of military and naval expansion as a means of bargaining with it for certain domestic reforms of their own. Politically in their nonage, bred up not on political experience but on a political theory that dismissed all questions of foreign policy as negligible, as superseded by a policy professing to align mankind on other than national lines, the German Socialist party constituted an absolutely unreliable factor in determining the peace of Europe.

The second point to be noted in the history of the party, is that it has been, in a vital sense, an opposition on paper only. It has flourished hitherto under a constitution that foredoomed it never to come into actual power, never to be committed to the enactment of its own policies, in the face of the opposition of other parties, never even to see those measures which it fathered in debate put through except

with the consent and assistance of the Government or of one of the reactionary groups. Invariably this consent was bought with an off-setting gain on the imperialistic side. With this as the actual process of Socialist policy, there lay in the Socialist internationalist formula—in the speeches reported abroad as flung at the head of the Government by Socialist debaters—the gravest danger to the cause of peaceful evolution toward democracy throughout the world. The inveterate tendency of human nature, let alone party leaders, to unpack its heart in words when secure against the practical consequences of those words and assured that it shall never be called on to be responsible for enacting them, becomes a peculiarly dangerous one when there exist in the responsible parliaments of democratic peoples groups of men who are urged, by their long political history, by their party devotion to party formulæ, and by their native temper, to attach to the utterances of German Socialists and the rumored discontent of the German masses, a meaning and a weight wholly illusory, a meaning so flagrantly disproved today that belief in it would be grotesque were it not so full of sinister implications for the future.

For the temper itself of the German opposition has been from its beginning that of an army within an army. How could it be otherwise? Socialists in Germany have graduated from the same schools, from the same universities, from the same army, as the imperialists. They have lived all their lives in the same mental atmosphere, that of superior and inferior, woman standing as breeder and general servant at the bottom of the scale. On one occasion, when the present writer was remarking to a German Socialist on the absence of any endeavor to promote independent judgment in the ranks of the party, the answer was given in a tone of Teutonic finality: "Here we have to fight an army. To do it, we must adopt the tactics of an army." So that for the mass of the German "opposition," the very school that was pretending to liberate them politically was busy adding another turn to the screw that held them in mental subjection.

A savage intolerance toward any form of revolutionary thought except that endorsed by the party was characteristic of leaders and followers. I have seen a mass-meeting of Socialist workmen deny, on the cue of the chairman, freedom of speech to a fellow workingman because they suspected in him an advocate of syndicalism, and I heard them applaud

with jeers the brutal gesture that sent him reeling from the platform to the floor. Intolerance had been instilled into the thinking of the professed "opposition." From that it was only a step to the doctrine of physical force. German Socialists have been the agents of Prussian imperialism among the "comrades" of every nation. "Imperialists?" —a visiting German Socialist deputy at Geneva was quoted as saying, in an interview with a Swiss party member, in January, 1915—"of course we German Socialists are imperialists. We will conquer Europe with our army, and then socialize it."

To every German the army is the tool of his idea, the instrument of his mission. "The function of the German is to impose organization on mankind," said Ostwald, as a justification of German aggression. As for the temper of the whole German people, it had become such that no possible war that the imperialists could declare but must be regarded by them as a war of defence. An observer of the entrance of the first German troops into Luxembourg said that the most terrifying thing was the expression on the faces of the soldiers. It was that of wild beasts at bay. Their glance flashed ferociously from side to side down every cross-street and alley. They had been told that the French were already in the place, and might spring on them from ambush at any moment. It is an epitome of the teaching and the mental attitude of the German people for forty years, of Prussia for centuries. Where, in these two interlocking phalanxes, with obedience within and fear without as the two watchwords, was there room for public opinion?

Whether there is any other means of breaking up this war-complex than by breaking up the German army, it is for the German people itself, and for it alone, to say and prove. On them, and on them alone, lies the burden of proof. We must accept the word of no one else for them. We have done so once, and that once too often. The United States has spoken at last the word that History has been waiting for ever since the first volley was fired: "We can have no dealings with the present Government of the German Empire." In that word the "Necessity knows no law" of the German Chancellor got its final and logical reply. To act on that word, never to recant it, is the duty of the Republic to mankind, and to Germany.

F. V. Keys.

GERMANY AND ALSACE-LORRAINE

HOW TO HELP ANNEXATION

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE practical proposal that the war should end, substantially, with a German evacuation of Belgium and Serbia, is certainly not so impossible, at least in the physical sense, as some might suppose. Nay, it might well be regarded as an example of history repeating itself. It might be said that the Germans have proved in the past that they possess the magnanimity and sagacity to withdraw their armies from lands in which they were in armed occupation. Thus it is a fact to be gravely noted that after 1870 the Germans did not continue to occupy the whole of France for ever. Although the King of Prussia was so satisfied with the taste and comfort of the Palace of Versailles that he selected it among all his country residences for the scene of his coronation as German Emperor, yet he good-naturedly withdrew after a time and exiled himself from these familiar scenes, retiring to some modest and unpretentious home in Potsdam or Berlin. The conquerors were even then too temperate and merciful to impose upon all the citizens of France that admirable system of German education, necessarily accompanied by the imposition of the German language, which they have imposed on that fringe of more fortunate Frenchmen whom they found living in Alsace. Notre Dame de Paris has not, after all, become in any sense a German cathedral in the same fashion as Cologne; and the quaint old symbol of the French flag, as well as a quite distinctive dress for French policemen and soldiers, still remain to attest to the wise limitation laid by the victors on themselves. In short, it is an admitted fact of history that the Germans in 1871 bestowed upon France every one of the benefits and concessions which (according to the peace proposal now before us) they would bestow upon Belgium or the Balkans.

Those, therefore, who hold the historical thesis that Germany suffered defeat and a diminishment of power in 1870, will naturally accept the view now offered to us that the present punishment of Germany has been enough. They will naturally believe that a Germany evacuating Belgium will be a Germany as chastened, sobered and reminded of her own weakness as was the army of Moltke when it marched out of France. But those who do not think that a repetition of 1870 can be regarded merely as a lesson to the Germans, will be equally logical if they draw the opposite deduction. If Germany was in any way triumphant or exuberant after emerging undamaged from that short but dangerous adventure, it is obvious that she will be more triumphant and more exuberant after emerging from this much longer and more dangerous one. Any seeds of anything suggestive of self-satisfaction that could be detected in the German Empire for the last forty years must necessarily shoot and blossom in a more fragrant and flowery manner; any faint hints of racial ambition which anyone may have heard whispered in Germany, having been fully justified, will be plainly expressed. Any counteracting Teutonic elements of self-distrust or self-depreciation will naturally be overbalanced; any shyness or morbid self-criticism we may hitherto have remarked in the Prussian officer will be warmed by such encouragement into something almost suggestive of pride.

In plain words, if we can take at all seriously the proposal of a mere peace of evacuation, this is the only serious thing to be said of it. It will be a peace of which the Germans will talk, and of which they will even be logically justified in talking, precisely as they talk of the peace of '71. Now there is only one detail of differentiation upon which this plain fact might be challenged. It may be objected that in '71 the new German Empire forcibly annexed two French provinces on the fanciful pretext that centuries ago they admitted the feudal and very formal suzerainty of an old and utterly different German Empire. It may be urged, by those who profess to combine their care for peace with a care for justice and the liberation of peoples, that this at least will not now be repeated. The Germans will not, as might naturally be expected, declare the whole of Normandy and Picardy to be parts of Germany. This magnanimity is the more striking, and even surprising, be-

cause the annexation would be quite in accordance with those philological and ethnological discoveries which German science has always been so fortunate in making, at the very moment when they could be confirmed and embodied by German Imperialism. The Prussian professors, upon their own principles, might easily take Normandy on the ground that it is named after the Northmen. For that matter, the Prussian professors, upon the same principles, would be quite willing to take France on the ground that it was named after the Franks. Today, however, the Teutons are content with something less than this full logic of Teutonism; and this alone marks a difference between the two cases. Even intrinsically this argument could be answered, by adducing the Pacifist or Prussian proposals about Poland; for if Prussia not only retains Posen and completes her task of turning the other Polish fragments into a fictitious state under her own protection, she will have added something to her power as much more important than Alsace-Lorraine as the annexation of the United States would be more important than the annexation of one of the smallest South American republics. Nevertheless, it will be well to concentrate here on the case of Alsace-Lorraine, and to leave the case of Poland for consideration in another context. In one very real sense, the example of the lost French provinces really is the mark and test of this war, in comparison with the other aggressive wars of Prussia; and it is certain that public opinion everywhere will regard the fate of these provinces as the register of Prussian victory or defeat.

The writer of these lines is an Englishman; but he is Anti-Prussian, primarily because he is a European. He also happens, however, to be vividly convinced of, and vitally concerned for, certain ideals not always associated with Anti-Prussianism; ideals by no means common to all Europeans and if anything rather uncommon among Englishmen. The two most directly concerned here are the dogma of democracy and, what is perhaps a negative deduction from it, the distrust or even detestation of what is called Imperialism. It is, at this point, particularly to those who agree with him in being democrats and Anti-Imperialists, that the consideration of a certain plain fact is here commended very urgently indeed. It concerns the absolute and adamantine necessity of restoring these provinces as the lawful possessions of the French Republic; and of refusing any proposal for Ger-

many retaining them upon any pretext, or even any proposal for neutralizing them in the manner of Belgium (an ominous parallel) or for confusing the issue by an impossible and intrinsically inconclusive scheme of voting. And I believe that the point, in the most extreme degree that is possible in politics, can be proved with the clarity of mathematics.

If there were an Imperialist Primer or a Grammar of Land-Grabbing, the first and simplest exercise in the encouragement of the art, would be this example of the refusal of the provinces to France. It is an exercise in the encouragement of territorial theft; it is annexation made easy; it is a military model for invasion. But it is, from the standpoint of a democrat and Anti-Imperialist, something yet more than that. It not only smooths the path of invaders, but it quite specially smooths the path of despotic invaders. It not only leaves all lands helpless at the mercy of the land-grabber, but it leaves democratic lands particularly helpless. It not only gives an advantage to anyone who wishes to conquer, but another and quite special advantage to anyone who is ready to enslave. This is the thesis to be proved; and I think it can be proved.

For what was it, after all, that Prussia did after the Franco-Prussian War? She forcibly took over two great populations of passionately patriotic Frenchmen, about whose allegiance and affections there was at the time literally no doubt whatever. They not only personally felt but they publicly declared that they were being carried into captivity against their will. If voting is so very important, the vote was overwhelming. Large masses of them, having expressed their feelings thus, expressed the same feelings further by leaving the country at great sacrifice, that they might continue to live under the French flag. For the last forty years a continuous stream of them has poured over the frontier; men who deliberately left their native province in order to live in their native land. In their place came Germans, many of them planted there officially, nearly all of them planted artificially; according to the same principle by which Prussia was making artificial plantations in Poland. Now for this sort of official colonization despotic power is obviously useful, is often necessary. A tyrannical government can manage such things infinitely more easily than a free government. If the French Republic told a Breton who was fond of Britanny to go and live in Alsace, he would not go.

But Prussia can always command a type of tame population which will go anywhere to which the route is officially organized. She will never lack colonists equipped with every convenience, except the capacity to colonize. It is therefore simply as plain as a pikestaff (a very appropriate figure for the staff of the Teutonic pilgrim) that if we accept a Teutonic transformation in Alsace as settling the matter, we simply hoist a signal to say that such matters can always be settled by annexation, so long as it is annexation by an autocracy. We offer a permanent prize and provocation to conquerors, so long as they are also despots. The military ruler has only to send in one body of his slaves in uniform and then another body of his slaves in mufti; and lands will be perpetually added to the possessions of pure despotism, amid pacifist cheers for the principle of pure democracy.

To take a working model: suppose the Germans landed in Essex and succeeded in annexing that county. The justification of the act, by the recognised German philosophy of history, would, of course, be the easiest part of the matter; there could be no reasonable doubt that the county in question is " old German land." It is self-evident that Essex is only a degenerate version of East Saxony. It is merely the more eastern portion of the King of Saxony's dominions which, in some convulsion of the Dark Ages, has been so dislocated as to turn up at a considerable distance to the west. It is unfortunate that the military acquisition of the territory would certainly present difficulties which are absent from this logical establishment of a claim to it; and even if it were successful, a problem of the population would remain. The Essex country folk are proverbially slow and conservative; and few of the rustics have any close acquaintance with anthropological and ethnological hypotheses. It is probable that an almost ineradicable prejudice, to the effect that they are an English and not a German population, will lead nearly all of them to assert the English character of Essex, and even lead many of them to migrate into Middlesex. A despotic German officialism has then only to send a crowd of official colonists in the track of her official armies; and Essex is secured for ever by what is solemnly described as a popular vote. The invader then proceeds to fix the same imperial eye upon Middlesex; and the game is continued at the option of the player.

Clearly then the upholders of " no annexation " have here

invented an ingenious trick, first for making annexation incessant, and second for making it safe. And the annexation, it is equally clear, will be most incessant and most safe, when it is done by rulers who are imperial princes and not popular magistrates. Considered as a principle applicable over long and varying epochs of the past (as it would certainly, if accepted, be applied over long and very varying epochs of the future) it would have meant that in every case a wave of slavery and savagery could wash out all that had preceded it. It would, for instance, have encouraged and completed the work of every one of those Asiatic inundations from which our culture barely escaped. It would have helped the Persians to dispossess the Greeks; for the Persians admittedly enormously outnumbered the Greeks; and all the Persians would have obeyed the Great King, while the Athenians were generally rather too republican to obey the great republic. The German Emperor told his soldiers to behave like Huns; and we have in this another incidental instance of the beauty of a smooth and symmetrical obedience. But the principle upon which the German Emperor's favorite Socialists are claiming Alsace is a principle which would have favored the ancient Huns as much as it favors the modern ones. And it would give a final victory, over all Europeans, to any such invasion as the Emperor himself used to prophesy as the Yellow Peril.

But if the proof from the prime calamities of Europe be vaguely regarded as too much a thing of the past, it is easy to show that it has every sign of being also a thing of the future. I can even give an example which, coming from an Englishman concerned to prove the Prussian pre-eminence in evil, will at least be disinterested and detached. One of the most recent adventures of that Imperialism, which I regret in all countries, occurred in the policy of my own country; and I was myself bound in consistency to regret it. The South African War, by which the two Boer Republics were annexed, was generally regarded in Europe as a wrong. But it was in no sense whatever wrong, if the theory of an Alsatian plebiscite is right. Lord Milner and Cecil Rhodes actually conquered the Boer country upon the same identical principle which our Pacifists propose as a fair settlement of the Alsatian country. Indeed their case for annexation (with which I wholly disagree) was nevertheless a far fairer and clearer one; for there was already a majority of Out-

landers or aliens to outvote the Boers, before their presence was made a pretext for war. British Imperialism at least first flooded the territories with citizens, before it flooded them with soldiers. It did not base its argument on what might happen forty years afterwards; or announce itself unanimously elected by the votes of a multitude of babes unborn. But though the principle of the imperialist settlement in Africa was more democratic than that of the internationalist settlement of Alsace, it contained this same unique falsity, which must necessarily be the fountain of any number of such annexations. It used the fact of unfairly colonizing a country as a reason for unjustly conquering it. Once admit that principle, and there need be no end to such colonizations and conquests, so long as they are conducted by powers with rich resources, with large populations and especially (if they are to be specially lucky in such work) with reactionary constitutions. Now anybody who will look at the modern world with his eyes wide open will know perfectly well that this sort of expansion and progress is one to which the modern world is especially prone. In every quarter of the globe, especially in South America and Africa, there is a perpetual pressure of colonial ambition which would at any moment take advantage of this principle. Germany especially is known to keep herds of tame exiles browsing on foreign pastures; and the mere counting of so much head of such cattle could always create this sort of international quarrel. The worst version of the South African War will only make it a mere sample of the sort of claim which the more plutocratic Powers will always be ready to push, where there is any sort of cosmopolitan confusion. What the principle would have meant touching Asiatic immigrations into Europe in the past, that alone it will mean touching European immigrations into America in the future. It will mean simply the final superiority of the master of many slaves.

There is only one way to arrest annexation; only one way in which such a stampede of sophistry and spoliation can be stopped. The opportunity for it is now, and will never return; the test case is lit with a limelight of concentrated publicity that will never hold the attention to such a test case hereafter. Rightly or wrongly Alsace-Lorraine has become this test case, which the whole world is watching. Let it revert to France and the whole world will know that the rush

of annexations has been reversed; that civilization has determined to return to its boundaries. Let it remain to Germany or under the shadow of Germany, in whatever form, upon whatever pretext; and the whole world will know that such annexations are always ultimately justified and can be safely imitated. It is simply obvious that the refusal to return the provinces to France will mean the complete victory of Germany; but it will mean much more than that. It will mean the victory of an annexationist policy as such. It will mean that the trend towards Imperialism in all the nations will not be curbed, far less cured, but will be directly encouraged. The only way to cure such grab and go-as-you-please is to make a public exhibition of the restoring of stolen goods. If that is done, everyone will know that the epoch of annexation is over. Everyone will know that henceforward even successful land-grabbing will not ultimately succeed. No one will steal what he will know that he cannot keep; no one will again commit the crime first and make up the excuses afterwards, if he knows that those excuses will not be heard.

But there is a final and farcical fact which crowns the argument. It is equally obvious that this Pacifist compromise about Alsace not only gives a special advantage to external aggression, but also gives a special advantage to internal misgovernment. It will not only be the interest of a prince to seize a province by war, but it will also be to his interest to oppress it when he has got it. For, supposing for the sake of argument that there is now a German majority in Alsace, how was that majority attained? Even German citizens are not sufficiently tame to troop into a strange country in sufficient numbers for that. Even German officials are not sufficiently numerous to overbalance a population without assistance. The process was admittedly accelerated and completed by the continuous exodus of the original French inhabitants. That exodus in its turn was accelerated and completed by German tyranny, or what they regarded as German tyranny. So that even if we were in any doubt about whether the Germans ruled badly, we could not (in common reason) have any doubt that it was to their interest to rule badly. If they did not, we can only suppose that they refrained from pursuing their most obvious advantage, through some over-sensitive modesty in the German character or some suicidal unselfishness in the Prussian policy. But even then we should have no guarantee that the next aggressor, having

modelled himself upon Moltke and the successful Alsatian annexation, would necessarily share the characteristic Teutonic bashfulness or the typical Teutonic self-effacement. The common-sense of the crux would remain what it is; and it is that, in this particular position, it is obviously better policy to set up a bad government than a good one. Make the lives of the old inhabitants intolerable and they will not remain to resist the new inhabitants; anybody can see that, and (by all accounts) the German rulers have seen it very clearly. To sum up, therefore, these are the three consequences of testing the claims to Alsace by an official counting of heads at the moment. First, it will quite obviously set up a principle which is a permanent provocation to war. Second, it will provoke quarrels in which a rigid despotism will always have a better chance than a free country. Third, it will actually make a malevolent despotism more probable and practical than a benevolent despotism. The best man will always be the aggressor; the best aggressor will be the autocrat; the best autocrat will be the tyrant. Such is the goal, or golden age of republican idealism, towards which we apparently travel.

All this is the plainest rationality and policy, and applies to all the politics of all the peoples; in that sense it does not matter to what particular nation this disastrous policy is applied. But what, when all is said, is the nation to which we are applying it? Against what community are we specially asked to deal this stroke of folly and bad faith? We are asked to commit this treason especially at the expense of France; of the one nation with whom all European and American democracy has always sympathized in her self-defence, and whom even Prussian despotism has hardly dared to accuse of mere aggression. We are to do this wrong to the one people whom almost everybody admits to have been in the right. Nay, we are not only to disregard a justice which even the Germans can hardly deny, but a gratitude which we ourselves have incessantly asservated. Everyone knows that France could have had Alsace-Lorraine ten times over, if she had listened to the tenfold flatteries of Germany during the present war, offering her every kind of concession to betray her Allies. Ever since she took the first rush and won the whole war for us in the passages of the Marne, the Germans have been bribing her with both hands. If she had not so stood, England would never have had time to create

an army, and most certainly Russia would never have had time to create a revolution. Now that England is at leisure to elaborate discipline, and Russia at leisure to enjoy liberty, it is pleasantly proposed that they should desert their first line of defence; that they should throw away the broken shield behind which they have done all things. It is an agreeable proposal that England having thus been able to increase her own armies, should throw over that historic army of which she at first formed a small part. But indeed it is not more quaint than the larger conception, that the ultimate work of the Russian Revolution should be the undoing of all the work of the French Revolution. France had stood upon the Meuse in the eighteenth century exactly as she stood upon the Marne in the twentieth; but she was even more solitary, and of the peoples there was none to help her. From that stand, and from that alone, came all that we call democracy to-day. What shall an instructed disciple of democracy say to the democrats who wish to complete an experiment in Petrograd or an inquiry at Stockholm by extinguishing in darkness and disappointment the lights of Paris? Where were they when the foundations of the Republic were laid, or when was fixed the corner-stone thereof, when the men about to die sang together, and the boys who fell in thousands shouted for joy? We know where were the Russians, where were the Swedes, where were the English, in that first and fearful crisis when none knew whether liberty should live. Now we have learned better; and can make an end of our teacher. Let us wear the red cap and never reveal from whose head we have plucked it; let us shout "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," so long as we translate them out of the language in which we learnt the words. The very name of France shall be a guilty secret for us. The very emblem of France shall insult us like a caricature. We shall go forth gravely into the streets as the disciples of democracy; and we shall be ashamed to hear a cock crow, because we have denied our master.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

WAR AND HUMAN EVOLUTION: GERMANIZED

BY VERNON KELLOGG

THE causes and alleged justifications of wars have been nearly as various as the wars have been numerous. The habit of the flag in following commerce and missionaries and tourists has been a great, and, from the point of view of some ambitious diplomats and rulers, very useful cause of war. Fishermen and the fish in the sea have been causes; exploration has been helpful. Taxes and tea and fair representation; language and race and the growth of colonies have been causes less trivial.

But I have learned since this war began that all these causes and justifications alike are trivial in the face of *the* great cause, the fundamental cause and the full justification of all war. I have learned all this from a fount of wisdom than which, in the opinion of the fount, there is no more copious nor blessed nor disinterested flow of knowledge and wisdom from human sources. I have learned it from the Germans.

Also I have learned the full answer to a little problem that has troubled evolutionists for some time; the problem of the chief cause and directive control of human evolution. This knowledge also has been given me by the Germans.

In books about war and its relation to the evolution of man, especially in books written by Germans, I had often read the somber declarations that war takes the place in human life that the rigid and ruthless Darwinian struggle for existence holds among the lower animals, and that the Spencerian survival of the fittest, as applied to human groups, was to be determined chiefly, if not solely, by the outcome of wars to extinction. Also that this struggle and sur-

vival are the chief factors in all evolution, including the evolution of man.

Hence war is natural, it is inevitable, and is, indeed, to be welcomed as the necessary final test of the value of the different lines of development and organization of human life and society represented by various existing human groups.

I had read this, I say, in German books and heard it in lectures in German universities by benevolent-looking elderly professors devoted, in practice, to most peaceful occupations in households, classrooms and beer restaurants. But it was not until I had lived in and traveled about all over German-occupied Belgium and France, seeing and hearing many incredible things, and had spent days and nights and weeks and months of much talk and enlightenment at German Great Headquarters in a French village on the banks of the Meuse—that beautiful stream that flows by such towns of experience and knowledge as Dinant, Namur and Liége—that I truly realized that what I had read in German books about war, and heard in German classrooms, was not just words and play at logic, but the expression of a conviction of belief, the reasoned acceptance of a terrible and fatal philosophy, so widely and thoroughly spread among a whole people as to give this people bodily into the hands of a few leaders who represented the technical knowledge necessary to success in this great all-deciding human struggle for existence. It is a philosophy that makes war and slaughter and rapine desirable, and justifies in the conduct of war every form of cruelty and deceit, and all surrender of personal humane and moral standards; a philosophy that puts man's position and behavior and his evolutionary struggle back, not into medieval times, as has been sometimes said, but into prehistoric, Glacial time, when a half-beast, half-man type was all of man that the earth knew. In that time, undoubtedly, man, naked, hairy, stooping, was only an animal among animals, and at the mercy, for his persistence, of the outcome of sickening struggles of brute strength and brute cunning against other brute strength and cunning.

But, as has been well said by Liberty Hyde Bailey, what we have done in times past shows the way by which we have come; it does not provide a programme of procedure for days that are coming, or, if it does, then we deny the effective evolution of the race. Yet that this Glacial Time condition of human evolution still holds today in all its crass tigerishness,

is the present German attitude. The German people have been brought to this attitude, and held in it, by virtue, or, rather, vice, of the combination of a philosophic acceptance of the mutual fight principle as opposed to the mutual aid principle, and of a deliberate, selfish cultivation by the rulers and leaders of the nation, for the sake of their own persistence in despotic power and the persistence of hereditary autocratic government, of the conditions of military control and military exaltation which enable these leaders easily to dictate the actual thinking and expression and behavior of the whole people.

It is a vivid illustration of the danger of a combination of a little knowledge, but not enough, and of a deliberate exercise of the "will to believe" despite sufficient knowledge to warrant non-belief. The great mass of the people of Germany illustrate the first element of the combination; the intelligent and really educated classes, the "intellectuals," the other.

A favorite argument of these intellectuals in justification of war and the German method of carrying on war is the argument drawn from biology and evolution. But this argument is always based on certain assumed premises. Most important of them is the complete acceptance of the idea that evolution is solely determined by a rigorous and ruthless struggle for existence of the most combative type.

Now, let us remember, even before we criticize the validity of this utterly brutal evolution conception, especially in its relation to human evolution, that this modern German visualization of it is not even the idea of the great founder of it. For of the struggle for existence Darwin says: "I use this term in a large and metaphorical sense, including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny." This is, indeed, far from the present-day scientific philosophy so passionately invoked by the German natural philosophers as the biologic basis of advantage—phrased in German war parlance as "military necessity." Any softness in such a struggle is a surrender of natural advantage and denotes a weakness on the part of the soft-hearted contender. As the struggle is between groups, the fate of individuals does not count. As it is a struggle of Darwinian type in its Germanized form it is a struggle to the death.

Are Belgians in the way? Brush them aside. Is there an apparent opportunity to use them in the struggle? Make slaves of them. Is it easier to profit by these slaves by removing them by force from their homes into the factories in Germany? Do it, even though women weep and children shriek. Do these slaves, for some absurd reason of personal honor, of loyalty to principle and to country, refuse to work in these factories devoted to making the things which are to help sow death among their brothers and fathers and friends and their Allies on a battle front? Then punish them by exposure in concentration camps, and by beating and starvation—especially starvation, for that saves food. And if, as a result of the obstinacy of the slaves, and hence the necessary continuance of the beating and starvation until the victims are in a physical condition when work is an impossibility, even if their spirits were sufficiently broken, then send them back as physical wrecks or corpses to their distracted families, to be cared for. A single cattle train brought two hundred and fifty-five of these slave wrecks from Aachen to Antwerp in March of this year. It took forty-eight hours to make the few miles—German transportation is not what it was—and there was no food for the men during this time. The American Relief representatives met them with bread at Antwerp. But it was a little late. Every one of these men was removed from the train on a stretcher. On fifty of these stretchers the men were dead. They did not die simply from forty-eight hours' lack of food. They died from a three months' experience of the practical application of Germany's philosophy of war and of human evolution on the basis of the struggle and survival factors.

In October (1917), six hundred and eighty Belgian children arrived in Evian-les-Bains on a single train; they were all between the ages of four and twelve; they were emaciated and sickly, and they were alone—no mothers, no big sisters, no fathers. They were sent out of Belgium by the Germans to Switzerland and thence to France to be cared for. Two-thirds of them had been taken from their parents because their fathers would not work for the German army and were being starved into submission, and the mothers were willing to let their children go rather than see them starve, too. Think of that line of weak little motherless things, climbing down from the train and marching along the platform as bravely as they could, into the hands of kindly, but unknown, foster-

mothers and big sisters. Can you picture any more incredible and poignant sight in all the war? Well, that sight was just another incident in the practical working out of Germany's war philosophy.

This is no live-and-let-live philosophy, you see. In fact, it is not a kind by the side of which live-and-let-live philosophies can even exist; their holders would fall easy prey to the tiger philosophers.

Finally, it is not a philosophy which recognizes anything in man and in human evolution sufficiently different from what is in the lower animals and their evolution to make it necessary to revise in any way the conception of evolutionary control as worked out in the study of lower creation in order to apply it directly and rigorously to human life. This philosophy does not recognize the distinction we make when we say, "Man has responsibilities quite apart from the conditions that obtain in the lower creation. Man is a moral agent; animals and plants are not."

This philosophy seems to take no account of the extent and importance in human life of what may be called man's social evolution as contrasted and often in conflict with his natural evolution. We live in a state of social advancement and moral refinements far beyond those dictated by our stage of natural evolution. We do this on a basis of an elaborately constructed social and moral fabric into which each individual is fitted after birth by association and education, by precept and corrected practice. Is all this laboriously acquired advance of man over the lower animals, built up on moral self-consciousness, and ever, in turn, resulting in more of it, to be taken into no account? Is all this to be thrown aside for the sake of a sophisticated, over-driven, biological, dehumanized, mechanistic philosophy of tiger evolution that would put us back five hundred thousand years into the Glacial Time conditions of our half-beast, half-man ancestor? Yet that is exactly what the German natural philosophers and the German war philosophy maintain.

As zoölogist I knew something about the importance of the mutual aid principle as a factor in biologic success and evolutionary advance, even among the lower animals. As student of human evolution and man of a little scientific education, even though some of it was got in Germany, I know enough about the biology of the human species to be confident that I have evidence and reason on my side when I say

that you cannot settle all, nor even many, of the problems of human biology by a swift reference of them to the categories of half-solved problems of tiger biology.

We must not be carried off our feet by the fascination of the solution by origins. We may have originated from tiger ancestors, and we may, from a rigorously evolutionary point of view, differ from them now only quantitatively. But this quantitative difference is already so enormous, so extreme, that for all practical purposes it may be treated as qualitative. Speech, writing, tradition, education and mental and moral self-consciousness have made us and our evolutionary trend very different from tigers and tigerish evolution. If the Germans wish to cling to Glacial Time conditions and behavior, let them, but strictly within the confines of their own land. Let them not insist on carrying this prehistoric *Kultur* by force of tooth and claw into other lands.

We should like to be beyond war. But we cannot be so long as Germany is not and looks on our aspiration as a weakness to be taken advantage of. Unfortunately there can be but one answer to a people that insists on success in war as the criterion of racial advancement, and as the most important factor in human evolution. We have to accept, for the moment, the challenge to bloody debate. But when we have debated the matter in this horrible way, and have won, let us see to it that the winning is the last one of its kind necessary.

VERNON KELLOGG.

JAPAN AND SHIPS

BY M. TOGO

THE attitude of Japan in the Great War has not been hid under a bushel. From the very first our people have not only talked about doing their duty, but they have done it to the best of their ability. Perhaps no stronger declaration of this purpose and resolution has been made than that contained in the contribution made by Viscount Ishii to the book issued on behalf of all the Allies. In this carefully prepared utterance he said:

As we see our duty, and the duty of the world, only one thing is left to do. It is to fight out this war which neither we nor any other people or nation, other than the aggressors, have sought. It must be fought to the end without wavering, without thought of national or individual advantage. The victors are to be victors for civilization and the world; not for themselves. The contest upon which we are unitedly engaged will not only end this war, upon its result will depend the extinction of all wars of aggression. No opportunity must ever come again for any nation or people, or any combination of nations or peoples, however strong or numerous, to seek that universal domination shown by experience to be impossible, which, if it were possible, would mean the destruction of human progress.

We are proud to be associated with America as Allies in so great a cause. Our duty thus keeps pace with our obligation and both are guided by our highest desires. We, like you, have enlisted until the war is settled and settled right; you, like ourselves, have no favors to ask, and neither seeks conquests or indemnities; both merely ask that they may live their own lives, settle their own problems, smooth out their common differences or difficulties, and do their best, along with all other peoples, to make the world a better, not a worse, place to live in.

In our relations with the United States we have tried to do our duty, not only in the war, but in everything else that shows our friendship. We have just completed with that country a satisfactory agreement assuring the territorial integrity of China. We have kept faith in the so-called gentleman's agreement entered into years ago in respect to

the immigration of Japanese labor. It has been our practice, and it is our purpose, to respond quickly and generously to all fair business proposals, and we insist that we ought not to be asked to consider any others.

It is for these and many other reasons we feel that the urgent need of the United States to increase her tonnage should lead her to utilize the shipyards of Japan for the benefit, not only of the two countries directly involved, but for that of all the Allies as well. These shipyards are ready for work. The labor is there, well trained, well paid. With a supply of materials it can build each year a million tons of new ships. Nobody, at the present time, can predict when this war will end, or what the economic conditions will be when it is over. There is nothing so clear as the fact that if the ships are built now they will help win the war, and the universal opinion is that in no other way can it be won.

During the two years previous to the entry of the United States into the war, the great shipbuilding companies of Japan made contracts with American manufacturers for the steel plates and shapes necessary for constructing a large tonnage of ships for the use of the Allied nations and their citizens. These contracts were taken at prices fair to builders and buyers and remunerative and satisfactory to both American capital and labor. The material involved amounted to from 250,000 to 400,000 tons of plates, shapes and angles, and provided for continuous delivery during the years 1917 and 1918. Under them, a number of ships varying from 5,000 to 10,000 tons each have been built by Japan and delivered to English and French buyers, while like commitments have been made with the same class of purchasers for further ships. They are not reserved for Japanese or any other specific buyers; they are built under contract, or, when ready, are sold to the first comers among the representatives of the Entente Allies.

This absolute free trade in ships, if the United States had fulfilled her contracts made before her entry into the war, would have thrown the new vessels thus built into the balance against German submarine frightfulness, and that, too, with a promptness that could not have been commanded elsewhere. The Japanese yards did not have to be put in order for work; they were already thoroughly equipped with up-to-date facilities, with highly trained labor, with ample capital, all ready to act without delay. The Shipping Board has

done magnificent work in repairing damaged ships and diverting others into the most useful channels, but its weakness has been in the production of new tonnage. If the United States had carried out her contracts with Japan all the resources of these great Japanese shipbuilding establishments would have been utilized to build new tonnage and strengthen the Allies on their weakest side: ships.

But about six months ago, intimidated by the prospective needs of the gigantic American shipbuilding programme, Congress authorized, and the President proclaimed an embargo on the export to Japan of steel plates and shapes for shipbuilding purposes. This action closed the opportunity to supplement promptly, through the Japanese shipbuilding resources, the production of ships for the use and directly under the control of the Allied Governments. Although it has become apparent that the United States produces far more steel than can be utilized in her own programme, and could let Japan have the steel contracted for, and much more besides, without jeopardizing American interests in any way, the embargo has been in force ever since.

Japan had anticipated her own needs and those of her Allies by making contracts in the United States for the steel necessary to complete vessels aggregating more than a million tons. At the present time, six months after the embargo was laid, Japanese shipbuilders are closing their yards and sitting idly by, with partly finished and therefore useless ships on their ways, and new construction made impossible while the whole world is clamoring for tonnage.

Economic pressure, according not only to the Japanese but to prominent steel men in the United States, will shift every ship built by any of the Allies into those waters where it is most needed to carry out their purposes and resolves. It will do it with that celerity which characterizes these high-pressure war times and the necessities of a world situation. The United States is engaged in the war as an ally of Japan, as a matter of fact, if not by formal agreement, and the two countries are working together for a common end, the quick, assured and effective defeat of the Germans and their Allies. The embargo was laid to protect the United States from neutrals and enemies. All additions to ship tonnage by any of her Allies are direct benefits to her, and to all, and will help her to win the war.

But Japan has not waited for economic pressure to shift

any ships to where they will do the most good. The tonnage of Japanese ships which traverses the submarine zone and reaches European Allied ports regularly is well over 200,000, and, in addition, 100,000 tons are chartered to Great Britain and France and are carrying coal and supplies between these two countries. More than 25,000 tons of shipping sailing under Japanese registry have already been lost by bombs, torpedoes or mines, and Japan is continuing to pay a steady toll for risking her ships in the Allied cause. In addition to policing the Indian and Pacific Oceans, Japan is at present effectively helping to patrol the Mediterranean, and is caring for the Allies' interests at Vladivostok.

There are 113 shipways for ships of over 1,000 tons standing idle, or about to become so, in Japan, and at last reports twenty-eight new big ways were in course of construction and scheduled to be finished by January of this year. In 1914, when the war broke out in Europe, Japan could build, at most, 200,000 tons of ships a year. Her annual capacity at present, if steel is available, is more than 1,000,000 tons a year! Since the outbreak of the war the tonnage of Japanese shipping actually put into the water up to September, 1917, when the American embargo seriously curtailed the output, has been nearly 600,000 tons. In 1914 the tonnage launched was 65,140; in 1915 it was 98,212; in 1916 it was 251,484, and up to September, in 1917, it was 158,860 tons, with many uncompleted ships standing on the ways, unable to be launched for the lack of a few plates.

The total investment in shipbuilding yards in Japan is 64,215,500 yen, or about $32,107,500. The total capital invested in Japanese steamship companies is 269,734,000 yen, or, approximately, $134,867,000. There are twenty-nine steamship companies in Japan, five of which are subsidized.

The total merchant marine of Japan numbers 2,133 ships of all descriptions, with a total tonnage of 1,577,025. The chartered bottoms, however, bring the total tonnage up to about 2,000,000. In addition, Japan is trying to complete her elaborate shipbuilding programme. Her yards received orders last year for 370 new ships, of an aggregate tonnage of 1,330,000. They accepted these orders depending upon the United States for their supply of raw material. Ships aggregating 500,000 tons are now on the ways. After all available resources are exhausted, 60,000 tons of steel plates and shapes will be lacking to complete these ships. The

burning question in Japan to-day is how to secure this balance of 60,000 tons needed to complete ships now on the ways and to clear these ways for the balance of 830,000 tons which Japan is prepared to add this year to the world's available tonnage if she can secure the raw materials.

If the United States could not produce more than enough steel for her own use, she could not supply any to Japan. But actual production does not mean total capacity, and into this question enters the fact that the United States Government is doing things in a gigantic way, and its negotiations are almost exclusively with the largest producers of steel. There is an immense capacity in the smaller steel mills which has not been even touched. In fact, the embargo and the price agreements of the Government with the larger producers have combined to make profitable foreign trade impossible for them. Moreover, the large steel mill owners of the United States have assured the War Industries Board of a sufficient supply of steel for all Government needs.

Getting down to actual figures, the annual production of steel of the kind which can be used for shipbuilding purposes in the United States is 3,500,000 tons. Deducting 700,000 tons, or 20 per cent, for a margin of safety, this leaves even then 2,800,000 tons. The United States Government's requirements to carry out the programme of building in eighteen months 6,000,000 tons of ships, or 4,000,000 tons in a year, not all of which will be of steel, will be approximately one-third of the steel ship tonnage, or about 1,864,000 tons a year.

Why, then, when there is crying need of an ever-increasing procession of ships to Europe from the United States for the movement of American armies, of munitions for their use, and of supplies for their maintenance, has not the United States licensed the export of steel to Japan in sufficient quantities at least to enable the Island Empire to complete the ships now standing on her ways? The answer is that the United States has been bargaining for a greater proportion of the existing Japanese tonnage than Japan can afford to give, and this at a critical period when time is the very essence of the contract. By prolonging the negotiations at Washington in order to secure a little additional tonnage now, the Shipping Board is preventing Japan from building an immense tonnage, so that she could supply in six months or a year a much greater tonnage than that demanded now. And

six months have already been consumed by the negotiations.

"That after months of negotiations," said the New York *Tribune*, of January 6th, "nothing has come of the Japanese effort to raise the embargo on American iron and steel contracted for by Japan is really a disaster for both nations, as well as for the Allied cause. It means that the United States will have some hundreds of thousands less new tonnage in 1918, and it means the paralyzing of the shipbuilding industry in Japan."

Japan is willing to put every ton she can spare where it will do the most good in the war against Germany. The Japanese shipyards do not have to be put in order to work; they are already equipped. Where the United States may face a shortage of labor trained for this kind of work, Japan has highly skilled labor ready to work if it can be held together. This will prove a difficult, if not impossible task, however, if the Japanese shipyards must remain shut down. In the meanwhile, the various States are just beginning to report their enrollments in the volunteer army of 250,000 shipbuilders which the United States is raising, Iowa being the first to report.

Part of the Japanese shipping programme is the maintenance of her Pacific trade necessary to her national existence, since she, like England, must import vast quantities of food and other commodities. Part of it is the transportation of grain for foodstuffs from Australia and South America to Europe, thus relieving the pressure on American markets for food supplies to the Allies. Some part must be devoted to the exchange of products with the United States which amounted in the year ending June 30 last to $333,599,667—$130,472,189 exports from the United States and $203,127,478 imports from Japan. Finally, Japan had to replace in the same way the large tonnage from other countries which formerly carried goods to and from Japan, but is now diverted to the transport of troops and munitions for the war.

Four proposals have so far been exchanged between the United States and Japan. The first Japanese suggestion was that the United States raise the embargo to the extent of letting Japan have 600,000 tons of steel on the condition that the major part of the 1,200,000 tons of ships that Japan then proposed to build should be placed at the disposal of the Allies. This programme, however, contemplated too long

a time, so all programmes were postponed, causing delay.

Japan then proposed that if the United States would give her 450,000 tons of steel—150,000 in 1917 and 300,000 this year—she would in return supply the United States with 150,000 tons of ships in 1917, and a tonnage of 750,000 between January, 1918, and September, 1919. During that period Japan expected to build with American material not less than 1,350,000 tons, retaining 600,000 tons for her own purposes and for the other Allies. The United States again refused, and made a counter-proposal.

The counter-proposal was that beginning with last November, Japan should deliver to the United States 1,000,000 tons of ships at the rate of 100,000 tons a month for ten months, the Shipping Board to pay for them at the rate of $170 a ton and Japan to be allowed to receive the 450,000 tons of steel she had contracted for. This meant that most of the million tons to be sold to the United States would have to come out of shipping already afloat, as by September, 1918, the Japanese could not build more than 300,000 or 400,000 tons out of the American material. Moreover, $170 a ton from the United States for ships for which British shipping men were willing to pay as much as $400 a ton did not look very attractive.

Japan's latest proposal was that she would turn over 150,000 tons of existing ships to the United States, and between that time and next August 200,000 tons more, built from American material, if America would supply her with only 175,000 tons of steel, from which a total of 525,000 tons of ships could be built. This proposal was accepted by the United States, subject to the conditions that none of the existing ships should be less than seven years old, and that the price should be $170 a ton for existing ships and $200 a ton for new ships.

This would have made the average price received by Japan for these 350,000 tons of ships $187, against the British offer of $400 a ton, and would have thus entailed a sacrifice of $213 a ton, or a total of $74,550,000. The 175,000 tons of steel which the United States agreed to supply under these onerous conditions would suffice to build 525,000 tons of ships, but as Japan had to part with 350,000 tons of ships to secure the steel, the net addition to Japanese bottoms would have been only 175,000 tons. At this time when few foreign ships are visiting Japanese shores, Japan is sadly in

need of bottoms, and she rejected the proposal on the score of both expediency and the financial sacrifice she would be forced to make. There the negotiations have rested for the present, while Japan is making desperate efforts to develop her own steel industry and the mines of China, and to contract for such raw materials as are available from South American countries.

Japan needs ships. The world needs ships. Japan has the facilities to build a million tons of ships a year. She has the trained labor. She lacks the raw material—the steel plates and shapes. Until the entry of the United States into the war American steel was relied upon to enable Japan to build her ships. Japan does not manufacture the same articles as the United States. She has not the same raw materials to export. In view of America's gigantic shipbuilding programme she will not for decades, if ever, have or need as large a merchant marine as the United States.

At the present juncture, Japan could charter her whole merchant marine to her Allies, if this were possible, without starving her people and ruining her trade. But because she cannot give her Allies a greater proportion of her ships now they are in effect refusing to allow her to build more ships, which she could put into their service. The Japanese do not understand why, if ships are invaluable, the United States is wasting time making them propositions which no nation could or would accept, thus paralyzing their shipbuilding industry. They do not understand why, if there is co-ordination of effort among the Allies, England is bidding more than twice as much as the United States for Japanese ships. It is true that Japan cannot build ships rapidly without American steel, but she has offered to sacrifice 50 per cent. and more of the market price of the ships to get the steel, and has been unable to get even the steel contracted for before the United States entered the war, although this Government has admitted that it has this much surplus steel and it should be delivered to Japan as a matter of equity and moral right.

Neither the authorities nor the people of Japan can understand why in this crisis of the world's fate, when, as universally admitted, everything depends upon ships, there should be any resort to bargaining or dickering, or, indeed, to any policy except that which under the operation of the greatest speed and efficiency, produces the necessary ships.

M. Togo.

RUSSIA AND THE WAR AFTER THE WAR

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE situation in Russia grows steadily clearer, and at the same time more menacing. The events of the last month at Petrograd have made it, I think, abundantly evident that there is not an atom of difference in principle between the various groups of Socialists who are "playing politics" in the former Russian capital; there is simply a ferocious rivalry between the "ins" and the "outs." Lenin and Trotsky have been able to seize and hold autocratic power simply because they are more audacious, because they are wholly devoid of scruples or hesitations, and are, like the German forces on the Belgian frontier at the beginning of August, 1914, determined to hack their way through to victory. But we shall be wise to realize that the Socialist programme is identical, not only among all the Russian Socialist groups, but in all Socialist organizations whatsoever, throughout the world. They all desire to do exactly what Lenin and Trotsky are doing; and they will do it the instant they get the opportunity. We are face to face, not with a Russian peril, but with a worldwide peril; and the struggle with these destructive forces will constitute, I believe, "the war after the war" far more than any economic struggle against Germany.

We shall be wise, therefore, to take advantage of the present situation, clearly to see and clearly to formulate the purposes and principles of the Russian Bolshevist forces, not merely because this is essential to a right understanding of the situation in Russia, but far more because Petrograd happens to be the point at which the purposes and principles of world Socialism, through the removal of outside pressure, have reached the boiling-point, revealing themselves in their stark destructiveness.

We have been told that Lenin and Trotsky have been making a gallant and heroic fight against imperialist Germany on behalf of the rights of those parts of the former Russian Empire occupied by German and Austrian troops: on behalf of Poland, Courland and Lithuania. And this fight, which we are asked to welcome and applaud, is being made in the name of the " principle of the self-determination of peoples," which is, by the way, a phrase translated from German. But before we approve and applaud we shall do well to ask ourselves what the real purpose of the Russian peace negotiators is; what they really have in view for these occupied regions, should some miracle bring about the removal of the German and Austrian armies. How will " self-determination " actually work out?

We shall find the real answer at Petrograd, in Finland, in southern Russia, in Roumania.

How has " self-determination " actually worked out at Petrograd? The fate of the recent Constituent Assembly, which has now followed the hapless Duma into the void, is the answer to that. The Duma was in a sense representative of all classes of Russians: the nobility, the Church, the merchants, the manufacturers, the workmen, the peasants. Members of all these classes actually sat in it, spoke and voted. From the point of view of the Socialists, that was enough to damn it. They absolutely scout the idea of the equal rights of all classes. In their view, no class has any rights at all, except the Socialists themselves, and the class which they claim to represent, " the poorest class," according to the wording of Lenin's recent manifesto. All elements above " the poorest class " are frankly doomed to destruction. It is, of course, notorious that the Socialist leaders themselves practically never belong to the class they claim to represent. They are, for the most part, ambitious lawyers or writers, " white-handed," as the Russia phrase is, who see the possibility of gaining autocratic power for themselves by inflaming, in " the poorest class," the passions of envy and cupidity. It is futile to claim for them humane and exalted ideals and motives; the time-tried rule must apply to them: " the tree is known by its fruits."

And because their real motive is autocratic power, to be grasped by inflaming the cupidity of " the poorest class," however much they may try to veil their purpose by fine phrases, they fight furiously and unscrupulously for power

among themselves, quite regardless of their common verbal adherence to humanitarian principles. This was quite clearly shown by the fate of the so-called Constituent Assembly, which was, of course, not representative of all Russia in any true sense, but was practically a gathering of Socialists only. It was, to leave out elements which had no practical meaning, divided into two groups of Socialists, with identical programmes: a minority of Bolshevik Socialists and a majority of Revolutionary Socialists. And, simply because the Bolshevik Socialists had command of the Red Guard, a band of desperadoes originally armed by Alexander Kerensky in his uncandid struggle against General Korniloff, the Lenin-Trotsky party drove out the majority of the Constituent Assembly at the point of the bayonet, a number of them being murdered. Before we grieve over these murders we should remind ourselves that, had the Revolutionary Socialists been in a minority, but in possession of predominant armed force, they would have used exactly the same violent measures to secure control for themselves.

In Petrograd, therefore, the principles and practice of the Socialists have made themselves entirely clear; they are a group of despotic leaders, not belonging to "the working class," who are grasping at autocratic power by inflaming the cupidity of the lowest class to murderous violence. I wrote the words "the working class" in quotation marks a few lines back, to bring out a fundamental principle of Socialism; they recognize as "work,"—not in their protestations but in their actions,—only palpably material work, the exercise of the muscles, not of the intellectual and spiritual powers. They tacitly declare war against these; spiritual power, of course, they openly scoff at, since they are frankly materialist; and intellectual power they will annihilate, so far as in them lies. They are already annihilating it in Russia. For we must now see clearly that the Russia which once enriched the world by its spiritual and intellectual life and accomplishment has ceased to exist. And exactly the same destruction will follow in the wake of Socialism, wherever it is triumphant. In the last analysis, this will inevitably mean an unspeakable degradation and impoverishment of all humanity, an abasement which will fall first and heaviest on the lowliest classes, the very "People" whom the Socialists assert that they worship. By destroying the spiritual and intellectual life of mankind the Socialists will plunge the world

into a bestial degradation which we shall be wise to realize in advance. Therefore, all who have at heart the true well-being of mankind must be the uncompromising foes of Socialism, and must be diligent in stripping off the false pretences, the dishonest humanitarian protestations, which disguise the fatally dangerous reality.

So far, Petrograd and the regions immediately dominated by Petrograd. We come now to Finland. Finland is an excellent example of one of the smaller nationalities of Europe which has its own tongue, its own thought, its own constitutional life. When Finland passed, in 1809, from Swedish to Russian control this national life continued unimpaired, except for a brief, unhappy period of " Russification," the aims of which were early abandoned. And as a result of the elimination of Nicholas II as Grand Duke of Finland the practical tie between the two countries was broken a year ago. Finland desired completely independent national life, and the constitutionalist Provisional Government made some advances toward recognizing this desire, planning, perhaps, a federal union between Russia and Finland later on. But the November revolution swept the Provisional Government out of existence. The Bolshevik Socialists, who then came into power, proclaimed their acceptance of the German phrase " self-determination of nations." How did they, in fact, work it out for Finland? By sending a Red Guard army over the frontier, to force Bolshevik principles upon Finland, wholly regardless of Finland's own wishes and aspirations. As this is written, the national army of Finland is fighting valiantly against this Russian invasion, which is every whit as brutal, as unjust, as tyrannous as was the German invasion of Belgium in 1914. So much for humanitarian protestation—and for practice. And the Socialists will do exactly the same thing, making the same glib protestations, wherever and whenever they get the chance.

Their action in Southern Russia proves this to demonstration. Two regions of Southern Russia had declared their autonomy, the Ukraine and the country of the Don Cossacks. The Ukrainian movement, as we know, had been secretly fostered by Vienna for years, as a part of the subtle and far-reaching Hapsburg plan. The purpose was twofold: to weaken Russia by a separatist impulse, and to strengthen the Hapsburg control over the Southeastern Slavs, really in order to use them against the Magyars. For

this is, I believe, the secret of the Hapsburg tenderness for the Poles; and the Hapsburgs would, I think, if the Austrian Teutons allowed them, give much larger freedom both to the Czechs and to the Jugo-Slavs, Serbian and other, from a sincere love, not of Slav nationalism, but of the Hapsburgs. And we shall be wise, in parenthesis, to cherish no delusions as to Hapsburg benignity. They are playing a difficult game, and they are playing it with subtlety and determination. But benignity is not one of its elements. For I am deeply convinced that the purposes of the Hapsburgs are just as brutally egotistic as those of the Hohenzollerns; but their methods are more subtle and polished—and, therefore, the more dangerous.

But the result of Hapsburg support in the past is that the professional Ukrainians now tend toward Austria and to a separate peace with Austria. There are other elements in the Ukraine which are more genuinely national, and which might develop a valuable nationality; for these Southern Russians have many great gifts. But have the Petrograd Socialists been willing, while professing adherence to "self-determination" of nationalities, to allow this Southern Russian nationality to develop along its own inherent lines? The despatches give the answer: Bolshevik forces have invaded the Ukraine, as they have invaded Finland, in order to thrust the principles of the Petrograd Bolsheviki down the throats of the Ukrainians. In the Ukraine, as in Finland, the Bolshevik Socialists are stirring up and waging civil war, war for the Socialist despotism, and they are recruiting the forces of the "Red Army" precisely by inflaming the envy and cupidity of their followers.

The outrages of the Bolshevik despotism, the application of their singular understanding of "self-determination," have not been limited to parts of the former Russian Empire. Nothing could be more striking, more full of revelation, than their action toward oft-betrayed Roumania. We have not yet heard the Roumanian side of the story; but, from what the Bolsheviki have themselves published, what happened would seem to be this: the Bolshevik despots of Petrograd determined to overthrow the existing government of Roumania, with which the Roumanian people and the Roumanian army appear to be entirely satisfied, but which does not comply with the standards of Socialist despotism. So they sent Bolshevik Red Guards to Roumania to force "the Social

Revolution " upon the Roumanians. These men were arrested and disarmed by the Roumanian army, which was, and is, loyal to the cause of the Allies, in the face of overwhelming sufferings. This wholly right and lawful act of self-defence aroused the ire of the Petrograd despots, who subjected the Roumanian Minister at Petrograd to insults such as accompanied the departure of Allied Ambassadors from Berlin in August, 1914; they sent armed forces against the Roumanians, and they " confiscated " a sum stated by them to be $600,000,000 in gold, which the Roumanian Government had deposited for safe-keeping in Moscow. It would be possible to match this outrage against international morality only by similar acts of Germany.

This brings one naturally to the Petrograd Socialists' repudiation of loans to Russia, which, of course, they glibly excuse and explain; and which is, equally, of course, quite right and lawful according to the Socialist canon of honesty; no one but a Socialist has any rights which a Socialist is bound to recognize. By the way, how exactly that duplicates the German theory and practice! Knowing Socialism, therefore, we should have been entirely prepared for this repudiation, but there is a further point to be made. Exactly the same kind of reasoning was used by the Provisional Government to justify the proposed plundering of land-owners in Russia, in one of their Socialistic experiments, the purpose of which seems to have been a shameful desire to win the support of the Russian peasants by an appeal to their greed. The moral is this: if we made no protest whatever when the Socialists of the Provisional Government planned to plunder the Russian land-owners, then we have not the slightest right to protest now, when the same doctrine is applied to our loans in Russia.

So, through this series of examples, we reach a position in which we are better able to answer the question raised at the outset: What is the real purpose of the Petrograd despots in pretending to espouse, at Brest-Litovsk, the freedom, the liberty of self-determination, of Poland, Courland and Lithuania? Surely it is quite evidently this: they wish to be in a position to force these regions also to swallow the bitter fruits of the Russian Revolution; they wish to be in a position to send Red Guards over their frontiers, as they have already sent them over the frontiers of Finland, of Ukrainia, of Roumania. And, abominable as has been the tyranny of the

German and Austrian armies of occupation in Poland, worse, if possible, than their acts in Belgium and occupied France, it is a matter of serious doubt whether Poland would not suffer even worse things, if given up to the tender mercies of the Petrograd Socialists and their Red Guard of murderous desperadoes. They would make true the words of Joel: "That which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten."

But we shall flatter ourselves if we imagine that the Socialists intend or expect to limit their blessings to Eastern Europe and, perhaps, Russian Asia. Their own professions to the contrary are entirely frank; they are calling for a Red Army of Russians to force their despotism on the whole world; and their intention to do this is what I mean by "the war after the war." And they already have their allies in the least successful elements in every country, who have persuaded themselves that their failure is due to "capitalist despotism," and who are prepared to begin the Socialist civil war the instant they see a chance of success. Precisely the same principles which we see now operative in Petrograd, with precisely the same inspiration of envy, hatred and greed, have been preached in every "platform" of the Socialist party in this country and elsewhere; and we are in a far better position today to realize what these incendiary principles mean than we were a year, or six months ago, before Russian Socialism had a chance to reveal itself. A year ago the overwhelming triumph of Socialism in Russia appeared a dream. Today it is a destructive reality. We shall do well, therefore, not to regard as a dream the possible infection of other countries.

All that I have said concerning the Russian Socialists is based, not on hostile testimony, but on what they have published about themselves or allowed to be published; much of it is drawn from their manifestos.

So the revelation of Russian Socialism is, thanks to themselves, pretty complete. I have tried to analyze it at length, in order to press a practical point: We are advised by writers who are either deceived, or wilfully deceive themselves, to come to terms with these "advocates of democracy," these "friends of humanity," to make common cause with them against German imperialism. That advice I should like to combat, not with the logic of argument, but with the logic of fact.

The Provisional Government of Russia a year ago en-

tered into a compact with the Russian Socialists, and made common cause with them against the régime which they held to be their common enemy. I suggest that, before coming to terms with those same Russian Socialists and signing a treaty with them, we take counsel from the Provisional Government, asking them how, in their experience, their own alliance with the Russian Socialists has worked out. Or, to put the thing more directly, I am profoundly convinced that any alliance with these forces of destruction will be exactly as fatal to whoever makes it as was the ill-fated and, as I hold, deeply unprincipled alliance made with them by the Duma revolutionists. Their aims are not our aims; their principle of opposition to Germany is not our principle. They wish to overthrow German despotism, in order to substitute a despotism of their own, quite as tyrannous, quite as destructive—if not more destructive. Like Germany, they aim at world-wide domination. And their domination will mean not the destruction of nationalities only, but the destruction of everything that gives worth to human life; of everything beyond animal self-indulgence, which is, for them, the only reality.

Now that I have tried to indicate the real nature and the ugly menace of Russian Socialism, which differs not at all from Socialism the world over, I am not willing to leave the matter with what may be called a purely negative statement. Let me try to state the affirmative side: If the principles and practice of Socialism are what they are, what is the really effective way to meet them—to save the life of humanity from this menacing evil?

Fundamentally, Socialism is an appeal to egotism, to envy, hatred and greed; an appeal which, Russia's experience shows, sows and quickly reaps a crop of spoliation, outrage and murder. Let us see clearly, at the outset, that it is folly to try to oppose to this contagious and inflammatory egotism some other expression of egotism. If the principles of Socialism be, as I believe, principles of evil, they can only be conquered by the principles of good; against their greedy self-indulgence we must oppose self-sacrifice; we must defeat their spurious and murderous "brotherhood" by real brotherhood; we must overcome their false internationalism by a genuine patriotism, grounded in sacrifice.

Socialism teaches that great wealth, the conspicuous reward of successful effort, is really plunder, made possible by "the capitalistic system." But in reality the winning of

great wealth is the fruit, not of capital, but of extraordinary gifts of insight and energy; the insight to perceive some immensely wide-spread need or requirement, and the constructive energy to supply that need. One can only make millions by supplying the needs of millions; and every exceptionally gifted man who has made millions has at the same time enriched, by supplying their needs, millions besides himself. There are seeming exceptions; but this is the general rule. Therefore, the free activity of the exceptionally gifted men enriches the whole community, the whole nation, the whole human race. The Socialists, I think, either fail to see, or are unwilling to see, this simple natural law. They see only the reward—and the sight of the reward fills them with envy and hatred.

But even the reward they do not see truly; and, indeed, I think that, in this reward of immense wealth, there is a great element of benevolent glamor—benevolent, because it leads the exceptionally gifted men to exert their great and valuable powers to the full, to the enrichment of the whole community; but also glamor, because so great a part of the reward dwells only in the imagination.

For example: even the multi-millionaire does not wear two suits of clothes at once, or eat two dinners at once, nor can he be in two rooms at once. And one room, one suit of clothes, one dinner, most of us can fairly come by. And all the rest is touched with glamor. Let us be grateful that our exceptionally gifted men are willing and eager to take their pay in fairy gold.

But the practical point is this: these gifted men, gifted with insight and energy, make their fortunes by perceiving a want and then supplying it. But just at the point of supplying the need, they may make a fair bargain or they may drive a hard bargain. A fair bargain leaves both parties well satisfied. A hard bargain leaves in the man whose need is supplied at too great cost to himself a feeling of rankling injustice—and this is the stuff that Socialism is made of. Our gifted men, I am persuaded, find their real reward in the free exercise of their great powers, in the sense of freely flowing creative energy, a faculty in essence Godlike. But they find a less authentic reward in precisely the things the Socialist sees and covets. It would seem, then, that what is needed is a clearer recognition on their part that their true motive and driving-power is already spiritual, with a consequent spirit-

ualizing of their whole feeling about their work and its rewards. This will transmute the alloy of egotism in them, and will make them generous, so that they will make only generous bargains. And it is an open secret that it will also make them happy. But the practical point is, that this all-round generous dealing will sterilize the poison of Socialism.

This is a practical counsel. Let us put it to the test, as we have already, as a nation, put to the test another spiritual law, the supreme principle of courageous sacrifice in a holy cause. Let anyone compare the national feeling to-day with the feeling of this nation when the sinking of the *Lusitania* was accepted, and he will clearly see that our sacrifice has brought us immense national happiness. The spiritual law has already justified itself. It will do so, not less strikingly, if worked out through the whole field of national production. We shall then have true brotherhood, instead of the spurious and murderous brotherhood of Socialism.

I said, a little while back, that Socialists are either blind or blind themselves to the simple natural law that really governs the possession of wealth. Of this blindness, there is, I think, a very simple cause, which can be expressed in terms of two dates. Karl Marx, the father of the Socialism of hatred and greed, completed his theory and published his great book about 1850. But it was nearly ten years later that Darwin, in *The Origin of Species,* disclosed the principle of progressive development through the natural selection of gifted individuals. And this is the same principle which in human life, I think, ordains that all progress is made through the efforts of exceptionally gifted individuals, who, while raising themselves, raise the whole level of humanity; a law true not only in the field of production, from which I drew my illustration, but in every field of the life of mankind, and especially in intellectual, moral and spiritual life. And it is precisely against the exceptionally gifted men that the Socialists in their blind envy and greed have declared war. They are doing their best to annihilate the one effective means of human progress.

And, primarily, I am convinced, because they do not understand the simplest laws of Evolution; because their text book was written ten years before Darwin, and because its ideas and, even more, its bitter and destructive spirit, have never been changed.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

AFTER THE WAR

BY EMILE BOUTROUX

Member of the French Academy

Is the war being carried on for the sake of conquest or supremacy, of gain or revenge? No, it is a crusade in defense of the spiritual interests of mankind, for the preservation of human freedom, dignity and brotherhood.

It is of the future that our soldiers are thinking whilst undergoing such prolonged and bitter trials; they are determined to make it better than the past has been, and it is because they draw their might not from material organizations, but from the noblest feelings and the loftiest aspirations, that this might is inexhaustible. As Pascal said, matter fades away before mind. However great its power, it is finite, whereas that of mind is infinite.

How are we to reconstruct the world, everywhere threatened with ruin? Or, rather, what special qualities and virtues will men need for the worthy performance of the work to be done? Assuredly the present war has shown how powerful are material resources, but the mind of man is still dominant. But what must be his attitude toward the tasks that will have to be taken up?

He will have to become more adaptable, we shall be told. The greater the rôle of matter, the more its laws must be understood. Material progress is essentially one of those " unmoveable facts " of which Cromwell spoke, recommending us to take them as our starting point in all our calculations.

Were we satisfied with this principle of adaptation when the time came for us to think of our future? Adaptation, pure and simple, was nothing else than the seductive doctrine called pacifism. We were told: There is now being created so enormous a force that the forces of all other States combined cannot counterbalance it. Let this force become as-

sured that it has no opposition to risk and it will of necessity be a pacifist force. Being sovereign mistress, it will attack no one.

For years before the outbreak of the war the Germans never wearied of repeating: We represent peace. Germany is the rock of peace: *der Hort des Friedens.* As a matter of fact, when war came upon us the Nobel Prize for peace was about to be awarded to Wilhelm II.

Indeed, had we passively adopted the coming world domination of Germany, had we regarded it as natural that she should impose her will upon all and become the world's policeman, pacifism would no doubt have kept its promise and we should now have had peace. We had only to recognize, as we were taught, that honor was a survival of a barbaric age, to abjure the past and peace would have been ours.

We refused. This war is the protest of a will determined to do its duty against might that offers us comfort along with servitude.

No, all facts are not Cromwell's "unmoveable facts"; human and physical facts must not be classed together. People speak glibly of sociological and historical laws as though they resembled the laws of matter. They represent only a contingent state of things, with physical phenomena, it is true, as their basis; though man, with his intellect, his feelings and activities, has contributed toward their production. Now, what man has done he can undo.

We shall have to work energetically in creating a state of things that will guarantee mankind against the repetition of a like catastrophe. We must utilize to the full the experience and the new conditions in eliminating such scourges as have threatened our very existence in France: alcoholism, depopulation, political anarchy; and in creating the most just and prosperous society possible, and, I will add, the most pacific. For, while peace is not the first of blessings—justice occupying the premier place—it is an inestimable boon when it is the logical consequence of justice and not the sole end pursued along a pathway of lies, cowardice and baseness of every kind.

And how are we to create a new world? Mankind invents by returning to a more or less forgotten past and therein finding its models. Strange to say, it is the very action which does not aim at being a creation, which tends simply to restore the beautiful and great productions of the past, that

speedily becomes a genuine creation. Grace is given to him who innocently believes that he can do nothing of himself, and must, as Pascal said, "by humiliation lay *himself open* to inspiration."

We could not think of making a *tabula rasa* of the past and giving it no more than an historical interest. Theodore Roosevelt, a man of heart and ideals, told us that in his African travels, when far from civilization, his favorite book was the *Chanson de Roland.* The reason was that in this poem, which is far from being as artistically perfect as the *Iliad* or the *Æneid,* are depicted the noblest feelings of humanity; the cult of loyalty, honor and justice, the tender love of country, the passion for honor, valor and devotion. Professor Schofield, of Harvard, recently told us: "In France was born that chivalrous spirit which has excited the admiration and emulation of all who love human dignity and which is now being shown in the struggle being carried on between the classic and the Germanic world."

The greatness of this past lies in the fact that it is by no means dead; it remains living and fruitful throughout the centuries. Great things are themselves the germs of new greatness, and, in this development of the glorious legacy of our ancestors, true creation is to be found.

A consideration of the principles which guide German conduct will show those *we* ought to adopt. In Germany, for the past hundred years, there has grown up a certain practical philosophy which might be defined as a fatalistic artificialism.

Germany has accustomed herself to regard nature, the past, humanity, science, art, religion, all that is or can be, as material which she has the right and the power to fashion after her own will. The German is master of the universe; he defines himself as *Ein Herrenvolk* (a master-people). By his art and methods, his knowledge of the nature of things, he can change man and the entire world. He insolently sets against the timid doctrine of adaptation a universal artificialism.

Adopting the same point of view, certain German professors, beginning to find that their countrymen have succeeded too well in inculcating that hatred which they affect to regard as a confession of fear, now write: "After the war we must try to become systematically amiable" (*systematisch liebenswürdig zu werden*).

The notion of artificialism is but half of the German conception of life; the German is also omnipotent because, as a primitive people (*Urvolk*), he is directly connected with the initial principle of things. Being the visible agent of God, it is through him that God carries out His designs in the world.

At the outbreak of the war the German pastors preached: *Gott will durch uns Taten tun:* "God intends to do extraordinary things through us." God, that is to say, not a conscious and free Being, a person as *we* understand the word, but a law of development, in virtue of which the end toward which things tend to move is determined from all eternity. And this end is none other than the universal hegemony of Germanism. Germanism accounts for everything, since there is nothing in the world the perfection and reason for existence of which do not contribute to realize the German ideal.

By considering the German point of view we come to a better understanding of our own. The offspring of a classic civilization, we do not regard will and action as anterior to thought and being; we look for excellence in a true and harmonious blend of thought and will, the universal and the individual, law and liberty.

We do not claim, by scientific and psychological methods, to effect a radical transformation in human beings, to make, *e. g.*, a man into an automaton or a German into a Frenchman. Nature must be respected, and in her types, which she preserves throughout the ages, she is truly deserving of respect. Consequently we obey her, not as slaves, but as coworkers. And while our art assumes the duty of transcending nature, it also endeavors to transcend itself in order to rise to that blend of art and nature which is called the natural.

The past, too, in our eyes, is deserving of respect. The Germans utilize it, extracting from it such elements as interest them or are suited to their purpose and caring nothing for the rest. In our opinion, the ancients lived for themselves no less than do the present generations of men; in a generous and original thought there is something more than material that can be used or that must be rejected. We still read Plato, not only as scholars but as disciples; we think there is something in him that is great, infinite and divine, and that his writings will always contain something for us to reflect upon, something that is living and creative.

We likewise repudiate the doctrine of fatalism. The Germans accuse us of believing in nothing but the independence of the individual, of seeking freedom in anarchy. There is a false conception of individual freedom; a legitimate self-possession is too frequently mistaken for the rejection of all obedience and respect. Such a use of individual freedom, however, is by no means inevitable. There is assuredly more freedom in mastering one's passions than in giving way to them. Our task is to reconcile liberty with law and justice. We shall always uphold that education, based on respect for nature, tradition and liberty, which is called a liberal education.

In accordance with this principle, we will consider man in his physical, his intellectual and his moral nature.

Our first problem in physical life is that of natality. A decreasing birth rate, the stagnation of the French population, is extremely serious. "How can France," wrote a German, "continue to play a part in the world? She is committing suicide; within a measurable period ahead she will be non-existent. Nature abhors a vacuum. It is but natural and right that the four sons of a German should seize the place usurped by the one son of a Frenchman."

The problem is as difficult to solve as it is important. The evil is profound; a low birth rate springs from that egotism and love of pleasure which causes children to be regarded as an encumbrance, a cause of the diminution of the family fortune. A child, it is urged, is desirable as an heir, but one only, so that the fortune may not be split up; and so the future is gaily sacrificed to the present, the race to the individual, the country to money.

Now, the French race is a fruitful one; our instinct is to cherish our children, in proof of which consider the wonderful growth of the French population in Canada and Algeria, and in certain parts of France itself.

Of a surety, intelligence must control all our actions, but why should intelligence be used in thwarting Nature where she is engaged in so fine and admirable a work? What is procreation but that perpetual renewal of life, effected by childhood, and which is so healthily contagious in those who are growing old? It is criminal to oppose nature's eternal *élan* toward life and youth. Not only is procreation the reasonable and desirable satisfaction of a fundamentally natural instinct, it is also our duty to insure the continuation

of the human service entrusted to us. We may not regard the universe as made for ourselves, as culminating in our paltry individuality and as having for its only object the procuring of a few pleasant sensations.

After natality we will consider physical worth. This must not be regarded as the basis, or even the generating cause of intellectual and moral qualities. Such an interpretation of Juvenal's famous line: *mens sana in corpore sano,* is a misconception. Neither the sound mind nor the sound body engenders the other; both are alike necessary.

In the perfection of the body are three essential elements. The first is health, the unit which, as has been said, when placed before the zeros of life, gives them value. Nowadays we show ourselves extraordinarily anxious about our physical well-being; there is no scientific progress or costly invention to which we do not appeal for obtaining health. And yet, how often do we miss it because we either neglect or despise the simplest of means: sobriety of living and obedience to the laws of morality.

The second essential quality is strength and suppleness. The man who is physically strong is more free and capable of helping himself in every circumstance of life than the one who is weak. And in war, since it still exists, physical vigor is a practically indispensable condition, not only of dash and audacity, but of endurance and coolness, of self-possession and mental freedom.

The third quality is beauty. This must not be relegated to museums, or made the aristocratic privilege of the few. Physical beauty is a good thing in itself. Did not the great philosophers of old claim that in all things beauty inclines the mind to appreciate propriety, moderation and grace, the forerunner, so to speak, of goodness?

Now, let us consider intellectual culture.

Socrates taught that the virtue of a man is in proportion to his knowledge. Never, indeed, has the power of science in the field of action been manifested as during the present war. The spirit in which the education of the intellect is conceived will have a decisive influence over the future of our land. As a general principle, every citizen must possess a fund of practical and utilizable knowledge. It has been the fashion to make a radical distinction between theory and practice. The pure scientist has seemed to disdain realization and the prac-

titioner has regarded the great generalities of pure science as useless.

Such conceptions have had their day. There is not a theoretical as distinct from a practical science; there is simply science, which both explains and produces phenomena.

The consequence of this principle is specialization. The field of science is so immense that manifestly each individual can cultivate only a small part of it. Every man must be good at something, and this will enable him to be good for something.

Coördination, too, must go along with specialization. All essential specialties must have their own organs for social life in order to be complete and normal. Some degree of intervention on the part of the directing power, the State, here seems necessary; no longer can we allow individuals to learn just what they please. We cannot simply apply what Americans call the elective system (worked by the students themselves) of the branches of study they are to take up. Here, the students are inadequate judges. At Harvard University, where this system held sway—it has since been greatly mitigated—I asked a student what course of lectures he had chosen. He answered that he was attending those given in the afternoons, the reason being that he liked to spend his mornings in bed!

We cannot content ourselves with being parts of a man, *Teilmenschen,* according to the German ideal; we intend to maintain the distinctive character of human society. Remember, there is no true bond between individuals or classes of individuals that entirely differ from one another, such as we find in division of labor. Between such persons there is merely juxtaposition, a purely external organization, analogous to the arrangement of the parts of a machine. Human society must be something more than a set of wheels; it must be made up of persons who exchange ideas, who live, as it were, within one another.

The general culture of which we are thinking is expressed in French literature and art. In Germany, literature has reached a high stage of development. All the same, it is a specialty, like chemistry or surgery. *Die schöne Literatur* has nothing to do with scientific works, nor vice versa. To say that some learned or philosophical book was well written would be ironical praise.

Quite different is the French conception of art and litera-

ture. A country, to our mind, is a living person, made up of a body and a soul. The body is the soil, whilst literature and art compose the soul. These, indeed, contain and keep eternally living and fruitful the finest and greatest thoughts, feelings and dreams of our ancestors; all we have accomplished ourselves and all that marks our rôle and mission in the world. Literature, to us, is not a specialty; it is a common consciousness.

Now, we must consider moral culture. In spite of the progress of science and the resulting transformations, this has lost nothing of its importance. On the contrary, the greater the power of action, the more necessary the inner curb. What are our moral duties in the world as at present constituted?

In solving this problem, we must follow Pascal's maxim: measure our power by our duty, not our duty by our power. Now, once we are thoroughly convinced that we ought to do anything, without the slightest doubt we shall be capable of doing it.

Take individual virtues. In Germany the doctrine is held that private virtues—moral virtue strictly so called,—are of no importance where the political organism has all the perfection and power of which it is susceptible. The Prussian State demands of its citizens the services it needs; it has nothing to do with their personal morality. "Private virtues," said Treitschke, "are good for monasteries."

Now, we cannot admit that such virtues are suitable for monks alone. The whole tendency of the educators of mankind, throughout the ages, has been to instill in the individual more dignity and worth. We intend to remain faithful to such teaching. Nor do we admit that another nation should arrogate to itself the monopoly of civilization, progress and duty, whereas what it really offers to the world is the prostitution of science, morality and religion to violence and barbarity.

Private virtues are indispensable to the very existence of true human societies. In the *Protagoras* of Plato we read that Jupiter ordered Mercury to distribute the virtues of modesty and justice, not to a few, but to all the citizens without exception, since no society is possible apart from these virtues. Who would dare to affirm that this doctrine is no longer true?

However indispensable private virtues may be to society

itself, we do not admit that social virtue is a simple generalization of it. In organized society there is something more than an arithmetical total of individual capacities. The Germans have given us a terrible example of the awful power that can be created by organization. It is useless to utter anathemas or reasonings against this power. Force can be overcome by force alone. Now, the multiplication of force can be obtained only by the mathematical combination of individual forces. Individuals must therefore become literally parts of a whole. In the sight of the State, are individuals, especially in times of crisis, no more than numbers, impersonal forces? Does public duty henceforth consist in being prepared, at the command of the State, to abdicate all sense of justice, modesty or morality? Is the proposition: *Unsere Kriegsführung kennt keine zuchtlose Grausamkeit*—Our mode of warfare knows no undisciplined cruelty,—synonymous, as the Germans say it is, with that other proposition: *Unsere Kriegsführung kennt keine Grausamkeit*—Our mode of warfare admits of no cruelty of any kind?

Over against such theories as these we set the classic doctrine: the nation or State is not simply a force, it is a moral being. The State has been instituted to provide a loftier development of the powers of mankind. Consequently, it can neither be indifferent to morality, nor above—for in this connection above would mean below—morality. The State has its duties, rights and responsibilities, and cruelty or injustice committed by the State remains cruelty and injustice.

The violation of Belgian neutrality, the devastation of Serbia, the massacre and slavery of civilians, submarine warfare, are all State crimes. Unheeding the shameless sophistry of our opponents we still maintain that evil is evil, whoever commits it, and that a nation, no less than an individual, is capable of virtue or vice, honor or infamy. For this reason we can give the most willing obedience to our country and to the State whose mission it is to safeguard it.

The objection may be urged that the German State is more than a person, that it is a divinity, God visible and realized in this world. Certainly the German people, in their political conceptions, are known to be guided by a mystic and religious idea. What they have set up to worship, however, is German force, whereas the sovereign before whom we bow is right and justice.

Hence result interesting consequences, as regards both

the inner life of States and their mutual relationships. Were we to consider the State as nothing but a force, individuals would find it necessary to become wheels in the perfectly determined and infallible working of a machine. What, then, would become of the rights of the individual? Could there be any freedom of conscience, any tolerance for those who took it into their heads to think for themselves?

On the other hand, admit that the State is a person, as an individual is; then freedom of conscience acquires singular importance. It is not only freedom that I must recognize in my neighbor, because he is a man like myself, I must also acknowledge the right of the State to cultivate amongst its citizens every form of thought and feeling calculated to contribute to its beauty, prestige and greatness. Variety is more beautiful and fruitful than uniformity. The State can advocate only a liberty which is for it a principle of life, creation and originality. The State as force will have nothing to do with freedom of conscience; the State as person respects and guarantees it, and, if need be, institutes it.

To deprive it of any of the characteristic expressions of its genius is to mutilate a nation. Why have we deplored the violence that has separated us from our brothers of Alsace-Lorraine? It is not only because they were as attached to us as we were to them, it is also because they contributed a special note needed to make France truly harmonious. It was a loss to the entire world when the precious qualities of these two provinces were rudely torn away from the whole of which they formed an essential element. They were both like and unlike us; and it is just this blend of similitudes and differences that constitutes the originality and the beauty of a human society.

And what is true of a State applies also to the relations between States. There is one new fact that has been either revealed or created by the war: the unity of the world. The solidarity between nations is no longer a doctrine or a possibility; it is a fact; and the result of the war will determine the régime that will govern the whole world, not merely a few nations.

What will this régime be? According to Germany, a State is something absolute, its essential attribute being sovereignty. Now, there can be only one sovereign, as there can be only one God. Were it otherwise the would-be sovereigns would make war until only one was left. Which should be

the State *par excellence?* The one that combines in the highest degree force and culture, *i. e.*, the Prussian State, the German State, its development, and, in the near future, unless we check the process, the State which will be called Mittel-Europa, and then simply Europa, a further development of the German State. The German doctrine is that all States are destined to be either absorbed or dominated by this one State.

Even theoretically we cannot accept such a doctrine. If the nation is a moral being, a person, the nations have the right to remain free and to some extent independent within a universal solidarity, just like the individual in the State of which he is a part. All the same, how can this independence between States be reconciled with the unity which manifestly is to reign throughout the world?

Evidently this reconciliation would be inconceivable were there no other binding agent than force. Force demands and makes slaves. A despotic government will partially respect the characteristic elements of various national qualities only in so far as it can exploit them. But if we admit that, between nations as well as individuals, there are bonds of feeling, both natural and deserving of respect, if we deem it both possible and desirable that nations should strive not only for their own greatness but for the honor and greatness of humanity, then we shall deem it possible for State unions and federations to come into being and to exist, firm and strong, without being founded on material well-being or on the love of this alone. To human consciousness, fidelity, honor and justice are beautiful and deserving of respect; but because they are also in conformity with reason, they are built up on a basis of feeling.

To conclude, then: After the war we must expand our ideas both of duty and of power. We must conceive as forming part of our duty not only the dealings between individuals with one another, but also those that concern the prosperity of the land, the harmony of society, the dignity of the State and the establishment of international relations of equity and good-will. We cannot effect our salvation all alone, nor can we do our duty except by sharing in the common duty.

The idea of power, too, must be enlarged by means of science and organization. We shall expect both of these to give all they can, without thereby abandoning the cult of liberty and the ideal, but rather building up on liberty itself the very organizations which reason shows to be necessary.

On whom will the form and character of our life depend in the coming future? Who will govern us? The heroes who return from the front, where they have set an example of the very qualities and virtues that will be needed. They will prove equal to the tasks awaiting them. Remain ever confident: they will build up for our land a destiny worthy of her sacrifices. Through trials and dangers transcending the power of imagination to conceive, they have become, as it were, the living incarnation of two of our most inspiring French motoes: "*Fais ce que dois*" ; "*Quand même!*"

EMILIE BOUTROUX.

A NEW CHARTER OF LIBERTY

BY DARWIN P. KINGSLEY

Our immediate duty is to win this war.

Since the days just preceding the Battle of the Marne disasters have been no thicker, the outlook has been no blacker than now.

The thicker the disasters, the darker the outlook, the more imperative that duty becomes.

We have entered the conflict because we could stay out no longer and retain our self-respect. We have gone overseas to meet a monster that planned later on to attack us in our own homes. We fight to drive from the world The Terror that slays, that debauches, that violates, that knows no honor, and has no compassion; but we also fight in order that, for similar reasons, the world may never have to fight again. If this is to be a place fit for habitation by civilized men, if it is to be a place in which hope and ambition and unselfishness and human affection are to flourish, we must win the war, and then make that victory effective through a change in the fundamental relations between democratic states.

With victory we shall face an unprecedented crisis, out of which a new world should be born—a world splendidly worth its fearful cost.

In that crisis, and fighting against that rebirth, will lie the deadly force of inertia, the paralyzing influence of ancient prejudices and fears, and a natural longing for the restoration of the old conditions.

Restoration of the status quo between the democracies of the world, after Germany has been crushed, means defeat; it means defeat not because the old world will then be broken financially and shattered morally, but because that new world cannot be born under the old conditions.

When this war began we were utterly unprepared to

do our plain duty. We must not face the crisis that will lie in after-war conditions still totally unprepared.

A comprehensive post-bellum programme, thought out in advance and agreed to in principle by the Allies, is almost as important as victory itself.

To destroy this German Terror is necessary, but that does not reflect our full purpose. The conditions out of which this Terror was born, unchanged, will later produce others like it, possibly worse. We fight not only to crush or change Germany, but so to change the fundamentals of civilization that they shall no longer naturally breed, in part at least, the ideals which have made Germany the Monster that she is.

Neither the Anglo-Saxon, the Latin, the Japanese, nor the Slav can understand the remorseless, senseless, brutish savagery of the German. The chaos, the lawlessness of international relations, excuse and explain in part the German attitude, but they do not explain or excuse the monstrous crimes which, beginning with Germany's self-violated honor, have proceeded through thickening horrors to Ambassador Luxburg and his advice to sink the ships of friendly Powers, but to do it in such a way as to leave no trace.

The only immediate answer to these inhuman deeds lies in the throat of cannon and machine guns; no other answer is possible.

But there is another side to the problem which will assert itself, as we hope, at no distant date. The great majority of the peoples of the world is neither insane with egotism nor drunk with the lust of power. The majority of the world is to-day genuinely democratic—democratic not merely in its forms of governments, but democratic in its sympathies, in its willingness to concede to others the rights it demands for itself. That majority was badly organized when this war began; it was really so organized as to invite war. It was democratic within the frontiers of those civic entities which we call Republics, but in the relations between those units it was autocratic. Those relations must be changed; they must be reorganized. This reorganization will include Germany if it then appears that the word of a German in Germany can be taken for anything, if it then appears that as a people they have acquired a conscience; otherwise the German State must remain the Pariah amongst nations that it is to-day.

Outside the incomprehensible savagery exhibited by Germany, I see little in her attitude toward other nations or in her purposes as a sovereignty that is really illogical or inconsistent with the present laws governing national existence. It is even possible to see how the doctrine of unconditioned sovereignty, which was and still is the basis of world relations, tended and tends to develop the amazing brutalities of the German people.

Each of the great sovereignties assumes that it is uncontrolled and uncontrollable by any other state, that in the last analysis it is itself the law. This is a reversion to a primal instinct. It created as many supreme authorities in this little world as there are great sovereignties. It erected impenetrable barriers, barriers called frontiers, between the sons of men. It made civilization a powder magazine. On the first of August, 1914, the magazine blew up.

Such having been the method of unconditioned sovereignty before the war and such its fruits, what will happen if it is continued unmodified after the war?

War will happen, war again and again, with the ultimate dominance of one great military Power.

It was as certain as the law of gravitation that both soon and late sovereignty must fight with sovereignty and that only the strong could survive. The violent change in the relations between sovereignties that followed the marvels of steam and electricity simply hastened the day when the fight was to begin, and increased its horrors. It was logical—indeed who shall now say it was not necessary?—for each sovereignty to prepare for that day. Substantially all sovereignties except our own did prepare. Germany simply saw a little more clearly than others or realized with more ruthlessness than others what the situation meant, and made corresponding preparation. It was logical, although entirely unmoral, for any sovereignty to build up out of this condition a fiction of superiority as Germany did. The sovereignty that was perfectly logical, and without moral sense, could well argue, as Germany did:

"This condition means war, there is no escape from it;
"Ultimately only one great Power can survive;
"The Power that survives will be the one that has the will to survive;
"That will is God-given, it was born of the plans of the Creator; therefore,

" Germany having that will is chosen of God to rule the world; hence

" It becomes our duty, in order to carry out the Divine Purpose, not only to equip ourselves by every possible means, but to spy on other sovereignties in times of peace, to weaken them by any possible process, to suborn their public officers, to bribe their generals, to buy their newspapers, to pervert their public opinion;

" Moreover, it becomes our duty in order to obey the Divine Will to strike whenever it seems that we are best prepared to strike and the rest of the world is least prepared to defend itself; and

" As this will be the Supreme Fight, the one that is to establish God's purpose on the earth we shall be justified in hesitating at nothing, we shall have warrant for any act that will terrify—the end will justify the means."

In the doctrine of sovereignty, except as it may be qualified by the principles of democracy, there is no more morality than there is in the law of the jungle.

The logic of Germany was born of the morality of that Doctrine, and therefore, always under pressure from Germany, we had, for years before this war began, constantly increasing armament by land and sea, the so-called " balance of power " in Europe, and the international chaos of 1914. In that chaos Germany thought she saw her opportunity. She knew herself prepared. Her spies told her that France was unready. She knew that the Government of Russia was rotten, that she could suborn Russia's rulers, bribe her generals, and debauch her public opinion. She believed that Great Britain was decadent and would enter on no quixotic enterprise. She assumed that Italy would remain in the *Dreibund.* She expected us to become involved only after she had crushed Europe. It seemed to be " The Day ". It would have been but for the glorious soul of Belgium, the matchless courage of France, and that gray, grim, silent line of ships which rests somewhere in the North Sea.

For years Germany's preparation had been obvious, its purpose confessed, the crisis inevitable. But the Democracies of the world apparently could not see the obvious, they preferred to ignore Germany's brazenly confessed purpose.

They adhered to the doctrine of sovereignty and at the same time they flinched from the full measure of its fearful logic. They preserved their frontiers, they waged economic wars on each other through tariffs, but they did after a fashion recognize the rights of other peoples, and they did not let the lust for power utterly consume their souls. They built their railroads, for example, for commerce and not for war. They risked their very existence, as we now see, by not being entirely logical—and they have very nearly paid the price of their inconsistency. It is clear, therefore, that the democracies of the world must not permit that crisis to arise again. To prevent that they must either deny their own faith and become armed camps or they must formulate a post-bellum plan which will remove that monstrous logic from the democratic world, and they should formulate that plan now.

Assume that Germany is so changed in the not distant future that civilized men can deal with her, or that she is so crushed that she can be ignored: what then?

Are we still to follow the old programme? Can the world be reorganized for peace on those lines? It never has been. For some centuries now, peace in Europe has been merely a period of preparation for the next war. Is the doctrine of unconditioned sovereignty to be preserved with all its hideous significance for the future? If so, what shall we have gained by victory? Shall we have gained anything?

At the very threshold of all post-bellum discussion this doctrine will stand and thrust its bloody history into our councils. We cannot ignore it. We dare not palter with it. What are we to do with it? It cannot as yet be utterly abolished. Nationality with all its crimes was as inevitable a step in the evolution of government as mammals were in the evolution of man. It has played a great part, it must still play a great part; but its role hereafter in the democratic world must not be the leading part: humanity must come first.

In general terms, what does that involve? It will not be easy to modify the doctrine of sovereignty or to indicate a better plan; but whether the task be easy or difficult, it is now time—ignoring details—to name certain principles which must be adhered to in the future relations of democracies, if the victory that will cost us so much is not after all to be frittered away. If the Allies having crushed Germany continue relations between themselves such that in a generation or two it will be necessary for them to turn and crush each

other, what will victory in this conflict have been worth?

Let us put it as baldly and as offensively as possible:

The sovereignty of the United States as between itself and the democracies, great and small, with which we should be federated at the close of this war must then be qualified. The sovereignty of Great Britain, France, Italy and all the democratic peoples included in that federation must be qualified in the same way.

That is the medicine the democracies of the world must ultimately take. Few people ever like their first whiff of it. Our forefathers did not like it, but it was good for them and they took it.

Apart from the necessity for such action between democracies after the war, we are already committed to the principle; so is Great Britain.

Great Britain has said that she fights, and we have said that we fight, to make the rights and privileges of weak peoples and small states as secure against aggression in the future as are the rights and privileges of great states. Even Germany has professed that purpose, although her first act in this war was to violate Belgium, and the first act of her principal ally was to attack a small state. President Wilson in his call for a declaration of war said we must have a partnership of democratic nations, a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. "Partnership" is a strong word, but it is not quite strong enough. A "league of honor" would be fine—we have had such things in the world before—but it will not solve this problem. A joinder of democratic states in which weak peoples and small states are to be fully protected must rest on clearly defined rights, and not on privileges granted by the grace of more powerful states. However sincere the great states in a league or partnership might be when it was formed, however perfectly they might intend then to respect the rights of small states, the precedents of history show clearly that they cannot be trusted to that extent, neither can they long be trusted to keep the peace between themselves. The history of the Thirteen States between the Peace of Paris and the adoption of the Constitution shows what would happen. Small states in such an enterprise must have as definite a place, their rights must be as clearly assured, as are the rights and privileges of the small states in the Federal Union. Safety that rests on grace or favor will not do. The union of democratic states

after this war, to be effective, must be as indissoluble as the Federal Union itself.

Therefore out of the democracies of the world there must be created, not a League of nations, not a Partnership between states, but, by federation, a new State, a new Power, whose authority shall be drawn directly from the people—just as the authority of our Federal Government is drawn from the people and not from the States as such. The structure of that great new Power should rest on these principles: It should have the power to tax; it should act directly on the individual; it should have a bicameral legislature; it probably should have the three great divisions of our Federal Plan—Executive, Legislative and Judicial; and, most important of all, it should have a great Court whose verdicts, within fundamental limitations, shall be conclusive on all the States so federated.

These five great principles were never incorporated into the government of federated states until our Constitution was adopted, and ours is the first successful government in the world's history based on federated states.

Certain objections will immediately arise in the minds of all patriotic men. All such objections—except perhaps those that spring out of the problems of language—were raised at Poughkeepsie in the summer of 1788 and were beaten to death by the logic and eloquence of Alexander Hamilton; they were raised that same summer at Richmond by Patrick Henry and were conclusively answered by John Marshall and James Madison. By the power of superb leadership the Federal Constitution was adopted. And what has it wrought? What has it not wrought?

In the beginning it created a responsible State out of political and commercial chaos.

It made this land the dream and the hope of the plain people of all the earth.

It gave rule by the people a new significance and power.

Its greatest achievement is one we as yet only dimly comprehend: it created a new type of man.

The severest mental test under which free men were ever triumphant was the adoption of our Constitution. The severest civic test in which free men have triumphed was in our Civil War. The severest test of their capacity as statesmen ever faced by free men was formulated in President Wilson's call for men on April 2, 1917. That was a test

indeed. How big was our average citizen? The President assumed almost a super-man. How broad was his vision? The President assumed that it was as wide as the world. Did he understand the real meaning of this war? Some of our so-called great men did not understand it then, and some of them apparently do not understand it now. Would this plain, peace-loving democrat give up his property, his business, his sons, his daughters, in a contest that seemed almost at the other end of the earth? The splendid boys, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, who without a word of complaint have given up their careers in life and are now gathering in our training camps and on our ships, the millions of others waiting their turn, the Liberty Loans, the quick response from all who can anywhere serve, give the President his answer.

American citizens, self-governed, free, are now rising to heights never before trod by free men. They are fighting in another hemisphere to help save the liberties of mankind. Having done that, it follows that the work will be but half done unless we formulate and support a programme by which those liberties so dearly preserved may certainly be perpetuated.

That calls for a new order, for a new world, for a new and a greater Charter of Liberty. Under that charter must come all the truly democratic and self-governed peoples of the world. If we are to have peace, then between these peoples there must be no more questions of "honor"—the international code duello is as much an anachronism as the individual code duello, and it must go. If we are to have peace, then, between these peoples there must be no more non-justiciable questions, and therefore we shall need no Councils of Conciliation and no Arbitral Tribunals, but we shall need that great Court whose decrees under the limitations of that charter shall be binding on all.

To achieve that, or anything approaching it, the old order must be abandoned.

This thought, the necessity of an adequate post-bellum plan, is probably foremost in the minds of all the thinkers of the democratic world. It has already assumed a variety of forms. It has been nobly phrased by President Wilson. It has been mouthed by the German autocracy. Societies have been organized here and in Europe to forward plans more or less imperfectly thought out.

The League to Enforce Peace has attracted most attention. In substance that organization has been endorsed very widely. But the League does not propose really to change the basis of international relations, it does not go to the root of the difficulty. It proposes to use both its military and economic forces against any member that attacks another member, not having first submitted the questions at issue to the Judicial Tribunal of the League or to its Council of Conciliation.

If such differences are first submitted and the parties are still dissatisfied, they may then fight without interference by the League, or if one is dissatisfied, presumably it may then attack the other.

Under this plan questions of honor do not disappear; sovereignty is shorn of little of its arrogance; no *effective* process by which law shall take the place of force in international relations is proposed.

And yet the League has done and is doing fine work. It is leading the world up to the real problem. Let us remember that the resolution of the Continental Congress which called the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 did not direct the delegates to draft a new Constitution; no state gave its delegates any such authority. All that Convention was expected to do was to formulate and submit amendments to the old and impotent Articles of Confederation.

But when the great men who made up that body met they tore up their instructions; under the inspiration of Washington's opening address they erected a new standard and, in his literal words, " left the issue with God." If it had been announced that the Convention of 1787 would propose the abandonment of the Confederation, and would write a new Constitution—there would have been no Convention, no Constitution then and probably no United States of America now.

The Hague Tribunal was at best only a Confederation, feebler than ours; so feeble indeed that it never really accomplished any great thing. It undertook to create an International Court but failed because of inherent impotence. It was impotent because its units were sovereignties and, in the last analysis, sovereignties can obey no law but their own.

Let there be no mistake. When victory comes we cannot go back to any Hague Tribunal; that was a device to meet conditions in a barbaric age. We shall then have marched

far past that. We shall be within reach of a victory through which we can really utilize Victory. We can win that larger victory, we can banish international anarchy and the international code duello if we tear up our instructions as our forefathers did, erect a new standard, and fight in a world arena for the ideals of Hamilton and Washington.

President Wilson in his message of December 3, 1917, raised that standard and rallied the democracies of the world with words of rare courage. After referring to the " partnership of nations which must henceforth guarantee the world's peace ", he said:

> *That partnership must be a partnership of peoples, not a mere partnership of Governments.*

Into that sentence the President has compressed the whole philosophy of our Federal Government, the whole philosophy of world democracy, the only process by which we can hope to achieve permanent peace.

In his message of January 8th, in Article III of his programme, he calls for the " removal as far as possible of all economic barriers " between the nations associating themselves to maintain peace. A partnership of peoples as distinguished from a mere partnership of Governments with economic barriers removed means Federation and nothing less.

Sir Frederick Smith, Attorney General of Great Britain, speaking recently before the New York State Bar Association, referred to the difficulties which would attend the achievement of the President's programme and said that those difficulties by swiftly and unexpectedly merging would overwhelm the proposal, because they are so stupendous in their aggregate weight. If a mere league of sovereignties, of Governments, is to be entered into, and not a Partnership of Peoples, Sir Frederick is right. The difficulties would overwhelm the proposal. But if the democracies of the world should federate, it is perfectly clear that the difficulties pointed out by this distinguished lawyer, the very difficulties that made both our Confederation and the Hague Tribunal impotent, would rapidly disappear. They would disappear because they all, or substantially all, spring out of conditions that exist under a partnership of Governments but do not exist under a partnership of peoples.

To illustrate: Connecticut levied a tax on imports from

Massachusetts under the Confederation, as she had a right to do. She was acting as a sovereignty. All the thirteen States did similar things, as they had a right to do. Difficulties arose; chaos followed; civil war was narrowly averted. But when the Confederation became a Federation, when the partnership between thirteen Governments became a partnership of peoples, these "rights" disappeared and most of the difficulties went with them.

With the lapse of time we more and more realize what a crisis in the development of democracy the Convention in Independence Hall in 1787 was. Suppose it had failed! Suppose it had followed instructions. Suppose Washington and Hamilton and Madison and Franklin had listened to the fears and had been influenced by the prejudices of the several States. Suppose that later on Clinton and not Hamilton had won in [1] New York and that New York had stayed out of the Union. Suppose that Patrick Henry and not John Marshall had won in Virginia and that [2] Virginia had stayed out of the Union. Can we measure the calamity? Would Yorktown, where our fathers had won the identical victory we are now sending our boys to Europe to win, have had any further meaning for them? Would it have any meaning for us now?

Nothing is more certain than the political destruction of the Thirteen States if the Federal Constitution had failed of adoption.

Nothing is more certain than a return to confusion, chaos and war, and an ultimate recrudescence of autocracy in some form, if democracy triumphant does not redeem itself, does not abandon the old order and federate.

None of the Thirteen States lost any dignity or liberty or endangered its integrity by entering the Federal Union. No democratic state would lose any dignity or liberty or imperil its integrity by entering such a Federation.

On the contrary, each of the Thirteen States took on added power and dignity and insured its integrity by surrendering it separate sovereignty.

The surrender of separate sovereignty is the only process by which the democratic States of the world can severally insure their continued integrity.

[1] On the decisive ballot 57 votes were cast; 30 for, 27 against, Governor Clinton not voting. The official majority for the Constitution was 3; the actual majority was two.

[2] The majority in Virginia was 10; the ballots cast totaled 168.

War between the States of this Union—grown from thirteen to forty-eight—is now unthinkable. War between the democratic states of the world must be made equally unthinkable, and that cannot be achieved while the doctrine of unconditioned sovereignty survives.

In the history of this country from 1783 to 1789 we have the history of a world democracy, in microcosm, successfully worked out against problems as complex as any which will exist at the close of this war. Seeking a federation of democratic states after we have achieved victory in battle, we shall not be testing out a theory, we shall be following historic precedents. To the truth of that, the flag that floats over us bears eloquent witness. Its thirteen stars have become forty-eight, and in that development no star was lost—not even when our foundations were re-tested and re-established by the bloody verdicts of a great Civil War.

In planning to destroy democracy Germany has unwittingly created an opportunity through which the establishment of world democracy may be advanced by centuries, but by this very act she has raised supreme issues which must be met and met now:

1st. Are democracies strong enough to sustain themselves? Can they meet and hurl back the desperate physical challenge of autocracy?

2d. Can they grasp and utilize the opportunity which victory will bring?

The answer to the first question is still incomplete, largely because the Allies have fought as separate sovereignties, as partners, as a confederation, and not as a unit with one common and over-mastering purpose. This method has been so ineffective and so costly that the Prime Minister of England and the Premier of France lately joined in utterances which point out that weakness with brutal frankness. Not unnaturally, indeed almost inevitably, the Allies are repeating the confusion and the follies of the Thirteen States in our Revolution. Worse than that. The Thirteen States did unite in one supremely important thing: they made George Washington Commander-in-Chief of all their armies. The Allies have failed as yet to unite under a Common Leader in any department of the war.

The test of the second question—Can the Allies wisely utilize victory?—will follow hard on the heels of victory. It will not wait long for a reply. If the Allied Nations driven

together by the centripetal force of war co-operate with difficulty, what will happen when that unifying force is withdrawn? What happened after our liberties were won in 1783, when the common peril had been abated? A period of weakness, of confusion, and of folly unbelievable.

Liberty was saved and order restored only when the Thirteen States swallowed their false pride and gave up the barbaric right of separate sovereignty. The lesson is plain.

The next great question will be—indeed it now presses—to what extent have the democracies of the world learned that lesson? Obviously they have not learned it for war. The English Premier almost imperiled his seat by his recent declaration in favor of a War Council of the Allies. The mere suggestion that an English Army might be directed by a body not entirely British immediately aroused the barbaric instincts of sovereignty and set all the politicians upon the Premier's back. The people, however, sustained him. May not that circumstance and the *clear call for unity of action recently issued by President Wilson* be an augury that with victory democracy will achieve speedily what it took us eighty-two years to accomplish? Our fathers faced the problem when the Peace of Paris was signed in 1783; we completed the task at Appomattox in 1865.

We shall indulge in sheer sophistry if we attempt to argue that the Allies' problem will be essentially different from the one we have solved in this hemisphere. It will be exactly the same problem.

It is therefore time, high time, ignoring details, to examine fundamentals, to formulate principles, to admit facts, to recognize unavoidable conclusions, as the basis of post-bellum discussions.

On these four Principles all sound discussion must rest:

First Principle: All men are created equal.

Sovereignty has compelled us practically to deny the universality of that principle.

Governmentally we assert that only Americans are created equal.

Second Principle: All men are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights.

Our instinctive desire to apply this principle beyond our own frontiers explains largely why we were so pitifully unprepared when we entered this war.

Third Principle: Sovereignty is an attribute of the individual and not inherently an attribute of the state.

That is the very essence of democracy, and is at eternal war with all frontiers.

Fourth Principle: States are instrumentalities and not ends.

Until that principle is recognized and enforced there can be no lasting peace.

The following indisputable Facts must be recognized in any effective discussion:

First Fact: None of these four principles, which express universal truths, has yet been tested—except between the States in this Republic—beyond the limits set by national frontiers; they have otherwise never had any but a local application.

Second Fact: To make the world safe for democracy and democracy safe for the world these principles must everywhere be applied, BETWEEN *democracies as well as* WITHIN *democracies.*

Third Fact: The doctrine of unconditioned sovereignty is the force that has prevented such an application of these universal truths.

Therefore as between democracies the doctrine of unconditioned sovereignty must be abolished.

It is not too early for the Allies to agree on these principles as the basis of their post-bellum plan. It is not too early for them to recognize the truth of these facts. It is not too early to admit the great conclusion that follows from those principles and facts.

But democracy can apply that conclusion only if its hands are clean. There can be no federation of democracies after peace comes if that peace is a cowardly compromise with criminals. First there must be bitter repentance in Germany—either through a reawakening or through sheer physical defeat.

Cities cannot compromise with gunmen and burglars and remain cities: democracies cannot compromise with forces that deny the very fundamentals of democratic faith and

remain democracies, and the Allies can never compromise with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs.

We fight to establish liberty, to restore the good order of the world; but good order will not be restored, liberty will not be established, merely by defeating Germany. *There can be no permanent régime of good order in the world if the relations between the nations now allied are continued after the war as they were before the war.* If this conflict has not taught us that, it hasn't taught us anything.

Autocracy was halted at the Marne. It was defeated at Verdun. It will be crushed only in Berlin. Its menace will be ended when triumphant democracy issues and its units adopt a new Charter of Liberty, based on the identical surrender made by the Thirteen States when they adopted the fundamental law of this Republic. By no other process can a peace be organized which shall be worth the crushing cost of this conflict.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY.

THE SECOND COMING

LOUISE DRISCOLL

A strange thing the Preacher said,
And proved it by the Book,
He told all people who could hear
To wait and watch and look
To see the risen Lord appear,
That Jesus who was dead.

How curious it will be!
The blue, familiar sky
Cracked open suddenly,
Broken from east to west
Like an old dish, a bowl,
Blue china, just now whole,
Now broken, as though dropped
By a careless maid. Then stopped
Will be all laughter, and the sun,
Its long course run,
Will suddenly stand still,
And people in the street
Will stop and look to see
Archangels pass and meet,
A light—music, maybe—
Angelic hosts and choirs,
And saints bowing before
A shining, swinging door,
And tending altar fires.

How the thief will stay
His furtive, skillful hand!
What will the liar say?
The plotter, quite confused,
Will face the true Judgment.
Sly men with ill intent
Will stagger, faint at heart.
No one may stand apart
And claim a special case.
We must meet face to face
With Him who lived and died,

He whom men crucified.
He rose again
And judges men.

If He should come today
We'd see the soldiers stand
Each with his tool in hand,
The drowned from the deep sea
Would bring old jewels caught
In their wet, streaming hair.
What secrets will be there,
When from old graves the dead
Creep whispering. Overhead
A rain of shining wings,
Scents, colors, and such things
As we have never seen or known
Poured from the Great White Throne!

We do not all believe.
No, there are some who say
That these old tales deceive,
And day will follow day
To some logical end.
We shall still earn and spend,
Weep, sleep, and by-and-by
Stop struggling and die.
And some have never heard,
And some men do not care.
How we will stand and stare
When stars remember the lost word
And sing, and the skies fall!
That high, blue, silent wall
Of Heaven—larkspur blue—
Will crumble and fall down,
And flame will circle all the earth
Like a great jeweled crown.

Will any of us cry out?
"Oh, God," will someone say,
"Why don't you put some of these things
In a great box with fastenings,
With locks and seals, to use again,
To give, perhaps, to other men
On worlds less lovely than this one
Whose day is ended and whose work is done.

In Heaven is there no treasury
For beauty of this earth and sea?

Green fields that never sinned
And flowers innocent,
White highways where the wind
Ran between faithful trees,
And valleys redolent
Of sweet herbs where the bees
Go honey seeking—these—
Have you no use for them?"
And we who love the turquoise cave,
Will there be some among us who
Will try to catch the stars and save
Some bits of immemorial blue
To carry with us, like the shells
That children carry from the sea,
For keepsakes in eternity?

LOUISE DRISCOLL.

AT THE FRONT:
THE END OF A BITTER DAY

BY ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

In the Chateau Park the shells were falling thick as leaves in an autumn forest. The nightfall was bitter and gray. The sunshine with which the day began long since had fled. Fast-moving somber clouds were blotting out the sky, while squalls of wailing wind gave promise of a night of storm.

Along the road that dipped beyond the Chateau Park a line of troops was passing. They marched in single file, with apprehensive step, like hunted deer, moving swiftly at the double, then falling flat upon their faces, while the blast of death went hurtling overhead.

The men wore helmets covered with the same material as the sandbags of the trenches. Their uniforms were in color like the dust of the road. On their shoulders they bore great packs; their rifles were carried at the trail. When they doubled they were oppressed by those toiling burdens.

Ever since noon the troops had been passing over the dip of the road in an endless chain. Sometimes a shell fell athwart that human chain, and one,—two,—three, or more went down. There was a rush of stretcher bearers, and limp figures were removed. But the column did not waver. The broken links were closed and the endless chain moved on. Whatever else might happen, the firing line must be fed, and these marching men could know no pause.

Inside the chateau the thick walls muffled every noise, the sound of the guns seemed far away and the cry of the stricken could not be heard.

When the storm began I was afraid that the chateau would soon be about our heads, but the calm of the Brigadier gave me faith in the invulnerability of the walls. The great, dark, paneled room was wrapped in gloom. The Brigadier

sat in a chair beside the window, the Adjutant sat at a telephone, almost obscured.

As I gazed at the face of the Brigadier that tornado of battle without seemed in another world. His long, lean frame was sunken deep into a chair. In the twilight the detail of features was lost, but a bold, high forehead, a pallid countenance, and eyes as black as night were clearly discerned. The red and gold of his insignia gave a relieving touch of color. Looking at him, sitting there so somber and aloof in the gloom of the chateau, I seemed to be regarding a portrait by Rubens or some old Flemish master.

Outside, the shell-swept dip of the road and the hunted figures reminded one of battle; but in the room with the Brigadier there was the calm of vespers. Once during the early afternoon a shell came crashing through the upper stories of the chateau. I was all a-tremble. But the Brigadier, with whom I was talking at that moment, merely raised his eyebrows, and with cold indifference announced, "That's pretty close, my boy. Go on, my boy, go on. Don't let that interrupt you."

Now and again a sudden ring of the telephone told of a frantic cry from the trenches, or the guns. Often the Adjutant breathed with excitement as he uttered portentous news. Sometimes there was a pause, while the Chief glanced at a map, or pondered dispositions. But his imperturbable calm was unbroken, and always in that quiet, low-spoken voice he gave his answer.

Only once in that long and trying day did I hear his accent change. He was for some time without a message from a certain forward Observing Officer. "What's he there for?" he exclaimed testily, and taking the telephone, he laid down the law in the terms of a soldier.

Many a time thereafter, when I had been far forward in the midst of battle, there came with a steadying peace the picture of that Brigadier. Two weeks later our line was suddenly pierced by the enemy. Consternation reigned in the trenches. During those awful moments of suspense, while I sat in Battalion Headquarters telegraphing to our guns, there flashed before me, in the shadow, the memory of that serene and steadfast face.

My days' confinement in the chateau came by the chance of battle. We were taking over from another battery, and I had been sent forward to acquaint myself with the zone of fire.

In the early morning I had ridden across country for five miles with my groom. At the Right Group Artillery Headquarters I was to receive a guide to direct me through to the guns. The Right Group Headquarters I found situated in a chateau, famous throughout Belgium for its miraculous escape from the shells.

I left my horse in the care of the groom in the stables and entered the room reserved as Headquarters. Before any explanations could be made our calm was broken. The Hun let loose a mine beneath our trenches and even where we were the ground was shaken from the vast reverberation. In a twinkling all the enemy's artillery was in action. Without the slightest warning, we had been plunged from the peace of a springtime morning into the wildest inferno of battle. A message from the battery to which I was going sent me instructions to wait until a barrage which cut off their approach had been lifted. All day I waited, and at night I received instructions to return to the wagon lines to convoy ammunition.

We had had a month of calm, an unheard-of experience in the salient of Ypres. With the succession of uneventful days and the serenity of the springtime, we had almost forgotten that world of war in which we dwelt. Men came out of the trenches and returned again, just as those at home went to their daily tasks. Life took on an almost peaceful round.

Amongst the cavalry and the artillery we had a horse show, and the infantry, while out at rest, indulged in a festive day of sports. At the wagon lines the monotony of life was beginning to pall. I was glad when the Major said to me, " You're for the guns tomorrow."

The foundations of our world of yesterday had seemed as fixed as the hills; today they are insubstantial as the mist. Yesterday I stood at attention while the Major-General of a division passed. Tommies and mere junior officers might come and go, but that resplendent General passing in his luxurious limousine seemed fixed and set. Indeed, had I not said to myself as he passed, " His future is secure." But in the chateau on that bitter evening the Adjutant announced, in tones of awe, " The General of the Division holding our left was killed this morning."

The Brigadier's Headquarters for me was a place of ever-increasing gloom. It had gone ill with us, and every

mischance was echoed back into that chateau, as into a whispering gallery. One's heart grew heavy with ever-increasing news of disaster. At such an hour the imperturbability of the Brigadier shadowed forth his invincible faith. He smiled as I clicked my spurs and saluted to him in parting, and called out, " Good luck to you, my lad," as I left the room.

In the hallway I met the Adjutant. " I envy your old boy his stoic calm," I declared.

" The same here," said the Adjutant. " He is certainly a priceless example to the rest of us chaps."

Leaving the chateau for the noise without was like coming from the deep recesses of a lighthouse into the open of an angry sea. One's first impulse was to dart back again into the cloistral seclusion of the muffled walls. Overhead there was a constant whirr of shells. The Germans had got by aeroplane the exact position of a heavy battery opposite, and around the gun-pits there was an endless rain of bursting shells.

The cordite in one gun-pit was ignited by the detonation of an enemy shell. In a moment the whole gun-pit glowed with fire, and flames forty feet high leaped up into the sky. " Gawd pity the poor blighters in that gun-pit! " some one exclaimed. I felt a pang for those unfortunate gunners, who in a twinkling would be burnt to a crisp.

It was pitch dark now, but the landscape was momentarily alight from the burning cordite. In the glare we beheld that long thin column still moving at the double over the dip of the road. In the lurid light, the crouching darting figures looked more than ever like hunted beasts.

That morning when I arrived, all was sunshine in the courtyard. The morning light was stealing through to the wood behind, and the trees were thrilling to the voices of the springtime. As we cantered in toward the stables, my horse pricked his ears to the voice of a lark. I breathed deeply of the scent of meadow and wildwood, and exulted in the balm of the morning air.

But the close of day was sad because of the changes that had come. The wildwood was inky blackness, a storm swept the forest, through which the louder tempest of the Red Artillery shrieked and screamed.

The courtyard, that morning so spic and span, was now littered with indescribable debris—arms and equipment, bully-beef tins, ration limbers, cartridge-cases, and the in-

evitable backwash of the tide of battle. Here and there great shell-holes gaped. The wounded were lying along the sides of the buildings, and in the carriage-house a First Aid Dressing Station was clogged with patients. Behind the carriage-house lay a row of pathetic figures sewed up in gray blankets.

I found my groom busily engaged in holding my horse down to earth. But my approach quieted him, and he opened his great black eyes appealingly, and rubbed his nose against me, saying plainly, "Do take me out of this wretched place!"

Once in the saddle, our mounts needed no urging. They proceeded to put the greatest possible distance between them and the dreadful chateau where they had suffered nightmares all day long.

The roads were black with troops, moving up for the counter-attack. Voices which I had heard the night before in the *Estaminet* hailed me in passing. Later, when I heard that this one or that one had gone West, I recalled their last salutation.

Now and again I was stopped by the clogging of traffic. At such times those going up were keen for the latest rumors from those going down.

"How much have we lost?" "Are we holding?" "Have we counter-attacked yet?" "Are there many before us?" "Will our crowd be the first to go over the top?" These were the commonest questions.

I paused in one place and bent in my saddle to shake the hand of a brother officer of the old 17th Nova Scotia Highlanders. We had been together at the very start, and felt a camaraderie not known in later units of swifter changing personnel.

I had heard of dread presentiments in France, but never did I encounter a more remarkable case than that of my brother-officer. He had been on the line for nearly two years, and was noted for his *sang-froid*. But that night his hand trembled, and he was ashen pale. He tried to smile at some pleasantry of mine, but his face was overcast by a cloud of sickening apprehension.

"By-bye, old man, my time has come," he said huskily in parting.

"Nonsense," I answered. "They haven't made a bullet that can hit you yet."

But I watched him move off as one who has received his death-warrant. Many a time he had passed unscathed, where it had seemed that scarce a blade of grass could live. I thought of him as one who lived a charmed life. For such a one to lose heart seemed direst tragedy.

Two hours later, in leading his company across a field, his head was blown off his body.

On leaving my pal of the old 17th, I felt overwhelmed by a wave of sadness that had been rising within me all day. This was the end of a bitter, bitter day. How could a man keep up his courage through weeks and months of such calamity?

With brooding sadness, I pulled my horse up at the cross-roads, to let a long column of motor-lorries pass. While I paused thus in moody silence, I heard from up the road the sound of singing. A small squad of men were coming out of the trenches, and, true to convention, they were singing as they came.

"Who are you?" I asked, as they passed, thinking that they were some cyclist company, or fatigue party, that had been up for special duty in the trenches.

"We're the 'Princess Pats'," came the proud reply, and then I heard them launch off again into another song.

I had seen that same regiment, then nearly a thousand strong, pass down the road towards Ypres not less than a week before. I remembered how I was thrilled as I thought of their fighting prowess, and gazed at their Colonel, appearing every inch a soldier, riding his charger at the head of his men. Behind the Colonel came the pipes, playing *Blue Bonnets Over the Border.* After that came the long lines of companies with their full complement of officers. It took fifteen minutes for the entire regiment to pass, going in; but it took less than a minute for that remnant to pass, going out.

All that was left of them went by. They had been cut to pieces often before, but this time they were decimated. The gallant Colonel had been killed while leading his men over the top. All the Company Commanders and other officers had been wounded or killed, and only one boyish-faced subaltern remained, who now marched at the head of the column.

Companies that went in over two hundred strong were now returning with twenty-five. The total strength of the

regiment as it passed was less than seventy. Those seventy had suffered agonies beyond description. They had faced the springing of a giant mine. They had occupied the crater, and they had held on in the face of shell-fire so terrible that it had robbed some of their reason. When the Germans had offered them a truce, and asked them to surrender the crater, they had yelled back, "Surrender be damned! Come and take the crater!"

The Huns had not taken the crater. Reinforcements had arrived, and it was safe. Now, the remnant of the regiment that saved the day were marching back to billets. Their uniforms were torn, and caked with blood and filth. Their faces were haggard. The regiment was shattered, but its spirit was unbroken. While one man remained, the "Princess Pats" remained. With that same blithesome and light-hearted mien the handful went swinging by, joining with lusty voices in an old troop-song:

Steadily and shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily we'll ride and sing,
Marching along, steady and strong,
Like the boys of the Old Brigade.

Down the road I followed them into the darkness, until the sound of the singing grew faint and died away. Then, with light heart restored, I too struck up a song, and cantered down the road. For me the flashing glimpse of that brave remnant had swept all clouds away.

I had seen a star at the end of a bitter day.

Arthur Hunt Chute.

FEAR, COURAGE, AND CHRISTIANITY

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

FEAR assaulting, courage repulsing: from man's origin these enemies have made his heart their battlefield. No life was ever so fortunate or so powerful that it did not contain hours of terror. No life was ever so mean that it did not contain a moment's fortitude. Today the war, which, like a monstrous lens, magnifies all emotions, is giving titanic size to this pair of close-locked foes within our own nature.

"Fear is a nasty emotion." These words were written long since by a woman who was doing relief work in Armenia during a typical massacre by the Turks, and who did not know, when she rose in the morning, whether she would be alive—or would be willing to be alive—at nightfall. "On the whole," she added good-humoredly, "it is probably the worst ill to which flesh is heir." The light phrase holds an exact meaning. Under the torture of the mind's fear the flesh experiences painful changes. "I am poured out like water and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax: it is melted in the midst of my bowels. My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws." How many thousands today in Europe—women and girls and little children—know once more the age-old terror of the helpless! In Belgium and in France, as in the storied Thebes of Aeschylus's ruthless vision, "'tis cause for tears that maids scarce come to womanhood, plucked all unripe, should cross the threshold of the halls of hate" and "bloodstained bleatings of the new-born infants at the breast make clamorous undertone." Almost as appalling is it to remember the fathers and husbands and lovers who, fighting at a distance, must fear the worst through months, or even years, of silence. Add to this the knowledge of millions of men—our own, in great battalions, soon to be among them—who realize that they may be struck down by the enemy tomorrow. The bravest of them are not the swashbucklers

and fire-eaters but those whose flesh, in some sensitive hour of anticipation, recoils from the shell and bayonet. And finally, the wide world over, women in stricken multitudes are dreading the death or mutilation of their beloved. The burden of the world's fear becomes almost too heavy to bear.

And yet there is healing for this sickness, release from this burden. In the twinkling of an eye the world's courage also confronts us in heroic size. Fear's image dissolves from view. The little boy on a street in Belgium lets the Prussians kill him rather than betray the movements of the men of his village. The soldier who has not been allowed to hear from his wife and young daughter for more than two years writes: "The enemy knows what he is doing in this, but even so he will not succeed. It needs only one more effort of courage." The men who know they may be killed rush to the battle's front. Their mothers and wives who know they may never come back send them forth with a smile.

While courage and fear are thus thrown upon a vast screen we have the opportunity to look for their substance and their meaning.

Inherent in all living are assaults from terror. We may be safe from the physical dangers of war or from the perils braved in times of peace by those who risk their lives to preserve civic order, or to conquer disease, or to open up new lands and waters. But sooner or later, in some guise or other, each one of us meets danger face to face. Among our most humdrum or most sophisticated emotions fear may rise up like a savage in the midst of civilization, primitive, violent, relentless. It assumes varying forms, from the primary fear of death and pain implanted in us by nature to that mysterious fear of sin, of spiritual disaster for ourselves or for others, which is the Spirit's gift, our deepest hell and our divinest heritage. There is the fear of failure in work, fear of becoming a burden through sickness, fear of the decay of old age, fear of poverty, of injustice, of cruelty, fear of death's separations and loneliness. Fear unresisted leads to sanatoriums and insane asylums. Fear as a phenomenon is analyzed by the psychologist, described by the novelist, painted by the artist. Man's superstitions are born of fear, and his philosophies recognize that he is afraid.

Release from terror is counted among our most beautiful experiences. The lost is restored. The child rises from sickness. The prodigal returns to his father's house. The

soldier at the front hears that his daughter is safe. The lover or son comes home from war to a woman's arms. How brilliant then is our day of gladness after the night of terror! Sometimes a yellow telegram, torn open in a second of time, lifts us from hell to heaven. Sometimes the day breaks more slowly, a few birds sing hopefully, a faint rose paints the sky, and then in warmth and radiance blooms the morning of our joy. But this blessedness is not bravery. One is life's occasional guerdon, perhaps undeserved. The other is a quality of our own. Back there in the night it met fear in mortal combat. Its victory was independent of our fortune. The child may die, the soldier may never come home, and yet fear is trampled under foot while from the soul's ramparts floats the flag of courage. This courage, universal, dramatic, creative, illumines the "sombre scroll of history," burns in music and poetry, and lends an aureole to our diurnal round.

Now as we look back upon some victory we are able to see that it lay in the substitution for those lesser desires which breed fear of a larger and fuller passion. Fears shrivel as we contemplate a purpose or standard or ideal beyond our own fortunes. Such an ideal may vary with the individual or with his crisis, but in time of public stress and danger practically all of us become united in some mighty emotion in which our little terrors lose their very being. Today it is patriotism which is generating courage in millions of men and women. Always among free peoples it has been a principle of power and beauty. Those who are scornful of it in their plea for internationalism fail to see that while, in some far off time, the world may become as intimately dear to us as the land that gave us birth, yet here and now love of country is higher than love of self, a powerful rescuer from the idols of our own caves.

Patriotism obviously is not a principle confined to times of war, to those who give their blood or their substance or their beloved to preserve the physical or the spiritual life of their country. The explorer who wants to plant his country's flag at one of the poles of the earth, the scientist or the poet who consecrates his laurels on his country's altar may be as ardent a patriot as can be found in our armies. And, further still, in times of outward peace, when the actual flag no longer floats above our doorway, this noble emotion may win the victory over many a private fear, lift many an

obscure heart to unseen grandeur. True patriotism is the measurement of all a citizen's acts by the standards set by his country in her greatest hours, the raising of his separate life to meet the life which she has wrought out of the goodness and the courage of all her children. We thus become

> . . . the pith and marrow of a Nation
> Drawing force from all her men,
> Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
> For her time of need, and then
> Pulsing it again through them,
> Till the basest can no longer cower,
> Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall
> Touched but in her passing by her mantle-hem.

There never was a truer citizen of our own nation than a little child—a girl at that—who entered the dark and empty rooms of which she felt afraid. "I repeat to myself"—she explained—"'the land of the free and the home of the brave,' and then I march in."

So throughout the course of history the great traditions of country and of race have evoked courage in dark night and abysmal dread. "Be British, my men," the captain of the *Titanic* called out at the height of danger, knowing that this reminder to England's seamen would ensure the prior safety of the weak and helpless. In the trap of Thermopylæ Sparta's law inspired Leonidas and his band to glorious martyrdom:

> Here we their orders obeyed, here we are lying in death.

When the Athenians were at war Pericles recalled to them their *habit* of courage, a courage, he believed, not enforced by law but born of their passion for their city. "Fix your eyes upon her until you become filled with love of her"—so he urged at the burial service of the first dead—"and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, remember that she was made by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it."

From the traditions of race it is but a step to those of all humanity. Of every courageous act we are the heirs. Our heritage waits only to be claimed. A young Russian Jew who in college elected Greek—disregarding its "uselessness"—and read the Defence of Socrates, said to his instructor: "I came into this class afraid to die. Now I am not afraid." When Socrates before his judges acted on

his belief that he "ought not to do anything common or mean when in danger," and when he drank the hemlock with dignity and serenity, he set in motion waves of courage which, spreading far from his country's shores, have washed away fear from many human souls. So from all countries and all ages we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. History, literature, the day's newspaper, the observation of our nearest neighbors in village or city, all these declare unto us the power of some idea over the shrinking will, the triumph of courage born of a noble passion over terror spawned by the littleness of self.

But it is now that Fear, in the desperation of approaching defeat, turns to her last weapon. Mocking and sneering comes the question: who am I to know the glorious passions of the brave? In danger, in suffering, in sorrow I shall be entrapped within myself. The moral paradox of being afraid of cowardice often serves as a theme for fiction, but it may become for us all a grim reality.

Distrust of our own courage is Fear's last weapon—her foul and poisonous gas poured out to blind and strangle.

Against this assault have men devised any protection? In the experience of the race has there been discovered a certitude from which our fighting powers may draw stability?

Courage—as the Stoics pointed out—is a primitive virtue. If fire was the Promethean gift to the first mortals, courage was the prerequisite enabling them to use it. Man's progress has depended on his being courageous enough to do new things, think new thoughts, undergo new perils. His rise in the scale from savage to world's master might be recorded in terms of his victory over his terror of nature, of his gods, and of his fellow-men. But in this rise he has purified his primitive virtues, coming nearer to their source and transmitting more of its quality and energy. The courage of the brute and the courage of the hero are separated from each other by the length and breadth of that moral world which has been created by intelligence. It is within this world that we must look for the establishment of faith in our own bravery.

Neither Greek philosophy nor Christianity—which between them contain the highest ethical thought as yet known to our western civilization—make any great point of courage. Paul did not include it among the "fruits of the

spirit," Plato was more concerned with justice and Zeno with wisdom. But the courage of Socrates glorified Platonism and the Stoicism of the noblest Romans often culminated in an austere heroism. Perhaps it is our familiarity with the life of Rome that has led us to consider courage a pagan rather than a Christian quality. Since our school-days Roman virtue—*virtus*—has been known to us as courage. And yet in the Roman Empire, wrought of blood and iron, Christianity made headway and finally conquered only through the surpassing courage of its earliest followers and missionaries. Paul acknowledged that he often faced his work in weakness and in fear and in much trembling. And yet onward he went, preaching the crucified Christ in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils on the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Peter shivered and cowered, in one black hour before the dawn, within a Jewish doorway in the presence of a few underlings. He even sank so low as to deny his friend and master. And yet this same Peter, washed clean by tears, carried Christ throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia Minor, Bithynia, and finally to the gates of Rome. He who had trembled for his life before a handful of provincial officers in his martyr's death defied an Empire. The apocalyptic vision of the early Christian church beheld the "fearful" along with the "abominable" of every kind in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. Followers of Peter and Paul faced savage beasts, cruel flames, and every species of torture devised by the brutal Roman, for the sake of bearing witness to their faith. History shows no such succession of heroic acts among the ordinary, the obscure and the lowly as those which perpetuated a religion of love in an empire of power and pride.

It is obvious that these Christians were made brave by a great passion. But what lay beyond this?

Although the ordinary paganism of Greece and Rome was based on self-confidence, the philosophies of the intellectuals admitted as clearly as Christianity ever did the struggle in man's nature between good and evil. So Socrates and Paul, both of whom—separated by centuries and religions—crowned unusual physical endurance with superb moral fortitude, would have agreed in representing courage

as the reply of our higher nature to cowardice which is a suggestion from the lower. This point of view is also a common one. "The revolt of our baser nature," a young soldier of France called a momentary weakening of the will before battle. "I did everything that I was afraid to do" —so a woman explained her victory over nervous depression—*"I refused to submit to blackmail."* Now the Platonist argued that the inward man, deriving strength from a clear perception of the Absolute Good, was bound to conquer the inward beast. The Stoic believed that the "wise" man, having "something in him which is as it were a God," could not fail to behave in a god-like way. The Christian of the New Testament had faith in the "power of the Spirit." He alone regarded this power as independent of the "wisdom of the wise" and the "understanding of the prudent." When I am weak, then am I strong, he proclaimed in an audacious and magnificent paradox.

His certitude rested upon the experience of a person, and hence passed from the isolation of philosophy to the continuous fecundity of life. He forces us, after two thousand years, to examine his faith. Is it, indeed, true that our protection against fear waits only to be claimed in a supreme heritage?

The most fruitful heroism of history, the act of courage which changed the very course of civilization and put a new kind of man into the world, was preceded by hours of terrible fear. Golgotha had its prelude in Gethsemane. Always Jesus had shown a beautiful comprehension of the fears of simple people. During the years in Nazareth, when he lived with Joseph who worked hard to make a living for the growing family, and with Mary who spent herself for her husband and children, he saw at home and among his friends and neighbors the shadows of anxiety, of sickness, of sorrow. When he entered into his larger field he saw nothing different, not even in the capital city of Jerusalem. As he went about all the cities and villages and saw the multitude he was "moved with compassion on them because they fainted." For these men and women, subjects of a foreign Power, patriotism was of no avail. When their boys were drawn into the Roman legions—like the subject aliens in European armies today—fathers and mothers had to look elsewhere for their courage. But to *all* who labored and were heavy laden Jesus offered the release of a passion

operating alike in bond and free. Be of good cheer, his spirit called to theirs, as he went about helping the poor and anxious, the lonely, the sorrowful and the sick. It was as if, seeing that their multiform terrors flowed out from the temporal, like glaciers spreading from one awful summit, he directed their vision upward to the eternal, a supra-mundane Sun in whose conquering rays all fears are dissolved. As for himself, he knew, obviously, a dread far beyond their narrow experience. In his work was at stake a vast principle. Proportionate to his love for all men was his fear that they would reject his gift. And upon his near horizon loomed death, in no one of its tranquil guises, but at its wildest. When the hour approached he must have been overwhelmed by the sense of external and immediate defeat. He fell upon his knees in an agony. His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground. Here lies humanity bruised and bleeding on the rack of fear.

But the Son of Man rose from his knees and walked forth to meet what he had feared: betrayal from the friend he had loved, mockery from the multitude he had pitied, injustice from the government he had obeyed, death from the world he had sought to save. It is significant that, among the recorders of his life and death, the one who best understood him omitted all mention of the hour of suffering. He obliterated it, as the master himself would have done, from any permanent place in a record of spiritual experience. It was a mere levy of blackmail by the flesh, spurned and scorned by the spirit's divinity. This disciple's story of the garden begins with the courage of Jesus as he stepped forward to meet his enemies. And it is immediately preceded by the record of his last talks with his friends in which, with words like tongues of flame, like streams of living water, he declared unto them that the son of man is the son of God.

Such is the decision of Christianity. Trouble is near. Terrors for myself, for my beloved, for my country, for this tortured world, gape upon me with their mouths as a ravening and a roaring lion. Fear whispers: Your loves, your traditions, your faiths and visions, all will fail you. My soul makes answer: God is within me. He shall not fail.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

WORDSWORTH AND ANNETTE

BY HARRY T. BAKER

THE publication for the first time, in Professor Harper's recent biography, of the facts in the case of Wordsworth's *liaison,* in his twenty-second year, with a young French woman throws a vivid light on the asceticism of his poetry and on its neglect of the passion of love. That asceticism, it becomes evident, was not natural; it was studiously cultivated. His previous biographers had agreed that in early youth he was moody and passionate, subject to whims and sudden enthusiasms. He seems to have been as much in sympathy with the spirit of the French Revolution as Byron or Shelley; and he was old enough, at its beginning, to evaluate it as they could not. His revulsion, after the Reign of Terror and the ascendancy of Napoleon, was due not merely to the failure of revolution without but to the traitorous emotions within his own breast. After spending something more than a year in France, he was suddenly recalled, in December, 1792, or January, 1793, by relatives—his parents were dead—who adopted the efficacious plan of stopping his allowance. Undoubtedly they had learned of his entanglement with Annette, daughter of a French Royalist; and, whether Wordsworth intended to marry her or no, he was prevented. For he had at this time neither occupation nor income.

The *Memoirs* by his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln, published shortly after the poet's death in 1850, explain Wordsworth's state of mind during this momentous period: "He was an orphan, young, inexperienced, impetuous, enthusiastic, with no friendly voice to guide him, in a foreign country, and that country in a state of revolution. . . . The most licentious theories were propounded; all restraints were broken; libertinism was law. He was encompassed with strong temptations." Having gone so far, the Bishop

makes, however, no further revelations. He excuses without telling why excuse was necessary. Oral tradition at Cambridge is said to have handed down the story; but it was apparently known to but few persons, and its authenticity was probably not established. Hence the conspiracy of silence, if one may venture to call it that, which prevailed from 1793 to 1916!

Annette had borne the poet a daughter, Caroline; and in a sonnet of 1802, *It Is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free,* she is addressed in the line,

> Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,

a line previously thought by critics to refer to his sister Dorothy. In view of the passage which follows, clearly descriptive of the mind of a young child (Dorothy was about thirty years old), the absurdity of such a reference is obvious:

> If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
> Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
> Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
> And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
> God being with thee when we know it not.

This has a pretty close relation to the central thought of the famous ode, *Intimations of Immortality:* that the young child is nearer to Truth, to God, than the man.

Both mother and daughter had been referred to more than once by name, in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal;* but they had apparently not excited the curiosity of readers. Wordsworth did not marry until 1802. About three months before the event he and Dorothy went to Calais to meet Annette and Caroline; and it was then that he wrote the sonnet to his daughter—for whom he evidently cherished an affection which makes one curious to learn of her subsequent career. What Annette's attitude to the proposed marriage to Mary Hutchinson was it is impossible to ascertain; but there is probably something significant in Dorothy's remark in her *Journal,* under date of March 22, 1802, seven months before the ceremony: "A rainy day. Wm. very poorly. 2 letters from Sara [Hutchinson] and one from poor Annette." That Wordsworth's conscience was uneasy at this time seems to be proved by his subsequent visit to France. What became of Annette and the daughter Caroline is not recorded; but Mr. Harper mentions that the

mother was later known as Madame Vallon. This is in itself no proof, however, that she ever married. In default of full evidence it is difficult either to attack or to defend Wordsworth. His relatives may have been responsible for the separation in 1792; but Wordsworth's marriage to Mary Hutchinson would seem to leave something to be explained. And Dorothy's "poor Annette," though capable of more than one interpretation, does not cause one to rest wholly satisfied with her brother's course. Mary Hutchinson, it should be added, is said to have been told the truth about Annette.

Wordsworth's detestation of Byron and Byronism, then, may well have had some root in his own Byronic period of youthful unrestraint and random impulse. His lines in the *Ode to Duty,* written in 1805, are profoundly significant:

> Me this unchartered freedom tires;
> I feel the weight of chance-desires.

Equally significant is his admonition, in the poem *To the Sons of Burns,* written in 1803:

> But ne'er to a seductive lay
> Let faith be given;
> Nor deem that "light that leads astray,
> Is light from Heaven."

The quotation in the last two lines is, of course, from one of Burns' own poems. The application to Wordsworth's early passion is as clear as is the attitude which he later seems to have taken to that passion—and to Annette. None of his published poems appears to have been addressed to her; for surely the Lucy group, written in 1799, goes back to an earlier love, and a more spiritual one, in England. If there is autobiographical value in these, she died suddenly, in the very flush of youth and beauty:

> And few could know
> When Lucy ceased to be;
> But she is in her grave, and, oh,
> The difference to me!

The poignancy of the poet's grief makes it probable that this poem, *She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways,* and its companion, *A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal,* were recollections of reality.

At some later period Wordsworth planned to write a

love poem, apparently of some length; but he gave it up for a reason which, in the light of the Annette episode, becomes illuminating. "I feared," he said, "that I might write it with a degree of warmth which could hardly have been approved by my principles, and which might have been undesirable for the reader." One of his biographers, Professor Winchester, dryly comments: "Most readers, I judge, will decide that he might have taken that risk with perfect safety." And so they might, but for Mr. Harper's revelations, which make it clear that the poet was right in suspecting himself of possibilities of strong passion. Indeed, there is something very suggestive in another remark by Mr. Winchester: "There was a vein of asceticism in the man; he seemed a little afraid of all ardent passion, however pure." He *was* afraid; and this explains his reticence on the subject of love.

There is one hitherto neglected poem, nevertheless, which now takes on "something of angelic light." It is, strangely enough, the one concerning which Arnold said: "I can read with pleasure and edification *Peter Bell,* and the whole series of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets,* and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the *Thanksgiving Ode;*—everything of Wordsworth, I think, except *Vaudracour and Julia.*" Professor A. C. Bradley, writing before Mr. Harper's discoveries, says: "The following lines from *Vaudracour and Julia* make one wonder how this could be to Arnold the only poem of Wordsworth's that he could not read with pleasure:

> Arabian fiction never filled the world
> With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
> Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
> Life turned the meanest of her implements,
> Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
> The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
> Her chamber-window did surpass in glory
> The portals of the dawn; all paradise
> Could, by the simple opening of a door,
> Let itself in upon him:—pathways, walks,
> Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
> Surcharged, within him, overblest to move
> Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
> To its dull round of ordinary cares;
> A man too happy for mortality!

This poem, though not published until 1820—and there is

probably significance in the delay—was written in 1805. There can be little doubt that it is based upon the Annette episode. Indeed, Mr. Harper professes to see in it "an account of the reasons for their separation." This, however, is probably to consider it too curiously.

The opening lines, which Mr. Bradley does not adduce, show unmistakably that 1792 was the Romeo-and-Juliet period of Wordsworth's life, a period when "the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand" seems more important than the revolutions of empires:

> O happy time of youthful lovers (thus
> My story may begin), O balmy time,
> In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
> Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven!

This is not the mild William we knew. His genius has suffered a sea change. There is something almost Shakespearean in the passage which Mr. Bradley quotes. It "gives a very echo to the seat where love is throned." Let no one say, after reading these two passages, that Wordsworth could not write love poetry. He must have deliberately suppressed his tendency to it. His passion for woman became a passion for nature. But how illuminating is Lowell's comment, which, though applied to himself, has an even deeper application to Wordsworth:

> Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,
> *Thet love her'z though she wuz a woman;*
> Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree
> But half forgives my bein' human.

The "very ecstasy of love"—whether sane or no—had been diverted into a religious exaltation of nature. There never was nature poetry like Wordsworth's before. Passion, "like a right gipsy", had beguiled him to the very heart of loss; but in the mountain solitudes he had found his soul again.

In yet another poem of his maturity, *Surprised by Joy —Impatient As the Wind,* written in 1812 or later and published in 1815, Wordsworth probably refers, as Professor Herford has suggested, to the Lucy of his early years. Written on the death of his daughter Catherine—the poet himself states this in a prefatory note—its concluding lines

are nevertheless a piercing reminiscence of an ideal affection in youth:

> That thought's return
> Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
> Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
> Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
> That neither present time, nor years unborn
> Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

The lyric intensity of this is rare in Wordsworth's poetry—whether he is writing on love, on nature, or on humble life. This is indeed, to use his own phrase, "emotion recollected in tranquillity." It is perhaps the last evidence of that subterraneous fire which he austerely strove to quench. Having once confused passion with love, he ever afterward dreaded the flame.

"From the *Lyrical Ballads,*" declared Hazlitt petulantly, "it does not appear that men eat or drink, marry or are given in marriage." And the *Ballads* were published in 1798. In that year the youthful Byron had just entered into his lordship at ten, the jocund candles of the French Revolution had burnt out and there was no "Promethean heat" that could their light relume! Burnt out, too, forever, were the Revolutionary flames in young Mr. Wordsworth's breast. Thereafter he dedicated himself to nature, and to peasantry against the solemn background of hills and sky. Solitude became his favorite word—that solitude from whose bright marge he escaped so often into infinity. But he did not, in the bitterness of his disillusion, cry out with Antony,

> I am so lated in the world that I
> Have lost my way forever.

And, seldom as he expressed it in his later poetry, he must sometimes have felt that struggle to escape into infinity through love, a struggle which Browning describes so admirably:

> I yearn upward, touch you close,
> Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
> Catch your soul's warmth,—I pluck the rose
> And love it more than tongue can speak—
> Then the good minute goes. . . .
> Only I discern
> Infinite passion, and the pain
> Of finite hearts that yearn.

In that delightful essay, *On Going a Journey,* Hazlitt

expresses the life creed of many a young Revolutionist of 1789: "The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do, just as one pleases." Byron puts it in equivalent phrase:

> I would not change my free thoughts for a throne.

So felt Wordsworth in his Byronic and Hazlittian period; and "bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." But Byron and Hazlitt never achieved self-discipline; they gloried in clinging to that crude Revolutionary ardor. It was Wordsworth who, coming to regard life mainly as a matter of "plain living and high thinking", wrote, in his great period from 1798 to 1808, verses of which one of his greatest critics, Leslie Stephen, says: "Other poetry becomes trifling when we make our passages through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; Wordsworth's alone retains its power." In the midst of a military conflict which dwarfs that of Napoleon, how salutary to remember that verdict now. Wordsworth had gone down into the depths of emotion; he had not succumbed; and he had brought up permanent comfort to mankind. Like Shakespeare and like Browning, he made poetry "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." And it was in some measure the spiritual upheaval of his early years that perfected his maturer verses. He who would understand Wordsworth must remember the prophecy of his mother, who was taken from him in his childhood. "The only one of her five children," says the poet himself, "about whose future life she was anxious was William; and he, she said, would be remarkable, either for good or for evil. The cause of this was that I was of a stiff, moody, and violent temper." No placid and unpassionate person could have produced, not merely the Lucy poems and the great passage in *Vaudracour and Julia,* but *Tintern Abbey* and *Intimations of Immortality.* Wordsworth came trailing clouds of glory to his quiet refuge on Rydal Mount.

HARRY T. BAKER.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY AND ITS MEMORABLE SINGING AND ACTING

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

TEN years ago the opera-going public of New York was asking itself, with some bewilderment and not a little irritation, why it was compelled to travel to the jungles of West Thirty-fourth Street in order to hear the most important lyric-dramas composed since the death of Wagner, and many of the ablest singing-actors then alive, while one of the great opera-houses of the world was contemporaneously open for business and running full blast on Broadway. That golden age of the immortal Hammerstein came to a lamented end. Yet here among us today it is, in many of its essential features, miraculously resurrected before our eyes and ears; and again we are asking ourselves, with increased bewilderment and a little more irritation, why it is that, with the same great and abundantly favored Institution still open for business and running full-blast in our operatic midst, we are compelled to journey to inaccessible urban purlieus in order to hear:

(*Imprimis*) the greatest opera of the last quarter-century, and the chief glory of the lyric stage in France;

(*Item*) a group of the most popularly beloved music-dramas of our time;

(*Item*) the most gifted and versatile singing-actress now living;

(*Item*) the most applauded coloratura singer now living;

(*Item*) the only tenor now living who has commanding excellence both as singer and actor;

(*Item*) a half-dozen other singers who are extraordinarily distinguished and able in both the French and Italian repertories.

These are puzzling questions, and we shall not pretend

to answer them. It is not, indeed, our business to answer them, even if we knew what the answers are. But every public commentator who is aware of the best that the lyric stage is capable of yielding knows that it *is* his business to ask, and to continue to ask, as long as so preposterous a situation exists. Under present conditions, we are dependent upon the kindly ministrations of an out-of-town organization for many of the richest satisfactions which the operatic stage of our time affords; and that, in the circumstances of our case, is clearly absurd.

But even a limited repast is better than continual deprivation; and so there is not an opera-lover in New York who is not immensely in the debt of Cleofonte Campanini and his Chicago Opera Company, from those who are made happy by hearing again the incomparable *Pelléas et Mélisande* of Debussy to those whose cup of joy is filled to the brim by the captivating procedures of Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci. So we have all been happy, and delightedly applausive, and perhaps have made glad the heart of Mr. Campanini and his indulgent associates to an extent sufficient to persuade them again to come East and comfort us in our provincialism, reminding us that New York is not, after all, the operatic capital of America.

What are our particular causes for satisfaction and happiness in the Chicago company's too brief stay among us? Well, they are not few. We are happy, first (that is, many of us are), because a shamefully neglected masterwork has been restored to the experience of those who loved it and fought for it when, a decade ago, it was esteemed only by a forlorn minority of æsthetic adventurers, who now have the gratification of seeing a formerly undervalued work of rare beauty and genius win at once a public that has finally caught up to it.

Ten years ago we said, speaking of *Pelléas et Mélisande,* that it seemed to us certain that the extraordinary importance of this score as a work of art would compel "an ever-widening appreciation"; because Debussy, looking at these audaciously innovating pages of his, could say with Coventry Patmore, "I have respected posterity." If posterity may be said to foreshadow itself within ten years' time, Debussy has been justified of his presumptive faith in it. The veterans who battled for this work a decade ago, when it was new and, to many, perplexing and futile, should not

be denied their present moment of complacency at the memory of that overflowing and deeply moved audience at the Lexington Theatre the other day which, after the heart-shaking Fourth Act of *Pelléas et Mélisande,* paid so obviously heart-felt a tribute to the genius of Debussy and the eloquence of his interpreters.

As for the impression made by this score, after its long seclusion, upon those who felt its spell in the beginning, let it be said merely that its greatness seemed more certain and secure than ever. As time goes on, it will be less and less needful to insist that this music is the product of one of the most exquisite and scrupulous spirits in the history of art. It is steeped in beauty—beauty of a profoundly original kind; it is saturated in poetic mood; it is fashioned with unchallengeable mastery. Since the enthralling and sovereign voice of Richard Wagner was stilled, none other has spoken out of modern music with so haunting and magical a blend of loveliness and emotion, with such potency of suggestion, with an accent so enchanting and unique.

The exhibition of this unparalleled lyric-drama was the most impressive achievement of the Chicago company's season in New York. Few that witnessed it will forget the indescribable Mélisande of Miss Mary Garden —now, as ten years ago, one of the two or three perfect things on the contemporary stage. It was unapproachable then: today it is so superlative in its beauty and puissance that it leaves this amazing artist securely placed among the supreme poetic tragedians of the theatre. A Pelléas new to New York, M. Alfred Maguenat, was sincere and impassioned, a figure of touching simplicity and ardor, grave, youthful, nobly romantic. The Golaud of M. Dufranne has always been a superb conveyance; it is still matchless. An admirable Arkel was M. Huberdeau, and the Geneviève of Louise Berat, new to New York, sufficed. M. Marcel Charlier's conducting caused one to long for the memorable insight of Cleofonte Campanini into the secrets of this score. M. Charlier was perhaps misled by the fact that he was confronting music of half-lights and misty contours and shadowy perspectives, and fancied that the right way to deal with it was to smudge it; not realizing that with such music the utmost clarity and precision are essential. He seemed to think that mystical speech must necessarily be blurred and veiled—a common error.

Some inspired moron in the Dark Ages of musical criticism once spoke of the personages in Debussy's opera as "stammering phantoms"; M. Charlier is too sensitive an artist to share permanently a kindred delusion.

We have dwelt upon this revival of *Pelléas* by the Chicago company because it will long remain unforgettable; it was by all odds the finest accomplishment of Mr. Campanini's organization in New York, and would have justified their visit thrice over if they had done nothing else. That they *did* do several other things is abundantly known to the public.

For example, there was Mme. Galli-Curci, generally regarded as the brightest gem in Mr. Campanini's casket of jewels. Of course she is not that. As a lyric interpreter she is not to be named in the same breath with Mary Garden, for while she deals superlatively with trivial material, Miss Garden deals superlatively with great material. Until the violinist who plays exquisitely some pyrotechnical rubbish by Paganini is ranked as the equal of a violinist who can interpret exquisitely the Brahms concerto, it will be fatuous to regard the most applauded achievements of such singers as Mme. Galli-Curci as anything more artistically consequential than a dazzling kind of tonal prestidigitation. It is a difficult and delicate art to balance a chair on one's chin; it is a difficult and delicate art to negotiate the "Mad Scene" in *Lucia*. It must not be forgotten that it is because Mme. Galli-Curci can trill in the neighborhood of high C a few seconds longer than most of her competitors that the operatic public forms in line three blocks away at four o'clock in the afternoon to be among those present when she does it. The much more important fact that Mme. Galli-Curci can sing legato phrases with loveliness of line and color is not the fact that sold out the Lexington Theatre at all her appearances. The fact that hers is a voice of delicious quality—limpid and fresh and sweet in the ear—would not of itself draw fifty people to the box-office at her appearances. Her technique is not impeccable; nevertheless, she is a captivating artist, sensitive in the projection of beautiful tone and the shaping of melodic design. She has dramatic skill. She is admirably simple and genuine in temperament, and altogether engaging as a singing-actress. But let us, for the sake of honesty in our attitude toward the operatic stage, be candid with ourselves in this

matter: If Mme. Galli-Curci were forbidden to sing above the staff, forbidden to disport herself in the florid idiocies of the bravura passages in *Lucia* and *Dinorah;* if she were compelled to abjure record-breaking trills and all other vocal embroidery engrossing merely because of its difficulty; if she were confined to the musico-dramatic interpretation of great parts instead of playing with such antiquated operatic dolls as Lucia and Gilda and Dinorah—would she have created the excitement she has? She performs very beautifully indeed music that is not worth performing at all. We are glad Mr. Campanini has her in his dazzling collection. But we are much gladder that he has Miss Garden; and Lucien Muratore, an insurpassable artist in his field; and Rosa Raisa, a dramatic soprano of irresistible emotional force; and such masters of histrionic singing as Dufranne and Baklanoff and Dalmores.

It has been a rare pleasure to hear again Charpentier's *Louise* and Massenet's *Juggler,* which are so beloved of our public that they have been carefully excluded from the repertoire of our local Institution—on the principle, no doubt, that it is unwise to indulge the popular taste when it leans away from easily provided satisfactions.

Mr. Campanini permitted us also to hear several novelties. Of these the most interesting was Sylvio Lazzari's *Le Sauteriot.* M. Lazzari is an Austrian by birth, an Italian by parentage, a Frenchman by adoption. The text of *Le Sauteriot* was contrived by Henri Roché and Martial Perrier after a play by E. de Keyserling. Its literary quality is immeasurably above the average, and certain scenes have charm; occasionally there is deep poetic feeling. As a whole, however, it is diffuse, it is loosely articulated, it is much too long, and a good deal of it is, on the stage, dull and ineffective—for example, the greater part of the first act. Ruthlessly condensed, rewritten with a more realistic eye to dramatic values, it might be made a touching and admirable thing.

And M. Lazzari's music would be helped by courageous deletions. Surely he cannot be unaware of the amazing extent to which he has helped himself from the score of *Pelléas et Mélisande.* Almost every one, these days, is permitted to admire Debussy in this convenient and practical way; but M. Lazzari is altogether too bland in his apparent assumption that he can saturate his music in essence-of-*Pelléas* and

get away with it successfully in a community that, musically, is not altogether simple-minded. M. Lazzari has feeling and dramatic instinct, and, on the whole, fine taste; but we beseech him to stop leaning on his confrère, to stand manfully on his own legs and sing bravely his own songs, if he has any to sing—and we think he has. This score of his has beauty and passion; if it were less obviously derivative, we should have high hopes of him. At all events, Mr. Campanini is to be praised for letting us hear it in the very effective performance achieved (under the composer's direction) at the Lexington Theatre.

We have also added to our mental furnishings, thanks to Mr. Campanini (and to the truly magnificent Miss Rosa Raisa as heroine), an experience of Mascagni's *Isabeau,* an opera which, though composed a decade ago, was unknown to New York. There is opportunity now for only a word concerning this composition; but it should at least be recorded without postponement that, though hampered by an incoherent and clumsy libretto,—based by Luigi Illica upon the legend of Lady Godiva's spectacular canter,—Mascagni has been able to produce a score written with dignity, with largeness of utterance, with refinement of craftsmanship. *Isabeau* sets his capacities in a new light. It lacks high distinction; it has many dull and barren intervals; but at its best it holds and imposes.

A new American opera has been staged for us by Mr. Campanini: Mr. Henry Hadley's *Azora.* It was amiable and commendable of Mr. Campanini to go to the very considerable trouble of mounting *Azora*—if mediocre operas *must* be given merely because they are American. But we are not going to discuss *Azora;* for we prefer to conclude this thank-offering to the Chicago Opera Company upon a note of unsullied gratitude.

Sirs and Madams from Chicago, we of New York salute you. You have immeasurably enriched the winter of our operatic discontent.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

FRANCO-AMERICAN MEDITATIONS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is a difficult mission that Pierre de Lanux undertakes in his *Young France and New America,* and one is not merely reciprocating M. de Lanux's own exquisite amiability in saying that only a Frenchman could have done it without tactlessness. An Englishman would have been condescending; a Japanese would have been naïvely inept; a Russian would have been uncomprehending; an Italian would have been graciously fatuous. But M. de Lanux is a Frenchman; therefore he knows how to commend without the suggestion of patronage, and how to indicate shortcomings without offense. That is to say, he is a natural funambulist—his feats of interpretive balancing and critical wariness are accomplished without apparent effort and with a delightful absence of anxiety: you never feel that he is triumphing over any fear of the rapids beneath him—for him, you like to fancy, the rapids have been forgotten rather than heroically put out of mind. Yet that there *are* rapids beneath him, threatening and highly dangerous ones, is apparent from the most cursory glance at M. de Lanux's "Foreword" (we wish, by the way, that he had not acquired this pompous affectation of literary America, where no one any longer is content to write a simple "Preface").

What has M. de Lanux attempted in *Young France and New America?* "To define and to sum up," he says, "the possibilities which Franco-American relations will offer tomorrow on intellectual as well as on concrete grounds," concentrating especially on "the results of coöperation be-

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[1] *Young France and New America,* by Pierre de Lanux. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1918.

tween elements of the younger generation of both countries." This book is written " for the young men and women of America who are interested in the present life of France." It embodies the reflections of a Frenchman who spent the year 1917 in America.

At first blush, this sounds as if we were promised nothing more illuminating than the familiar compliments of Ambassadorial banquets, the reciprocal flub-dub of international amicability that has stereotyped the after-dinner oratory of a thousand Franco-American gatherings. How well we all know those ancient *clichés!* . . . " Common interpretation of republican principles . . . Love for country and for freedom . . . The friendship of the two Republics . . . " But M. de Lanux is too urgent a realist to come before us mouthing these desiccated platitudes. He has more pointed and definite things to say, a new kind of interchange to propose. After all of our old reasons for mutual understanding, he says, there exist now new and more powerful reasons. Chief among the new values which will be born from the present upheaval there is, for the French and ourselves, " the realization of common standards in life "; above all, there is to be recognized and justly appraised " the value of mutual knowledge between the youth of France and America." M. de Lanux perceives that the old generalities, the old hands-across-the-sea symbolizations, had lost, long before the war, whatever contact with reality they once possessed: he perceives that new and fresh interpretations, made with the eye on the object, patterned upon reality by internationalists of delicate intuition and richly sympathetic imagination, must be substituted for them, if the younger generation in " the two Republics " is to be persuaded to the accomplishment of fruitful contacts.

How is this intellectual and spiritual interchange to be brought about, and what results are to be hoped for from it?

Looking about him in America, M. de Lanux finds us divisible into two broad categories, having practically nothing in common save the name " American," and " ideals which have never had an opportunity to appear to be common." First, there are the families who lived here in the time of the Civil War, " mostly of English, Irish, Dutch, and French descent." Second, there are those who have arrived here since—chiefly Germans, Slavs, Jews, Italians,

Syrians, etc. It is M. de Lanux's theory that this latter and unamalgamated element will be made an organic part of us by the shedding of their blood in our common cause: "when they have given their blood, the last difference between you, which rested in an unequal experience, will be swept out, because they will have shared the greatest experience of your civic life." This is "the capital fact of the present evolution."

From this united and harmonized America M. de Lanux anticipates the more efficient exercise of certain virtues which he confidently attributes to us: our freedom from "old prejudices and methods," our "tendency to settle things according to elementary human right." And, further, he expects from us "some great artistic revelations." We shall soon be ready for "creation," and "already some splendid isolated works are showing the way."

What, then, do we need that France can give us, and with what can we recompense France? Let us traverse hurriedly (of necessity) some of our generous ambassador's deprecations and recommendations.

Are not, he asks, "some disputable forms of success" still pursued by us, "at the cost of happiness, health, and life itself, by men and women of rich resource who kill in themselves all possibility for deep, personal, original life"? They are, dear Sir, they are. But let us not dwell upon that undeniable, disconcerting, and somewhat over-familiar indictment; let us seek some fresh illumination. Here it is, perhaps: We are to benefit by the French tendency to criticise—"a certain intellectual, critical, negative tendency, which too easily turns into mockery": the faculty "to which the best of us [the French] owe their sense of proportion and the clear thinking for which they are noted." This is to act upon "the opposite faculty" possessed by Americans: "a positive, enterprising tendency to go after immediate results, embarrassed by very few hesitations." Now if we can agree, says M. de Lanux, to combine French craft, skill, science and critical deliberation with our own audacity, our "passion for visible and immediate results," little will remain beyond our reach. Thus it appears that the element in the French character which explains, says M. de Lanux, certain French failings—that "critical, negative tendency" which he exhibits—at the same time offers the best hope for coöperation between the youth of Amer-

ica and France. He means, it would appear, that *we* are to benefit by acquiring a habit of scrutiny and deliberation and self-examination, while *they* are to benefit by an infection of audacity and a "passion for immediate results."

We beg to protest that all this seems to us a darkening of counsel, chiefly because, as M. de Lanux states it without qualification, it isn't so. It is far more a French trait than it is an American trait to undertake new experiments, to explore and test new intellectual territory. We do not speak as one having authority—we are not a Frenchman. We bring into court one whose authority is indisputable: M. Pierre de Lanux himself. Hear him contradict himself: "France is a well-spring of creative power, a land of spiritual, scientific, and social experiments and experiences." In the face of this, it is unnecessary to observe that France is hardly in need of America's experimental impulse. If it *were* necessary, we should like to ask M. de Lanux if he has a vision of, let us say, M. Claude Debussy being inspired to new experiments in music by Professor Horatio W. Parker and Mr. Henry Hadley and Mr. Frederick S. Converse; M. Bergson being inspired to new meditations upon the inner life of man by the Rev. Dr. Hillis and the Rev. William Sunday; M. Francis Jammes being inspired to new poetic experiments by our excellent and indispensable American *Vers-libristes;* M. Paul Claudel sitting expectantly at the feet of the dramatic muse of Mr. Percy Mackaye. We are not attempting to set off equals against one another: we are merely assembling, for the sake of inciting suggestive reflection, a group of types. Alas, M. de Lanux, America suffers not from an excess of abundant creative life and positive endeavor in the regions of the intellect and the imagination, but rather from a lack of these things: our thinking and our feeling are too timid and formularized and traditional, rather than too audacious and experimental.

Undeserved rewards, said Meredith, are exquisite. But M. de Lanux is too generous; he is embarrassing. His trouble is that which beset Mr. W. W. Jacobs' old bargee—"too much affability: that's what's the matter with me," said the old bargee. And that's what's the matter with M. de Lanux. He seems honestly to love us, but he is wishing the wrong things on us. We do not need more self-consciousness and self-examination—the Pilgrim Fathers,

God forgive them, attended to that for us. We need what, in his soberer and less post-prandial moments, M. de Lanux knows perfectly well that France can give us—the France for whom he answers, with loving veracity, in reply to his own question, "What does France mean?" And then we see that he knows as well as any of us what France means: She means, he answers, "the land of free invention, discussion, and experiment for social progress; a living laboratory, where every new principle is tried before being spread over the world." Those of her sons who today are fighting because they love France, have loved her, as he says, "because she meant that"—because, as we too are well aware, it is there that the gardens of the mind have gateways without number, and are flooded always with clear light.

The American soul, M. de Lanux, is at once a more naïve and a more wistful thing than the soul of France: it was born old, yet it has not yet grown up. But it is, in its own way, an incomparable thing, because of its passionate, unquenchable idealism; and to it there come, from time to time, noble thoughts, that pass across its depths and surfaces like great white birds. M. Maeterlinck himself, we think, would grant it; and so, with an even more generous alacrity, we believe, would our indulgent missionary from France.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

DEMOCRACY AFTER THE WAR. By J. A. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

America is fighting for the preservation of democracy; but America is beginning to feel a trifle disquieted by doubt as to the possible effect of the war upon democracy itself. Are we, by any chance, ourselves drifting towards "Prussianism" in the sense, at least, of excessive centralization, or perhaps towards socialism, or even towards both at once?

Whatever one may think concerning these questions, one cannot rest in the comfortable supposition that democracy after the war will take care of itself. To say nothing of the difficulty of extending democratic principles so as to make them effective in international relations, it is obvious that we must look to democracy here at home. Shall we, after peace has been won, attempt to restore democracy to its original status, or shall we allow it to expand into something that looks rather more like State socialism than democracy as hitherto conceived?

The issues of the post-war period are already looming up. In order to define these issues—that is, in order to take the first step in understanding them—it is necessary to obtain a broad and penetrating analysis of the condition of society as it is at present. Such an analysis is furnished by the Englishman, J. A. Hobson, in his recently published book, *Democracy After the War*. Although Mr. Hobson's view is based upon British conditions, it is without doubt sufficiently broad to interest Americans.

Mr. Hobson is a forceful writer—searching in logic, vehement in style, disillusioned in thought. Like others who carry the psychological point of view into sociology, he is, indeed, somewhat inclined to be in his own way extreme. But he is neither pessimistic nor unfair. Without cynicism he admits and takes into consideration those ideal motives which join with economic forces in determining social and political conditions. Plainly, it is not his object to show that men are the slaves of economic laws and that all their supposedly higher motives—including patriotism—are but pretenses or delusions. Without bitterness, he attempts to point out the connection between "capitalism," or "improperty," and the other "enemies of democracy." It is evidently not his aim to prove the existence of a deliberate conspiracy upon the part of property owners against the welfare of the people, or to preach the necessity of a class war. It is enough for him to

show that forces not in themselves wholly or necessarily evil do in fact coöperate through "a kind of instinctive cunning" to produce an evil result.

Mr. Hobson's account of society is, of course, nearly identical, so far as it concerns "improperty," with the Socialistic account; but it should not for this reason be hastily rejected as unscientific and doctrinaire. Possibly the difference between a reformed and chastened socialism and an expanded and fully developed democracy would not in the last analysis turn out to be fundamental. However this may be, it is clear that Mr. Hobson's analysis of society from the democratic point of view differs from all the cruder varieties of socialistic analysis in that it recognizes as the enemy of human welfare not capitalism merely, but reaction. According to Mr. Hobson's view the forces of reaction include imperialism, protectionism, militarism, legalism, "distracting emollients" (such as charity, sport, and drink), regulative socialism, conservatism, State absolutism, authoritarianism, and bureaucracy. All these apparently diverse influences and interests are in fact closely interlocked. But it is important to bear in mind that the "unholy alliance" of these forces is due only in a small degree to conscious, deliberate purpose. If *all* the members of the "alliance" should suddenly become aware that a deliberate purpose, or conspiracy, in fact existed, the whole structure would doubtless fall apart. But there is individual selfishness and there is unclear thinking; and these are sufficient to effect a practical combination.

This being the case, it is obvious, Mr. Hobson maintains, that the attack against reaction should not be leveled exclusively against "landlordism" or "improperty," since such an attack would be doomed to failure because of the powerful defences, political, moral, and intellectual, by which the enemy is encompassed. "Socialism has neither a concerted, feasible tactic, nor a sufficient number of able, trusted leaders in close intellectual and political agreement, nor a large enough body of enthusiastic, convinced, and indivisible followers." Hope, therefore, must be placed in the triumph of democracy—that is, in the complete control of the government by the people. This control, however, is evidently itself in large measure dependent upon the progress of educational reform, upon the true freedom of the press, and upon intelligent, concerted efforts directed against all the reactionary powers.

Specifically, Mr. Hobson's thesis is that after the end of the present war democracy in Great Britain will be in grave danger of a serious setback.

The danger will arise from the new economic situation and from the old international anarchy. It will be impossible, Mr. Hobson argues, to undo the work of State socialism which has been going on during the war. The same causes that made it necessary for the government to assume so wide a control over business and industry will render it impossible for the government suddenly to relinquish this control without plunging the country into economic disorder. For similar reasons, the government will retain its increased power of taxation. At the same time there will be a real necessity for increased productivity in all industries. Under these circumstances it is, in Mr. Hobson's view, inevitable that the forces of reaction will endeavor to gain control of the new machinery of the State. In internal

affairs they will work for the adoption of a system not unlike that by which Germany has enslaved its working classes, but more liberal in appearance; to this end, they will use the need of increased productivity as a lever, and an elaborate programme of social legislation as a palliative. At the same time they will work against internationalism and in favor of a "close State."

Mr. Hobson's advice to British labor is clear and definite. Acquiesce in the demand for increased productiveness, he says in effect, but resist all efforts to shift the burden of taxation by "broadening its base," and oppose all policies tending to restrict expenditures for education and for economic developments. Do not be led into the snare of syndicalism or guild socialism, but endeavor to get control of the State. Above all, stand for internationalism and reject the doctrine of the "close State."

Democracy After the War is a significant and valuable book not merely because it points out a definite policy to be pursued in a situation that has been accurately forecast, but also, and especially, because, making use of all the strong points of the Socialist account of society, it draws from this account only such conclusions as are reconcilable with belief in democracy, and holds that other and more radical conclusions are inadmissible. Implied in the whole work, however, is the assumption that before democracy can wholly prevail, "improperty" must be abolished. If this is the case, democracy, as we at present understand it, is but a stage of evolution toward a form of socialism. On this point, it seems, more is implied in Mr. Hobson's analysis than is necessary for the support of his main conclusions, and more than most readers can readily bring themselves to accept.

To Arms. By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated from the French by Lucy H. Humphrey, with a preface by John Finley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1917.

Simply as expressing the spirit of France, Marcelle Tinayre's novel holds a strong appeal for American readers. The same spirit, however conveyed to us, would win our approval and admiration. News stories, books of social sketches, the personal reports of those who have coöperated with the French in various kinds of war work, all tell the same story concerning the essential worth, the remarkable adaptability, the splendid courage of the French people. We have not the least doubt, therefore, that the novel *To Arms* is essentially sincere and truthful, and that it calls for sympathetic appreciation upon just grounds.

But this does not quite amount to saying that *To Arms* is a great or even a good novel. On the contrary, one cannot escape the conclusion that the story is in no way big enough to serve as an adequate vehicle for its theme. Instead of seeing the war through the eyes of the persons of the story, instead of feeling its effects as they feel them, the reader constantly thinks of the war apart from the story; the novel

thus becomes merely one of a number of discourses about the war, and is not, as it ought to be, an embodiment of patriotic feeling.

In structure, the story is very simple. Principally it describes the feelings of a young wife, ideally happy in her marriage, as the day approaches which is to deprive her of her husband perhaps forever. Madame Davesnes symbolizes the sacrifice of the good women of France. In her, as a peculiarly fine type, romantic love is blended with great firmness of character and with willingness for sacrifice. That tenderness, grace, and allurement in woman are consistent with a strength and depth of character that in America we should call Puritan, is the meaning that seems to be intended. Her husband, though less fully drawn, is also conceived as possessing in a high degree both delicacy and strength of soul. Both portraits are apparently designed as strong contrasts to the ideal man and woman as conceived in the philosophy of *les Boches*.

In addition, the author, through a great number of little incidents and descriptions, aims to show the moral effect of the war upon people of many different classes and types.

To make the method of incidental character sketching effective for the purpose of a war novel would seem to require the power of a great realist. And this power Marcelle Tinayre, though she is shrewd and observing, seems to lack. To join the sentimental motive with the great emotion of righteous warfare in a grandly impressive whole, would seem to demand the genius of a Victor Hugo. Lacking this, the author seems to take a too romantic, a too sentimental, view of the great struggle, though this is plainly not her intention.

In short, accustomed to write romances, Marcelle Tinayre has written about the war simply a romance—but a romance which testifies to the author's intense patriotism.

THE PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. By John Bassett Moore. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1918.

A nation is most clearly conceived as a spiritual whole when it is seen in its relations with other nations; and the study of American diplomacy, even apart from the necessary connection between domestic and foreign policies, is an essential part of training for the best citizenship. Through this study, certain principles that have always formed a part of the American Idea may be clearly perceived, and the value of these principles to the world may be estimated.

In American diplomacy there has been a sufficient consistency to convince one that a real national will exists. Foreign policies have not been merely the results of changing economic conditions or of variable moral conceptions. The essential ideas that were dominant in the very beginning of the Republic have remained a part of the national consciousness and have on the whole guided the conduct of the nation in its dealings with foreign Powers. Are these principles and ideals ultimately sound? Are they practical? Have there been, and are there likely to be in the future, serious divergences from

them? A real opinion regarding these questions on the part of a majority of thoughtful citizens is obviously necessary if democracy is to be effective—that is, if it is to be intelligent, and if it is to be emotionally prepared for action.

The materials for forming such an opinion are furnished in admirable form by John Bassett Moore in his book *Principles of American Diplomacy*. If this volume is in effect a manual of patriotism, its patriotic appeal is due, not to anything in the nature of *ex parte* pleading or to any attempt upon the part of the author to found theories of action upon past acts, but almost wholly to the logic of the facts themselves.

The Principles of American Diplomacy embodies substantially the entire text, with few alterations or amendments, of a work published by the author in 1905 under the title *American Diplomacy: Its Spirit and Achievements*. To this text, however, have been added discussions of all important diplomatic events that have occurred between 1903 and 1917 (including, of course, the events relating to the Great War), as well as a whole new chapter upon the subject of Pan-Americanism. The method employed is topical—the diplomatic developments in relation to each general subject or policy being treated in chronological order. Thus the reader is able without undue difficulty to understand what has been in the main the attitude of the United States throughout its whole history in regard to neutrality, the freedom of the seas, the Monroe Doctrine, international arbitration, and many questions hardly less important.

In all this, there is sufficient room for difference of opinion as to the wisdom and the motives of particular policies; nor does the author in any way attempt to narrow the scope of individual thought upon these subjects. But no reasonable and attentive reader can fail to note, and to feel as inspiring, the generally consistent adherence of the nation to certain root principles and the generally favorable working-out of certain tendencies. The practical effect of these principles and characteristic tendencies is seen to have been great, and thus the United States, portrayed by an analysis of its motives and acts, stands out as an expression of the most enlightened conception of nationality.

American diplomacy has been an influence in behalf of political liberty; it has uniformly advocated the view that "the true test of a government's right to exist, and to be recognized by other governments, is the fact of its existence as the exponent of the popular will." American diplomacy has always stood for the principle of legality in international affairs. At the same time it has held to the doctrine of non-intervention and has maintained the distinction between the American and the European System. Throughout its whole course, it has been characterized by frankness and simplicity. Whoever understands these things will be slow to acquiesce in any surrender, urged upon grounds of immediate urgency, of the values that have already been maintained. Only upon the most fundamental reasons will he consent that the nation shall in essentials change its mind.

Dr. Moore's whole treatise is a justification and explication of the statement made in his opening chapter, that "not only the most important event of the past two hundred years, but one of the most im-

portant events of all times, was the advent of the United States into the family of nations."

National Progress (Volume Twenty-seven of *The American Nation*). By Frederic Austin Ogg. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1917.

The period 1910-1917 has been a period of notable growth and change. The problems that have emerged during these years are larger, vaguer, and at the same time more complex than the problems of the remoter past. Dissatisfaction with social conditions; a sense of the larger relations connecting groups and classes with the nation as a whole, and the nation with the world; a desire for progress in a democratic direction, have been increasingly operative among the people. The need for a fuller understanding of principles and for confident leadership has been strongly felt. At the same time party lines have become less clearly marked; the tendency in politics has been toward a general, though not very distinct, division upon the demarkation between radicals and conservatives—a division that to some extent obliterates the narrower distinctions between the two principal political parties. Progressivism, though it failed to become the foundation of a successful new party, remains a powerful movement.

It is evident that at no time in the history of the country has there been so great a need as there is at present for reliable and well-digested information concerning a great variety of political problems and tendencies that have developed within a comparatively brief time. These problems and tendencies are part of our present intellectual and social life, and at the same time they include so wide a field and mark so rapid a change as to require studied historical treatment no less than the events of longer epochs belonging to our earlier history.

Even a cursory reading of Professor Frederic A. Ogg's compact history of the last ten years suffices to show how the broadening of political problems has necessitated more accurate analysis and more comprehensive views. The result of the election of 1908, though it appeared to be a sweeping Republican victory, really presaged a great shift in political power. Delay on the part of the Taft Administration in carrying out the promised reforms in currency and banking, and more particularly the discontent of the country with the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, in considerable part explain the Democratic victory in 1912. Yet even among the Democrats there occurred a change of view-point in regard to at least one of these issues. It is a noteworthy fact that although, as late as 1915, President Wilson declared that the nation had all the machinery that was needed for the investigation of tariff problems, the leaders of the Democratic Party, including the President, gradually changed their minds and reverted to Taft's plan for a tariff commission. Another remarkable change of front is seen in the passage of the Keating-Owen child-labor law in September, 1916. "No more sweeping use of the powers of Congress to regulate commerce," declares Professor Ogg, "was ever made. Years before, Wilson had pronounced the Beveridge bill 'obviously absurd.' Now he was willing

to use the spur upon Congress in behalf of a measure that was decidedly more drastic."

These instances, although they are of especial interest as indicating a new political orientation, are not of course the most striking as regards the actual changes implied in them. Whoever reads Professor Ogg's accounts of the dealings of the Government with the railroads, with corporations and trusts, with industry and labor, during the last decade or more, will be compelled to perceive how the sphere of government has inevitably enlarged, how the pressure of ideals and of economic demands has called for larger and firmer control and direction, how the boundary line between government and liberty has become more difficult to draw while the necessity of drawing it clearly has become more apparent than ever.

At the same time the reader of this book of Professor Ogg's can hardly fail to perceive the broad significance of the problems that arose even before the war in regard to the foreign policy of the United States. The Caribbean policy of the Government, its attitude towards the South American nations, towards Mexico, towards Japan, all serve to show the distinction between the rival conceptions of internationalism and imperialism—conceptions that must either struggle to destroy each other or find some mode of reasonable compromise.

Manifestly there has been a drift at the same time toward increased control of the government by the people; but the two impulses, though they have combined to produce the great changes which have taken place in our time, are not really the same nor necessarily parallel in their direction. Since the entrance of the United States into the Great War both tendencies have been intensified: the Government never wielded more power; the people have never been more democratic.

To these general and vague ideas, Professor Ogg's book gives that substance and that practical meaning which are necessary to make possible the formation of definite opinions and to check theorizing. The author, although he is impartial, as every historian should be, and reserved, as befits the historian of recent events, by no means hesitates to draw legitimate conclusions. He points out unsparingly both the weaknesses of the Republicans under Taft and the mistakes of the Democrats under Wilson. He adequately criticizes, for example, both the Payne-Aldrich law and the Adamson law. An especially interesting and instructive feature of the book is Professor Ogg's analysis of the results of presidential elections.

The book *National Progress* should prove of great value in helping intelligent men and women to form broadly based and independent opinions upon the problems of the time. It gives information of the sort that seems to be needed for the successful working of democracy in these days.

Aeneas at the Site of Rome. By W. Warde Fowler, M.A., LL.D., Edin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1917.

In a degree somewhat unusual among scholars, Dr. Fowler combines extensive linguistic and antiquarian learning with literary taste and true humanistic zeal. His commentary upon the Eighth Book

of the *Aeneid*—a commentary that ranges from minute and technical questions concerning the meanings of words to broad interpretations of Vergil's spirit and intention—are simply designed to increase the reader's literary enjoyment of the poem by removing difficulties and pointing out beauties.

For Dr. Fowler the Eighth Book of the *Aeneid* has an especial charm. The whole epic derives its grandeur ultimately from its prophetic strain. To the Roman the *Aeneid* summed up the greatness of Roman nationality and character; to the modern it appeals as an epic of civilization. With grandeur there is joined in Vergil's great work a certain sweetness and gentleness. These two qualities are especially manifest in the Eighth Book, and hence Dr. Fowler is fully justified in adopting as the motto for his volume the lines of Wordsworth:

> We live by hope
> And by desire; we see by the glad light
> And breathe the sweet air of futurity,
> And so we live, or else we have no life.

"The Eighth Book consists not of a single story, but of a succession of scenes, somewhat in the manner of a Waverly novel." Its plan, however, seems to Dr. Fowler "wonderfully happy and complete." From the account of how Aeneas found his way to the site of Rome by Rome's own river to the portraiture upon the hero's magic shield of the crowning victory of Actinus—a victory of the utmost significance in the history of civilization—the poem makes its meaning felt both subtly and harmoniously. In several respects, too, this Book more than others suits the taste of modern readers. It is free from "Homeric battles," the use of divine machinery in it is not obtrusive, and the human figures it depicts, such as Evander and Pullas, really enlist one's sympathy.

In the critical commentary which he has appended to the Latin text of the Eighth Book, Dr. Fowler not only enables one to appreciate the local allusions and "delicate Roman touches" with which the Book teems, but also not infrequently touches larger problems—such as the significance of Vergil's idea of fate, which he presents as a profound and ennobling conception.

It is perhaps not too rash a suggestion that comments such as those that Dr. Fowler has supplied in this volume would be more profitable to young students of Latin than the rather dry and almost exclusively grammatical notes that are contained in most school editions of Vergil. It is well within bounds to say that every teacher of Latin will find profit in reading Dr. Fowler's remarks. And to the few persons outside the teaching profession who read Latin with ease and with appreciation of literary values, *Aeneas at the Site of Rome* will prove a delight.

THE REBUILDING OF EUROPE. By David Jayne Hill. New York: The Century Co., 1917.

"The struggle now going on," writes David Jayne Hill in the preface to his new book, *The Rebuilding of Europe*, has been variously

called ' a trade war ', a contest regarding ' the destiny of smaller states ', ' a war for democracy,' and ' a war for principles.' What has been most completely overlooked is the fact that the Great War was not in its beginnings, and is not now, so much a struggle between different forms of government as it is a question regarding the purpose and spirit of all government. . . . The truth is that the Great War is a revolution against the alleged rights of arbitrary force, rendered necessary by the failure to reach the goal of a secure international organization by an evolutionary process."

To show wherein this failure lay, is Dr. Hill's task in the first chapter of his book, which deals with the development of the idea of the state in modern Europe.

The historian and the evolutionary scientist are fatalists only when they forget that thought is as much a part of evolution as peoples and institutions. It is only when we perceive once for all and clearly that the concept of national sovereignty which has come down to us from medieval times, and which has been in theory accepted even by democratic governments, is wrong, that we cease to be fatalists. For so long as we contend merely for an emotional ideal—as, for instance, for peace or for libety, or for democracy—our wills are not really free. It is only when we see beyond these great goods the principle of justice on which they depend that we cease to be merely impulsive. And if we seek for liberty through the study of sociological and phychological laws, then we are in danger of becoming fatalists with a vengeance.

Because Dr. Hill has clarified and justified and given due authority to the conception of law and justice as distinct from irresponsible might in international relations, his book deserves to be called a liberalizing and in the only proper sense of the word an optimistic work. But he goes beyond this, taking into consideration existing realities, the economic and political situation of the world today. Finally, without outlining a detailed programme, he develops from the facts and principles previously considered his ideas of the reorganization of the world, making the difficulties in the way of permanent peace seem less formidable than to minds less fundamentally clear they may easily appear.

The profundity and lucidity of this little book give it an importance far beyond that of most discussions of the war and its problems.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XI

(January 3—February 6)

This review of the tenth month of our war with Germany is written on the last day of that month—the next day after the first public announcement in our newspapers that American troops are at last holding a sector of the line on the west front in France. How long they had been holding it before the censor permitted the announcement is, of course, not public property. Nor does it matter. The main thing is that we are now on the line, and it is a promise of the fulfilment of our hope that before the end of the war the fighting strength of the United States shall make itself felt.

This begins to look like what the average man understands by "participation" in the war. Of course we have been actually participating for a long time, in fact for ten months. There are many different methods of participation, with various economic forces that may be more effectual in reducing Germany's power of resistance than the fighting valor of the men we now have on the sector we hold in France. We have been helping to make it a real blockade, and to cut off the numerous and devious means by which Germany obtained supplies, no matter how small the quantity, of the different materials she needed in her war making. We have strengthened our allies with money and credit, and our naval forces have borne a gallant and distinguished part in the defense of the allied transport service against the submarines.

But now we have men "on the line." There is an "American front" and the censor permits it to be known that our men are holding trenches in Lorraine. We may even particularize a little. We are almost on the German border. With a little fortunate effort we might become invaders of the enemy territory. Every day the news reports give details of the doings of our soldiers on this front, and bring inevitably the sad news of casualties—men killed and wounded, and occasionally captured. Nothing approaching the dignity or importance of a battle has occurred as yet on the American front, but our men are in the fighting, and the close of the tenth month finds us really "participating in the war against Germany."

Three alliterative subjects were the chief recipients of public attention during this tenth month—participation, peace and preparation. Strong efforts for all three have run co-ordinately throughout the month, but at the close the hopes for peace were not as high as they had been at different points during this time. Certain distinguished efforts to pave the way for a possible discussion of peace

terms were made in this month. David Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, delivered a remarkable speech, outlining the British war aims. He was followed in a few days by President Wilson, who, speaking to a joint session of Congress, laid down fourteen specific conditions of peace. In due course formal replies came from Count von Hertling, the German chancellor, and Count Czernin, the Austrian premier. Neither speech offered a hopeful basis for enduring peace, and the month closed with the publication of a formal statement by the Supreme War Council of the Entente Allies rejecting the peace feelers of the Teutonic allies, and announcing that the Council had "arrived at a complete unanimity of policy on measures for the prosecution of the war."

This announcement appeared in the same newspapers which carried that of American occupation of a part of the Lorraine front. So just as we were informed that we were actually getting into the fighting on land we were assured that the war was to go on indefinitely, and that the hopes of an early peace which had been inspired by the various statements of aims were not yet to be realized.

The peace parleys which had been going on at Brest-Litovsk between the Bolshevik Russians and the Ukrainians on one side and the Teutonic Allies on the other have continued at intervals since our last review. First one side, and then the other, has journeyed back to Petrograd or Berlin as the case might be, for consultation with superiors, and to make explanation or receive orders. It has been reported at different times that each side had broken off the negotiations. But if either side ever did, it has soon repaired the break, and when the original armistice expired it was renewed for one month more on Russian initiative.

Meantime the Russians have been encountering more and more difficulties and divisions at home, and the Teutonic Allies have been progressing in arrogance and rapacity, as was to have been expected. Having at first declared their acceptance of the Russian principles of "no annexations and no indemnities," the Germans were forced to meet a practical application of the formula in the case of the Russian territories now held in German occupation. Their answer was a flat refusal. They declined to evacuate these territories, as contemplated in the first and second items of the Russian terms of peace. They said that these territories "already had local authorities who had declared in favor of breaking away from Russia, and such decision should be regarded as valid." They did not regard it as necessary to remark that these local authorities had been installed by German military forces and now function under German control. Neither the Bolsheviki nor any one else was fooled by these tactics.

On January 10 the Teutonic negotiators solemnly announced the withdrawal of their offer to conclude a general peace without forcible annexations and indemnities on the ground that the Allies had not accepted it. Therefore the responsibility for continuing the war rests—from the German point of view—entirely on the Entente Powers.

At this writing the Teutonic negotiators are again in Berlin for conference and there is renewed suggestion of a rupture of the negotiations.

This month opened with Mr. Lloyd George's statement of British war aims. It was made on January 5, before the British Trade Union conference. The terms specified were closely similar to those of previous declarations. The British are not fighting, he said, to crush Germany, but it will be much more easy to negotiate peace with a liberalized Government. Belgium must be restored, politically, territorially and economically, with such reparation as can be made for the devastation of her towns and provinces. Serbia, Roumania, Montenegro and the others similarly to be restored. And the British will stand by France to the death for the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine.

The Lloyd George statement was accepted as satisfactory by British labor and by Britain's allies. Three days later, on January 8, President Wilson went before Congress and delivered the most carefully itemized and specific statement of peace conditions that has come from any of the belligerent statesmen. He voiced again his distrust of the German rulers and demanded to know for whom the negotiators at Brest-Litovsk spoke—the "spirit and intention of the liberal leaders and parties of Germany, or those who resist and defy that spirit and intention and insist upon conquest and subjugation?" His programme of world peace contained fourteen paragraphs: 1, open diplomacy; 2, freedom of navigation, in peace and in war; 3, removal of international economic barriers; 4, reduction of national armaments; 5, absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, the interests of the population concerned having equal weight with Governmental claims; 6, evacuation of all Russian territory and such settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will give her unembarrassed opportunity for independent determination of her political development and national policy; 7, Belgium evacuated and restored; 8, Alsace-Lorraine restored to France; 9, Italian frontiers readjusted; 10, the peoples of Austria-Hungary accorded freest opportunity for autonomous development; 11, Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia to have access to the sea and the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the Balkan States to be guaranteed internationally; 12, Turkey to be assured sovereignty of Turkish portions of Ottoman Empire, but other nationalities now under Turkish rule to have unmolested opportunity for autonomous development, Dardanelles to be free for all nations under international guarantee; 13, an independent Polish State; 14, an international league for peace.

The entire Allied world endorsed the President's statement of peace conditions. British labor especially approved. In Germany it aroused furious anger, and the newspapers, which are under Government control, published it in garbled or distorted form or not at all.

Count von Hertling and Count Czernin replied to the Wilson and Lloyd George speeches on the same day, January 24. The German Chancellor spoke before the Main Committee of the Reichstag, and the Austrian Premier before the Reichsrat. Count Hertling made his reply specific, taking up the President's terms paragraph by paragraph. To the first five he professed adherence, but explained as to number 2 that it would be highly important for England to give up Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Hong-Kong, the Falkland Islands and other "strongly

fortified naval bases on important international routes." He suggested that "practical realization" of number 5 "will encounter some difficulties." As to number 6—the evacuation of Russia—Count Hertling said that since the Entente had refused to join in the negotiations within the specified period of ten days he must "decline to allow any subsequent interference." The Belgian question, number 7 in Mr. Wilson's programme, Count Hertling said "belongs to those questions the details of which are to be settled by negotiation at the peace conference." As to Alsace-Lorraine he said: "I can only again expressly accentuate the fact that there can never be a question of dismemberment of imperial territory." Numbers 9, 10 and 11 Count Hertling left to Austria-Hungary, with the remark that where German interests were concerned "we shall defend them most energetically." Number 12, he said, concerned only "our loyal, brave ally, Turkey." He added that the integrity of Turkey and the safeguarding of her capital "are important and vital interests of the German Empire also," and Turkey could count on Germany's energetic support. The Polish question, Mr. Wilson's number 13, was for Poland, Germany and Austria to decide. "We are on the road to this goal," said Hertling. As to the league of nations, "if it proves on closer examination to be conceived in a spirit of complete justice and impartiality toward all," Germany was ready, when all the other questions have been settled, to "begin the examination of the basis of such a band of nations."

Count Czernin also made a detailed reply to Mr. Wilson, considering the President's terms paragraph by paragraph. In general the Austrian Premier was far more ready to talk peace on the Wilson basis—or sought to convey that impression. "Our views are identical" he said, "not only on the broad principles regarding a new organization of the world after the war, but also on several concrete questions, and differences which still exist do not seem to me to be so great that a conversation regarding them would not lead to enlightenment and a rapprochement." Count Czernin added that this situation tempted him to ask "if an exchange of ideas between the two Powers could not be the point of departure for a personal conversation among all States which have not yet joined in peace negotiations."

But while all this looked on the surface very much as if Austria would really like to begin effective peace conversations, there was a reference to Austria's determination to stand by her allies, especially Germany, which destroyed the value of Count Czernin's otherwise ostensibly peaceful discourse. He said that Austria-Hungary, "faithful to her engagement to fight to the end in defence of her allies, will defend the possessions of her war allies as she would her own."

Which brings the peace question back to the same old proposition of beating Germany.

There was one sentence in Count Hertling's speech which disclosed the interesting fact that the attitude of the world with respect to Germany has at last penetrated German intelligence. He said that the conception of Germany's enemies "finds expression as if we were the guilty who must do penance and promise improvement." And he added: "The leaders of the Entente must first renounce this standpoint and this deception."

In those two paragraphs the reason is fully set forth for the unanimous decision of the Entente Supreme War Council that the war must go on. As long as Germany is correctly interpreted by that speech of Hertling's and as long as Austria will support Germany as Czernin asserted, there is nothing to do but bring up the guns, and that is just what American preparation aims at.

Meantime there have been continued reports from both Austria and Germany of domestic upheavals which may or may not portend an early collapse of their present iron control. For more than a fortnight the news reports have dealt with labor demonstrations and strikes in Vienna, Berlin and other important cities and towns of both Germany and Austria. The workmen were represented as demanding "peace and bread." The reports from Vienna were coupled with news of the fall of the Cabinet. In Germany, where government control of the press is supreme, the conflict of reports was such as to confuse the situation. No accurate line on the extent of the upheaval was obtainable. The military forces were relied upon to put down the strikes, and there were threats of shooting strikers. There were also reports that strikers were warned to go back to work or take their chances with the army. At all events German iron discipline seems to have regained the mastery, if, indeed, it ever was really threatened.

There have been two domestic battles of absorbing interest during the month, both connected with our preparation for a larger measure of participation in the fighting on land later. One was a fight with the forces of nature as well as of organization and inefficiency in the effort to end the transportation congestion, and by moving both coal and freight get the industry and transportation of the country once more on something like a going basis. The other was a fight that developed in the Senate and was aimed against the deadening effects of red tape in the military organization. At this writing both fights seem to have produced good results.

The coal and transportation situations have demanded and received unremitting attention and effort. The Fuel Administrator and Director-General of railroads have had to fight not only the constant production of more freight and coal than could be transported by the railroads under existing conditions, but also an unbroken series of snow and other storms and of severe cold weather, the like of which is hardly within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Early in the month Secretary McAdoo, the Director-General of railroads, had an important conference with the heads of the railroad brotherhoods and, as the newspaper reports put it, "requested" them to work overtime in order to help meet the shortage of labor. The brotherhood leaders expressed a willingness to work with Mr. McAdoo to maintain transportation efficiency. Mr. McAdoo thereupon announced his intention to appoint a Wage Adjustment Commission to take up the question of increased pay which the brotherhood men were pressing. Later Mr. McAdoo named Secretary Lane as head of this commission, with Interstate Commerce Commissioner McChord as another member together with Chief Justice J. Harry Covington of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia and William R. Willcox, former member of the Public Service Commission of New York.

On January 6 Mr. McAdoo issued orders doubling the demurrage on railroad cars in order to force consignees to unload them more promptly. On the 14th he ordered that coal for domestic use and for vital public utilities should have first preference in shipment, with food stuffs and coal for bunkering ships to our allies next in order.

On January 16 the Fuel Administrator ordered coal sellers to give preference in this order: 1, railroads; 2, domestic users, hospitals, etc.; 3, public utilities; 4, bunkers; 5, municipal, county and State governments and public uses; 6, manufacturers of perishable foods.

At the same time the Fuel Administrator ordered a total shutdown for five days from January 18 to 22, both inclusive, and for each Monday for ten weeks. This order applied east of the Mississippi and in Minnesota and Louisiana. Dr. Garfield declared that it was necessary in order to prevent a crisis and widespread suffering.

There was an immediate and angry protest from all parts of the country affected by the order. Industries everywhere declared that it was an uneconomic measure and would have disastrous effects, entailing great loss upon industry and hardship upon working men whom it would deprive of wages aggregating millions of dollars. Dr. Garfield insisted on enforcing his order however, and was supported by President Wilson. The Senate adopted a resolution requesting the Fuel Administration to postpone the order, but it went into effect just a quarter of an hour before the Senate Resolution reached Dr. Garfield.

The vigorous efforts to relieve the coal famine in New York and the New England States were making some headway, despite the severity of the weather, and this closing order gave further assistance until there was talk of rescinding the order for further Monday closing. When the order was issued more than a hundred steamships were held in port for lack of bunker coal. In the first two weeks more than 75 of these ships received the necessary supplies, and this greatly improved the ocean transportation situation. The fact appears to have been that the industrial production of the country was greater than the available ships could transport, especially when they were delayed by lack of bunker coal.

On January 4 President Wilson went before Congress and delivered a message urging legislation to complete and support the Federal control of railroads undertaken as a war measure. He asked a specific guarantee to the roads that their properties would be maintained throughout the period of Federal control in as good repair and as complete equipment as at present; and that the roads should receive equitable compensation. He recommended as the compensation basis the average income of the three years ending June 30, 1917.

The Administration bill conforming to the President's speech was introduced in both Senate and House, and immediately encountered opposition because no limit was set for the period of Federal control. Both senators and representatives believed that the law should provide some date for the termination of Federal control, one year, or two years after the war. Mr. McAdoo contended vigorously against such a limitation and President Wilson supported him. But both Senate and House committees voted for a time limit. The bill appropriates $500,000,000 to form a revolving fund to cover expenses of control,

equipment, betterments, etc. The Administration is urging action on the bill, as a means of facilitating the flotation of the next Liberty Loan, which is scheduled to come before spring. Mr. McAdoo told a committee of Congress before which he was urging action on the railroad bill that it would be necessary to raise about ten billions before the end of the fiscal year. But not all that will be by loan.

The criticism of the War Department was accompanied by much more acrimony than developed from the fight over the railroad legislation. This situation culminated in an attack by President Wilson upon Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Chamberlain spoke on January 19 at a luncheon given him in New York by the National Security League. In the course of his extemporaneous address he said that the War Department had "fallen down," that it had "almost ceased to function" and that there was inefficiency in every department of the government. Next day President Wilson wrote asking him if he had been correctly quoted. Upon receiving the Senator's reply to the effect that he had been quoted with substantial accuracy, the President issued a statement accusing the Senator of an "astonishing and absolutely unjustifiable distortion of the truth," and adding that the Chamberlain statement "sprang out of opposition to the Administration's whole policy, rather than out of any serious intention to reform its practice." The President referred to Secretary Baker as "one of the ablest public officials I have ever known."

This denunciation of Senator Chamberlain was surprising in view of the Oregon senator's strong support of numerous Administration measures. It was Senator Chamberlain who handled the food control bills which were not supported by Senator Gore, the chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. Mr. Chamberlain replied in a three-hour speech in the Senate on January 24, in which he rehearsed some of the evidence that had been given before his committee in the hearings on War Department conduct which it had been conducting for some time. It was at these hearings that the inefficiency in the Ordnance and Quartermaster's bureaus, and in other War Department bureaus was brought out.

These hearings had resulted in the preparation by the Senate Committee of two bills, one providing for the creation of a war cabinet of three, and the other for the appointment of a director of munitions. Both bills were strongly opposed by the Administration and Secretary Baker. Mr. Baker had appeared before the committee in these hearings, and had defended his department, but in a way which lent color to the belief that he was not sufficiently impressed with the size and importance of the task before his department. His appearance had rather increased the demand in the committee for the legislation.

Senator Chamberlain's speech in reply to the President made a profound impression. He declared that the President did not know the truth as it had been presented to his committee, and he gave official figures to show the shortages of clothing, and the deaths in the training camps in which Surgeon General Gorgas had testified there were unsanitary conditions and lack of proper clothing.

Secretary Baker promptly requested another opportunity to appear

before the committee and present additional information. He did appear on January 28, and produced a statement which made a much better effect in its showing of the accomplishments of the War Department. He did not contend that mistakes had not been made, but that when discovered they had been corrected and were not repeated. Also he declared that an immense amount of work had been accomplished, and that no army of such size had ever been raised and equipped so quickly before. He said we should have half a million men in France by spring and a million more ready to go. Afterward Senator Chamberlain lunched with Mr. Baker, and there were indications that an agreement might be reached as to the director of munitions bill. But Administration opposition to the war cabinet measure was unremitting. Mr. Baker did appoint a " surveyor general of purchases " and gave the place to Mr. Stettinius, who had been the chief purchasing agent for the Allies before we entered the war. But it was pointed out that the new surveyor of purchases was without the real authority which alone could give him solid ground for success.

By way of pleasing contrast the House committee which investigated the navy reported in terms of the highest praise of its work, commending its efficiency and achievements. Notwithstanding the tremendously increased demands upon it, said the report, it was working smoothly and harmoniously and with great efficiency.

Provost Marshal General Crowder announced that more than a million men in class 1 of the draft registrants had been accepted for service, and that the yearly class of young men reaching the age of 21, who will be made liable for military duty under pending legislation, will number more than 700,000. General Crowder estimates that nearly all these men will be available for military service, and that they will be sufficient to meet all demands upon us for troops. So the tenth month marked substantial gain in accomplishment and real improvement in prospects.

(*This record is as of February* 6 *and is to be continued*)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

OUR DEFECTIVE WAR MACHINE

SIR,—Latterly no one has had to say, with the member of Congress who was reproached for not standing by the President, "I would gladly stand by him if I could only find out where he stands." True, during four years, we were all taught to be pacifists, but the nation is no longer "too proud to fight" and "peace without victory" is to-day unthinkable. I leave it to others to explain this remarkable transition, but I pray God that the first tuition did not make us a nation of slackers, if not of cowards! In every cantonment there are men who refuse to fight, to drill, or even to wear the uniform; and the departments of the Capital are filled to overflowing with young officers and civilian clerks between 21 and 31. The Y. M. C. A. workers, including the President's son-in-law, are nearly all of draft age. He who doubts this assertion—let him go and see for himself! In the much-investigated Ordnance Department, there are over 4,000 employees where there were 90 before the war. This is a fact, however incredible it may seem. And all other offices are similarly overcrowded with young and inexperienced men. Anything rather than shoulder a rifle and fight! Why are not retired officers and women substituted for them?

This condition, and the multiplicity of councils and boards—advisory, defensive and what not—these are the true causes of the slow progress of the War Department. In the Navy Department these conditions do not obtain to the same degree; hence less fault is found. Moreover, the Navy and Marine Corps have been increased by only 100,000 men—the Army by 1,000,000.

But why should a successful broker upon the floor of the Stock Exchange be made a member of the Council of National Defense? Or a College President be placed in charge of the fuel distribution? Why should a pronounced pacifist, a clever young lawyer of Cleveland, be Secretary of War, *in time of war?* And why should another pacifist, a third-rate editor of a third-rate paper of a third-rate town of a third-rate State, be Secretary of the Navy?

In times of peace, this playing of politics or rewarding of one's personal friends, would make little difference; but in the face of a national crisis, it seems little less than criminal. When the existence of a state of war was declared last April, there were two officers so pre-eminently qualified for Secretary of War and for Secretary of the Navy, that it is difficult to comprehend how they could have been overlooked. General Goethals, after the administrative and executive ability displayed in the construction of the Panama Canal, was thought to be the inevitable choice

for the first position; and Admiral Fiske, inventor and naval expert, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the lamented Mahan seemed to have fallen, for the second. We should have a different tale to tell, had this been done. Instead, Goethals was hitched to a Pacific Coast politician, a lawyer and counseller for the lumber league of that region, with whom he refused to pull in harness. Admiral Capps succeeded Goethals and Admiral Harris succeeded Admiral Capps. Both Admirals have resigned, and up to date the Shipping Board, from which so much was expected, has been a disaster. Whose fault? Nine months of war have passed and little or nothing tangible has been accomplished.

What have we really got to show for our enormous expenditures of nearly twenty billions of dollars? Hot air, certainly; plenty of it! Indeed, we appear to be trying to spend, if not to waste, as quickly as possible. The "cost plus 10%" system is an outrageous swindle. The more the contractor can spend or waste, the more he will receive. Very fine! Go to one of our camps and see how it works. Is it, after all, a big bluff, as the Germans say? Does the Administration hope to frighten them into surrender by our huge but slow preparation? If not, why this extreme and prolonged deliberateness? Who is responsible?

General Goethals is coming into his own, perhaps, as Quartermaster General, but would have made a better Chief of Staff. So would General Wood, another good soldier. If, as Napoleon said, armies crawled on their bellies to-day, General Bliss, the present incumbent, would do better as a Commissary of Subsistence, the Corps of his predilection. Admiral Fiske appears to be permanently shelved. Meanwhile, the chief exploits of the Secretary of the Navy have been the puerile prohibition in the service of the use of prophylactics against venereal diseases, of erotic tattooing, or of the enlistment of sailors having amatory figures ("September Morns") indelibly marked upon their skin (a favorite device of "Old Salts") and of the acceptance of donations from the Navy League for sailors or of the entrance of the members thereof to Navy Yards. Truly an enviable record!

I have no desire or intention to assail the President, whose many admirable qualities I was among the first to recognize and praise, but whose fatal disposition to make mediocre appointments I deplore. Unless the nation is completely hypnotized, something *must* be done quickly or *we* shall lose the war by inaction. Let us visualize present conditions:

President Wilson: *College Professor and President; original Pacifist.* Secretary Baker: *Lawyer and Pacifist.* Secretary Daniels: *Editor and Pacifist.*	VERSUS	Emperor William: *Lifelong Sailor and Soldier and Ruler.* General von Hindenburg: *Lifelong Soldier.* Admiral von Tirpitz: *Lifelong Sailor and Soldier.*

REMEMBER: these are the men who respectively direct opposing war policies! We *shall* win—we *must* win; but at what sacrifice of lives and treasure, perhaps—even with the assistance of Colonel House of Texas!

CHARLES SMITH.

NEW YORK CITY.

ABOUT A GREAT RACE

Sir,—I read with interest the article in the December issue of The North American Review entitled, *I Am a Jew.* It takes me back in reminiscence through many phases of my own experience. I am therefore tempted to draft a few comments by way of observation and discussion.

The life phases that thinking men pass through are determined by the cast of their mind and by environment. Certain broad generalizations, however, will cover the requirements of a general statement.

It is almost a truism to say that one cannot with wholesomeness live a life of strict materialism any more than a life of strict spirituality. The one comprehends only the material or animal side of human nature and leads to selfishness and forms of savagery. The other comprehends only the theoretical or emotional side of human nature.

Wholesomeness results from a clear knowledge of the whole of human life. The wants of the physical and those of the spiritual presuppose the activities that supply these wants. Neither can stand alone, nor can the activities they represent be any more separated.

One does not have to be a Jew to recognize emptiness in Western civilization, nor does one have to be a Gentile to recognize failings and weaknesses in Oriental life. Men of all races and ages have found occasion to criticise the emptiness of things in general. But emptiness is more a state of mind than it is a condition of life. A man is not trained who has not learned to find contentment within his own mind, who cannot retire within this sanctuary when occasion requires.

While still a boy I saturated my mind with Emerson and Marcus Aurelius. Later, through my inevitable contact with commerce, I revised my earlier interpretations of business and life values in general. I started with very one-sided notions of spiritual values. I had vision but no perspective. For years it never occurred to me that matter and spirit, so to speak, are counterparts in all living and thinking. They are the masculine and feminine, the primary and secondary, the action and reflection of our existence. Neither by itself can possibly represent a normal condition. But in union they bring poise and contentment. In their fusion we find health.

Now for the political and social. The present aim of the German Government, say, compared with the settled trend of all English political ideals, makes it easy to decide which ideal one prefers to live under and support. The world war ought to lead all men away from the political side of race existence toward the political ideal of freedom. The idea becomes greater than any race because it comprehends all races. No race can rightfully dominate other races save through the dominance of superior ideals. Nor can any one race hold itself apart from other races without suffering politically and socially. And rightfully so. Thinking men make themselves citizens of the world. Intellectually they cease to be American or English or Jewish or German. To approve and foster the political ideals of England and France, and of those other races that are struggling toward this goal, should bring pleasure and satisfaction to every thinking man. Failure or refusal to affiliate with men of all races who aspire to these political ideals will cause any man to grow stale and sour through very isolation. Ideas, not blood, are what count.

Politically and socially your race suffers because it has refused to be-

come a part of other races in blood and in coöperation. True, you have created a book known as the Bible; but not even a bible comprehends the whole of what we know as modern life. A bible will not operate the business of a nation nor of a world. The so-called spiritual things in human nature must join themselves to the inevitable programme of economic life to accomplish a rounded purpose.

If you insist that God made the Jewish race, you must admit the same of other races. All have varying capacities and deficiencies. But all men should be able to find mental food and spiritual refreshment in any country devoted to political freedom, and in working out with such peoples the varied problems of further human elevation.

Americans are a chosen people in that they have put into operation certain social and political principles, and share these principles and privileges freely with all nations. That constitutes the superiority of America. And so long as America maintains this spirit we will remain superior to all races as races, because we perpetuate a common brotherhood regardless of race or creed. We aspire to universal life.

I like the sentiment expressed by Marcus Aurelius: "We are all made for coöperation, like the hands and the feet, and the upper and lower teeth." Commerce, in so far as it ministers to human wants, is a thoroughly spiritual employment. Any task that is necessary to the maintenance of the social welfare is noble labor. The spirit one brings to one's task represents the measure of one's coöperation in the work of the world. And this, in turn, becomes the measure of a man.

The spirit of coöperation is loftier than the spirit of race. To refuse to become a unit in the amalgam of modern life is to be caught in the eddy, while the stream of progress and endeavor sweeps onward.

Races have their phases and their periods of transition. An excessively commercial era may be material to a fault. Or it may, like the trend now strongly evident in America, represent a robust practical blending of the two essentials of wholesome living.

I am proud of my race. But I am prouder of its world ideals, and its practical sense in carrying them forward in a practical manner for the betterment of human existence.

A Reader.

New York City.

THE HEBREW AND THE MODERN WORLD

Sir,—Great good can come from discussion of the place in the world occupied by the Hebrew, and the article in the December number of your magazine was a truthful and pitiable word picture of the struggle going on in the minds of that people. Suffering is always worthy of respect and alleviation, and only more so when not brought about by weakness or error.

The mystery to me is that the central reason for the condition that has partially ostracized the Jew is not clear to every man that has given the matter consideration, be he Jew or Gentile. Certainly, if in the weak judgment of man there is an unpardonable sin, it is to differ. Like begets like, and holds for its progeny an unlimited love. Fondly to his breast, through the generations, the Jew has hugged the delusion that

he is of the chosen of God. Had he, himself, thought of himself as an unmarked bit of humanity, he today would be like unto others, and such merit as he possessed would be an element in the make-up of the common man.

The Jew is suffering from a chronic state of the same malady that in the German has become acute, and is fast taking from him the splendid strength that might have been a mighty factor in making the world a better home for man.

If the Jew will curb his puny pride, drop the superstition that he is a special messenger of God, and learn not to be thankful that he is not as others, then sooner or later the Gentile will drop his silly persecution of the individual of today for what was done in years gone by by a people who let a few fear-driven priests, operating under the first law of nature, do their thinking for them.

PRINEVILLE, ORE. P. C. GARRISON.

SOUND VIEWS OF A PLAIN MAN

SIR,—I have been reading your January number and am moved to express the views of a plain man, who may be nameless, hence with no ulterior motives, etc.

I regarded your excoriation of the Kaiser in the December number as the most absolutely red-blooded American expression so far, but alas, I seem to be somewhat alone in my opinions and views. There is a spirit of fat indifference and torpid stupidity on many sides. Who that remembers the Nation springing to arms in defense of poor Cuba can but wonder at our attitude for two years before and since entering the war. Why, oh, why! But enough. Something has changed with the American people. As to Roosevelt. Why, oh, why, again. Even his opponents would like to see him at the head of 500,000 volunteers in France who would follow him like a knight of old. But something which a common plain man cannot fathom keeps this high-minded, energetic, ardent patriot buried. At that, I am strictly against his idea of keeping up military training *after the war*. That is why I understand we are in this war, to police the world in future with the overwhelming power of the Entente so that there need be no strictly military programmes, except as police force and for gymnastic results, etc.

You say nothing about aeroplanes, and this is, I think, our most terrible mistake. If we had been ready with unnumbered thousands of aeroplanes, bombists, etc., several months ago, we could have pulverized German frontiers to splinters, of course at frightful loss of men and machines, but small compared to this dragging, undecisive warfare. But it "takes ten years for ideas to penetrate." To build a ship takes six months or a year, with labor troubles, shipways to prepare, material to commandeer, etc., to endless confusion. Aeroplanes can be turned out anywhere and everywhere to standard literally in thousands; the Allies have begged us for them time and again, and yet we fight with Congress, and ponderous delay goes on. We ought to have $2,000,000 more right away, and it would be a good chance that the shipping programme could be halved with speedy victory. The South American countries should be called on to furnish labor; we have the money and the material; why can't Brazil send us 100,000 skilled men?—also the other South Americans lined

up with us. Then our own country should be *mobilized* and put on *rations* right now; don't wait until forced into it; there are unnumbered thousands yet who should be put to war work; quick, decisive action of the old forgotten American stripe is what we need. A dim feeling persists in my mind that a few dozen stalwart Republicans, captains of industry, might help a lot. Let us grind these bloody monsters of Prussianism until they beg for mercy. Your term, "Unconditional Surrender," is the right term.

SENEX.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

ATTENTION, PATRIOTS!—THE NAVY NEEDS EYES

SIR,—The Navy is still in urgent need of binoculars, spy-glasses and telescopes. The use of the submarine has so changed naval warfare that more "eyes" are needed on every ship, in order that a constant and efficient lookout may be maintained. Sextants and chronometers are also urgently required.

Heretofore, the United States has been obliged to rely almost entirely upon foreign countries for its supply of such articles. These channels of supply are now closed, and as no stock is on hand in this country to meet the present emergency, it has become necessary to appeal to the patriotism of private owners, to furnish "EYES FOR THE NAVY."

Several weeks ago, an appeal was made through the daily press, resulting in the receipt of over 3,000 glasses of various kinds, the great majority of which have proved satisfactory for naval use. This number, however, is wholly insufficient, and the Navy needs many thousands more.

May I, therefore, ask your co-operation with the Navy, to impress upon your subscribers, either editorially, pictorially or in display, by announcing, in addition to the above general statement, the following salient features in connection with the Navy's call:

All articles should be securely tagged, giving the name and address of the donor, and forwarded by mail or express to the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, care of Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., so that they may be acknowledged by him.

Articles not suitable for naval use will be returned to the sender. Those accepted will be keyed so that the name and address of the donor will be permanently recorded at the Navy Department, and every effort will be made to return them, with added historic interest, at the termination of the war. It is, of course, impossible to guarantee them against damage or loss.

As the Government cannot, under the law, accept services or material without making some payment therefor, one dollar will be paid for each article accepted, which sum will constitute the rental price, or in the event of loss the purchase price of such article.

Toward the end of January it is proposed to distribute throughout the country posters making an appeal to fill this want of the Navy.

As this is a matter which depends entirely for its success upon publicity, I very much hope that you will feel inclined to help the Navy at this time by assisting in any way that lies within your power.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,
Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A BROADER VISION

SIR,—I am only a plain woman whose opinion is not worth much, but I recall the days when as editor of the *Altruist*, a small magazine, I welcomed words of congratulation on the success of my efforts to help the world along, and you are doing such a big thing in such a broad, big way with your Gospel of Americanism. We are climbing by your editorials to heights where we can gain a broader vision of the ultimate. Once in a while, as in your January number, you go over my head, and I question, on first reading, the wisdom of saying certain things just now; but just as the President gets ahead of our slow thinking and the nation has to wait and catch up with him, sometimes through sloughs of despondency and deep waters, we invariably come to the other side of Jordan into the Promised Land, and say with you, "Thank God for Wilson".

The impulse to write you has come from your editorial on a "Benevolent Despotism". There you lead doubters and honest questioners by beginning at their point of contact. You seem almost too much one with them, at times, and to sustain their doubts; and sometimes I have questioned whether what they did believe and *wanted* to believe was not strengthened rather than weakened by your way of putting the question. It takes for me several readings of the finale to get *fixed* in my mind that your conclusions, too briefly put, are what you are striving to prove—not the people's argument.

LAURA S. STEWART,
Chairman War Relief Dept.,
The Needlework Guild of America.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRAISE FROM PALMETTO BLUFF

SIR,—Thank God for Colonel Harvey and his incomparable pen! Your December and January articles have snatched the people from their spell of mental and moral cowardice and shaken them back to their senses.

You are our foremost patriot and resplendent in your paganism. If it were not for you and Colonel Roosevelt, the dolts and dunces would sack the Republic.

It costs much to be a man, but there are compensations, and you have had it in the approval your articles have incited. It gave me much pleasure to distribute many copies of both numbers, and all who had missed the numbers were grateful for my calling them to their notice.

We were just on the edge of chaos when you sounded the tocsin! Now, all hands are awake, and it took your intellectual courage and matchless pen to excite the mental mutiny that now floods the land.

We have had too much mental sycophancy, and intellectual courage seems to have oozed out of all men.

We are eagerly awaiting the February number. No pen has done so much for manhood and civilization since Voltaire.

PALMETTO BLUFF, S. C. EDWARD SHAUGNESSY.

FROM AN AMERICAN PATRIOT

SIR,—Having read your magazine faithfully for years and joyously during the recent months, I hasten to send you my check for renewal.

Is there any earthly thing that a woman of some intellect and aged

fifty-two can do to help? I have an only son, Divisional Bayonet Instructor at Camp Devens, and an only daughter graduating this spring from her three years of training at the Presbyterian Hospital. I don't want to roll bandages—although I have been complimented upon mine; but I *do* want to speak or write—to help vitally—if only I can learn how and where.

If your articles do not arouse our countrymen I know of none that can, and the January number hits the nail squarely on the head. There is no doubt of the popular sentiment about representative men taking representative places, and we need them at once. This number is splendid, editorially, and I am only sorry that I am not a man to be able to write such caustic truths. I am merely an admirer.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. MARTHA C. INGALLS.

RECOGNIZING FUNDAMENTALS

SIR,—I am enclosing check for four dollars to renew my subscription to the REVIEW. I consider it the most ably edited magazine relating to national and political matters of which I have any knowledge; and your contributors are of the very highest class.

In these days, it is refreshing to read a publication which still recognizes fundamentals; which does not undertake to teach that no lessons can be drawn from history, and which does recognize that there are certain inherent and inalienable rights which neither legislators, congressmen nor executive officers should be permitted to ignore.

FARGO, N. D. B. F. SPALDING.

LOOKING BACKWARD

SIR,—The renewal of my subscription prompts me to state with what pleasure I recently learned from Solomon B. Griffin, managing editor of the *Springfield Republican,* that it had on its reporting staff, when he was a youth of eighteen, Colonel Harvey, whose contributions to the REVIEW, Mr. Griffin agrees with me, are unequalled in inspiration, instructiveness, and clarity of expression.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. ROBERT S. FOLSOM.

PRAYERFUL

SIR,—I note that you pray, "Thank God for Wilson". This no doubt because his policy concerning terms of peace appeals to all liberty-loving men. I am saying the same prayer, when inspired by this thought. But please "keep a string on" your prayer that you may pray for the restoration of our Government when the war is over, and we face the problems it will leave to all Americans.

CHARLES RICHARDSON.

TACOMA, WASH.

WHAT THE ADMINISTRATION NEEDS

SIR,—May I express the hope that the President will take note of and accept your offer of service? (REVIEW, Jan. 1, 1918).

The Administration needs sympathetic, intelligent critics. It needs a real interpreter. Your service could be splendid in those fields, and even if no notice is taken of your current editorial, perhaps the next one, or the one after that, will get home. I hope so.

NEW YORK CITY. FRANK L. SCHEFFEY.

THE TWO LOYALTIES

Sir,—It is a blessing and a delight to hear a word from somebody capable of distinguishing between loyalty to a country and loyalty to its officeholders, and any one who has the gizzard to speak it deserves all we can give him. I hope you are going on and pioneer a way for intelligent and self-respecting Americanism.

New York City. Albert Jay Nock.

THE THOUGHT OF MANY

Sir,—I wish you would convey to Colonel Harvey for me my personal thanks for his editorial in The North American Review for December and January on Colonel House's commission. He expressed in those editorials the thought of a very large number of our citizens.

Chicago, Ill. Harry Olson.

A MUCH-NEEDED WORK

Sir,—On reading your latest editorial I am moved to write you. It is a great, and, in my judgment, a much needed piece of work. My chief knowledge of yourself comes from the monthly visits to my library of The North American Review. I have written you simply because the mood is on.

New York City. George P. Mains.

HITTING THE SPOT

Sir,—Your editorials in the January number, particularly as to the services of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Root, and Chief Justice White, hit the right spot. Keep it up until some of the powers that be realize that we are at war and that the lives of some of our young men may possibly be saved if proper and timely preparation is made.

Minneapolis, Minn. Frank R. Hubachek.

SERVICE

Sir,—I have read your "Thank God for Wilson" and others, and want to offer my appreciation for all of them. I am sorry that our men in charge do not use the great force and personal popularity of Mr. Roosevelt. We need everything to win the great war.

I like your splendid service.

Charlotte, N. C. J. W. Jamieson.

THE "WAR WEEKLY"

SIR,—Before you land in Burleson Gaol, accompanied by Senator Chamberlain, permit me to congratulate you on your "War Weekly" and wish "more power to your aim" and more ink to your pen. Here's my dollar and when the mails are denied send express, my expense.

I'm late to the office through stopping to read No. 2, including the slam at wooden ships (you'll change your mind on that), and feel that your constructive criticism should do a world of good.

Your article, "Secretary Baker's Privy Council", shows the weakness and incompetence which has cost us hundreds of millions of dollars, thousands of lives and months of most valuable time. Baker must go and quickly or else his power be taken from him as proposed by Senator Chamberlain. Chamberlain is known and respected by the whole Pacific Coast, regardless of party, as an able, honest man. The President has been most unwise in alienating him in the endeavor to support Baker.

BELLINGHAM, WASH. J. J. DONOVAN.

SIR,—I am enclosing checks for a renewal to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as we are unable to keep house or bake bread without it; also for *The War Weekly*.

I am a Republican and a staunch one, but the views of Colonel Harvey appeal to me very strongly and I am a staunch supporter of Woodrow Wilson since he has changed his position and now stands for the protection of Americans and a World Policy for the protection of ALL.

I consider that Colonel Harvey and Henry Watterson are the two greatest world editors living; any thing from either of them commands the attention of the patriotic and the admiration of the liberty-loving. All hail to both!

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN. C. T. ATKINSON.

SIR,—I herewith enclose you my check for $5, for which please send me for one year THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and your weekly publication, or supplement, summarizing the war news. I received as a sample copy the first issue of this weekly publication and hope you will send me all that have appeared since the first issue, as I am so well pleased with it that I do not want to miss any of them.

NASHVILLE, TENN. J. M. ANDERSON.

SIR,—Enclosed herewith please find postal money order for which kindly send me THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, commencing with the Febuary number, and THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *War Weekly*, commencing with its first copy, both for one year.

I do not want to lose any of Colonel Harvey's editorials. He has been, and is, if not the best, one of my best teachers of Americanism, and to hear periodically a strong and honest American voice is necessary in a place where the colonial policy, or the Latin-American policy of the Government do not deserve the least commendation.

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO. S. SIRAGUSA.

SIR,—As a constant subscriber and reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for at least thirty years past, I take pleasure in enclosing my subscription to the *War Weekly*, which you will begin publishing immediately after January 1, as per announcement on page 1 of the January issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The purpose of this new publication is a most worthy and timely one, and I am exceedingly gratified that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has decided to undertake it.

PITTSBURG, PA. JOSEPH W. MARSH.

SIR,—Personally, I greatly regret the *War Weekly* is not to have greater circulation. The editorials in the REVIEW are the ablest and most thought provoking discussions of current events I know of, and would be of immense benefit to public opinion if they could be more widely distributed. Can't anything be done to send the *War Weekly* widespread if it is to contain discussions of equal merit?

EVANSTON, ILL. T. E. QUISENBERRY.

SIR,—Kindly send me THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for a year, with the *War Weekly*. I have the January number of THE REVIEW, so let my subscription begin with the February number, but would like the *Weekly* from its first issue. I feel that it will do me good, and help me to express my feelings—or help me by expressing my feelings more strongly than a private individual and a spinster from Boston-wards is expected to do. I welcome the *Weekly* idea.

NEWTON, MASS. ELIZABETH FYFFE.

SIR,—Enclosed find my subscription for the *War Weekly*. Please start my subscription with the first issue. I do not wish to miss anything, and if every issue of the *Weekly* proves as interesting as each issue of the REVIEW it is going to be a real beacon. Your editorials in the REVIEW are each one an oasis in the desert of journalism; refreshing, invigorating and more than all, filling one with hope for the future. May you live long and die happy.

DAYTON, OHIO. GEORGE W. MILLER.

SIR,—I enclose herewith my subscription for the *War Weekly* by George Harvey.

Now I feel confident that the war is going to be prosecuted to a successful issue.

I am a regular subscriber to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and at the expiration of my present subscription the same will be gleefully renewed.

MADISON, WIS. GEORGE A. BOISSARD.

SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar to pay for the *War Weekly*, in connection with the REVIEW to my address.

I was so delighted by the contents of the sample copy just received that I am unable to resist the temptation of spending another dollar on the pungent little *Weekly*.

HANSKA, MINN. C. AHLNESS.

SIR,—I think my subscription is about out. Please credit me with five dollars for THE REVIEW and the new annex—I forgot its name—I read it from cover to cover. Colonel Harvey is as good as ever to me and having him oftener is worth a lot more. More power to his arm!

SHARON, CONN. JEROME STUART CHAFFEE.

SIR,—I enclose check for renewal of my subscription to the REVIEW and for the *War Weekly*. I have often felt that once a month was too seldom to hear from Colonel Harvey, and I am delighted at the opportunity of getting this weekly review.

EAGLE SPRINGS, N. C. B. F. BUTLER.

SIR,—I congratulate you that you are about to commence publishing THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S *War Weekly*.

Perhaps this will fill the void thousands of readers have felt since the discontinuance of Colonel Harvey's editorship of *Harper's Weekly*. Here's hoping that it will.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN. JOE V. WILLIAMS.

SIR,—Last night at dinner two of the men got to talking of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW WAR WEEKLY and wondered how they could get it. I told them it went *only* to *subscribers* of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. They hauled out five dollars each, and these bills I enclose.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar in payment for a year's subscription to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW WAR WEEKLY. I only wish you had begun it a year or two years ago.

CEDAR FALLS, IOWA. EUNICE H. OVERMAN.

SIR,—The first one is fine. Keep it up. It is Capital! If you can keep the same "Pep" in all of them that you have in the first one you will be furnishing a distinct contribution to NEWSPAPER WAR INTELLIGENCE. CHARLES WENTWORTH.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

SIR,—Please put me down for subscription to the new *War Weekly*. The sample is great. But I might have known, as I did in my inmost knowledge box, that whatever George Harvey promises will be performed in double measure. Here's power, and more power, to his arm!

LANCASTER, PA. GEORGE F. MULL.

SIR,—I am enclosing you herewith check for one dollar for your new publication, the *War Weekly*.

I don't care to miss any of Colonel Harvey's editorials, especially concerning the conduct of this war.

ALBEMARLE, N. C. JOHN D. SPINKS.

Sir,—I enclose my check for a year's subscription to The North American Review's *War Weekly*. I am sure I can afford to miss nothing from Colonel Harvey's able pen. I could not get along without the Review.

Leicester, Mass. Francis E. Smith.

Sir,—I enclose one dollar for a year's subscription for your *War Weekly*. I am a subscriber for the Review for 1918 at above address.

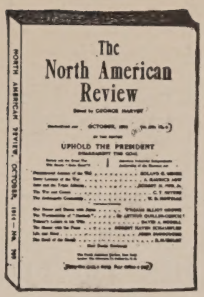
Congratulations. I want to hear from you *weekly*. A whole month is too long between "drinks".

Albany, N. Y. George McLaughlin.

1918

April

ONE-HUNDRED-FOURTH YEAR



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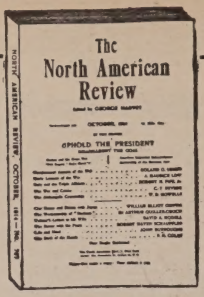

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

G. K. CHESTERTON
contributes a fine bit of satire in this essay, which those who are gathering data for peace terms would do well to read.

BENJAMIN STRONG
is Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. He is a trained banker and a deep student of economic and financial subjects. He brought to the great task of organizing the Federal Reserve Bank of New York the skill and experience gained through years of active work in the commercial banking world. Prior to his connection with the Federal Reserve Bank he was President of the Bankers Trust Company.

SYDNEY BROOKS
is one of the ablest English publicists. His contributions to important magazines on both sides of the Atlantic have won him an international reputation.

FABIAN FRANKLIN,
formerly associate editor of the New York *Evening Post,* was professor of mathematics at Johns Hopkins University from 1879 to 1895. He was also editor of the Baltimore *News.* Mr. Franklin is a frequent contributor to numerous publications.

HENRI LAMBERT,
the well-known Belgian economist and sociologist, is a native of Charleroi. He is owner of a large colliery and glass manufactory, both of which industries are at present under German control. M. Lambert writes

not infrequently for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue Politique et Parliamentaire. Pax Economica* is the title of a booklet recently published here which has attracted considerable attention.

CHARLES JOHNSTON,
though now a citizen of the United States, has traveled extensively in Russia. His Russian connections (he is a brother-in-law of General Brusiloff) have given him exceptional opportunities for understanding conditions in that country.

E. S. ROSCOE,
an Englishman by birth, has had distinguished service in the Admiralty Registry. The list of publications under his name includes *Admiralty Law and Practice,* and *The Measure of Damages in Actions of Maritime Collision.* He was editor of *English Prize Cases.*

WHIDDEN GRAHAM
is a writer on social and economic questions, who was identified with the Sound Currency and Tariff Reform propaganda and the Single Tax movement.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH,
one of the distinguished members of theNew York Bar, is also well-known as an author. Two volumes of his *Essays and Miscellanies,* for which Mr. Joseph H. Choate wrote the introduction, met with much commendation from the more important critics.

BRANDER MATTHEWS
is one of the best known of living American authors. Graduated from Columbia College in 1871, he was admitted to the New York Bar, but turned from law to literature. In 1892 he was appointed Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT,
a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, is among the ablest and most persuasive of American literary critics. She is a frequent contributor to the magazines, and is the author of *True Love, Making Both Ends Meet, Great Companions,* and *The Wind in the Corn.*

Another Notable War Number of

THE

YALE REVIEW

Edited by WILBUR CROSS

LVX ET VERITAS

APRIL, 1918

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What Two United States Diplomats say of

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Frederick C. Penfield, Formerly U. S. Ambassador to Austria: *"The Yale Review* seems such a perfect publication that I wish you to enter my subscription."

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"COMRADES IN COURAGE"

By Lieut. Antoine Redier

A cultured French officer describes his own reactions from the horror, the discipline and the heroism of trench life. He conveys a whole nation's response to the call of war, its realities, and its high destiny to come. Published end of February. Net $1.40.

"SIMBA"

By Stewart Edward White

The lure of big game and the spell of African savage life is the background for this tale of Kingozi, the ivory-hunter, and the brave black boy who serves him. White men and the millions they rule in a setting of adventure, witchcraft, humor and mystery. Net $1.40. Published early in March.

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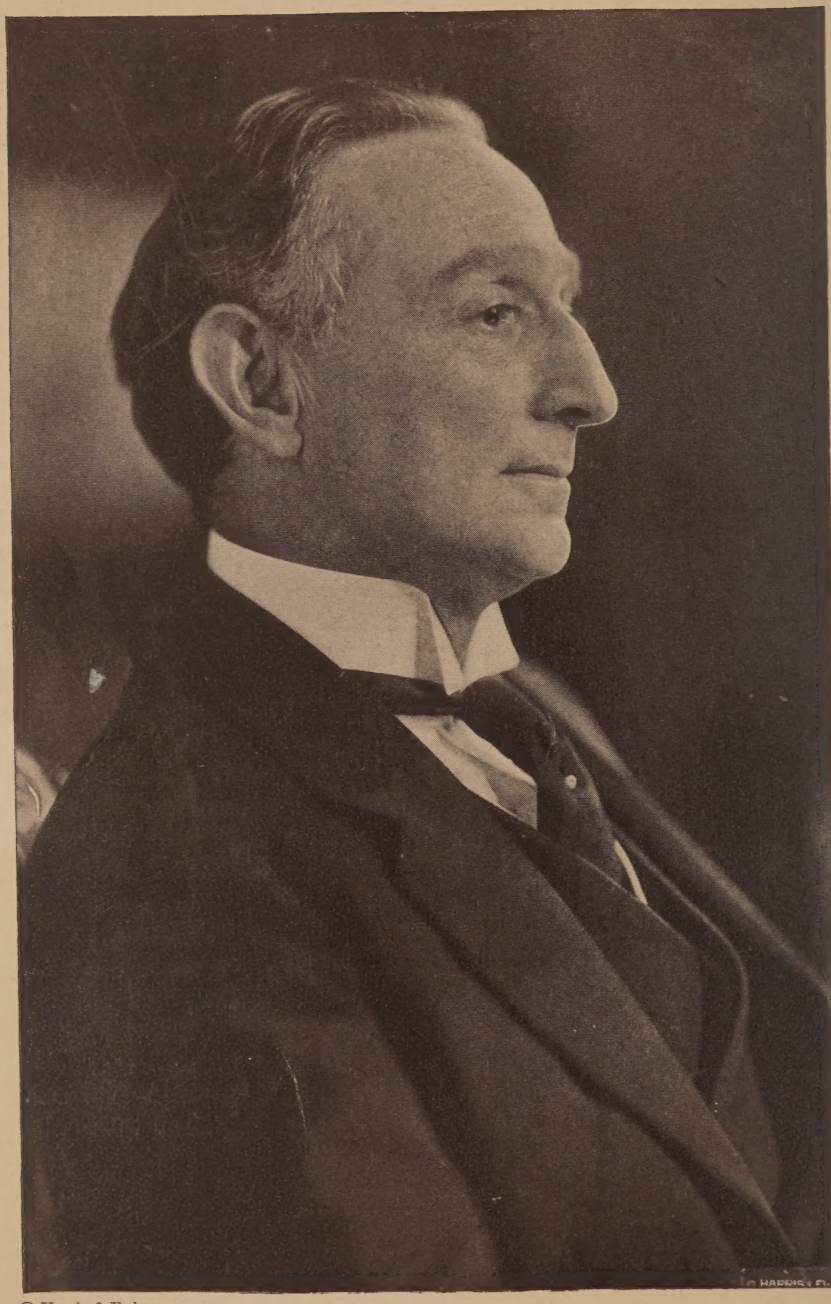

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EARL READING

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

APRIL, 1918

VICTORY—PEACE—JUSTICE

OUR FIRST YEAR IN THE GREAT WAR

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.

No American poet, if one did live today, could say with truth as Wordsworth said of his countrymen a century ago, that "We are left, or shall be left, alone; the last that dare to struggle with the Foe"; never before, praise be to God, were England's hearts of oak less daunted or the souls of France more valiant. And yet, indeed, "'Tis well," if at last, as we stand upon the threshold of "another year," distressed if not dismayed by the spectacle of "Another mighty Empire overthrown," we know—

"That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought."

How blind we were this one short year ago! We had elected to keep out of the war. "All the while," said the President in his second inaugural address, "we have been conscious that we were not part of it," and, even though

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we should " be drawn on, by circumstances, to a more active assertion of our rights and a more immediate association with the great struggle itself," the " shadows that now lie dark upon our path will soon be dispelled and we shall walk with the light all about us if we be but true to ourselves." As late as February 26, he had " thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms " and on April 2 he felt that assurance had been added " to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening " happenings in Russia. War there needs must be, but it shall be an academic war and soon ended—this was the great illusion pressed, with utmost good faith, no doubt, for months and months, by the President and his associates upon the minds of the people. We say it in no captious spirit but we say it,—as a fact which has been attended by consequences whose continuance and repetition must be averted in the future if the world is to be saved.

We have been at war a year, come April 6—technically and confessedly, though Germany had been waging war against us for many months before. What have we accomplished in that year?

In the first place, we have suffered disillusionment. We have indeed suffered that in several respects. One relates to our prestige and authority in the world. There were those—*Ilium fuit!*—who thought, or who thought that they thought, that no nation in the world would dare to stand up against us. Let the United States so much as threaten to take a hand, and the offending nation would incontinently drop its guns and raise the white flag of unconditional surrender. It may be that such was the case at some point in our history. What is certain is, that it was not the case in April, 1917. It may be that such might have been the case then, if we had acted differently during the few preceding years. But we had not acted differently. And so Germany refused to be scared at the prospect of having to fight us in addition to the other Allies. On the contrary, she regarded our advent among the belligerents with at least an affectation of unconcern if not of contempt.

Now it may be that Germany made a mistake in so doing; just as she did when she spoke so slightly of " Britain's contemptible little army." We rather think that before the end is reached the Huns will find that it was a very serious thing

to them for America to enter the war. Yet now, as the net result of the first year of our participation, what is there to show that Germany underrated us or that we deserved the prestige which the event proved we had not?

In another respect we have suffered disillusionment. This year has demonstrated that despite the President's ill-advised protestation that "we have not been neglectful" all that was said about our unpreparedness and about the urgent need of preparation, was true, and not only true but most tremendously timely and pertinent. It is officially confessed that we were grossly and grotesquely unprepared; and that even in the tense weeks between our severance of relations with Germany and the actual declaration of war, when it was obvious that the chances were a thousand to one that we should very soon be at war, even then there was scarcely a single prudent and resolute step taken toward preparation.

Indeed, after the declaration of war lack of preparation continued to prevail. Money in plenty was provided, and the Administration was invested with such power as never was exercised before save by a dictator or a czar. But it was months before any adequate army began to be raised and months more before it was equipped with the necessities; and it was months before there was any real beginning of ship-building; though of course it was obvious to everybody from the very beginning that men and ships were the very Alpha and Omega of our war needs. Utter unpreparedness before the war began, and sluggishness in making amends for that neglect after it began; these were the two circumstances which should have yanked us out of our fool's paradise of dreams of formidable invincibility.

Nor can we escape the conviction that this first year of our war has been less effective than it should have been, because of a certain irresolution—shall we say, an inclination toward "watchful waiting"?—in what should have been the supreme and unwavering leadership of the nation. We would not for a moment minimize the tremendous burden of care and responsibility which rested upon the President, nor would we demand that every man shall have infallible vision and a conviction of the end from the beginning. But we must believe that far more would have been achieved during our first year of war, and that consequently the cost of the whole war to us in treasure and in lives would have been greatly lessened, if there had been a greater degree of con-

stancy in policy, and less inclination toward dalliance with an optimistic opportunism.

It is easy to understand the President's passionate yearning for peace. We all share it. There is no American worthy of the name who would not rejoice at the making of peace to-morrow, provided it was a clean, honorable, just and righteous peace, and not the peace of the Hun. But it surely is evident now that our various excursions toward peace by negotiation were, from the very beginning, as vain and futile as the chasing of a rainbow for its hidden pot of gold. Such adventures did not bring peace; they postponed it. They did not embarrass the foe nor unite and strengthen our friends, but just the opposite. Our tentative overtures or at least suggestions of peace simply played into the hands of Germany and strengthened her, while they gave encouragement and aid to the propagation of disloyalty on the Italian front and of Bolshevikism throughout Russia. When the war-weary troops saw month after month pass without the striking of a single blow by the United States in the war, and when they learned that this country was apparently seeking a "peace without victory" through negotiation instead of fighting, what wonder that they lost heart?

This is of course not to say that there has been nothing good in our policy. There has been much that was worthy of all praise. No commendation could be too high for the President's war message of a year ago; nor for his statement of our war aims and purposes of January 8 last. Those utterances were vibrant with the true spirit of American democracy. They were so supremely fine that it was a thousand pities to have them in the least degree compromised or modified by any subsequent temporizing, explaining, or pussy-footing. It seemed at times as though the President were afraid of himself; afraid, that is, that he had gone too far and shown himself too resolute, wherefore he reckoned it prudent to hedge somewhat. And this was all the more regrettable because in no case had the nation failed to follow his leadership in his most advanced declarations. In all his distinguished career Mr. Wilson has never made two other addresses which have so instantly, spontaneously and all but universally commanded enthusiastic popular approval and support, as did those epochal messages of April 2, 1917, and January 8, 1918. Why was it necessary—if we may employ the paradox—to detract from them by adding to them?

Our efficiency in the first year of war has been impaired, too, by what we may perhaps describe as a romantic humanitarianism. Our gingerly tenderness in dealing with alien spies and domestic traitors has been such as the world has never known before, and such as would be incredible and impossible in any other nation. Long after the declaration of war, enemy aliens were as free to go and come, to see and to hear, as were our own most loyal citizens. Even after the adult males of the tribe were subjected to some slight degree of surveillance and restraint, "the female of the species" remained as free as ever. And to this day the allies of our foes are practically unrestrained. We can understand a man being a pacifist, unwilling to sanction the imposition of capital punishment upon a traitor or a spy; but we cannot understand such a man's being made and kept Secretary of War. Would a man who was particularly fond of omelettes employ as cook one who had conscientious scruples against the breaking of eggs?

We have been unpleasantly reminded, too, that in sordidness and self-seeking Americans are "as common mortals." We shall not say that profiteering and frauds are more prevalent in this war than in others, but we certainly cannot say that they are less so. We should have to go far in history before we found a more flagrant example of—well, of questionable propriety—than that of the giving of army contracts to the brother of the Secretary of War and the bolstering up of the job with the use of statements fittingly to be described with Our Colonel's "shorter and uglier word." From that example very close to the head, down through the various grades there has been a disgusting display of sordid zeal to make money out of the nation's needs. It was discreditable before our year of war to seek extortionate profits in war trade with other lands. To do so now that we ourselves are in the war, in trade with our own Government, is discreditable to the degree of abomination.

We should hesitate to decide off hand whether another feature of our first year of war should be attributed to indifference or to panic. We refer to the little short of reckless delegation and redelegation of authority and granting of power and money. Beyond question, all money and all power and authority that are needed for the expeditious and inexorable prosecution of the war to a victorious ending should be granted without grudging and without delay.

But such grants can be made without signing blank checks. It may be that everything that has been done has been entirely necessary and is capable of complete justification and was inspired by eternal wisdom; only, it would be ever so much better to have the people persuaded of the fact instead of asking them to take it on blind faith. "Open your mouth and shut your eyes and I'll give you something to make you wise" may be a very good game of childhood, but it is not to be commended to a great nation involved in a great war.

That we have made some progress in military preparation is of course not to be disputed. We have enrolled an army, large in comparison with what it was before, though still small in comparison with what it will have to be to win the war. We have also now, at the end of a year, begun to equip it with the necessities of warfare. We have a force on the fighting line, quite competent, with the use of borrowed equipment, to hold a sector of that line and of course to give a good account of itself. We have also, after months of Denmanism, begun to build ships, with a prospect that if there are no more strikes, and the weather is favorable, and nobody puts moth-balls in the gasoline tank, we may turn out this year nearly half as much tonnage as the German U-boats destroy, and a quarter as much as was promised earlier in the year.

What the year has brought forth in the camps of our enemies is a different story, and one which it is still less pleasant to contemplate. It would be folly to dispute that Germany has immensely improved and strengthened her position, from both the military and the diplomatic point of view. On the western front, indeed, she has been held back, and at some points has been forced further back; though nowhere between the Alps and the North Sea has there been anything resembling a decision. Everywhere else she has been gaining ground. She has driven the Italians out of Austria and has in turn invaded Italy. She has suppressed all hostile action in the Balkans. She has conquered Roumania and made that rich country her vassal. She has conquered Russia, annexed all its western provinces and made a subservient vassal of the southern provinces from Poland to the Caucasus. She has occupied and practically annexed Finland, and gone far toward making vassals of all the Scandinavian kingdoms. She has secured for her ally the Unspeakable Turk, all of Russian Armenia and

Transcaucasia, and thus has opened her way to Persia, to Afghanistan and to the borders of British India. She has also gained a strong and advanced foothold in Siberia, with a threat of advancing across the continent to the Pacific coast.

In making these territorial gains Germany has enormously replenished her supplies for both military and civil consumption. She has gained access to the chief granaries of Europe and Asia; to the richest oil fields in the world; to vast cotton plantations in Central Asia; to inexhaustible mines of copper and platinum; to the most extensive forests in the world. She has also nearly doubled her population by the addition of great subject peoples, who will immensely increase her man-power for both military and industrial purposes. Her dream of "Mitteleuropa" is not only realized but is expanded into an Eurasian realm.

At the same time she has shown herself impregnable at home. The year has been filled with wild and whirling words about driving a wedge between the German people and their military rulers, and about a German revolution against the Hohenzollerns. They have been as idle as they have been wild. The wedge has not been driven. The people have not revolted. With the scarcity of supplies measurably relieved, and with the stimulus of victory all along the eastern line, the German people are to-day more united, more devoted to the House of Hohenzollern, and more determined to prosecute the war to a successful German peace, than they have ever been before since the war began.

Such are some of the chief results of the first year of our participation in the war. They are not gratifying nor flattering to contemplate. But they must be faced.

Happily, there is something else to be said. In spite of all these things the spirit of this nation and of its allies is unbroken. Never were Great Britain and France and Italy more resolute than they are to-day. They are disappointed at our inefficiency and delay, but that means to them simply that they have got to hold out so much the longer before our aid becomes effective. They have no thought of weakening, and they would not have even though they were left to fight the battle out alone. Equally resolute is the spirit of a saving remnant of our own nation. For we are not all asleep, we are not all profiteers, we are not all rainbow chasers, we are not all infected with the poison of lafollettism. In spite of all our blunderings and delay, there are in this country mil-

lions of quiet, resolute, clear-headed and red-blooded men, who believe in victory over the Hun as they believe in God Himself. They realize the awful cost, the needless cost, not only in treasure but also in human lives, that our follies have imposed upon us, and while they condemn the needlessness of it they unhesitatingly and steadfastly assume the burden and will bear it to the end.

The iridescent dream of victory in the first year has faded, and that of victory in the second year is fading. Whether the third or the thirty-third year be necessary, however, of this be sure, that we shall fight it out to a clean-cut victory for God and man over the Devil and the Hun.

But there must be no more wavering, no more palavering, no more shaking of the faith of our Allies through "restating" greatly modified war aims; there is nothing in the world to do but to fight on and on in what now has come to be *a war of endurance* upon substantially equal terms.

VICTORY—PEACE—*Justice!* That is all.

WHEREIN WASHINGTON FAILS

WE spent the month of February in Washington, and found opinion as to the merits of our performance in the War about equally divided between those who contemplate with satisfaction what has been done well and those who express their anger at what has been done badly. This division is, of course, temperamental, so far as it does not represent a tacit pledge of loyalty to the political "ins" or to the political "outs." What is extremely curious is that each opinion is the child of Surprise. Those whose thumbs are up for the Administration say that, in view of the novelty and magnitude of the task, of the extreme haste demanded by the circumstances, of our mental and material unpreparedness, our achievement has been surpassingly good. Those whose thumbs are down voice their amazement that in a country which has more coal, more iron, more lumber, more railroad mileage, more food products, more machinery, more great industrial organizations, and, by general acclamation, more business genius than any other nation, it should not have been possible to introduce into the conduct of the war more order and efficiency.

When we examined the actual conditions under which our part in the War is being directed from Washington the only circumstance which surprised us was that anyone could be surprised at what has occurred.

We found in Washington plenty of patriotism, plenty of ability, plenty of enthusiasm, plenty of industry; what was almost entirely lacking was a clear understanding of the principles of administrative technique, or, upon a more sinister interpretation of the facts, a general unwillingness to apply them. It is only by one or the other of these explanations that we can account for those shortcomings which, with unlimited means and unlimited ability at the disposal of the Government, are the unmistakable symptoms of defective organization.

There is one branch of the national service which, since we entered the War, has been almost entirely exempt from criticism—the Navy; and if we trace to its source the efficiency by which it has so greatly distinguished and contradistinguished itself we shall find the ultimate cause of the unsatisfactory results of the efforts made in other spheres of duty by men not less talented, not less patriotic, not less industrious than are those who make up the Naval personnel.

Naval efficiency is the product of two elements in naval organization. One is the unbroken chain of responsibility which links the Secretary of the Navy to the youngest seaman on a submarine-chaser. There is not in the Navy a carelessly worded document, an inaccurate coal report, or an unoiled bearing in regard to which it is not possible to name one particular man as the person at fault; and this ability to place blame exactly where it belongs extends from a defective rivet in a bulkhead to a strategic error in an engagement at sea.

But this delicacy of functional articulation would be worse than useless were it not for another element with which it is closely co-ordinated, namely the extreme definiteness with which naval purposes and naval methods are formulated.

Those who have devoted any thought to the general problems of administration are familiar with the claim, so often advanced, that naval organization cannot be taken as a model, because the conditions to which it is adjusted are radically different from those which other enterprises are called upon to meet. It is, we are told, a technical service,

it is always on a war-footing, constant efficiency is imposed upon it by the nature of its operations and is maintained by a discipline from which there is no appeal.

Whatever force may lie in these arguments when they are employed during peace times to excuse a failure to do things "navy fashion," they have no force whatever when we are at war. "Navy fashion" is not too good, and nothing short of it is good enough, when the price of every inefficient act must be paid in human suffering and in human life.

The plain fact is that Washington is not yet on a war footing. We do not say that no part of it is on a war footing, what we assert is that so large a proportion of our total war effort is being directed in a spirit of earnest, good-natured amateurism that we are denied the full benefit which we ought to receive from the portion which is being directed with skill, foresight, and promptitude. There are altogether too many people in Washington who are redoubling their efforts after they have forgotten what their aim is.

What we saw, what we heard, what we read satisfied us that Washington has, up to the present, acted without adequate prevision of needs, without adequate information, without adequate definition of authority, without adequate co-ordination of effort, without adequate fixation of responsibility, without adequate inspection and report on methods and results.

The delay and confusion, the errors of commission and of omittance, to which public attention has been directed by Congress and by the press can be attributed to one or another of these inadequacies, to several of them operating in malign association, or to personal incompetence among the agents of the Government. If it could be shown that the last named cause had played an important part in our failure fully to utilize the resources of the nation, the guilt would rest squarely upon the shoulders of the Administration, which is free to draw at will upon the experience and intelligence of the country. We believe that it has had a share, but not a large share, in making conditions what they are.

Of the other causes we may say that if each is in turn applied to any set of Administrative circumstances, failure, where it has occurred, can be traced to its general source, and thence, by a process of elimination, to a particular group or individual.

This fixing of responsibility is the cardinal principle of successful administration, since it opens the road to all betterment; but it avails nothing if the road remains untrodden. If consideration for persons or for customs is to arrest the hand of reform, if nobody's feelings are to be hurt, if no one is to lose his position, if punishment is not to follow neglect or reward attend upon competence, if constructive criticism is to be branded as disloyalty, if inquiry is to be met with unnecessary secrecy or with fussy resentment, then the effort to improve administrative methods in the interest of economy and efficiency is foredoomed to failure.

There is little evidence to be found in Washington that we are to have more than a piecemeal adjustment of our Government mechanism to the pressing needs of War. That there is actually a science of administrative technique, that we are confronted with few problems which have not at some time in some country been the subject of study and report, that every executive task, irrespective of its magnitude, is embraced within the formula of an administrative logic, Washington appears to be totally unconscious.

This inability to appreciate the true nature of the executive element in Government is fundamental to our institutions. It arises from our national habit of regarding administration as the twin brother of politics. We have placed ourselves between these two figures and, through trying for a century and a half to keep one eye fixed on each, we have acquired that governmental squint which makes it impossible for us to see right in front of us the area of confused aim and conflicting interest which is the breeding ground of political corruption and administrative inefficiency.

Nothing is more urgently required at this moment than a thorough re-examination of the whole machinery of our Government in the light of what has happened since 1787.

Our succeeding generations have seen Government pass from the simple duties imposed upon it by the needs of a primitive community to an all-embracing activity which concerns itself with the child at the mother's breast, with the corpse awaiting its shroud, and with almost every circumstance which lies between these two estates of humanity. We have been content to believe that, in some mysterious way, a system designed to perform little more than the functions of the tax-collector and the policeman would bear the strain of regulating, by means of good-will and a huge

clerical staff, the immeasurable complexities of modern life. It is time that we emancipated ourselves from this delusion.

LABOR AND THE WAR

WHERE stands Labor in the war? The question should not be necessary. We ask it under protest, holding that in such a matter no classes should be recognized but the nation should be united. The Bolsheviki may preach the devil's doctrine of class wars, and proclaim it to be the first duty of workingmen to fight against those whom they call the bourgeoisie. We prefer the American doctrine of community of interest between employer and employes, between capital and labor, and among all members of the Commonwealth.

The question is raised, however. The Bolsheviki, the lafollette, the Pacifists, the I Won't Work and other wearers of mental motley pretend that the war was started and is being prosecuted by wicked capitalists for their own sordid sakes, and against the will and the interests of the "proletariat"; wherefore they are in favor of inciting the "proletariat" of all nations to go on universal strike against the war, and to compel immediate peace by negotiation, after the fashion of Brest-Litovsk.

What then are the facts concerning the attitude of Labor, or of workingmen, toward the war?

We suppose that there are no two other important countries of the world, not excepting the United States, in which Organized Labor is so influential, both subjectively and objectively, as in Great Britain and France. In them it has accomplished ten times as much for the dignity and the welfare of workingmen as have the far more noisy and pretentious Social Democrats of Germany. We may therefore take its dicta as the mind of the world's industrialists in their greatest social and political advancement, and in their best estate.

There was recently held in London an international conference of representatives of the workingmen, or of the organized labor and the political labor parties, of those countries, the chief purpose of which was to consider the war, and what should be the policy of Labor toward it and toward the prospective terms of peace; and it adopted a detailed declaration of principles and a programme of action, for the guid-

ance of its constituents, and for communication to the organized labor of all other countries, particularly including the Central Powers.

The first item of this instrument was significant. It was a clean-cut and unequivocal declaration in favor of fighting the war out to a victorious finish in order that the world may be made safe for civilization. That was the fundamental purpose of the Conference in supporting the continuance of the war. No matter who won the war, the people would have lost unless that end was assured. There followed a demand for a League of Nations to enforce peace, which is the proposal of many of the most resolute supporters of the war in this country, and which may indeed be regarded as primarily an American principle; the abolition of secret diplomacy and the publication of all treaties, according to the American practice; and the making of all Executives, and especially all Foreign Ministers, responsible to popular Legislatures, as they are in Great Britain and France, and as not a few think they would better be in the United States. The abolition of compulsory military service and the limitation of armaments are also demanded, but it is made clear that they are not to be undertaken until after the ending of the war.

The next item has to do with Belgium. The Conference emphatically insists that a foremost condition of peace must be Germany's reparation of her wrongs to Belgium, including payment not by all the Powers but by Germany alone for all the damage that has been done to Belgium in the war, and of course complete restoration of Belgian independence. Until Germany is willing to do that, say the workingmen of those two great industrial countries, the war must be inexorably prosecuted.

The question of Alsace and Lorraine follows, and the Conference insists as a matter of abstract right that if the people of those provinces wish it, they must be reunited with France, and thus must be annulled that crime of 1871 which the Conference characterizes as "a brutal conquest, and violence committed against the people."

Concerning the Balkans, they must be evacuated by the invaders, and the various peoples must be permitted to settle their own destinies "without regard to the imperialist pretensions of Austria, Hungary, Turkey, or any other state." That means, of course, the restoration of Bosnia and Herze-

govina to Serbia, the freeing of Croatia and Slavonia, and the cession of Transylvania to Roumania.

As for Italy, she must have Italia Irredenta restored to her, though there must be no conquests beyond that limit.

Poland must be reconstituted in unity and independence, with free access to the sea. Therefore Prussia and Austria must surrender Posen and Silesia and Galicia, and Dantzig must be again a Polish seaport. As for German annexation, open or disguised, of Lithuania, Livonia or Courland, that "would be a flagrant and wholly inadmissible violation of international law." Since the Conference adopted that declaration, Germany has in fact annexed all three of those provinces, wherefore the proletariat of Great Britain and France are resolved to prosecute the war until that act is undone.

For the Jews, there should be established for them a free state in Palestine, under international guarantee, such as Great Britain has already promised. Armenia, Mesopotamia and Arabia must not be put back under Turkish tyranny—as Germany has since done with Armenia. Austria-Hungary is not necessarily to be dismembered, but if the Jugo-Slavs and Czecho-Slovaks want to be free and independent, they should have that right. Finally, the African and other colonies are to be disposed of after due deliberation by the peace conference, in which "the communities in their neighborhood will be entitled to take part."

Such are the deliberate judgments of the freely chosen representatives of the millions of industrialists of Great Britain and France. They accord closely with the views already expressed by Mr. Gompers and other authoritative American labor leaders. They demonstrate unerringly the substantial unity of all so-called classes in these three countries, concerning the prosecution of the war and the essential terms of peace. Organized labor and the national governments are in complete accord.

We insist, then, that these declarations are supremely entitled to be regarded as the real voice of the world's workingmen. We know of no reason why the words of a German workingman, with the fear of *lèse-majesté* before him and with a Boche bayonet potentially at his throat, should be esteemed as more authentic than that of an Englishman, a Frenchman or an American. We have never heard of any degree of enlightenment and advancement in Russia beyond

the rest of the world that should entitle Bolshevik opinions to outrank American, British or French.

So when we say that the war must be fought to a victorious finish that will make the world safe for democracy, that Germany must relinquish Belgium and pay full indemnity for all the damage which the war has done to that country, that Alsace and Lorraine must be returned to France, that the partition of Poland must be undone and the independent Polish nation must be re-established, that Serbia must have her lost provinces returned to her, that Italia Irredenta must be redeemed, and that British South Africa and Australia must have a voice concerning the disposition of the German colonies adjacent to them—when we say such things, we are speaking not for " imperialists " or " bourgeoisie ", whatever those terms may mean in a land where they do not belong, but for Labor, for the proletariat, as our European friends are fond of calling it, or, best of all, for the people.

The fact is that more than almost any other war that ever was waged, this is the people's war. Never were the rights and welfare of the people—the non-combatant people—so shamefully violated as they have been in this war. Never have the people been so infamously wronged, robbed, ravished, tortured, murdered. Never have the fundamental principles of popular rights and popular government been so insolently defied, denied and threatened with extinction. It is and it has from the beginning been a war waged against the people by an autocratic military caste, and it is high time for all the people of the world to recognize that fact and to act upon it, as those of the three chief Allied nations have done.

Let there be no more question as to where the people stand, or where labor stands, in this war. They stand for an inexorable prosecution of the war until the archfoe of popular government and the rights of man is eliminated from the councils of the world.

THE JAP OR THE HUN?

The Jap, or the Hun? Which?

If in form the question seems somewhat reminiscent of Frank Stockton's immortal *The Lady, or the Tiger?* we

apologize to the tiger for putting him in apposition with the Hun. Not even the mangiest man-eater that ever prowled the jungle is quite deserving of such a fate.

But whatever comes of the existing complications in Russia, and for present consideration especially in the Asian portions of that empire, one thing is clear: Immediately upon the collapse of efficient government at Petrograd, with the accompanying danger of German domination,—a danger which is now made real, to the incalculable cost of the world,—the coöperation of Japan with the Allies, of which indeed she is one, should have been made effective. With the unanimous approval of the Allied Powers, and with or without their nominal participation, which could easily have been given, Japan should have taken possession not merely of Vladivostok and all the Siberian Pacific littoral, but also of the trans-Siberian Railway and of Siberia itself, as far westward as possible or as seemed desirable. If it were possible for her to push her way clear across the Continent, into European Russia, to Moscow and to Petrograd, so much the better.

And in approving and promoting that movement, the United States of America, instead of hanging back and pussy-footing, should have taken the instantaneous and unreserved initiative.

Such a course on the part of Japan and the Powers would have been impregnably justifiable, from whatever point of view it might be regarded.

Precedents assuredly are not lacking. One of the most recent was the international intervention in China at the time of the Boxer insurrection. No power has challenged the propriety or the legality of it, judged on the broad basis of international equity. Yet so far as general international interests were concerned, there was not a tithe of the need and the justification for it that there now is for intervention in Russia. Another precedent was established by the European Powers in 1878, when they provided for Austrian intervention in and temporary occupation of the Serbian provinces of the Turkish Empire; a precedent which was not vitiated by Austria's monstrous and criminal breach of faith in stealing that which was assigned to her to hold in trust. We may be sure that no such infamy would mark Japan's occupation of Siberia. A third precedent, if memory serves us aright, was provided in Russia's occupation of

the Kuldja Province; in which case, the Bolsheviki not then being in power, Russia kept faith and duly restored the region to its rightful owner when the beneficent purpose of the intervention had been achieved.

From the Russian point of view, such action by Japan would be approved and welcomed by men of integrity and reason. Traitors and highbinders, like Lenin and Trotzky and their kidney, would doubtless rage against it, because there was "nothing in it" for themselves. But men like Prince Lvoff and the others who really effected the revolution against Czarism, would welcome it as assuring the salvation of Russian democracy. Obviously, there is no ground on which valid Russian objection could be made. There would be no infringement upon Russian sovereignty, because it no longer exists. Russian sovereignty lapsed, was abrogated, ceased to exist, when the Bolshevik coup d'etat destroyed the Constituent Assembly and surrendered to the Huns. In that catastrophe Russia became an anarchy, and it became not only the right but also the duty of some civilized Power to intervene, for Russia's sake as well as its own and that of the world at large.

We are staunch sticklers for the right of national self-determination. But we do not maintain the right of any nation to raise hell to the peril and detriment of its neighbors.

From the point of view of the European Allies there was and is imperative need of such a course. The German invasion of Asia is the gravest menace to them since the Marne. The German Government is already boasting that its road is now open to Persia and Afghanistan, and through them, of course, to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, and to the borders of British India. It is also quite evident that the Bolshevik betrayal comprised the surrender of Siberia to the hordes of German prisoners of war who were in that country and who were released from confinement as a result of the treason of Brest-Litovsk. Would such an incursion of the Huns, with the appearance of Hunnish U-boats and cruisers in the Indian and Pacific oceans, be a matter of indifference to the Powers? How is it to be guarded against unless by a Japanese advance through Siberia, which would block the Huns' raids in that direction and which, if carried far enough, either into European Russia or into Turkestan, would make it too perilous for Germany to attempt to reach India or the Persian Gulf.

Such a campaign would place Germany again between the "jaws of the nutcracker," with Japan taking Russia's place as the eastern jaw.

There remains to be considered the point of view of the United States; assuming for sake of argument that this country has or ought to have a point of view separate from that of its Allies.

Beyond question, American precedents are overwhelmingly in favor of such a course. Apart from our participation in the Chinese intervention, already recalled, we have been doing that sort of thing on our own account, all the way through our history. We began it a hundred years ago, in our intervention in Florida. We did it a generation ago in Samoa. We did it twice in Cuba, with most excellent results. Only a few years ago, in President Wilson's first term, we did it in Mexico. We can perceive no ground on which we could logically and equitably object to Japan's following the example which we ourselves have set.

Can we not trust Japan? We are not unfamiliar with diplomatic history, but we cannot remember nor can we by searching find a case in which Japan has regarded a treaty as a "scrap of paper," or in which she has not loyally fulfilled her obligations. If there have been any apparent evasions of treaty stipulations, they have been on our side rather than on hers. We recently made with her a "gentlemen's agreement" on a very important matter. Surely it would be an extraordinary thing to enter into such relations with a nation which we could not trust. Incidentally we might remark that we do not think very highly of such agreements, which seem to us merely a trick for making a treaty which need not be submitted to the Senate. That savors too much of the "secret diplomacy" which when practiced by others we have been so copiously condemning. But there can be no question that the making of one logically implies a high degree of mutual confidence between the two Powers.

But if we could not trust Japan, if we feared that she would make her occupation of Siberia permanent, and if we feared her hostility toward us, what would be the logic of the case? Why, beyond question, for those very reasons we should assent joyfully to the invasion of Siberia, because it would be turning the peril away from our own shores. We have a pretty high opinion of Japanese efficiency, but we really do not believe that that country would be capable of

invading, annexing and assimilating Siberia, and then at the same time or a little later invading, annexing and assimilating the United States. If we were afraid of Japan, the shrewdest thing we could possibly do to protect ourselves would be to send her off on this Siberian enterprise.

Of course, however, we are not afraid of Japan, and we do not distrust her. She had her chance to be unfriendly toward us early in the war, when Germany did her level best to persuade Japan to join her and Mexico in a war of conquest against us. Japan rejected the proposal with unhesitating emphasis and with unconcealed contempt. All through the war she has refrained from seeking to take any advantage of us, and has manifested a loyal friendship above all praise. To our mind it is high time that we showed our appreciation of her friendship and our reliance upon her good faith.

There is, we know, no little prejudice against Japan in the United States. That simply means that there is a lot of German propaganda. Mr. Lansing, our Secretary of State, declares that the suspicion, constraint and doubt which have to some extent arisen between the two countries, were "fostered and encouraged by the campaign of falsehood adroitly and secretly carried on by Germans whose government, as a part of its foreign policy, desired especially to alienate this country and Japan." Mr. Root, formerly Secretary of State, says that he has not the slightest doubt that "the attempts to create bad feeling between the United States and Japan have been very largely the result of a fixed and settled purpose, and that purpose formed a part of the policy of that great ruling caste of Germany which is attempting to subjugate the world." Mr. Gerard, lately our Ambassador at Berlin, says that tales of Japanese hostility to the United States emanated from German sources, and he suggests that "much of the prejudice in America against the Japanese was cooked up by German propagandists."

Would it not be an astounding anomaly if in the present tremendous crisis this country permitted this same pernicious German propaganda to alienate it from Japan and to deprive us of the coöperation of that country in a matter which may involve the very existence of America? We all know that the tales of Japan's acquisition of Magdalena Bay, of Japanese troops in Mexico, of Japanese boats secretly taking soundings in our harbors, of a Japanese plot to destroy the Panama

Canal, of Japanese designs against the Philippines, were all deliberate, baseless and wanton lies, invented by German propagandists with malice aforethought. The animosity and distrust which are now manifested toward Japan may safely be set down as the more or less direct result of that same infernal propaganda.

How, therefore, shall we answer the question concerning the temporary control of Siberia and perhaps of all that is left of Russia herself?

The Jap, or the Hun?

As for us, we prefer Japanese loyalty to German treachery. We prefer Japanese cleanliness to German filth. We prefer Japanese who keep treaties to Germans who treat them as mere " scraps of paper." We prefer Japanese civilization to Hunnish barbarism.

The Jap, or the Hun?

In Heaven's name, the Jap!

PRICES AND PRODUCTION—A CONTRAST

LET us not get " the big head." It is unpleasing to be a kill-joy, but it is unwise to cherish a fool's paradise. The statistics of our industries and commerce for the last year are so colossal, from the most obvious point of view, as to suggest danger of a mischievously exaggerated estimate of our progress in the minds of those who—and it is to be feared that they constitute the great majority—take only that point of view and quite neglect to consider others which are really much more significant but which the imperfections of our statistical service render less accessible.

There is something tremendous, something dazzling to the imagination, in the current reports of our foreign commerce for 1917. It amounted, we are told, to $9,178,000,000; of which $6,226,000,000 were exports and $2,952,000,000 were imports; leaving a balance in our favor of $3,274,000,000. Thus the balance in our favor was considerably more than the total of imports, and was about equal to the entire value of our trade, both exports and imports, ten years ago. Those figures, we repeat, are tremendous. They impress the mind as do the measurements of the interstellar spaces. They are too great for ordinary comprehension. Taken at their face value, without ex-

planation, they would convey the impression of commercial —and therefore of industrial—progress made by the proverbial " leaps and bounds," and of an attained greatness quite overshadowing all else in the economic history of the world.

It would be a mischievous mistake, however, thus to take these figures. They are, it is true, entirely accurate; and we are prone to rely upon the foolish saying that " figures don't lie." The fact is, of course, as Carlyle said, that " you can prove anything by figures." There is nothing more misleading than accurate statistics which give only a partial view of the facts. The error in this case would lie in confounding values with volumes, and in assuming that these figures represent so much actual increase in the extent and amount of our trade. There has been some increase in the latter; in some details a very large increase. But it has not been nearly sufficient to account for the enormous increase in the value of our commerce which we have cited.

The pernicious imperfection of our statistics as commonly published is in their omission of quantities. They tell us what was the total value of our exports. Perhaps they go a little further into details and tell us what was the value of the steel, and of the wheat and of the cotton which we sent to other lands. That is all true, and all interesting. But they do not tell us how many tons of steel, and bushels of wheat, and bales of cotton, we sent; although it is perfectly apparent, on reflection, that these latter figures would be most important of all, as signifying the real increase—or decrease—of our trade.

We shall find, upon analysis, therefore, that the great increase in the value of our commerce, which is reported and upon which we dwell with so much exultation, is by no means altogether due to a commensurate increase in the volume of our exports, but very largely to an increase in the prices of commodities. Between 1910 and 1917 there was an increase of about 233 per cent in the total value of our exports. But at the same time there was an increase of 200 per cent in the price of pig iron, of more than 100 in steel billets, of 100 in copper, of 100 in cotton, of 135 in wheat, of 84 in beef, of 100 in pork, and so on through the whole list of commodities. It was not that we were selling so much more, but that we were getting so much more for what we sold.

The same considerations apply to the current statistics of our agricultural products, which we have been exploiting into one of the wonders of the world. It is made known, doubtless with accuracy, that in 1917 the total value of those products reached the almost incomprehensible total of $19,443,849,381. In 1910 it was only $9,037,390,744; so that in seven years there was an increase of 115 per cent; whereat the superficial observer might exclaim upon the stupendous progress which our agricultural industries have made.

The fallacy in any such view is to be perceived through making a comparison not merely of the total values but of the quantities and prices of our chief agricultural products in 1917 with those of preceding years. Let us take for this purpose the five years from 1911 to 1915 inclusive, the five years immediately preceding the material influence of the war upon our agricultural economics; reckoning the average total values, amount of production, and price rates, of those years.

The first of our crops in importance is corn. Its total value in the five years 1911-1915 averaged $1,644,511,000, and in 1917 it was $4,053,672,000; an increase of more than 140 per cent. Enormous! But "season your admiration for a while." There was in the same period, it is true, a certain increase in actual production. That was from 2,754,164,000 bushels to 3,159,494,000 bushels, or something more than 14 per cent. Thus the increase in production was only one-tenth as great as the increase in value. The difference is of course explained by the fact that the price per bushel rose from 59.7 cents to $1.283, or nearly 115 per cent. It was to the increase in price far more than to the increase in quantity that the increase in the value of the crop was due.

Our second crop is cotton. Its total value increased in the period under consideration from $709,629,000 to $1,517,558,000, or nearly 114 per cent. Splendid, indeed! But if we look a little further we find that the quantity produced did not increase at all, but actually decreased from 14,175,872 to 10,949,000 bales; due, as might be supposed, to a corresponding decrease in the number of acres planted and in the number of pounds grown on each acre. The decrease in production was thus nearly 22.7 per cent, but at the same time the price rose from 10 cents to 27.7 cents,

an increase of 177 per cent, and that was what caused the increase in the total value of the crop.

Third, wheat; the crop in which there is perhaps the chief interest, as of greatest international importance. The increase in the value of the crop has been from $705,890,000 to $1,307,418,000, or more than 85 per cent. But as in the case of cotton, there was not an increase but a considerable decrease in the quantity produced, due to a decrease both of the number of acres planted and the number of bushels obtained from each acre. The decrease in total quantity was from 806,361,000 bushels to 650,828,000 bushels, or more than 19 per cent. But of course there was a great increase in the price per bushel, from 87.9 cents to $2.009, or more than 129 per cent. That was why the total value of the crop so greatly increased.

Take a fourth crop, potatoes. Its value increased from $219,137,000 to $543,865,000, or 148 per cent. There was also an increase in production, from 362,910,000 bushels to 442,536,000 bushels, or 22 per cent; due to increase both of acres planted and of bushels obtained from each acre. Yet it is obvious that the increase of 148 per cent in value was due not so much to the increase of 22 per cent in production as to the increase of more than 103 per cent in price, from 60.4 cents to $1.229 a bushel. The same circumstance is still more forcibly illustrated in a comparison of the potato crop of 1916 with the average of the five immediately preceding years. There was an increase of more than 91 per cent on total value of the crop, while there was not an increase but an actual decrease in quantity of 21 per cent, but an increase of nearly 142 per cent in price.

These facts and figures demonstrate, then, that we are not so much enjoying expansion of commerce and growth of industries as we are experiencing—enjoying or suffering, as you please—expansion of prices. Between the two things there is a vast difference. The one is substantial, the other is unsubstantial. The increase of prices, or of so-called values, is artificial and will prove transitory. For this reason it is far more important that we should find a market for two bushels of wheat where we sold only one before, than that we should content ourselves with getting twice as much as formerly for the one bushel. It is far more important to grow two bushels where only one grew

before, than to double the price for the one bushel. Quantity is a fixed factor; price is fluctuating.

It is, no doubt, a fine thing to have so great a balance of trade in our favor. It enables us to be—and it imposes upon us the duty and the necessity of being—the financial backer of the Allied Nations. But that, after all, is a temporary matter, pertaining to only the period of duration of the war. The far more important questions are, to what extent we shall be able to hold permanently after the war whatever increase there has been in volume and distribution of our commerce, and to what extent the balance of trade will continue to be in our favor—after the special economic conditions of the war are ended and the war-time inflation of prices has collapsed.

It is a fine thing to say, no doubt, that the value of last year's corn crop was sufficient to pay four times over our national debt as it existed before the war. But there is a grim anomaly in the fact that while in 1917 the value of our crops was more than double what it was in 1910, we are now suffering from scarcity of food, though in that former year, with less than half the value, we had abundance. The explanation is of course obvious. There has been little if any increase in production, and there has been a considerable increase in the demand for exportation. But the lesson of it ought to be equally obvious; it ought, as the French say, to strike us in the face. It is the need, set forth months ago in the pages of this REVIEW, of agricultural mobilization and intensive farming.

What we need to do is to shut our eyes to the flattering and delusive figures of vast values through inflated prices, and to open them to those of meagre production. There is no use in talking about how many national debts the value of our corn crop would pay off, or how many automobiles or wrist watches the potato crop would buy. What we need to consider is how, right now in Anno Domini 1918, we are going to produce enough wheat and pork to feed our Allies who are saving our wives and daughters from being ravished by Hohenzollern Huns.

THE REAL SECRET DIPLOMACY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THERE is in England a body of opinion called the Union of Democratic Control, to which I have not myself the honor to belong, but the title and aims of which embody very lucidly and thoroughly almost all that I think about the problems of the war. The very name is a fine and sufficient summary of nearly everything which I shall attempt to say here. If there is one thing in which I have always essentially and literally believed it is democratic control; which is (it should be noted) something much more extreme and drastic than democratic consent. I believe that the people can rule, and that when it does rule, it does so better than any of its rulers. Even where it is unjustly forbidden to rule, and appears only to dissolve and destroy, I am disposed to defend it; I believe that no human institution in history has really so little to be ashamed of as the mob. And when the Union of Democratic Control passes to its more particular object, it satisfies me even more fully. It aims chiefly at eradicating that evil craft of secret diplomacy, by which princes and privileged men cynically make and unmake kingdoms and republics as they roll and unroll cigarettes; and no more think of consulting the citizens of the state than of consulting all the blades of grass before bargaining for the sale of a field. This detestable detachment, inherited from the heartless dynastic ambitions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has been covered in my own time and my own society by the large and optimistic advertisements of what is called Imperialism. I can say without fear or penitence that I have always hated and always done my hardest to extirpate Imperialism, as an ambition of any country, and above all, as an ambition of my own.

It is indeed true that the members of the Union of Democratic Control do not agree with any of these principles,

with which I myself agree so ardently when I read them in their official literature. If it be counted some sort of reflection on a society that its mere individual membership does not happen to include any person who assents to its printed formulæ, the U. D. C. may be held to suffer from such a disadvantage. Of the most eminent member, Mr. E. D. Morel, I can only say that his warm admirers, while agreeing as to the thoroughness of his enthusiasm, are apparently doubtful only about its object; and that in any case the mere evisceration of secret diplomacy can hardly be supposed to satisfy or explain it. He is himself so eminently secret a diplomatist that there is a doubt, not merely about what it is that he does for his country, but about what country it is that he does it for. The other members are mostly widely respected and well-informed men, famous in almost every branch of culture, and for almost every type of conviction; with the exception of those special and peculiar doctrines with which they are accidentally connected by the formularies of their memberships. Probably the most influential are a group of aristocrats, representing the great governing class families of Trevelyan, Ponsonby, Buxton or Hobhouse, whose tradition it naturally is to perpetuate Burke's antagonism to the theory of the French Revolution. And, indeed, one of them only recently refused to submit himself to any popular vote in his constituency, for the explicit reason that the great Anti-Jacobin, who lies buried at Beaconsfield, would not have approved of a representative paying any attention to anything which he is alleged to represent. But in the plain appeal I am now writing, I am concerned with the principles of the Union of Democratic Control; and I am therefore in no way concerned with any of its members.

To those principles, which condemn an undemocratic diplomacy, it is now necessary to make a new and very urgent appeal. For undemocratic diplomacy has returned in a new and even more undemocratic form. It is not merely that the popular opinion has never been expressed, but that it is censored and silenced when it has been expressed. The acts of a mob can be hidden like the acts of a man. Silence does not rest merely on the momentary negotiation of two or three officials; silence can be spread over the desires of whole populations and the destiny of whole provinces. It is not one diplomatist who wears a mask, but a million democrats who are all required to wear muzzles. The chief example of this

new secret diplomacy is the earnest exhortation addressed to the English and French, that they should qualify the vehemence of their Anti-German feeling, out of consideration for the international idealism either of Petrograd or of Stockholm. Sometimes this modification is recommended as a way of securing peace for the world. Sometimes it is only recommended as a way of securing peace within the Alliance. But upon one point all the Stockholm-Petrograd school of democrats is agreed; and that is the need of imposing silence upon the democracies of the West.

Now, while I agree with the internationalists as to the evil of private understandings, I think it the reverse of an improvement to take refuge in public misunderstandings. I think it a bad thing that diplomatists should secretly arrange the transference of French people to the power of the Emperor of China. But I think it worse to declare that all Frenchmen really desire to be Chinamen, lest any hint of the reverse should ruffle the serenity of the Chinese. I think it bad that white men should be despotically driven into an alliance or a war with black men; but I think it worse that white men should be made to black their faces, for fear of disturbing the solidarity of the human race. It is an evil thing that the people should not choose for themselves, but should be tricked beforehand into having something whether they like it or not. But it is a worse thing that we should not even know what they do like; what they would really choose, or perhaps have already chosen. It is the case against secret diplomacy that the masses are never consulted until it is too late; but it seems to be the upshot of the new Pacifist diplomacy that the masses are never consulted at all. For it is idle to talk of consulting the people, if all their most primary passions and bitterest experiences are to be concealed in the interests of a theoretic humanitarianism. And that, and nothing else, is really the claim of those who insist on the Anti-German feeling in England being qualified by concern for less exasperated feeling in Russia.

Now, it is simply a fact, like death or daylight, that the English people, and especially the English proletariat, regards the German of this war exactly as it regarded the Whitechapel murderer, who ripped up poor girls with a knife. Seeing that the German also, as it happens, has ripped up poor girls with a knife, the parallelism of the sentiment is not perhaps so surprising. The English proletarians desired to

find the Whitechapel murderer and punish him; the English proletarians also desire to find the Germans who commanded these German atrocities and punish them. This is the will of the people, if the will of the people ever existed in this world.

It is now necessary to insert here a most emphatic warning against people being misled upon this point by any such sectional incident as a vote in favor of Stockholm, temporarily upheld by certain representatives of certain English Trades Unions. Such votes are variable and, as a basis of argument, quite unreliable. They are unreliable for three successive and decisive reasons, each final without the other. First, it is admitted, because it cannot be denied, that such schemes of representation are so wildly illogical as to be simply meaningless. We should not think much of a scientific assembly in which the men who believe that the earth is flat had as many representatives as those who cling to the more common opinion that it is round. We should not accept as authoritative a congress of religions in which the Scotch sect of the Upstanding Glassites (now, alas, nearly extinct) was represented by serried rows of delegates, covering as many benches as all the Catholics or all the Mohammedans put together. We should not bow down to a representative system which brought out the remarkable result that as many Englishmen wear sandals as wear boots; or that the earnest students of Scripture who think it wicked to have their hair cut are as numerous as those who observe the rite at more or less reasonable intervals. Yet this was strictly, literally, and indeed admittedly, the composition of the so-called Labor Conference now in question; in which enormous over-representation was given to tiny Pacifist groups holding opinions rather rarer than the opinion that the earth is flat. Second, even this disproportionate and absurd assembly admittedly voted under a complete misapprehension about the most decisive question of fact. They voted because they had been distinctly told that their allies in Russia insisted on a discussion at Stockholm, at which the English case could be put against the German. As a fact, the Russian Revolutionary Government did not so insist. Secondly, therefore, even if the meeting had been representative, it would have voted on a misrepresentation. And, thirdly, even if the fact had not been entirely misrepresented, and if the Trades Unions had been formally and legally represented, there is an obstacle more absolute and unanswerable than all the rest.

It is the fact that no sane man denies the sight of his own eyes and the testimony of his own ears; it is the fact that we deal today with deadly realities, and have no patience for political fictions; it is the fact of the nature of fact. I know that most Englishmen, and especially most poor Englishmen, are furious with the Germans, exactly as I know that most of them think it desirable to wear clothes or prefer cooked meat to raw. The man who pretends to doubt it would pretend to doubt the nose on a man's face, because it slightly differed from the nose in his portrait. Representation, at its best, does not profess to give anything more than a picture or emblem of the multitudinous mind of the people. When that mind is so unanimous and so uproarious that anybody can see it in the street, and almost breathe it in the air, the man who prefers to believe the figure rather than the fact is something very much worse than a lunatic. I stress this parenthesis because I conceive myself primarily to be bearing witness to facts for the benefit of foreign opinion; and whether or no the internationalists think this popular feeling should be gratified, it can do no kind of good, even to their own cause, that they should be simply ignorant of anything so human and so huge.[1]

Now a democrat, for whom democracy is a living conviction and not merely a long word, has nothing whatever to do, *qua* democrat, with the wisdom or perfection of a popular demand as any modification of its political right. When he is sure of the people's will, he must admit the people's authority, if he is a democrat, and if he is also an honest man. That all retribution or expiation is barbaric may be a part of enlightenment, but it is not a part of democracy; and any use of it to evade a general demand is a denial of democracy. To believe that the German criminal will spontaneously repent of his crimes may be in itself charitable, but it is not in itself democratic; and if it is used against the general will it is anti-democratic. Particular men who hold the democratic thesis may also hold that men should not be punished for murdering girls. For that matter, they may hold that men should not be discouraged from murdering girls, or that men should be warmly and enthusiastically urged toward murdering girls. But they do not hold these things as part of the democratic

[1] Since this passage was written it has been more than justified even by the Trades Union Congress, which has itself returned to the popular patriotic view of Stockholm. The passage is now hardly necessary, but it is still true; but it is an understatement of the truth.

thesis; and, if they let them prevail against the general will, they do not believe in the democratic thesis at all. In the case of the English people there is only one possible alternative. Either Germany must pay for the wrong which the people believes it has suffered; or else the people has no right to have an opinion, or no right to express an opinion, or no right to make that opinion prevail.

But it will no doubt be very earnestly urged that an opinion may be democratic in appearance while being very undemocratic in origin. It is implied that the Anti-German feeling in England was officially and therefore artificially produced. It is contended, to summarize briefly what is to be said for this view, that our diplomatists had darker motives for spreading a theory that a British promise when made to Belgium ought to be kept, and that a German promise when made to Belgium ought not to be broken. These intellectual departures, it is implied, were first encouraged by a small knot of officials a few years ago; and so subtly disseminated by them that they have since come to have much the appearance of being the common morality of mankind. In the same way these British sophists so prepared the soil of our mentality, that when a German soldier (in the fulfilment of his native discipline and natural duty) killed the village priest as a punishment for the patriotism of the village atheist, it seemed almost as if we should always have regarded such an action as in some way unreasonable or unjust. The ordinary mass of men (it is argued) would inevitably have thought it natural that the village priest should be regarded as having performed the actions of the village atheist, or even of the village idiot, had not the subtle, fluent, brilliantly eloquent and bewilderingly universal philosophers who are the younger sons of our English county families and the products of our English public schools, misled the multitude by the music of their rhetoric and the audacious novelty of their reasoning. In short, it is explained that our statesmen and diplomatists have managed to persuade us, not only that we have a wholly academic antagonism to the abstract disruption of a compact or disregard of a signature, but that we have also certain detailed grievances, against treating non-combatants as combatants or calling a watering-place a castle. The statesmen have schemed at Westminster and Windsor; the diplomatists have intrigued at Vienna and Petrograd; and so the whole atmosphere of Europe has been gradually heated, until we

fancied there was something alarming about the look of a Zeppelin and imagined some superstitious immunity to have attached to a hospital ship.

I may be excused if I absolve myself from the further strain of stating this thesis seriously; but it is a thesis on which our enemies almost entirely rely. As it happens, it is not only intrinsically imbecile, but is relatively the precise reverse of the fact. It is not so much an injustice to the British Government and governing class as a gross and very excessive compliment to them. It attributes to them much more foresight than they had, and an attitude in which they would since have been entirely justified if only they had had it. It supposes the governing classes to have been the Anti-German influence. As a fact, it was the governing classes who had always been the Pro-German influence, and the only Pro-German influence. It is the real and very damaging joke against the most educated part of England, that for decades past it had been trying to educate the mob, and trying to educate it all wrong. The universities were Pro-German, the fashionable philosophies and religions were Pro-German, the practical politics, the social reform and slumming were all copied from Germany; for it is the whole art of slumming to pay no attention to the opinion of the slums. Only in the slums would you have found already a resentment against the German shopkeeper, more especially as the German shopkeeper was commonly a German Jew. Similarly the great aristocratic statesmen, like Salisbury and Rosebery, kept in close alliance with the German Emperor; the great quarterlies and the graver magazines discussed him as the architect of Germany and the arbiter of Europe. It was only the coarse caricaturists of the gutter who called him then the lunatic they all call him now. If the German controversialist (as is likely enough) were to turn his whole argument upside down, and maintain that the Anti-German movement was an insurgent tide of illiteracy and lawlessness out of the slums, and almost out of the sewers, submerging in a flood of filth the tradition of the English gentry, he might find a vast deal more to be said for that fallacy than for the other. It might be held that the mob had first moved us to hatred of Germany; I should myself add such a fact to my reasons for believing in the mob. But in truth it was not merely the mob, but something more practical still. There was only one thing that could really cure the Pro-German;

and that was the German. And wherever the German passed, there was no more Pro-Germanism.

There is a very obvious and ordinary reason for the English people being more Anti-German than the English Government. It is the simple fact that the German has made even more direct war on the English people than he has on the English Government. It is an argument arising from the plain facts of the physical situation and physical experiences of the island and the islanders. And the simplest and soundest way of stating the argument is to say that the English hate the German because they know him. It is here that all humanitarian generalizations, however true in many cases, about the distant interests of diplomacy and the exclusive information of diplomatists, are in this particular case completely irrelevant and pointless. It is perfectly true that princes and politicians can teach an ignorant people that a far-off foreigner is a fiend; I should say that this was true of our view of Russians in the Crimean War. It is not in the smallest degree true of our view of Germans in this war; for the simple reason that the foreigner is not far off and the people is not ignorant—at least, it cannot possibly be ignorant of the foreigner. And if Englishmen think the foreigner is a fiend, it is solely because they think, rightly or wrongly, that he behaves like a fiend—not to their government, but to them. It was possible to tell a Victorian Englishman that a Russian knouts women and lives on tallow candles; for a Russian, like a Chinaman, was physically so remote as to be unreal; and these fables were told about him because he himself seemed almost fabulous. But it is not necessary to tell a modern Englishman that a Prussian treacherously drowns poor fishermen, or pours poison and flame on peaceful and unprotected villages; any more than it is necessary to tell a modern Englishman that cats eat mice or that mice eat cheese. It is quite useless to say that subtle diplomatists have conspired to misrepresent the mouse; or that an arrogant monarchy is angry with the cat because it looked at a king. That Germany has suffered wrong from our statesmen is arguable; that she has inflicted wrong on our citizens is self-evident. To say that these things are merely incidents of war is merely to quarrel about words. The fact which a democrat will feel important is that fact that this democracy does regard these acts as something much worse than war. The Germans, for instance, have poisoned wells; and the wicked-

ness of poisoning wells has long been an ordinary English proverb and figure of speech. The Germans introduced the use of venomous vapors in battle; and the poor people whose sons and husbands have been "gassed" do in fact speak of them in a style never used about other wars, in which they have been merely wounded. In the presence of this popular feeling all the international talk about quarrels manufactured by governments is perfectly true and perfectly irrelevant. Cynical British statesmen might have poisoned men's minds against Germany. But the indignation is there because men's bodies have been poisoned by Germans. Sensational journalists might have taken away the characters of a race of foreigners. But the feeling has not been created by the taking away of characters, but by the talking away of lives.

This democratic decision was embodied and emphasized in the famous refusal of the Seamen's Trades Union to take Mr. MacDonald to Petrograd. Here again it is quite possible to talk of the intrigues of politicians; and here again it is quite irrelevant. Anyone who chooses is at liberty to say that the strike may not have been spontaneous, or may have been prompted by a secret government order; just as he is free to say that it may have been prompted by an ancient English prejudice against Cossacks or by an ancient Highland feud against MacDonalds. But if anybody says that such a strike *could* not have been spontaneous, or *must* have been prompted from above, he simply knows no more about any kind of poor Englishman than I do about the man in the moon. At any moment any number of any sort of English proletarians might have made an indignant demand for reparation for German piracy. Any number of them at any time would have distrusted the diplomacy of Mr. MacDonald, in so far as they have ever heard of Mr. MacDonald. Whatever prompted that particular strike, there was popular opinion enough to prompt a hundred of such strikes. And popular opinion does sometimes express itself, even through the modern machinery of representative self-government.

The side of the question may be summed up by saying that talk of the intrigues of governments and the slandering of peoples is pointless for a perfectly simple reason. It is, that the popular case against Germany does not rest on the disputed, but on the undisputed things. The things the English denounce are not the things the Germans deny, but the things they cannot deny. The violent perjury which

waged war on a people who had grown up unarmed under a permanent promise of peace, may have been a mere modification of modern diplomatic methods; but there is no doubt that the Germans did it, and no doubt that the English detested it. The launching of enormous airships useless against armies and useful only to create panic by the killing of civilians, may be only a little artistic touch added to the latest scientific armament; but there is no doubt that these machines were regarded with admiration in Germany and with horror in England. The scuttling of poor little boats plying peaceful and ordinary trades may be a mere alteration of detail in international arrangements; but even the Germans will not deny that they do it, and even the Germans will not deny that the English are shocked at it. Here there is no possible question of diplomatic distortions or travelers' tales; the facts are admitted and, in the English popular view, the facts are final.

The matter therefore seems so far to resolve itself into the very simple question of whether the democratic conference of Europe shall or shall not express the real views of the real democracies. If it is to express them, there is not the shadow of a doubt, in the case of the allied peoples in the West, about what those views really are. It is, I suppose, physically possible (though morally most improbable) that they should be forced to renounce these opinions by the prolonged torture of a pitiless war; just as it is possible for a philosopher to be forced to renounce his opinions on the rack. But that is not the procedure now most favored in the enlightened school of international democracy, as a method of finding out a man's opinions. It is presumably possible in the abstract that we should be physically compelled to pay attention to German proposals, as we might be physically forced to pay ransom to a brigand; but we should not say he was an international fellow-worker; we should say he was a blackmailer as well as a brigand. The fact remains that, upon the worst and wildest possibility, our public testimony could only be Pacifist if it were tortured or terrorized; it could not possibly be so as long as it was true. I repeat therefore that the question simply is whether the democracies are to dare to say what they mean; or whether a few self-appointed public orators are to announce to the world that they mean something else, which we all know they do not mean. This strikes me as involving a degree of meekness and self-effacement in the masses infi-

nitely more abject and absolute than that demanded by the old despotic foreign policy of which I have always disapproved. We talk of denouncing secret diplomacy; but at least the diplomacy did not have to be secret. That a policy was concealed from the people was itself a confession of the power of the people. Princes and chancellors hid themselves in dark places from a thing like a thunder-cloud or a deluge: democracy. But now a man may say in broad daylight that all democrats believe that black is white; and it must be received in religious silence. For those who were once hailed throughout the world as democrats are democrats no longer. The democrats have all become diplomatists. In truth, we have all become secret diplomatists, and must forever hide our hearts from each other; for in each will be the dark tale of a justice which we desired and dared not demand.

G. K. Chesterton.

WAR LOANS VS. BUSINESS AS USUAL

BY BENJAMIN STRONG

Governor, Federal Reserve Bank of New York

Two great Government war loans have now been issued, which have gathered into the Treasury $5,800,000,000. Our Government also had outstanding March 6th over $2,600,000,000 of short notes, together representing $8,400,000,000 of war borrowings concluded in six months and, in addition, taxes have been paid by our citizens amounting to many hundreds of millions. People are beginning to ask how these loans and tax collections may continue at such a pace during a possible long war when the estimated national savings is but somewhere about $6,000,000,000 a year.

In general it may be said that after the Government has borrowed all the uninvested fund of savings, further loans must rest upon bank expansion else borrowing must stop. The conclusion is obvious, that increased savings mean a corresponding curtailment of expansion, a sounder loaning and financial condition for the nation and, even more important in the long future, habits of individual thrift. But what is the relation between thrift and war loans, and how may thrift be practiced without imposing great losses upon merchants and manufacturers who would both pay taxes and buy bonds if they were prospering under the influence of the illusive slogan "Business as Usual"? To answer this, we must accept as realities some very obvious conclusions as to a nation's wealth and how it may be diverted from the uses of peace to those of war. The wealth of a nation is not alone its natural resources, for, were it so, this country would have enjoyed greater wealth before its discovery and settlement than at present, since we have consumed much of its natural resources in the last 400 years. Nor is it population alone, for, in that case, China, India or Russia would enjoy wealth far greater than ours. The wealth of a nation

is what it produces from its natural resources, by the application to them of the labor of an energetic population so that their products may be used and enjoyed and made serviceable for further production, leaving out of account the less important wealth represented by investments, or services rendered, in foreign countries. In time of peace, the production of a nation is roughly equal to its consumption, plus what it uses in its foreign trade. When war comes, production must be increased to meet the appalling wastage of war, and, if the war is extensive and long, the amount of labor required for production of both peace time consumption and war consumption is insufficient, and is soon reduced by withdrawal of men for war making. The demand of those who want consumption as usual, meaning "business as usual," is the natural conflict of peace conditions with war conditions; in other words, competition of the individual consumer in the markets for labor and material with the Government which needs labor and material. The "wealth" of the nation will not prove sufficient to meet the demands of both. The time soon arrives when unnecessary consumption must be reduced or stopped, else this bidding of individual against Government will advance prices of labor and materials to prohibitive levels. Expansion in bank loans and deposits and inflation of currency issues will be a necessary accompaniment, and the whole economic structure will be undermined. This is "economic exhaustion."

Various means of minimizing these evils are possible, and we must set about employing them. Our reward will be certain in later years. The more important steps to be taken are:

First: Reduce the consumption of luxuries.
Second: Avoid waste in the consumption of necessities.
Third: Develop more effective application of labor to production.
Fourth: Bring women into productive occupations.
Fifth: Economize the use of credit.

But some one will at once say that by this programme his business, say that of manufacturing musical instruments, is ruined because he produces a luxury. And the grocer may see vanishing profits if his trade in luxuries is stopped and in staples curtailed; and the laboring man see lower wages if his work is made more productive and women employed in addition, and the banker see less interest profits if he curtails loans to

customers of the " luxury " class. This is all true enough—in fact so true that it appears as though here must be the root, or some of the many roots, of the evil of " business as usual."

The changes and adjustments forced upon us by war can not all be brought about at once. Just now, with general economy the theme of every lecture, we hear many cries of protest, each indicating in turn " whose ox is being gored." If every change ultimately necessary were instantly accomplished, no harm would result to anyone; possibly some personal discomfort due to self-denial would be felt, but labor would find new kinds of employment, manufacturers new kinds of production, traders new articles of trade, and banks new customers. Were only a few readjustments made at once and others allowed to wait, our plight would resemble that of an excursion boat whose passengers all rushed at once to one rail. It might capsize.

These war readjustments should proceed as rapidly as possible, each at a rate so adjusted that labor will be constantly employed, but with no shortage of labor, so that each manufacturer can adjust his affairs and apply his power, his machinery and his organization to some war need; each affected trade liquidate old lines and introduce new and essential ones; each bank reduce loans for unnecessary purposes as it expands loans to Government and customers for war purposes.

Of course, no such ideal readjustment is possible in its entirety and in detail. Some injuries will occur, losses will be sustained, the balance of employment and supply of labor will not be exactly preserved. Only when we take a national, rather than a personal view of the matter, do we see that our problem is both to win a military war, which, if lost, may mean our destruction, and to conduct an economic war, which, if lost, might well cost us as dearly as the loss of the military war. For, to preserve our economic strength, which is fundamentally the ability to produce goods and finance their production and distribution cheaply in the world's competitive markets, including our own, will give us the comforts of a future free of so heavy a war mortgage that we can at once go about our business without the usual post war prostration.

Failure to readjust so as to bring about curtailment of unnecessary consumption by individuals and thereby set free goods and labor for war consumption by the Government

means that we must conduct the war by the employment of goods and labor at constantly increasing prices. That makes war more costly, makes the burden of taxation heavier and the total of the Government's borrowings greater. All of the goods and labor employed for war purposes are produced and employed during the period of the war and not by future generations of producers. If the price level at which war is conducted is indefinitely advanced because of competition between the individual consumer and the Government, the Government's borrowing needs are just so much greater. The loans to provide the sinews of war furnished by those who buy bonds become in effect a mortgage on the nation's future income to be liquidated by future generations of taxpayers.

If the science of Government were so perfected that this ideal transformation could be brought about, the following consequences might be assumed:

First: The consumption of raw materials would be limited to the manufacture of personal necessities and war materials.

Second: The product of labor would provide in part or wholly the net increased consumption of goods caused by war.

Third: There would be little, if any, shortage of labor, for it would not only be more effective, but women would replace men drafted into the army and navy.

Fourth: Advancing prices would be checked, both for labor and materials.

Fifth: Credit required for production and distribution of luxuries and to finance waste would be saved for the Government's needs.

Sixth: The "wealth" of the nation, destroyed in war, would more largely be furnished out of economies practiced.

Seventh: The Government would need to borrow less as its supplies would cost less, and would pay less interest because the supply of credit would not be burdened with the load of "business as usual."

It is claimed, as may be true enough, that even so visionary a programme would not enable the "wealth" of the nation to meet the demands of war. Then, indeed, we must accept a carefully safeguarded plan of expansion to make up the balance. Our people must to that extent mortgage their future "wealth," the product of their future labor applied

to our resources, and do it cheerfully. That mortgage on our labors of the future will largely be the loans, both those made by our Government and those made by individuals to enable them to pay taxes and to buy bonds of the Government. With the mortgage kept at the smallest possible amount, we may confidently expect that greater efficiency of labor, a lower price level, and stronger bank reserves than other nations, will allow us to emerge from the war, weakened to be sure, but not exhausted, and stronger than most others.

There seem to be four procedures immediately necessary, some of which are already under way:

First: Some control of raw materials by the Government.

Second: Education of the public as to how they should *not* spend their incomes.

Third: Education of laborers as to where they should work.

Fourth: Education of bankers as to what loans should be gradually reduced or discontinued.

The effect of the fourth item of the programme is the only one to be considered here. It directly relates to the contest of "War Finance vs. Business as Usual." If the bankers of the country were able to curtail unnecessary and wasteful borrowings by their customers, loans, the proceeds of which are used to build or improve homes, extend plants and businesses pertaining solely to luxury, build places of amusement, and for many other purposes which I purposely refrain from enumerating, all of these bankers would have surplus credit to employ in loans to the Government or industries vital to its war needs. Those from whom credit was so withheld would be restrained from the employment of labor and materials, many would liquidate some part of their inventories and not replace them, so also saving labor and material, and, equally important, the lessened use of credit would reduce loans and deposits, increase the ratio of bank reserves, reduce interest rates and facilitate the Government's financial programme.

A cautious but deliberate and voluntary policy along these lines would be safer, more equitable, and, probably, as effective as the only alternative, which is higher rates of interest, along with higher prices for everything. The natural check to expansion in time of peace is the prohibitive interest rate, combined with over-production induced by ris-

ing prices. In war times, the operation of this law proves embarrassing because of the excessive rates which the Government must pay for loans, and the corresponding shrinkage in security values sold in competition with Government bonds. Other serious dangers accompany the elevation of prices and interest rates. In a long war it may seem to become an endless race with the dog chasing his tail in a circle.

These problems must not only be faced courageously, but dealt with intelligently. The fathers of young men who are serving their country in the army and navy are proud of the sacrifices they make. Too often, however, when the sacrifice appears at the altar of business, where we have so long worshipped false values, we shrink and protest.

Some, unfortunately, must sacrifice their sons, others some part of their business prosperity, and still others may face the ordeal of a double sacrifice of both. It is one of the awful consequences of war. Let us devote ourselves to avoiding an unnecessary sacrifice of both boys and business by ordering our affairs so that we are not consuming the supplies at home which our armies need at the front.

BENJAMIN STRONG.

THE COMING COPPER FAMINE

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THIS is a war of metals, and one vast and vital side of it, the side of munitions and material, will need for its proper telling a historian who is something of a metallurgist and a good deal of a manufacturer. He will have to show how it was the seizure, forty-five years ago, of the iron ore beds of Alsace-Lorraine that alone made it possible for Germany either to begin or to sustain the present war. He will have to trace out the immense advantages that accrued to her when in its first few weeks she overran Belgium, one of the most intensively industrialized countries in Europe, and seized all its workshops, its tools, its coal and iron mines; when she captured the coal-fields of northeastern France, the iron ore districts on the Lorraine frontier, and the great manufacturing city of Lille; and when the Pennsylvania of France, the region from which France derived three-fourths of her steel, had thus fallen into the enemy's hands. He will have to follow the effects of these prodigious developments the world over—in Britain, first of all, as the main workshop and arsenal of the Alliance, in America next as the chief producer of raw material, and lastly in every land whose resources, thanks to British sea-power, have been harnessed to the service of the Allies. The uses and properties of steel and copper, of antimony, lead and tin, of spelter, tungsten, and mercury and of a host of other metals and substances will have to be known to him; and the struggle to get them and to make the most of them will form one of the most amazing and fascinating volumes in his whole narrative.

Especially, for the drama there is in it, will he keep an assiduous eye on copper. If one cannot quite say of copper, as one can of steel, that it furnishes the base for the whole monstrous mechanism of modern war, one can at least say that among the indispensable metals in a belligerent's armory

it holds the second place. Every rifle cartridge case contains nearly half an ounce of the purest copper. Every bullet that flies from a machine gun has been enclosed in a casing of copper and zinc, gas-tight and exact to a five-hundredth part of an inch. Every shell that is fired, whether shrapnel, high explosive, or armor piercing, is encircled with a copper band to prevent contact between the shell and the gun-barrel and to ensure close fitting in the rifling. Every fuse has copper among its constituents; it is the chief element in Admiralty gun metal; for field telephones nothing else will do; and in war as in peace the whole electrical industry comes to a standstill without it.

Before 1914 Germany was producing on an average some 26,000 tons of copper. She may conceivably, and with the help of the Austrian mines, have increased her production to somewhat over 30,000 tons a year. But that is probably not much more than a fourth or a fifth of her imperative war needs. In normal times Germany required about 250,000 tons of copper annually. During the war, even after every domestic use of the metal had been restricted to a minimum, it is difficult to see how she could get along with less than from 125,000 to 150,000 tons, that is to say, between four and five times as much as she had ever raised from her own soil. For the past three and a half years, therefore, by no means the best of Germany's problems has been to make good an annual shortage of 100,000 tons of this prime military essential.

How far she has succeeded in solving it is, of course, unknown. But the methods she has adopted in attempting to solve it are by now fairly familiar. First, she drew on her accumulated stores. There cannot be much doubt that, having intended the war and prepared for it, Germany had canvassed its copper aspects in advance. In the five years before its outbreak she was an unusually heavy buyer of the metal. It has been ascertained that during that period she imported 200,000 more tons of copper than went into her export business. At what figure her reserves actually stood in August, 1914, one cannot tell. But they were unquestionably large enough to meet the demands of the brief, triumphant campaign on which the General Staff confidently counted.

Secondly, Germany proceeded to import all she could from neutral countries. That source of supply has by now been pretty well cut off, but in the early days of the war it

flowed freely. In September and October of 1913 Italy, the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden imported under 11,000,000 pounds of copper. In the same months of 1914 they imported over 52,000,000 pounds, and there can be little question that some of it, probably a good deal of it, found its way into Germany. The British blockade at that time was poorly devised and ineffectively enforced. The official list of contraband goods did not, for instance, include copper regulus or matte which might contain up to seventy per cent. of copper; and inexperience and an anxiety not to tread too heavily on America's toes forfeited in the matter of copper as with a good many other commodities some of the advantages of supremacy at sea. The temptation moreover to neutral exporters was irresistible. Even before the end of 1914 any one who could land a ton of copper in any form across the German frontier could get for it £160 paid down in gold.

But most of all the German Government relied on the ingenuity and self-sacrifice of its subjects at home and of their friends abroad to supply it with the copper it needed. The chemists and metallurgists and manufacturers were set to work to devise substitutes. As early as April, 1915, the Allies picked up on the battlefields many German fuses made not of copper but of aluminium with a small cap of iron. They were not altogether a success; the shells, being overlight at the point, too ofter fell sideways and failed to explode. In other directions German technologists may have had happier results in their search for an alloy to take the place of copper, but we shall have to wait till the end of the war before their efforts can be known and studied. Meanwhile the capture of some Serbian copper mines partially relieved the situation. The German Government paraded its acquisition for all it was worth, dispatched six thousand miners to its new treasure-trove with the utmost publicity, and did what it could to persuade the German people that mines which produced before the war hardly more than seven thousand metric tons and the machinery of which had been largely destroyed before their capture, would now meet the war requirements of the German Empire.

That pretence, of course, could not be kept up for long. The German people have had their shortage of copper very sharply brought home to them in their homes and daily lives, and they have shown a fine spirit in endeavoring to overcome it. Some enthusiast estimated in the early days of the war

that there were 2,000,000 tons of copper in domestic and manufacturing use in Germany. The Government at once took steps to get as much of it as it could. In Hamburg alone, over two years ago, there were twenty-nine stations for collecting copper utensils. In January, 1916, the surrender of all articles of copper, brass or nickel was made compulsory. Since then the whole Empire and all the conquered territories have been gone over with a fine tooth-comb in the search for copper.

The fifty-four castles and residences that belong to the Kaiser as well as the opera houses and theatres he subsidizes have been ransacked for the precious metal. Printers and publishers had to yield their "blocks." The cable tramways in Kiel and many other towns were torn up. The cathedral at Bremen was stripped of the copper in its roofing. Church bells have been pretty generally confiscated. The cemeteries have been searched for crucifixes, crosses and medallions. The holy-water basins in the Belgian churches have been requisitioned. Private householders were urged at first and then ordered to hand over all the copper saucepans, kettles, cauldrons, boilers, cooking utensils, door-knobs, bed-warmers, coffee machines, ash trays, chandeliers, and ornaments in their possession; and a vast service to art and humanity has been rendered by melting down many of the public statues in bronze and copper.

Outside the Fatherland German agents have been incessantly busy on the same quest. They were found over two years ago buying copper and bronze guns at Teheran, Ispahan and throughout Persia. In all the adjacent neutral countries they bought up copper coins by the bushels. The prisoners in German camps when writing home were made to ask for the oddly innocent gift of a copper saucepan. The very herdsmen's huts in the Swiss hills and valleys were visited by German emissaries on the lookout for stray copper utensils. All sorts of machinery were purchased by the German Government in contiguous countries provided that one-third of it was made of copper. Guileless orders for copper lamps and copper motor accessories were showered on the Scandinavian kingdoms. Danish engravers were startled one day by an order for a million copper plates, with the Kaiser's portrait engraved on each, to be shipped as "works of art."

Smuggling, of course, has gone on systematically. All Germany's neutral neighbors at a very early stage of the

war forbade the exportation of copper from their territories. Copper none the less has leaked over the frontiers in a thousand disguises. A Danish captain tried to run forty tons of it as sugar but the bottom dropped out of one of the casks and his game was stopped. Five Dutch subjects were arrested in February, 1915, for trying to smuggle copper under the cargo of a Rhine boat. Railway cars returning from Sweden to Germany were found to be fitted with double sides for holding copper. The British blockading squadrons have found copper buried in orange cases from Spain and hidden in hollow logs and candlesticks. They have intercepted steamers whose names were written in copper letters a foot long. They have unearthed the metal in bales of cloth and wool and bags of maize and linseed from South America, and just two years ago they seized two hundred packages of copper, each weighing five pounds apiece, which German sympathizers in the United States had sent by registered first-class mail to their friends in the Fatherland as a Christmas present.

All these somewhat desperate shifts tell their own tale. They mean that Germany, the greatest importer of copper in Europe, will when the war is over be absolutely bare of it. There is nothing, therefore, incredible in the report that German manufacturers or the German Government have already placed orders for 200,000,000 pounds in the United States for immediate delivery on the return of peace. Before the war nine-tenths of Germany's foreign supply of copper came from America, the supplementary sources on which she counted being Australia, Belgium, Japan, Serbia, and Great Britain, all enemy countries. The Allies, if they care to use it, have thus an immensely powerful weapon in their virtual monopoly of a raw material out of which Germany has built up a considerable export trade and the steady supply of which is indispensable to her industrial development at home.

What applies to Germany applies also to her Allies. The end of the war will find areas in Europe and Asia Minor inhabited by 150,000,000 people practically without a pound of copper among them. And when to these we add the territories that Germany has overrun and despoiled we get a population of not less than 200,000,000 in a state of copper famine. It is not easy to realize all that this means. Our great grandfathers would not have

minded the prospect. Three generations ago an output of less than 10,000 tons a year sufficed for the needs of the entire world. Nowadays we consume annually over 1,000,000 tons. Copper enters into our domestic and industrial lives in a hundred different ways on which the average man never wastes a thought. It is present in every article of brass and of bronze that we use. Wherever there is electricity copper is an essential element. In the existing state of applied science there could be no electrification of a single railway without a lavish use of copper for cables and fittings. Practically all the telegraph and telephone wires the world over are made of copper. It is the best conductor of electricity that so far has been discovered. Many experiments have been made with aluminium but as a conductor it has never yet been found either as economical or as lasting as copper. And apart from this one has only to think of the boilers, stills, cooking vessels, seamless pipes, nails, wire, etching and engraving plates, lightning-rods and writing pens that are made out of copper to get some idea of its manifold uses and importance and of the dislocation that would be caused were the supply to run short or the price to become prohibitive.

But these precisely are the developments with which the war threatens the world. Not only have great and populous regions been denuded of copper, but the production of the metal has been so vastly accelerated by the events of the past three and a half years that the exhaustion of the chief existing mines is now a matter of one or two decades, and no more. The United States at present produces some fifty-five per cent. of the total output. In February, 1914, five months before the outbreak of the war, Mr. Ryan, the President of the Amalgamated Copper Company, declared that the copper available in the United States would be exhausted in fifteen years. Since then the unprecedented demands of the belligerents must have considerably reduced his estimate of America's productivity. The copper output of the United States in 1913 was 557,000 metric tons. In 1916 it was 880,000 tons.

One must carry in one's head the copper statistics of the past hundred years to appreciate the significance of the situation that is now shaping itself. Three generations ago, as I just said, the world got along with an annual copper production of less than 10,000 tons. In the 'twenties some 13,000 tons sufficed; in the 'forties, 29,000; in the 'sixties, 90,-

000 tons. For the first seventy years of the nineteenth century the annual average consumption was 32,000 tons and no more. Then came the dawn of the electrical age and with it a vastly increased demand for copper. For the three closing decades of the last century the average annual production was nearly eight times as much as during the previous seven decades. From being 32,000 tons a year it rose to 240,000; during the first decade of the present century it increased still further, to all but 700,000 tons a year; and in the six years since 1910 it has averaged over 1,000,000.

Copper, in other words, has only won its position as an indispensable metal within the last forty or fifty years. Less than one-fourth of all the copper raised in the nineteenth century was produced in the first seven decades, and more than three-quarters in the remaining decades. Roughly, one may take 1870, or even perhaps 1880, as the beginning of the copper era. Between 1881 and 1890, for instance, its production increased by all but one hundred per cent.; in the following decade by an additional fifty-six per cent., and between 1901 and 1910 by a further eighty-eight per cent. In the past sixteen years the world's output has been nearly fifty per cent. greater than the entire production for the whole of the nineteenth century; and the figures for 1916 alone, showing a production of 1,450,000 tons, exceeded the total production for the twenty years between 1851 and 1870, and were some thirty per cent. greater than the figures for the whole of the ensuing decade between 1871 and 1880.

The demand for copper, then, while accentuated by the war, was not caused by it. It has been growing continuously, and at times almost violently, during the past four decades as part of the natural process of industrial development, for which the new uses that have been found for electricity are mainly responsible. It would have gone on growing even if there had been no war. What the war has done to copper is to accelerate its production, to divert a great deal of it from industrial to belligerent purposes, to impose a severe and unexpected drain on existing sources of supply and to create conditions in which, when peace returns, the world, needing copper more than ever, will have to draw heavily on its already depleted reserves.

This brings us to the question of how long these reserves are likely to last. Copper is found more or less all over the world's surface. There are believed to be vast deposits of it

in both the Arctic and Antarctic regions. It is being mined in Central Africa, in the United States, in Spain, in Chile, in Australia, in Japan, in Russia, in England, Scotland and Wales—in fact, the countries are few where it does not occur in greater or lesser quantities. On the other hand, the countries are fewer still where the beds are rich enough and accessible enough to have any appreciable effect on the world's supply. Not far short of sixty per cent. of the total copper production comes from the United States. That is one of the fundamental facts of the copper industry. Another is the predominance of the few big mines over the many smaller ones as factors in the total production. More than half the entire output—to be exact, fifty-six per cent. of it—comes from only seven per cent. of the companies engaged in copper mining, and sixty per cent. of the companies produce no more than six per cent. of the output. There are some three hundred and thirty-five copper mines working today. Of these, one hundred and thirty-nine, or forty-two per cent., produce less than 500 tons apiece per annum, while twenty-three mines have an average annual output of over 26,000 tons.

The big mine, then, and especially the big mine in the United States, is the main element, if not the crux, of the situation. If we take the six biggest American mines, which are together responsible for about a third of the American output, and calculate their known reserves of ore against their programme of future production, we find that they have before them an average life of no more than twenty-two years. If, again, we add to these half dozen mines the two giants in Chile, that are owned by American interests, we find that on the same basis their average period of productivity may be reckoned at twenty-seven years. That, however, is probably an extreme estimate, unless a policy of deliberate restriction of output is followed. If no such policy is adopted, if the supply is maintained on a level with the demand, then the copper required for the resumption of industrial life in Europe, where, as has been said, areas inhabited by 200,000,000 people will end the war practically denuded of the metal, must still further reduce the productive life of the Transatlantic mines to nearer twenty than thirty years.

A world without copper is inconceivable to the average man. He assumes without question that what has become a necessity of modern life will somehow or other continue to be produced as heretofore; that new mines will be discovered

and opened; that new methods will be invented for working lower-grade ores; that science will produce synthetic copper out of iodine and lead or zinc, or will devise some effective substitute; that copper sooner or later will be got direct from the ore without the intermediate processes of smelting or refining, and that in one way or another an adequate yield will always be forthcoming. And no doubt he is right. Is there any instance of an indispensable metal dropping out of existence through sheer exhaustion of the supply and without leaving behind something equally good to take its place?

On general principles the average man could make out a strong case. None the less, there are certain disquieting facts staring him in the face. The mines that at present produce sixty per cent. of the world's ouput have an active life that is definitely limited to between two and three decades. Other mines are known to exist, but in almost every case climatic conditions or their remoteness from communications render them unworkable. Metallurgists seem to agree that the extraction of copper from low-grade ores has already been carried pretty nearly as far as it can be. Thousands of laboratories are working on the problems of synthetic copper and of an efficient substitute, but so far without even a gleam of success. It takes at least five million dollars and five years of lavish capital expenditure before even a copper mine that has easy access to its market can be made productive. It takes much more, both of money and time, when the mine has to be linked with railways and roads to the outer world. Meanwhile, the demand for copper which has been mounting in great upward leaps for the past thirty years, has been immensely stimulated by the war, and after the war will develop into a world-wide and almost ferocious scramble. We are not faced with any immediate prospect of the disappearance of the metal. We are faced with the certainty of a shortage that among the nations which do not look ahead and guard themselves in advance will be little less than a famine.

The pressure of the world's needs upon the existing reserves of copper was a notable but little noted feature of the decade preceding the war. There are six countries—the United States, Germany, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, France and Italy—that in 1903-4 consumed seventy-eight per cent. of the total output. Ten years later these same countries consumed eighty-seven per cent. In that decade, while the population had increased by only eleven per cent.,

their consumption of copper had increased by eighty-nine per cent. It had risen from 1.61 tons per each thousand of their peoples to just under three tons. If these countries were to carry on into the years of peace merely the normal increase of 43,000 tons of copper a year, which they averaged in the decade preceding the war, they would be consuming 1,607,000 tons in 1925, 1,808,000 five years later, and over 2,000,000 tons in 1935. But, as we have seen, their real demand is likely to be considerably in excess of this estimate.

We do not yet know how much copper any given country can consume. Hitherto the greatest intensity of consumption has been reached in the United States. It stood there in the year 1912 at 3.69 tons for each thousand of the population, having increased during the previous eight years at the rate of just over four per cent. per annum. If we were to take these figures—namely, a four per cent. increase each year and a per capita consumption of 3.69 tons for every thousand of the population—as representing the maximum that any country is likely to attain to, the estimate just given of the probable consumption of the six countries for 1925, 1930 and 1935 would require some reduction in the case of the first two years and a slight increase for the third. Perhaps if we place the copper needs of the world in 1935 at 2,500,000 tons, or nearly two and a half times the average output of the last six years, we shall not be very far wrong.

It is practically certain that the existing mines, even if they are worked to their fullest capacity, cannot in the next seventeen years rise to this level of production. But are they likely to be worked to their fullest capacity, or anything like it? So long as copper is indispensable, those who own copper mines may find it to their interest to limit the output, not in order to maintain prices, but to increase them. If we are really—as we seem to be—nearing a time when copper will be as relatively valuable as diamonds, the big American group that controls the copper production of the United States and Chile, and, therefore, of the world, may think it worth while to imitate the policy of De Beers. Copper in the past half century has been one of the greatest gambling counters of Wall Street, and the price of the metal has been famous for its sudden jumps. Forty-five years ago it reached $540.00; twenty-two years later it touched bottom, at $185.00; exactly ten years ago, in the space of nine months, it jerked up and down between $530.00 and $310.00. The coming years

may easily surpass all the Stock Exchange excitements that have been stirred up in the past by copper; anything that even resembles a find of the precious metal will be floated at once; but copper itself is likely for the rest of our lifetime to enjoy in the metal markets of the world a fairly stable price —the highest.

One thing only can prevent a hold-up of the entire world by the American copper magnates, and that is the discovery of fresh sources of supply. All over the earth men are prospecting for new deposits or reopening abandoned mines. Even in Great Britain, in the Lake district, in North Wales, in Argyllshire, the hunt is on. "There are few important metals," said the British Minister of Munitions, last June, "of which there is greater need for scientific and methodical development in this country than is the case with copper." But it is not Great Britain that can be looked to to mitigate the coming famine or loosen the American hold on the world's copper. The only country from which such possibilities can be expected is Russia, which stands today, so far as copper is concerned, just where the United States stood thirty-five years ago, and which, like the America of that date, possesses vast copper deposits that only await railways and capital for their development. Undoubtedly that development will take place. But for the moment Russia is an Empire in flux and too distracted to give a thought to her hidden industrial capacities, and it is too much to expect that her vast wealth of copper and other minerals can be exploited in time to avert a severe and universal shortage in one of the world's most essential metals.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE PRESIDENT AND PUBLIC OPINION

BY FABIAN FRANKLIN

Germany's sweep into Russia, the dominion she has not only established but flaunted over that once great empire, Roumania's submission to the Kaiser and acceptance of his unsparing terms, have made the " peace offensive " of a few weeks ago seem almost a distant memory. But in its essence, though doubtless greatly changed in form, the question upon which so many minds were centered by the " long-distance negotiations " between President Wilson on the one hand and Count von Hertling and Count Czernin on the other, may recur in a not distant future. That question is whether, in a situation at all resembling that which existed at the time of those exchanges, the idea of a negotiated peace is one that it is possible to entertain. And upon one particular aspect of that question, and an extremely important one, a closing episode of the recent " peace offensive " period offers matter for serious thought.

On the 1st of March Mr. Hughes made a notable address at the meeting of St. David's Society in New York. His words were a solemn warning against the danger of entertaining any hope that in the then existing relation of military advantage as between Germany and the nations arrayed against her, a peace worth having could be obtained in any other way than by the demonstration of superior power and of inflexible determination to win the war. "There could be ", he said, " at this time, it is quite evident, no negotiated peace but a German peace." He did not say that Mr. Wilson thought otherwise. He did not say that the President's address of February 11 in reply to Hertling and Czernin implied that he thought otherwise. He made no criticism whatever of the President. That Mr. Hughes had the address of February 11 in mind is highly probable, nay, almost certain; but whether the warning was designed to have refer-

ence to the actual intent of the President's address or only to the impression which, whether by a true or a false interpretation, was widely put upon it is quite another question. Clearly, if the President did not mean by his address to stimulate the hope of a negotiated peace, Mr. Hughes's speech was not opposition but support; so far from tending to embarrass him, it helped to strengthen his hand by the clearing away of a false and undesired impression. As for motive, it goes without saying that Mr. Hughes was animated solely by devotion to the cause of his country and unstinted loyalty to the head of its Government.

There is no reason to believe that Mr. Wilson himself found anything to object to in Mr. Hughes's speech. But in quarters not remote from the President it appears to have been a stumbling block and a rock of offence. The New York *World* declared that "no matter how amiably" the speech may have been worded, it was "plainly enough in criticism of the President's replies to the Pope, the German Chancellor, and the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister," and that Mr. Hughes had misinterpreted these replies. The Washington correspondent of another leading New York paper stated that in Administration quarters the speech was construed "as nothing more than a questioning of the good faith of President Wilson." These observations, though more or less significant as indicating a certain over-sensitiveness in quarters fairly close to the President, do not call for special comment. But in the Washington letter there occur two statements which, taken together, raise a question of vital interest. The first statement is this:

> The President will not make peace a moment sooner than American public opinion will want it made.

And the second is this:

> Men who talk with the President from time to time come away with the distinct impression that about the most uncompromising person in the world on the subject of a just peace is the Chief Executive of the United States.

Read separately in their context, these two statements may pass, with most readers, as equally satisfactory; brought into juxtaposition, it should be plain to everyone who stops to think that they strike two entirely different notes. Yet there is only too much reason for believing that the confusion of thought which the combination represents is widely entertained.

An incalculable amount of mischief is done by easy-going dissemination of the crude doctrine that the only function of a leader in a democracy is to be the interpreter of the people's will; a doctrine in some sense true enough, but only in a sense infinitely removed from that which would sanction a mere ear-to-the-ground attitude. Even in ordinary times the function of a leader is to look much deeper into the present, and much farther into the future, of public opinion than is possible through a mere count of noses, real or hypothetical; and in time of war that kind of insight and foresight is not only desirable and necessary, it is so indispensable that anything else would mean imbecility and impotence. In time of war the head of the nation must take upon himself the responsibility of deciding not what the people want from moment to moment, or even from year to year, but what, in the light of all that his knowledge, his conscience, and his insight teach him, they will in the long run approve as just and wise.

Now, if Mr. Wilson is "about the most uncompromising person in the world on the subject of a just peace," all is well; if, on the other hand, his state of mind is represented merely by the assurance that he "will not make peace a moment sooner than American public opinion will want it made," all is far from well. Public opinion is subject to strange changes of mood, in actual fact; and as to the outward signs of public opinion, they are so shifting, so various and so liable to being read, even by the most honest of interpreters, in the light of his own inward desire, that to trust to a firm and farseeing policy upon any such basis would be sheer folly. If any one objects to such warnings as Mr. Hughes gave in his speech, he may do so either on the ground that the President is firm as a rock, or on the ground that he will never recede from his position until he is convinced that public opinion demands it; but it is impossible to object on *both* these grounds, for they are incompatible with each other. You cannot at the same time say that President Wilson will be guided by public opinion and that it is reprehensible to intimate any doubt that he will stick inflexibly to his purpose. And not only is the objector bound to choose one horn or the other of this dilemma, but he is wrong whichever horn he chooses. For if the President is subject to the guidance of public opinion, those who are intensely opposed to a certain possible change are called upon to make this known, as their contribution to the expression of public opinion; while if he

is determined to stick uncompromisingly to his position, no better service can be rendered to him than to show that any deviation from it would be regarded by patriotic citizens as a calamity.

As a matter of fact, however, the only endurable supposition is that Mr. Wilson will hold to the course he laid out for himself and for the nation in his memorable war-speech of April 2, 1917, and in his address of December 4, 1917, at the opening of the present session of Congress. Nothing short of an overwhelming demonstration of national sentiment against that course could possibly justify any variation or shadow of turning in the prosecution of the supreme purpose declared in those utterances; and there is about as much probability of such a demonstration as there is of the Capitol being swallowed up by an earthquake. The nation's response to the President's call was instantaneous and enthusiastic; and thus far every month has but served to emphasize the staunchness of its loyalty. Thus pledged to a mighty effort, to the accomplishment of the great task necessary to our safety and the safety of the world, we must stand to the work at any sacrifice. To do otherwise would mean dishonor and disgrace, as well as the destruction of all that we prize as a nation of freemen, all that our country's history has stood for. And no shifting of the blame upon a wavering of public opinion could serve to lift the guilt of it from those upon whom the responsibility of action falls, and above all from the one man with whom alone the decision rests.

Probably no one knows this better than President Wilson himself, and it is to be hoped that all the men of any real weight in his entourage know it too. And there is another thing which they must know likewise, but which they may at some time be tempted to forget or ignore. Not only is it the President's duty to be superior to the fluctuations of public opinion which may be encountered in the course of the war, but it is in his power almost completely to control them, one may almost say to prevent them. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in this tremendous trial of the nation he can make public opinion what he chooses. This is due partly to the traditional respect of Americans for the Presidential office, partly to the extraordinary hold which he himself has established upon the public confidence, and partly to a third factor. The very magnitude of the issues, the enormous range and complexity of the problems involved, the novelty

in American affairs of any such consideration of international difficulties—all this powerfully reinforces the nation's instinctive desire to stand unquestioningly behind the President in time of foreign war. No man but Mr. Wilson himself can shake the people's determination to carry out the programme which Mr. Wilson laid out, to fulfil the pledge which in their name he has solemnly made and solemnly reiterated. Unless he gives the signal to relax, there will be no relaxing of purpose; there will even be an intensification of purpose whenever he gives the signal for that. Never has there been a time when the impulse that the President may receive from public opinion was in such large measure a reflection of the impulse which public opinion receives from him.

In this one respect President Wilson's task is distinctly easier than was Lincoln's in the Civil War. Upon the issues of that war there was serious division of opinion in the North, resting upon long-standing party divisions bound up with the whole history of the Republic. There was constant danger of these divisions manifesting themselves in such shape as to threaten the integrity of the nation's policy. Such opposition, whether open or covert, as exists now to the nation's war policy belongs to a wholly different category. In part it is plainly stamped as of alien origin, in part it represents the attitude of individuals professing doctrines that are of recent date and which have no standing in what may be called the collective consciousness of the people. Against the clear call of militant patriotism the sound of these voices will never be able to make head. Its only opportunity for serious mischief lies in the possibility of a conjuncture of which as yet there is no sign, but against which our minds must be fore-armed. When death and destruction have been brought home to us as they so long have been to the nations of Europe, when the outlook is dark and doubtful, when we shall be suffering real privation at home and grieving for the loss of our best and dearest abroad, then any lowering of that note of militant patriotism will be an invitation to the malcontents to put forth all their latent strength and to gather into their ranks all who are weak of heart or infirm of purpose. But, stupendous as Mr. Wilson's task is in other respects, he has at least this advantage, as compared with Lincoln, that even in that contingency his appeal will be to an essentially undivided nation, not to a people among whom

traditional party divisions gave a certain respectability to the proposals of sedition or disloyalty.

How formidable these proposals became in the closing year of the Civil War, we shall do well to recall and lay to heart now. Everybody knows that the Democratic national platform of 1864 declared that the war was a failure; what is not so well remembered is the degree in which the infection of discouragement and discontent had spread outside the limits of the Democratic party. It was not a Democrat, but Horace Greeley, who wrote to Lincoln on August 9, 1864, almost frantically urging him to stop the war. Let us recall precisely what he said:

> I know that nine-tenths of the whole American people, North and South, are anxious for peace—peace on almost any terms—and utterly sick of human slaughter and devastation . . . I beg you, implore you, to inaugurate or invite proposals for peace forthwith. And in case peace can not now be made, consent to an *armistice for one year,* each party to retain, unmolested, all it now holds, but the rebel ports to be opened.

This may serve to give some idea of the back-fire with which Lincoln had to contend. But he held firmly on his way. And who shall measure what his country, what the cause of liberty and democracy the world over, owes to his constancy? Long before that proposed year of armistice would have expired, the Confederacy had become a thing of the past. The fall of Richmond, the surrender at Appomattox, the saving of the Union for all time, had been accomplished within eight months of the penning of Greeley's letter. And in the interval there had been fought not only great battles, but the political campaign which Lincoln himself at one stage deeply feared would result in victory for the party which had declared the war a failure.

Against just this kind of difficulty, thank Heaven, President Wilson will not be called upon to contend. But on the other hand the real outlook—the actual difficulties before us, the undeniable grounds for discouragement, as distinguished from the mere promptings of a panicky imagination—may offer a far darker prospect than any that presented itself to the North during the Civil War. The desire to yield because of partisan half-heartedness or dissent is so nearly nonexistent that it need not be reckoned with; but the temptation to yield in the face of staggering difficulties may become so great as to require leadership as high and as firm as Lincoln's

to resist. And in order to brace the nation to resist it when it comes, it is essential that the tone of public opinion be steadily sustained at every stage of the struggle. It is an intense realization of this that prompts such warnings as that of Mr. Hughes. Those who feel impelled to make them cannot trouble to inquire too closely what bearing they may have upon the President's state of mind. To gauge that state of mind exactly is beyond the possibility of any but himself; and the matter is one upon which we cannot afford to take chances. Mr. Wilson may know as well as anyone can tell him—he probably does know as well as anyone can tell him—how potent every word he utters may be for good or ill. Vast as are his powers as executive head of the nation, his influence in determining the nation's temper is a factor no less momentous in the shaping of events. And if there be but a shade of doubt as to whether an utterance of his may tend toward relaxing instead of strengthening the people's concentration on the one purpose of carrying the war to victory, then those who know the dangers that may be ahead must speak out and do what in them lies to remove that shade of doubt.

No American can contemplate the burden of responsibility resting upon President Wilson without a sense of its awful, its appalling, weight. It may be doubted whether any human being in all history has been called upon to exercise power so vast and comprehensive, and to make decisions so many-sided and so momentous. No higher tribute can be paid to a man than that which his countrymen are paying to Mr. Wilson when they repose in him a trust commensurate with that power and that responsibility. The consciousness that they do so must be to him not only a source of pride and satisfaction, but an invaluable reservoir of strength. We have gone through a twelvemonth of startling departures from our accustomed ways, of commitments to giant undertakings undreamed of a year ago, of readjustments affecting almost every phase of our economic organization. All this has been done essentially under the guidance of the President, and it has been accepted with a readiness, an absence of serious dissent or disturbance, that is little short of marvelous. But there is a limit beyond which confidence in the President cannot go without becoming an unmanly subserviency, desirable neither from the standpoint of the people nor from his own. The doctrine that the king can

do no wrong was not, even in its palmiest days, understood to cover the acts of the king's ministers. The President of the United States must be—and Mr. Wilson most emphatically is—his own prime minister; to refrain from warning him or the country that he may have made a mistake, or that he may be in danger of making a mistake, on the ground that this implies a want of confidence in him, would be to wrap ourselves in an atmosphere of more than Oriental servility. It would be the worst service we could do him personally, as well as the nation. His great messages of April 2, 1917, and of December 4, 1917, stand unwithdrawn, nor is there any reason to believe that he contemplates any withdrawal from the position upon which he then planted himself and the nation. But dark days are before us—darker days, and more of them, than any of us a few months ago expected to have to confront. Day by day, this will become more fully realized by the nation; and it would be playing the part of the ostrich to shut out from our consciousness the danger at home that will surely arise from the increase of danger abroad. We shall have disloyal Vallandighams lifting up the voices they now dare not raise, and loyal Greeleys yielding to the counsel of panic fear; and it will rest with Wilson, as it rested with Lincoln, to hold fast his purpose in the face of clamor and temptation. He will stand firm; he will not mistake the voice of a hysterical minority, or even a passing mood of the nation, for the deliberate mandate of the American people. But it is for us, so far as in us lies, to strengthen him to hold the rudder true, as it will be for future generations of Americans to acclaim the imperishable greatness of his service.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

NATIONAL SELF-DETERMINATION

BY HENRI LAMBERT

An old aspiration which in relatively recent times has found its rational expression in the "self-determination of nationalities," or " government by consent of the governed," is destined to play a leading rôle in the political reconstruction of Europe and the world. The fate of mankind will largely depend on the right appreciation and application of this " *mundi principium ordinis.*" Such a principle cannot be too seriously tested. Compliance with errors or illusions, pursuit of will-o'-the-wisps, when the gravest issues are at stake, may again lead men to fields prepared for immeasurable ruin and innumerable graves. Welfare and progress can come only from a recognition of truth. Is self-determination, as an aspiration and a political principle, born of unquestionable truth? If so, what should be the method of its application?

This query transcends the domestic issues of the life and development of the smaller nationalities concerned; it raises the whole problem of the organization of a better international life; no satisfactory answer can be given to it if considered by itself, isolated from the general question of the conditions making for greater international justice, harmony, security, thus preparing the advent of a permanent universal peace and the birth of a truer and higher civilization.

As long as nations feel insecurity in regard to one another the peoples will be confirmed in the entirely sound idea that national might, Great Powers, Empires, are necessary. They will, perforce, form compact national blocks and, impelled by vital interests, will refuse to listen to the pleas of sacrificed and wretched subject nationalities. Insecurity will inevitably lead to the formation of the greatest possible national units, the integration of smaller nationalities into empires. It follows that the problem of international security must first

be solved before the gradual disintegration of these great national units and the reconstruction of the world into independent or autonomous nationalities can be attained; only in this way can a natural and lasting readjustment be worked out.

In an industrial and commercial age, when the progress and the very existence of peoples depend fundamentally on their achievements in these domains, it is clear that the satisfaction of economic interests through a just equality of economic rights must form a prerequisite of international security. Economic justice and security are fundamental justice and security. It has been far too commonly overlooked by students, lawyers and statesmen that the policy of nations and the evolution of human progress have been influenced constantly and increasingly by the economic conditions of the period. For nearly half a century justice or injustice in international relations has been fundamentally a question of equality or inequality of economic rights and opportunities. This is not only natural, but in conformity with morality and righteousness, in their truest and highest meaning.

In one of the most eloquent pages of all literature, your original and stimulating philosopher, Emerson—who was, be it remembered, a true poet—wrote as follows:

> Trade was always in the world, and, indeed, to judge hastily, we might well deem trade to have been the purpose for which the world was created. It is the cause, the support and the object of all government. Without it, men would roam the wilderness alone, and never meet in the kind conventions of social life. Who is he that causes this busy stir, this mighty and laborious accommodation of the world to men's wants? Who is he that plants care like a canker at men's hearts, and furrows their brows with thrifty calculations? that makes money for his instrument, and therewith sets men's passions in ferment and their faculties in action, unites them together in the clamorous streets and arrays them against each other in war? It is Trade—Trade, which is the mover of the nations and the pillar whereon the fortunes of life hang. All else is subordinate. Tear down, if you will, the temples of Religion, the museums of Art, the laboratories of Science, the libraries of Learning—and the regret excited among mankind would be cold, alas! and faint;—a few would be found, a few enthusiasts in secret places to mourn over their ruins;—but destroy the temples of Trade, your stores, your wharves and your floating castles on the deep; restore to the earth the silver and gold which was dug out thence to serve *his* purposes;—and you shall hear an outcry from the ends of the earth. Society would stand still, and men return howling to forests and caves, which would now be the grave, as they were once the cradle, of the human race.

This partial and inordinate success by which this institution of men wears the crown over all others is necessary; for the prosperity of trade is built upon desires and necessities which nourish no distinction among men; which all,—the high and humble, the weak and strong, can feel, and which must first be answered, before the imprisonment of the mind can be broken and the noble and delicate thoughts can issue out, from which Art and Literature spring. The most enthusiastic philospher requires to be fed and clothed before he begins his analysis of nature, and scandal has called poetry, taste, imagination the overflowing phantasms of a high-fed animal.

No economist has ever so inspiringly pointed out the basic importance of the economic factors and issues in the problems of human life, and so implicitly their necessarily crucial bearings on national and international political welfare and destiny.

Justice in international relations is above all a policy that favors the economic development of all nations, without excluding any. Doubtless the production of wealth is not the supreme aim and object assigned to humanity, and economic prosperity can never provide the consummation of the edifice of human progress; but it does provide its foundation and its material structure, and the right of every nation constantly to enlarge this edifice is clear and inalienable. And since the growth of the material prosperity of nations is the necessary condition of their intellectual and moral advance—for we cannot conceive of a lofty civilization as a product of poverty —their right to the fullest economic development compatible with the wealth of their soil and their own capacity for useful effort is a right that is natural and indefeasible—a divine right in the holy sense of the term.

Now, the economic development of every nation is inseparable from the ever-widening operations of its exchanges. None can live and prosper economically isolated from the others. Coöperation through economic exchange is thus seen to be not only the main and fundamental fact, but the essential natural right of man in his international relations. Freedom of exchange will be the tangible manifestation and the infallible test of a condition of true justice, of morality, of righteousness, in international life.

If only freedom of exchange can give the required equity in rights and stability of opportunity to the industrial activities of all nations, and thus insure the necessary security to their fundamental life, it must be recognized that, in the absence of such freedom, powerful nations will not, nay,

cannot consent to abandon the conception of prosperity guaranteed and protected by a military power which must itself be attained by expanding territory and increasing population. In a system of international life made of privilege, monopoly, exclusion, the stronger progressive peoples will rightly, by force and subjection, constitute the greatest possible territorial, political and economic units, not only for reason of military power, but also because such a policy offers the sole means of achieving economic liberty, stability and expansion. For the desire to conquer, to annex, to form economic empires at the expense of subject nationalities, there exists, in the very nature and force of things, only one alternative.

Had all nations lived, if only for ten years, under a régime of freedom of exchange and intercommunication, they would see clearly that greater advantages than formerly accrued to them from territorial expansion and imperial centralization of power were obtainable through unrestricted intercourse, and without the evils engendered by the old system of domination. The idea of coöperation and association would replace the idea of power. Peoples would free themselves from the madness of "empires." And gradually, even the great acquisitive nations would cease to find it detrimental to their interests and their progress to accord autonomy or independence to the various nationalities of which they are composed; indeed, free intercourse and the "open door" would prove an immense boon *for all, great and small.*

On the other hand, it appears extremely doubtful whether, under a régime of reciprocal exclusions and inequality of rights and opportunities, with the resulting international rapacity, strife and instability, the smaller nations would have a true interest in separation from the great empires; for their economic and political isolation would mean poverty and decadence or stagnation, with added insecurity.

The coöperative federation of the nations, under a régime of economic freedom, insuring equality and general progress, minimizing jealousies and rivalries, tending to unify interests and identify political conceptions and aims, is the only solution of the question of nationalities that can conceivably be satisfactory and permanent.

From other and most important points of view, the coöperative economic federation of the world is needed much more than a political "league of nations" as the *condition precedent* of a safe and progressive settlement of the problem of

nationalities. Let us not deceive ourselves; the principle of self-determination and self-government, *if applied in unfavorable conditions,* bears germs of national dissolution, anarchy and international wars.

Democratic suffrage and parliamentary institutions, as practiced by the older nations, have not been so successful in achieving national welfare or international safety as to permit great expectations from their adoption by young, uneducated and turbulent peoples. It might well prove better that autonomy, as a step toward independence, should remain to be settled by the great national units concerned *within a limited period* after true fundamental international liberty and security have been established. Meanwhile, the old democracies ought better to exemplify the benefits of their institutions. Democratic self-government is not a national panacea, but only the machinery which is susceptible of smooth running if seriously improved and properly used.

The peril of international disputes might increase in proportion to the number of nationalities if the new nations began their life of independence by adopting the prejudices and committing the errors born of ignorance of economic truth; an ignorance which has led most of the old nations, democracies included, to seek prosperity not in the prosperity of all through coöperation, but in mutual exclusion, monopoly of opportunities, spoliation through the absurd and immoral system miscalled "protection," which leads fatally to war between nations whose "places in the sun" are altogether unequal and insecure. Self-governing nations must be enlightened lest they become international nuisances.

Moreover, are all regional portions of great countries, all ethnical sections of great national commonwealths, to enjoy the right of self-determination? If so, this right would soon turn into general dismemberment and universal anarchy. But if free economic intercourse, with its consequent gradual unification of interests, ideas, morals, institutions (and even language in the form of a universal commercial and familiar idiom) were established as a general principle and actual rule between all national groups, it would no longer matter so much to a man on what side of the border line he lived. National and international tranquility would be much less endangered by ethnical aspirations and local vicissitudes.

Freedom spells justice and morality and proves to be the only safe refuge of man. Sound economics, that is to say,

truth, freedom and justice in economic relations, are, by the very nature and necessity of things, at once the moral basis and the palladium of individual, national and international life.

. If *all* the regional and ethnical interests of the great national units are not to be granted the right of self-determination and self-government, what will be the criterion? Neither race, language, religion, customs, history, geographical proximity nor common government constitutes the main factor in the formation of nationality. It is common economic interests, combined with one or with several of those factors, that makes nationality a vital force. Our economic life and relations are our fundamental life and relations. The true and profound origin of nationalities is economic in its nature; consequently, the question of national welfare must remain an economic issue. Under a régime of free economic intercourse the complexity of the problem would be reduced to a minimum; on the other hand, any settlement that disregarded this freedom would prove artificial and ephemeral.

It therefore seems useful to suggest that the present questions can hardly be answered satisfactorily by the process of plebiscites or referendums.

Why should the vital interests and the political fate of the inhabitants of a given portion of a contested country be definitely and finally determined by the will of the inhabitants of other parts of the country? Why should the political wishes as well as the fundamental interests of an enlightened minority, *and of the whole group,* be sacrificed to the wishes, and often to the blind passions or prejudices, of a majority? Why should countries thus forcibly, by numbers, be affiliated with a greater national unit? In many cases, minorities and majorities may be nearly balanced and subject to changes. Would not the result of a plebiscite then be an error, an illusion, a will-o'-the-wisp? Only autonomy leading to complete independence—the natural and gradual result of the international security engendered by the coöperative federation of the nations—can finally satisfy the various interests of *all* the members of a nationality.

There, moreover, stand against the settlement of these questions by way of referendums and plebiscites divers complications and difficulties which may prove insuperable. It seems as if Nature itself had thus provided for the necessity of a deeper, or of a higher solution: as if, for the happiness

of the smaller nations, and for the safety of the greater, a superior purpose—by no means inaccessible to human understanding, since God does not put us insoluble riddles—required the advent of a state of righteousness, morality, spirituality in international life.

Such a view of the question as is here presented may be considered pure idealism by those " practical men " who profess to deal only with " realities and facts." It may be scorned by the " practical politicians " of the allied countries as well as by those inspired by Germanic ideas, culture and aims. In conclusion, therefore, let us complete our statement by challenging them with this pragmatic argument: It may well be that absolute security and certain peace can exist only when no peoples any longer have reason to desire conquest, and, consequently, none of them has any reason to fear it. Now, liberty of trade relations between two peoples (assuring, as it does, liberty of general intercourse) is *equivalent to mutual annexation* by these two peoples; and the same liberty extended to all peoples would be equivalent to reciprocal annexation by all peoples. No nation would any longer have an important, or even a serious interest in vanquishing other nations and conquering their territories. Given universal freedom of commerce, and it appears that international morality, as manifested by the absence of conquest and war, would become a positive, practical reality.

If it has been shown successfully that the permanent freedom of smaller nationalities is dependent on this final abolition of war and conquest, we are justified in concluding that enduring satisfaction of the legitimate desire for self-determination and self-government can be produced only by such practical international morality as will result from world-wide enjoyment of " places in the sun " and equal opportunities afforded to all nations. Such, even according to pragmatic interpretation, appears to be the will of Nature—against which the will of man can never prevail.

Whatever may be the differing views of men—idealistic or realistic—it is manifest, we think, that only by a rational and scientific (because natural) method of self-determination can the reconstruction of the world, according to national aspirations, provide the future of mankind with a useful and durable framework for a worthier and a higher civilization.

Wrongly put, the problem of self-determination would be insoluble or susceptible only of an artificial and ephemeral

settlement; illogically dealt with, the issues involved are fraught with eminently and imminently grave perils. National self-government is not an unquestionable principle, is not a truth that stands by itself as natural and immanent; it is a political contingency depending on such a progress of morality and civilization as will be marked by international security. Freedom of nationalities cannot be the origin and *cause* of this security and of peace; it can only be the natural, gradual, logical *consequence* of these.

International security and peace must fundamentally manifest themselves in the economic life and relations of the nations. In proposing, as the third of his fourteen articles, " the removal, as far as possible, of all economic barriers and an equality of trade conditions for all nations," the President of the United States has enunciated the moral condition and, we may hope, has laid the moral foundation of a new and better world order, in which national collectivities will gradually find the necessary opportunities for the material and spiritual welfare and happiness of their members. Such will be the result, the blessed fruit, of a Pax Economica.

HENRI LAMBERT.

WHAT WE OWE TO SOCIALIST RUSSIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

On the whole, there seems excellent reason for believing that "Lenin" and "Trotsky," and the pseudonymous persons who have coöperated with them, have been from the first, and are at this moment, paid agents of Kaiser Wilhelm. Much evidence to this effect has been already published; but the crowning proof lies in the application of the profoundly searching principle: "By their fruits ye shall know them." They have done, at every point, exactly what paid agents of Kaiser Wilhelm would have done; and they have done it in characteristically German ways.

Let us try to take an inventory of what we owe to them, so far, beginning at the north, with Finland. The announcement that German forces would occupy the Aland Islands, which command the harbor of Stockholm, is followed now by the further announcement that Germany will occupy the whole of Finland "in order to restore order," and, I suppose, in the interest of "the self-determination of peoples." Well, where does Germany get her pretext for this preliminary annexation of Finland? From the outrageous invasion of Finland by Russian Socialist forces, the so-called "Red Guard" of "Lenin" and "Trotsky." In other words, if Germany had deliberately contrived and concocted a pretext for occupying Finland, with the intention, of course, of turning occupation into annexation, and, as now appears, of setting Kaiser Wilhelm's son on the throne of Finland, she would have arranged for precisely this invasion. We are fully justified, by what we know of Germany's action elsewhere,—for example, by our knowledge of Germany's beneficent intentions for Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, —in coming to the conclusion that Germany did arrange for the Russian Socialist invasion of Finland, and that "Lenin" obediently furthered this arrangement.

Taking the next step to the south, to the Lettish country about Reval and Riga: Germany desired a good pretext for invading and later annexing this valuable Baltic region—valuable through its situation, as commanding Russia's outlet to the sea. What good pretext could be given? Evidently, the best would be the oppression of the German Ost-See landowners, who, to put it mildly, have never enjoyed large popularity with their Lettish tenants. So the "Red Guard" rushed wildly through the Lettish country, producing the requisite number of outrages, and Germany had her pretext. And the point is that here, as in Finland, the pretext was a good one; the presence of German armies is distinctly better than the wild outrages of the "Red Guards." Germany's game, therefore, required Russian Socialist outrages in the Lett country. The outrages were promptly forthcoming. Is it not a fairly sound conclusion that they were produced by Stage-manager "Lenin," at Germany's behest?

Germany next desired a good verbal excuse for annexing, in conjunction with Austria, the whole of Lithuania and Poland. The best possible reason for immediate action—the reason, that is, which would make the strongest appeal to the Pharisaic-sentimental element in Germany—would be, that these regions were menaced by Russian Socialist contagion which, passing through these regions, might contaminate the sacred soil of Germany. And we shall be wise to recognize the fact that the overwhelming majority of Germans hate and abhor Russian Socialism—not because of any moral principle, but because Russian Socialism is so certain to destroy what the German so sincerely worships, material well-being and success. So, in order to reconcile the sentimental element in the Reichstag, to induce them to swallow their protests against "annexations and indemnities," it was necessary to frighten them, to touch them at their tenderest point, their love of material comfort; and the menace of Russian Socialist contagion frightened them in exactly the needed way. So the annexation of Courland, Poland, Lithuania, are accomplished facts, and we shall have no protest whatever from the German sentimentalists. Once again, the ingenious "Lenin" took the precise action that was necessary to bring this about.

We come next to that problematic region called Ukrainia, with its plea for separate national life. The

story of Ukrainia has been often told. The "borderland" between the Slavs and the Moslem Turks and Tartars, it was gradually filled up by a population largely Russian and Polish, with a small admixture of Tartar and Turkish blood, due to the presence of captured women. At first, this borderland was under Polish influence, Poland being, in those early days, much stronger than Russia. But the Polish overlords were exacting and tyrannous, and, in order to escape from them, the Ukrainians, led by the patriot Khmelnitski, sought, and finally gained, an alliance with the Moscow Tsars, in the days of the father of Peter the Great. There were elements which resented this union with Russia; they sought aid from Poland, from Sweden, from Turkey: from all Russia's enemies. Later, this separatist element in Ukrainia was carefully fostered and supported by Austria, working from Lemberg as a strategic base; and the modern "Ukrainian" movement is distinctly Austrian in spirit and purpose.

Austria ardently desired to reach an understanding with the pro-Austrian politicians at Kiev who called themselves the Rada, the Ukrainian National Assembly—a practical understanding, which should mean bread for the starving Viennese. The Rada politicians, on their part, desired to add to Ukrainia all of southern Galicia and northern Bukowina, at Austria's expense. Inspired by this desire, they might hold out for better terms, and thus delay the sending of wheat to hungry Vienna. How could the screw be put upon the Rada? Obviously, by a Russian Socialist invasion, which would frighten the Rada into believing that their own power and pleasant prospects were endangered. So the Russian Socialist invasion was forthcoming; Austrian help was called in to stem it; the claim to Galicia and Bukowina was given up, in part for the solatium of a bit of Poland about Kholm—and the Austrian game was won. Is it not common sense to suppose that this exceedingly timely invasion of Ukrainia by the "Red Guard" was not a mere stroke of luck, a sheer bit of Austrian good-fortune? Austria is, at this point, as clearly beholden to "Lenin" as Germany is in Finland.

One step further south, and we reach Roumania, whose position has been, and is, the climax of this whole eastern tragedy. What pressure could be put upon often deceived and betrayed Roumania, to force her out of the war on

terms that would give up to Germany the Carpathian oil-wells and the Wallachian wheat-fields? Two things might be done: to render Roumania practically bankrupt, and therefore powerless, by seizing her gold reserve, which had been deposited in Moscow; to attack in the rear the Roumanian forces which have courageously held their ground in the face of heavy odds. Well, both "inducements" were promptly supplied. The Roumanian gold reserve at Moscow was seized by the Russian Socialists, and the attack on the Roumanian armies was made by the "Red Guard." And now we are told that "Lenin" has agreed to the payment by Russia of a huge gold indemnity to Germany. So we have revealed, within a few weeks, the real destiny of the stolen Roumanian funds. It was openly announced that, during the critical week when "Lenin" was ousting the equally Socialistic but less resolute Kerensky, officers of the German staff were industriously helping him at Petrograd. No doubt they saw from afar the brilliant cash possibilities of the Roumanian *coup,* and showed the compliant "Lenin" exactly how it might be brought about.

Throughout these transactions, the doings of Austria have been both interesting and instructive: interesting to those who have some insight into the finished methods of Austrian statecraft; instructive, perhaps, to those who are still under the charm of Austrian guile. When it is a question of the character of some one who has the ill luck to be found among a band of thieves, one can get a pretty conclusive test by his attitude when it comes to the division of the spoils. So, now that the Russian bear is being cut up, we have our chance to measure Austria's "good faith."

We are told that, "in accordance with the principle of the self-determination of peoples," "Lenin" of Petrograd will give up to Mohammed V of Constantinople, at the instance of the latter's kind friend, Wilhelm of Potsdam, not only that part of Armenia recently liberated from murderous Turkish tyranny by the brilliant campaign of the Grand Duke Nicholas, but that older part of Armenia which was liberated in the last ninety years; and that, as a kind of tip to Wilhelm for his good offices, Germany will get the immensely valuable oil-wells at Baku, the railroad to Batum on the Black Sea, and the port of Batum, into the bargain. Exactly in what way this is a triumph for the world's proletariat we have not been able to discern. But

one may judge, by this work of supererogation, how very useful and obliging Mr. " Lenin " is. Concerning the strangle-hold which, thanks to the same obliging friend, Germany has already gained in Siberia, enough has been said, of late, in the newspapers, and adequate action seems to have been begun.

But, now that we have roughly enumerated the many kindnesses which " Lenin " has bestowed upon Germany, we should be wise to look the facts in the face. It is no longer the question whether Germany will win the world-war; as regards nearly half the world, that question is closed. *Germany has already won in the East—thanks to Russian Socialism.* To look at the matter from the standpoint of American industry, it will be well to recollect that:

(1) Germany now controls both the oil-fields, in Roumania and at Baku, which seriously competed with American oil, together with the finest deposit of manganese in the world.

(2) Germany now controls wheat lands among the richest upon earth, wheat lands which, including southern Siberia, vie even in area with our own wheat-growing zone.

(3) Germany now controls the one great untouched timber-zone remaining in the world, stretching right across Siberia.

(4) Germany controls the vast leather-producing area which runs across central Russia and Siberia.

(5) Germany now controls immensely valuable mining zones, containing everything from iron to gold, running from the Don valley to Ussuria.

(6) Germany now controls, in the Urals, practically the whole of the world's supply of platinum, quite indispensable to our electrical industries.

That is about where we stand, thanks to Socialism and its faithful support of German policies.

Now let us consider where we stood, just over a year ago, before Socialism got in its fine work in Russia. It will be remembered that, in mid-March, 1917, the Emperor Nicholas II abdicated under pressure from the Duma leaders, Rodzianko, Milyukoff, Gutchkoff and the rest. These gentlemen at that time let it be understood that they took this violent step to save the Allies' cause; that Nicholas II was on the eve of signing a separate peace with Kaiser Wilhelm. And, throughout all the Entente countries, and in

lands then neutral but now, happily, belligerent, this story was believed, and Nicholas II was branded as a traitor.

And, by one of those ironic coincidences in which history is an adept, just one year later, when "free, revolutionary Russia" has signed a separate peace with Germany, and a deeply ignominious peace, there comes the tardy vindication of the Russian Emperor's honor. On March 1, 1918, this cablegram was despatched from London: "Speaking at a dinner given in his honor tonight in London, Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador to Russia, who is now on leave, took occasion to correct the widespread report that, at the time of his abdication, Emperor Nicholas was ready to conclude a separate peace. Sir George Buchanan said there was not a word of truth in this report. Doubtless Nicholas had much to answer for, he remarked, but *he never would have betrayed the cause of the Allies, and was always a loyal friend to England.*"

I should think that no one among the Allies, and, most of all, no one in England, will read that sentence without a keen feeling of shame. After he had fought loyally for the Allies during nearly three years, in the face of enormous sacrifices and losses, the Emperor Nicholas was deserted by the Allies. This loyal friend of England was deserted by England. And today we see the fruit. . . .

One remembers that, a year ago, just after the abdication of the Emperor Nicholas, our newspapers broke forth in a storm of merriment at the expense of Wilhelm of Potsdam. He was warned, with much side-splitting laughter, that his turn would come soon. And we, the readers, were told that the Russian "revolution" filled the German Kaiser and his militarists with wild dismay. There would be a certain humor in reprinting those jubilant prophecies now, but that humor would be grim. . . . The simple truth is this: from the very beginning of the war, Germany watched for the Russian revolution, worked for it, prayed for it; and, when it came, as one may well believe, by German prompting and with German aid, the Kaiser and his war party breathed to their Gott the deepest thanksgiving. They felt that the world-war was half-won. And, on the instant, they sent to Russia, post-haste, the engaging and helpful "Lenin." . . . Which shows just how much Germany feared the Russian revolution. She feared it as a drowning man fears a life-preserver. . . .

One remembers that, within two or three months of Nicholas' abdication, General Brusiloff made this declaration to an English correspondent: "Russia will not be able to bring all her forces to bear before the Spring of 1917; and then she will possess the greatest and most complete army in her whole history. During the year 1916, we have been compelled to fight with a marked inferiority of material and of large caliber guns; the year 1917 will find us masters of a material equal to that of our adversaries, and we shall have, at the same time, an extraordinary superiority of men. This situation will continue in a steadily increasing degree until the end of the war. Our recruits each year are of the best possible quality, infinitely superior to any human material that the Teutons can dispose of, I am convinced, to fight against us in the campaign of the coming year. . . ."

That was the military situation, according to one of the ablest Entente generals, just before the forced abdication of the Emperor Nicholas—an abdication brought about by Milyukoff, Rodzianko, Gutchkoff and the rest because, they told us, Nicholas II was on the eve of making a separate peace. Herr Liebknecht has truthfully declared that, so far as Germany is concerned, "the war was begun by a lie." It now appears that the same thing is true of the Russian revolution. It was begun by a cowardly slander. The Emperor Nicholas "would never have betrayed the cause of the Allies, and was always a loyal friend to England. . . ." For both the lie and the revolution, we are indebted to Russian Socialism.

But we ourselves are not without responsibility. The avowed plan of Milyukoff, Rodzianko and the rest, as I have more than once pointed out, was to inaugurate a constitutional monarchy, with themselves as Ministers. They had no intention at all of establishing a republic, because they had sense enough to see that that form of government would be wholly unsuitable for Russia. And if we look at what has happened in Russia since, we shall see how well grounded that opinion was. Kerensky, so far as he governed at all, governed as a dictator; there was not the faintest pretense, during his brief tenure of power, of self-government. "Lenin" has governed, and is governing, frankly as a despot, with the supine Socialist Sovyets doing his bidding. So far, throughout the course of the twelve

months since the revolution, two bodies only in Russia have shown the smallest power of self-management: the Austrian-trained Rada of Ukrainia, and the German-trained Socialists of Petrograd.

But the Duma plan was checked by the quixotic refusal of the Grand Duke Michael to accept the throne until a Constituent Assembly had endorsed him. So the Duma group, with Kerensky coming more and more to the front and steadily playing into the hands of the Sovyets, formed a Ministry of themselves and then broke faith with the Grand Duke Michael by failing to summon the Constituent Assembly. Within a few weeks they had betrayed the Russian nation and the Russian army into the hands of the Socialists, who swiftly brought that great country to the completest ruin.

I have suggested that we ourselves are not free from responsibility. And our responsibility was incurred at this point: When the abdication of Nicholas II was cabled to America, practically the whole of the press acclaimed "the coming of a new Republic," the triumph of "the American form of government" in Russia. And it is very likely that, daunted by this American acclamation, the Russian Constitutionalists no longer found in their faint hearts the courage to carry out what they knew to be the only wise and practical plan—the establishment of a limited monarchy in Russia with Grand Duke Michael on the throne. While they hesitated, the howling mob of Socialism swept them away.

Has the year which has elapsed led us to a riper judgment? Have we begun to suspect that there may be an element of vanity in the belief that our own form of government must necessarily be the best for everyone else, absolutely fitted for peoples wholly unlike us in ethnical, mental and moral fibre? Have we come to understand that the government which was established here, in 1787, was only possible because the thirteen colonies had already had their training in self-government, on the basis of law and practice laboriously wrought out through centuries of growth—a process of which there was not the slightest trace in Russia? Have we at last come to understand that the Russian, guided almost wholly by feeling and imagination, demands, by the very structure of his soul, a government that shall appeal to his feeling, his imagination—and that no other government can live in Russia? The Russian needs a personal

center for the deep loyalty and devotion that is in him; he needs, if you wish, an idol, in the best sense; just as he needs an ikon—a holy picture—to help him to concentrate his vague and vaporous thoughts in prayer.

The Socialists have maintained themselves in Russia so far, not because they have made even a pretense of establishing self-government, for they have made no such pretense; but because they have, in fact, appealed to the feeling and imagination of the Russian, by which he is absolutely dominated and ruled. What, for example, could be more pathetic, more tragical, than the traitorous organization, by the Socialists, of "fraternization," where the childish Russian soldiers wept and kissed the Germans, believing that the millenium had come—while the Germans were photographing the position of the Russian batteries?

But, unhappily, the appeal of the Socialists has not, for the most part, been to so generous a sentiment as that which prompted "fraternization." On the contrary, their appeal has been, on the whole,—as the appeal of Socialism invariably is,—to the worse feelings rather than the better: to envy, hatred, greed, the impulse of anarchy. And the Russians, ruled by feeling, have fallen victims to this appeal, and have run violently down the descent to national ruin.

Let whoever will, then, draw up an inventory of what Russia owes to Socialism, and of what the Allies owe, and are likely to owe in the future, to the reign of Socialism in Russia; and then let us judge the whole tree of Socialism by its fruits. Of all the outgrowths of the German soul, it is, perhaps, the most dangerous to humanity.

But I believe that the God of justice and of mercy reigns, and will turn even this calamity to our good. For it is certain that Russia's defection will compel this country to fight this most holy war not with the finger-tips, but with our whole heart and soul and mind and strength, impelling us to great and worthy sacrifices—for without sacrifice there is no redemption. If, in this spirit of consecration, we go forward in this war, then, we may confidently hope, the God of justice and of mercy, whom Germany has outraged and blasphemed, will give the cause of the Allies a victory that will insure justice and mercy to mankind.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE FUTURE OF INTERNATIONAL LAW

BY E. S. ROSCOE

Not a few lawyers and laymen have always been sceptical of the value of international law, because it has, unlike municipal law, not been enforceable by any form of legal sanction. They have, logically enough, denied that it was strictly law at all, and asserted that the word law, as applied to it, was misleading. But for what it is worth, the word is not likely to be altered, and the term "international law" is now too fixed in the general understanding as comprehending a body of customs and rules regulating the rights and duties of nations and peoples *inter se,* to be liable to change.

It is now, however, after the experience of the present war, beyond doubt that the absence of any kind of sanction is fatal in a large measure to the value of international law. Publicists and politicians have been in some degree to blame for this inflated value. For, if one thing more than another is obvious, as we look back over the last half century, it is that jurists have laid down rules and delegates have signed conventions with the utmost satisfaction to themselves without attempting even to consider how their rules and their conventions were to be enforced, and without any expression of doubt that they would be binding. The optimistic amiability which has actuated them is pitiable to regard. The strong attacks in Great Britain on the Declaration of London show that it was supposed, even by its opponents, that if it were ratified it would be irretrievably binding. Men generally were then in a state of false security, believing that at any rate international agreements would not be broken. It was in fact assumed that a reign of international law at length existed as part of an advanced civilization. But the true result of the several agreements from the Declaration of Paris in 1856 has been the formulation of an agreed statement of cer-

tain hitherto doubtful propositions. "Maritime Law," says the preamble to the Declaration of Paris, "in time of war has been for a long time the subject of regrettable disputes;" it then asserts the desirability of establishing some uniform doctrine. But the result is, in actual fact and under present circumstances, no more than a partial codification of certain voluntary but hitherto disputed principles. On the other hand, the tendency at the present moment is to take too pessimistic a view of the subject and amidst many direct violations of international rules to overlook the abounding continuance of a large body of international law as an effective though not compulsory guide to international conduct. In spite of this, however, we must now realize that it may be useless for jurists to lay down maxims on the written page or for delegates to append their signatures to international pacts unless they can be made binding. The practice in the past has tended to lull the world into a false security, for we now very clearly see that however obviously right from the point of view of international morality a custom or a rule may be, it is liable to be infringed by a nation which does not find it convenient to be bound by it.

One may take for example the use of asphyxiating gases. By the Declaration on this subject signed at The Hague on July the 29th, 1899,—of which Germany was then a signatory and Great Britain, at a later date—the contracting Powers forbid the employment of projectiles having for their only object the diffusion of asphyxiating or noxious gases. The Declaration contains a clause that it ceases to be binding if a non-signatory Power becomes an ally of a signatory Power, though why this fact should have this effect, unless the non-signatory Power does not abide by the rule, it is difficult to understand. But be that as it may, and without reference to the merits of the Declaration, here is an international compact which Germany infringed without notice and without hesitation. This particular declaration was admitted by and virtually the result of the Declaration signed at St. Petersburg in 1868, the preamble of which noted that "the progress of civilization should result as far as possible in diminishing the calamities of war." But from the very beginning of the present war the object of the Germans has been not to lessen, but to increase, its horrors, and thus to act in direct violation of an admitted international principle.

One cannot, under these circumstances, but ask the ques-

tion, what is to be the position of international law after the war? Is it to be in a more real sense law, or is it to remain as now, a mere statement of ethical international conduct? It is not of much use for conventions to be signed at The Hague or any other place, if, when the time comes for them to have effect, they are to be treated as waste paper at the will and pleasure of any great Power who chooses not to be bound by them.

It is clear, therefore, that some form of international sanction should be created by which some rules, at any rate, of international law can be enforced. When we reach this point it becomes obvious that the necessary sanction can be obtained only by means of an international agreement to enforce some definite rules. Consequently, the future efficacy of international law seems to depend, in a great measure, upon the formation of what in public discussion has been called a League of Nations. The war has shown that the mere common assent of several Powers to a particular instrument which embodies particular principles or rules of international conduct does not—standing alone—cause them to be adhered to. Consequently, it follows that in addition to a common agreement as to certain phases of international conduct, there should also be common determination that a Power refusing to abide by a contract shall be compelled to do so by the other signatories. From this, one result seems to flow: that only such rules as are based on universally accepted principles and are clearly stated and agreed to by signatory nations can be capable of a combined international enforcement. If this be so, then only a limited number of rules will have attached to them an actual international sanction.

It seems also to follow that until the full result of the present war is apparent, and until the so-called League of Nations is actually formed, it will avail little to trouble about the body and substance of international law. For, if rules are not to be made effective by international sanction they will remain only precepts of international morality, which, like precepts of personal morality, are followed by well disposed and contravened by evil disposed persons unless they happen to be embodied in municipal jurisprudence so as to be enforceable by the ordinary machinery of justice.

Assuming, however, that one result of the war is the formation of a body of nations prepared to enforce certain rules of international law, it is impossible not to perceive the

many difficulties which are still before us. For one thing, the vastness of changes in the world to-day may render an international agreement after the space of perhaps a quarter of a century plainly futile. This is especially a difficulty which faces any one who would desire a definite code regulating war on land and sea. In a recent number of this REVIEW I showed how the attempt to regulate the law as to contraband—a fairly simple subject—had broken down. This particular point was clearly stated by Admiral Mahan in the discussion which preceded the passing of the Declaration as to the use of asphyxiating gases. "A vote now taken," he said, "would be in ignorance of the facts. . . . As to whether injury in excess of that necessary to attain the ends of warfare, of immediately disabling the enemy, would be inflicted." While this argument referred only to the subject before the delegates, its basis has a wider application, for it is worse than useless to formulate rules the action of which at a given time cannot be foreseen. Again, the vastness of the disturbance caused by a modern war makes the issue so vital that the temptation to break an agreement, if by so doing success is brought nearer, is certainly stronger than it was in former times, and the difficulty of enforcement so much the greater. There is a legal maxim, *de minimis non curat lex*—the law is not concerned with trivial things, as it may be rendered. Does it not bring us up against essential and non-essential rules of international law? Are there not rules of international conduct which are scarcely of sufficient importance to demand large international action which yet have to be formulated? Another point may be put interrogatively: Is it possible to obtain unanimity in regard to rules when delegates have one eye on international morality and another on national interests, when a nation cannot foresee if in a war it may be neutral or belligerent? Should a small nation—it is unnecessary to give examples—by its non-signature prevent a rule from having full validity by international sanction? Allusion has just been made to the fact that a Power not a signatory to the Declaration as to asphyxiating gases—and the Declaration is used here only to illustrate general points—can by adhering to a signatory Power during a war cause the invalidity of the Declaration. Is such a state of things to continue in the future? One might reply that nations should agree on certain basic principles and leave the application of them to time and circumstance, and it may be

to a decision of a League of Nations. It is a basic rule that neutrals may supply belligerents with any kind of goods, and, consequently, as money is only one article of commerce, a belligerent may raise a loan in a neutral country. Upon this point international writers have differed, which shows, among other things, that a statement of a proposition of international law by a writer, however eminent, must not be regarded as more than the expression of a personal view. But difference or no difference, international custom applying a basic principle to a certain set of facts has regarded the raising of a loan in a neutral country as valid. Here is a distinct example of the growth of international law in connection with the development of modern commerce and financial intercourse and of a recognized consequential rule. Yet it is one which could quite conceivably be broken by a belligerent nation which was strong enough to prevent a neutral nation from lending money to another belligerent. It is also an example of a practice which has produced on this point international order and regularity, and which, as experience has shown, is agreed to by civilized nations. As an international custom it is not compulsorily binding. If embodied as an international rule would there be a sufficient international sanction to enforce it if infringed? Indeed, should it be left a custom, or, assuming the creation of a League of Nations, should it be formulated as an absolute international rule? The question is asked not because a special importance can be attached to this particular subject over others, but because it is only by endeavoring to apply theories to concrete cases that we can get among realities. The late Mr. Hall, with remarkable prevision, wrote in 1889 in the Introduction to the Third Edition of the *Treatise on International Law* that it would be idle

also to pretend that Europe is not now in great likelihood moving towards a time at which the strength of international law will be too hardly tried. Probably in the next great war the questions which have accumulated during the last half century and more will all be given their answers at once. Some hates, moreover, will crave for satisfaction; much envy and greed will be at work; but above all, and at the bottom of all, there will be the hard sense of necessity. Whole nations will be in the field; the commerce of the world may be on sea to win or lose; national existences will be at stake; men will be tempted to do anything which will shorten hostilities and tend to a decisive issue. Conduct in the next great war will certainly be hard; it is very doubtful if it will be scrupulous, whether on the part of belligerents or neutrals; and most likely the next war will be great.

The author's pessimistic presentiment has come true. Will the permanent result which he foresees of a temporary period only of anarchy be equally accurate? "There can be very little doubt that if the next war is unscrupulously waged, it also will be followed by a reaction toward increased stringency of law." This would seem to depend on one of two circumstances—on the creation of a collective international league unalterably determined to enforce international agreements, or on the practical strength of an outraged international morality without reference to any new and ideal formation of international forces.

Certainly, however, it is desirable that not only those who are professionally, whether academically or officially, interested in the law of nations, but the public generally, should seek to realize the probable position of the subject after the end of the war, and that it is a matter of vital importance to the peoples of the world. It may be urged that if a permanently peaceable international condition succeeds as a result of this unparalleled war, it is futile to consider principles and rules, many of which come into action only during a state of war. No doubt there is truth in this contention, but in the obscurity which at present envelops future international relations it is well to endeavor to formulate, however imperfectly, our ideas on the subject discussed in the preceding pages.

E. S. Roscoe.

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES AND INSANITY

BY WHIDDEN GRAHAM

THE sentiment in favor of laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages has been largely created by the wide-spread circulation of statements purporting to show that the use of intoxicating liquors is the chief factor in causing insanity, crime, poverty and disease. This idea finds expression in the statement, now being circulated in the press, that "the intemperate use of alcohol is filling our insane asylums, jails, poor houses and cemeteries." This assertion is generally accompanied by the further statement that prohibition of the liquor traffic materially reduces the number of insane persons, as compared with the number in non-prohibition territory.

To correct the mistaken impression created by the constant repetition of these assertions it is only necessary to examine the official records of the various States and the United States Census Reports, which show that instead of alcohol being the chief cause of insanity, it is one of the least of causes. Further disproof of the prohibitionist claims in regard to the relation of alcohol to insanity are found in the conclusions reached by eminent alienists and scientific students of the question, and State records showing that prohibition does not diminish insanity.

What are the facts? The number of insane persons admitted to hospitals in the United States in the year 1910, as reported by the Census Bureau, was 60,769. Of this total the number suffering from alcoholic psychoses was 6,122, or 10.7 per cent. The percentage of alcoholic insane varies considerably in the different States, but the average rate given above is approximately the same from year to year. This establishes the fact that instead of alcohol "fill-

ing our asylums" only a trifle more than ten per cent of the cases of insanity is ascribed to its use.

Following their assertions in regard to alcohol as the chief cause of insanity, the prohibitionists claim that by forbidding the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages the number of the insane would be greatly decreased. An examination of the statistics of the various States show nothing to support this claim. The latest figures on this subject, taken from the Census Reports for 1910, disprove this theory. They show, for instance, that wet Indiana had fewer alcoholic insane than dry Kansas. Wet Nebraska had the lowest rate in the Union. Dry Oklahoma had the highest rate, with the two exceptions of Colorado and Nevada. Maine, which has had prohibition longest, shows a higher rate than eleven wet States. In view of these facts it is evident that prohibition does not decrease insanity.

Still stronger proof of the failure of prohibition to diminish insanity is found in a comparison of the number of insane persons in Maine and Kansas, the two banner prohibition States, at different periods. In 1890 Maine had 92.6 insane per 100,000 population. In 1903 the percentage had increased to 125.3 per 100,000. In 1910 the percentage was 169.5, an increase in twenty years of eighty-three per cent.

The insanity rate in Kansas increased from 88.4 in 1890 to 165.6 in 1903, and to 172.2 in 1910, an increase of ninety-four per cent. These two States had prohibitory laws during the twenty year period referred to, and yet co-incident therewith was this very great increase in the number of the insane. Applying the logic of the prohibitionists, who say that the higher rate of insanity in certain license States is due to liquor drinking, the marked increase of insanity in Maine and Kansas must likewise have been due to prohibition. That policy was in force in those States for twenty years. The rate of insanity increased more than eighty per cent in Maine, and more than ninety per cent in Kansas. Therefore: prohibition is the cause of insanity!

In reply to this showing of the increase in insanity under prohibition, it may be answered that there has also been a marked increase in the number of insane in license States. True, but if liquor drinking is, as alleged, the principal cause of insanity, the rate of increase would always be much greater in the States where the sale of liquor is permitted.

That this is not the case the following instances will show. In 1890 the number of insane per 100,000 population in California, always a wet State, was 272.2. In 1910 the percentage was 279.8, an increase of only 2.7 per cent. In wet Rhode Island the percentage of insane in 1890 was 191.0 per 100,000. In 1910 the percentage had increased to 229.1, an increase of only 16.6 per cent. Oregon, another license State during the entire period 1890-1910, had in the former year 176.6 insane persons per 100,000. In 1910 the percentage was 232.6, an increase of thirty-two per cent. This comparatively small increase of insanity in license States, as contrasted with the much greater increase in prohibition States, proves beyond question that the use of alcohol is not the chief factor in causing insanity.

The fact that insanity has greatly increased in the two States that have had the longest experience under prohibition, disposes of the claim that prohibitory laws will diminish the number of the insane. There remains the question: to what extent is alcohol the actual cause of insanity even in the ten per cent of cases ascribed to it?

What is known as " alcoholic psychoses," is a disordered mental state popularly supposed to be due to the excessive use of alcohol. It has certain definite characteristics, and there is no question but that its existence is associated with alcohol drinking. There is, however, a serious doubt as to whether the excessive use of alcohol is the " cause " of the mental disorder, or merely a symptom of mental weakness which existed previous to the acquisition of the drink habit. This latter view is being taken by an increasing number of physicians who have given the subject careful study, and their conclusions are to the effect that as a rule the mental weakness which leads to excessive drinking antedates the alcoholism. This is the position maintained by Dr. Karl Pearson, the eminent English biologist, who has made an exhaustive study of the " Influence of Parental Alcoholism on the Physique and Ability of the Offspring." In his latest discussion of the subject Dr. Pearson says: " The abuse of alcohol is one of the stigmata of degeneracy. It is not the cause of degeneracy, but its product. As the production of degeneracy—whether in the form of mental defect, epilepsy or insanity—is checked, to that extent the abuse of alcohol will be checked."

Much the same view of the problem is taken by Dr.

Wilhelm Stocker, of Jena, Germany, who is recognized as one of the foremost authorities on alcoholic psychoses. In a book dealing with various phases of the question, published in 1910, he states that the abuse of alcohol is not the cause of mental defects and insanity, but it is to be considered itself as the outcome of a diseased mental condition. Dr. Stocker says:

> In the majority of my cases the question is not, however, of simply psychically subnormal personalities, but of sick individuals in whom a definite basic, and further-to-be-diagnosed, illness could be traced. Thus the chronic alcoholism in their cases is to be regarded in the first instance as a symptom of a definite mental ailment.

Taking eighty-nine individual cases of extreme alcoholism Dr. Stocker found that in thirty-four cases the alcoholism was due to epilepsy, in twenty-seven cases to melancholic mania, in fourteen cases to dementia præcox, in nine cases to other psychoses, leaving only five cases in which the excessive alcoholism could not be traced to some definite mental defect. Thus in the eighty-nine cases of alcoholic insanity there were less than five per cent that could not be shown to be due to peculiar physical and mental conditions, of which the abuse of alcohol was merely a symptom, and not the cause.

Similar testimony is furnished by Dr. Irwin H. Neff, Superintendent of the Massachusetts State Hospital for Inebriates. In an address before the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, at the 1915 meeting at Baltimore, Dr. Neff said:

> Statistical knowledge bearing on the subject overwhelmingly supports the conclusion that a considerable number of confirmed drunkards are mentally defective, ranging from mild emotional disturbance and judgment perversion, to well defined psychoses.

And again:

> Inebriety is an expression of nervous weakness, the nervous weakness being inherited, a psycho-neurotic fault; founded on this weakness, manifestly a defect, is a habit we call drunkenness.

If drunkenness is the result of mental weakness, that weakness is necessarily the cause of alcoholic insanity.

Dr. R. W. Branthwaite, an English physician of high standing, in his "Report of the Inspector Under the Inebriates Acts" for the year 1908, says:

> The more we see of habitual drunkards the more we are convinced that the real condition to be studied, the trouble we have to

fight, and the source of all the mischief, is a psycho-neurotic peculiarity of some sort; an inherent defect in mechanism, generally congenital, sometimes more or less acquired. Alcohol, far from being the chief cause of inebriety, is merely the medium which brings into prominence certain defects that might have remained hidden but for its exposing or developing influence.

That is: the excessive use of alcohol is simply a manifestation of a mental weakness that develops into insanity.

In the report of the "Committee of Fifty to Investigate the Liquor Problem" on the Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem, Dr. John S. Billings, a distinguished American physician, says:

In any cases where there is a tendency to psychic or nervous instability and abnormal action, either inherited or acquired, the excessive use of alcohol may act as the exciting cause, like a torch to inflammable material, but the same result may be produced with any excess creating a strain on the nervous system, and the alcohol would produce no effect upon a nervous system in normally good condition.

The most convincing proof that the real cause for the excessive use of liquor and alcoholic insanity is mental weakness, or some inherited psychic fault, is found in the indisputable fact that only an insignificant percentage of all those who drink liquors are afflicted with insanity. Careful investigations by the Committee of Fifty show that eighty per cent of the adult male population of this country use alcoholic beverages, and it is claimed by the prohibitionists that the percentage is even larger. Out of this total of more than 25,000,000 males, there are about 5,000 cases of alcoholic insanity annually, or less than one fiftieth of one per cent. If it were true that liquor drinking is the real cause of insanity, how does it happen that such an exceedingly small percentage of those who drink become insane? If the prohibition theory is correct, the moderate drinkers should in time all become excessive drinkers or drunkards, and the latter, in turn, develop alcoholic insanity. The fact that they do not proves that it is only the very small minority afflicted with mental weakness, or some other constitutional infirmity, who drink to such excess as to affect their already weakened minds. A cause must be universal in its application, and if 25,000,000 men can drink without injury, it is fair to assume that the very few who are injured must have something peculiar in their physical or mental makeup

that renders them specially liable to excessive drinking, and the insanity which accompanies it.

The word " cause " is so loosely used that its meaning is generally lost sight of. When men speak of the " cause " of anything they presumably mean that certain co-existences and sequences are necessarily associated. But through careless thinking the word " cause " is often used in connection with wholly unrelated facts. Correct principles of reasoning demand that in order to establish a cause it must be shown that a like cause always produces a like effect, and that there is an invariable and unvarying relation between the cause and the effect. Applying this rule to the question of alcohol as the cause of insanity, we find that millions of men drink liquor. Of these only a small percentage drinks to excess. Of all the men who drink less than one-fiftieth of one per cent develop alcoholic insanity. How can it be claimed that liquor drinking is the cause of insanity, when the alleged cause not only does not invariably produce the same effect, but in ninety-nine and nine-tenths cases produces no effect whatever?

The prevailing opinion of the medical profession that excessive drinking is due to an abnormal state of mind is thus stated in an editorial article in *The Medical Record* for August 5th, 1916:

> The fundamental error in dealing with the problem of alcohol is the conception of it as a habit-forming drug, the abolition of which would mean the automatic regeneration of all inebriates. As a matter of fact, the inebriate is not normal and, deprived of his alcohol, would drift to some eleemosynary institution. This has been proved by the experience of prohibition States.

The same view is taken by Dr. William A. White, Superintendent Government Hospital for the Insane, Washington, D. C., in a paper, " Alcoholism, a Symptom," read before the Society for the Study of Inebriety at Washington, December, 1915, in which he says:

> Is alcohol in these cases only a symptom of some underlying fundamental condition which has escaped our notice, simply because it is too subtle to be seen by casual observation or found by ordinary methods of inquiry? I think it is, and my attention was first attracted to this possibility many years ago. Some of you at least will remember the work of the English hereditarian, G. Archdall Reid, *Darwinism and Race Progress,* in which the author, who, I may remind you, has since written many able and learned works, undertook a statistical

study of the effects produced by prohibition, in several of our prohibition States, where prohibition statutes had been in operation for a considerable number of years. His conclusions were no less striking than unexpected at that time. It was to the effect that the statistics clearly indicated in these States, that as the consumption of alcohol had been diminished and as drunkenness had been lessened, the admission to the insane asylums and poor houses had progressively and correspondingly increased. If we do not instantly discard such a conclusion as this, and will stop for a moment and give it careful consideration, we must be struck by the probability of its truth, and by its important social significance. Such a conclusion can only mean that the alcoholic as such is a mental defective in some way, and that if his mental deficiency does not show as indulgence in alcohol, it will later show a frank mental disease, or as that type of deficiency which leads to pauperism.

This conclusion, I am convinced is a correct one, and I am reminded as I dictate these words of the occasion of a meeting of your Society here at Washington some two or three years ago in which I heard your President, a man grown old in this particular work, say in discussion, that he had never seen an inebriate who aside from his inebriety was a normal man.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

TO-DAY

THE SOLDIER OF THE UNION

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

A stricken soldier faltered on death's field
  Surrendering of blood unto the State,
  For her, enriched in strength, to dedicate
His eager gift of life to sword and shield;
So that advantaged valor might not yield
  Hope's standards, where defeat must subjugate
  The truth, which makes men free and only great
And is to all but fiends by God revealed.

Would we attest our love for this fled soul
  To dwelling-place of fame, and his desire
From out the cup of bitterness to quaff
Of death with blithe salute, upon the scroll
  Of our resolve be vows of faith and fire
That wrought in deeds shall be his epitaph.

ON SOME TO-MORROW

THE COMING WAR

Greet folly as fit prompter at harangue
Of emulous divines whose utterance,
That unbelief for its foul progeny
Has whelped this fiend of universal war,
Is but the counterfeit of pious thought.
These prate as if because men cling no more
In childish faith to obsolescent creed
God had ordained that through remorseless years
Commissioned rivers must run red to seas,
And lands, once gay in pride of charm, repine
For banished harvests' bloom and reapers dead;
Whilst undesirous, heavy-laden winds
Come with dread moaning of sore-stricken men,
And gloating outcries of more infamous
Adepts at ghastly and revolting trade
Taught best in Hell, apprentices whereof
Alike have been the victors and the slain.
So too does reason scoff at skeptic sneer
That in this anguished darkness of the world
Falters but guttered candle of true faith,
And that its pristine light shall dawn no more
To recompense the vigil of the soul
With trust in a pervading Providence.

For when Time to posterity's avail
Shall inventory the estates we leave,
In none such vacancy will there be found
The wisdom justly meriting acclaim,
But mockery of outlook upon life,
Impoverished cavil with unpurposed aim
Concerning only licensed deeds of guilt

That wrong had wrought and servile custom brooked.
We know how portents menacing may breed
Contagious ills, if swept not as of old
By the destroying besom of God's will;
And how from torpid and oblivious sleep
Presaging death, awakening must come
At times by the alarm and guns of war.
And though bereavement may not stay its tears,
Uncomforted amid this spectacle
Of savagery's carnival of blood,
Untutored thought alone dare harbor doubt
That in some overruling, sentient mind
Reside the sovereign and sequent plans
To bring to consummation all resolve
Instinct with aspiration's dreams and prayers;
That Heaven in the grapple of vain lords
Sides ever with slaved children of crowned greed
Condemned to grope in shadow of the sword,
Until at last for martyred souls is fame
And shaft to tell the death of vassalage.
Recurring cycles of assuaging years
Confirm to us this truth; and when dire need
Has moved the pity of God's care, He sends,
Full quickened with the breath of His desire,
Anointed messengers to heal the hurt
And bind the wounds of ages in a day.

So 'mid dark terror surety we may have
That though despair be life's investiture
And for ascendancy Hell wars with Heaven,
Unto a wronged and desecrated earth
Envisioned hours will come to manifest
Guilt-weary nations resting on their arms,
Enfeebled with a profitless debauch,
And suppliants for interceding grace:
The monarchs, whose hereditary lust
Of rule, grown pitiless by nurtured hate,
Had banqueted upon the blood of men—
With heads divested of presumptuous crown
Which a deluded world has too long deemed
The sanctuary for kings' murderous thoughts;
And paled servitors, peopling ghostly ranks
Bereft of countless ones unsepulchered

Save in welcome graves dug by their own hands
As refuge from insatiate onset,
Or unremitting and relentless shell;
And mourners in habiliments of woe
To match the lamentation of their song.

Then for the soul, in votive consonance
With vibrant waves of faith that court release
From their serene ethereal domain,
The void, clairvoyant after solitude
And dowered with divinity of speech,
Will hold discourse by more inspired Voice
Than hearkened to when bush or mountain-top
Or pagan fane was the appointed place
Wherefrom a god would counsel with his race.
It will not dwell on concepts of foul shame,
Nor tell the story of infernal vows
To which base hordes of men were consecrate,
And will disclaim avenging thought for crimes
Of miscreant king or serf; at assize
Shall they be doomed where red-robed justice sits
Afar from Mercy-Seat; yet even there,
—Or else the Christ has lived and died in vain—
A monster may by contrite deed be saved
From pangs and horrors of exultant death;
Albeit a righteous God would never dare,
Since He would have men glory in His name,
To let Hell's awful terrors chained at last
Go free again to drench the world in woe.
There will resound the clarion summons
To souls required for the venturous pledge
To compass and destroy sin's hateful haunts,
Where long ago there scarcely had been gained
The outposts of its cruel citadel,
Defiant yet to every sacrifice
Those arrogant, barbaric walls to raze.
Responsive to the words of that appeal
Legions will rally to be volunteers
For whom enlistment is to be through life,
Though no enrollment there would be vouchsafed
Till choice had been accorded those dismayed
And feaful of the contest to ensue,
To take departure from among that throng;

And of the ranks thus by withdrawals thinned
There shall be trial made to know aright,
Whether with prudence panoplied are they
Whose prowess only may not win the goal.
So through dismissals but the few shall stand
To answer to the roll call of the Lord—
A mighty marshaling of His elect
Twice-sifted like the band of Gideon
For combat with unnumbered heathen foes.

To these accepted ones that pleading Voice
With suasion of Archangel will proclaim:
"You are the heralds of a new made earth
To bear glad witness of oncoming hosts
Who following in footsteps you make safe
Shall enter and possess the promised land.
If you would falter not in days to come
Bid you forever to corrupting ease
Farewell, to self and its consuming love
Which burns resolve to ashen nothingness,
And leaves no soil wherein brave deeds may root.
As you with vows and girded loins go forth,
Have shield as well as spear at your behest;
Fervor denied restraint invites defeat
And weaponless are you without resource
Which only discipline can give to faith.
Nor faint for that your numbers be so few;
As prophesied of old, the victory
Not always with the multitude abides;
It is the loyal Remnant which so oft
Has served as ransom for a craven bond—
The veteran few, with crust for a repast,
Who nourished by high purpose for their strength
And beating back the onslaught at the walls,
Have sallied forth with might imperious
And awed usurping wrong to abdicate
The place possessed by cunning's devious art
Or wrested from the watcher by assault."

The Voice will say how past reverse was met,
And a redeemed world had recreant been
To trusts which truth admonished it to keep,
Turning deaf ears to wisdom's messengers

Whom it saw laughed to scorn and overcome,
Nor murmured aught at their ignoble fate.
And since as new crusaders in those ranks
They would essay once more a pilgrimage
Which ofttimes saints had been unequal to,
There shall be warning from the solemn Voice
Of vicious and destroying ills, at war
With man's progression towards diviner things:
Of ominous greed that fattens on the food
Heaped up by those enforced to live in dark
Prone unto earth, without the ecstasy
From dreams of fairer dreams or communion
By the dulled toiler with an ordered mind;
Of mouthing of the pharisaic creed,
And unbelief and baleful blasphemy
At altars raised to the subservient gods;
Of wandering upon treacherous ways
Where one must go companion with pretense;
Of shrines dust-laden and unvisited
Where vaunting valor had forgot to kneel
And shrive itself for quest of hallowed cause;
Of spurious fame and riches vast and power
That guile sells in the market-place for souls.

Arraigned will be the servitude of child,
Foul blight of manhood and of motherhood,
As noisome growth like unto basil-plant
Flourishing upon graves of buried hopes
Of parentage, and the despondent State;
The guilty hands with boastful proffered gifts
Whereto loud almoners aver no claim
If challenged in the court of conscience;
Youth without thrift and old age mendicant;
And gold that tarnishes in misers' chests
Or traffics in the virtue of the weak,
Or buys preferment for dishonored aim;
Custom or law, that cringes at demand
Of labor truculent with weaponed threat,
Having no retribution for misdeed;
Justice blind and so enmeshed in precedent,
It may not minister to mute distress;
Privilege inherited or purloined
That with supercilious glance and mien

And the affronting tongue bids insolence
Connive through power to rob desert of meed;
And vain desire with lordly recompense.

Against such wrongs and their accursed brood
Which maim and slay was warfare to be waged
Till peace abide in honor's dwelling-place
Untenanted by feud, and barren lands
Aflower appear, where blood protesting
Of heroic dead had mocked endeavor
Of shamed dust to apparel its dull self
With beauty's garb of herbage and the rose;
Till knowledge have no borders for her realm,
Well-springs of reason be the source of faith,
Life the fruition of ennobling zeal,
Man worship a true God and laud the State
And be forever to his neighbor kin.

At last the Voice in reassuring note
Will covenant with all those dauntless ones,
If on the march they be dispirited,
For hope renewed and vehement delight
Through languid days, and for prophetic dreams
By night of Triumph's strains in temples blest
With benediction of benignant stars
And oriented to the coming Dawn.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

SITUATIONS WANTED

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

In a forgotten book by a forgotten British bard, in the *Gillot and Goosequill* of Henry S. Leigh, we may read the appealing plaint of a playwright who felt that his invention was failing and who could no longer find the succession of poignant episodes that the drama demands:

Ten years I've workt my busy brain
  In drama for the million;
I don't aspire to Drury Lane,
  Nor stoop to the Pavilion.
I've sought materials low and high
  To edify the nation;
At last the fount is running dry—
  I want a situation.

I've known the day when wicked earls
  Who made improper offers
To strictly proper village girls,
  Could fill a house's coffers.
The lowly peasant could create
  A wonderful sensation.
Such people now are out of date—
  I want a situation.

The writer of these despondent stanzas had had a hand in a play or two but he was by profession a lyrist and not a dramatist; and it may be doubted whether any of the born dramatists would ever have sent forth this cry of distress, since fecundity is a necessary element in their endowment. The major dramatic poets have always been affluent in their productivity; Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière appear to have averaged two plays in every year of their ripe maturity. It is true, of course, that they had no scruple in taking their material wherever they might find it, not only despoiling their predecessors of single situations,

but on occasion helping themselves to a complete plot, ingeniously invented, adroitly constructed; and needing only to be transformed and transfigured by their interpreting imagination.

We like to think that in these modern days our dramatists are more conscientious in the acquisition of their raw material and that they can withstand the temptation to appropriate an entire plot or even a ready-made situation. When Sardou was scientifically interrogated by a physiological psychologist as to his methods of composition, he evidently took pleasure in declaring that he had in his notebooks dozens of skeleton stories, needing only to be articulated a little more artfully and then to be clothed with words. Probably no one of the playwrights of the second half of the nineteenth century was more fertile in invention than Sardou; and not a few effective situations originally devised by him have been utilized by playmakers in other countries,—one from *La Haine,* for instance, in *The Conquerors,* and one from *La Tosca* in *The Darling of the Gods.* Notwithstanding this notorious originality, Sardou was frequently accused of levying on the inventions of others, without recompense or even acknowledgment; and more than once the accusers caught him "with the goods on him"—if this expressive phrase is permissible. *Les Pommes du Voisin,* for example, was traced to a story of Charles de Bernard's, *Fernande* to a tale of Diderot's, and *Fedora* to a novel of Adolphe Bélot's. As it happened, Bélot had dramatized his novel, and when he saw that Sardou had borrowed and bettered his plot, he made no outcry; he contented himself with arranging for a revival of his play so that the similarity of its story to Sardou's might be made immediately manifest.

When Mario Uchard asserted that the dominant situation in his *La Fiammina* had been lifted by Sardou for service in *Georgette,* Sardou retorted by citing three or four earlier pieces and stories in which an identical situation could be found. Those who seek equity must come into court with clean hands; and Uchard lost his case. Nevertheless the impression left upon at least one reader of the testimony was that Uchard had no knowledge of the forgotten fictions which Sardou disinterred, that he believed himself to be the inventor of the situation in dispute, and that Sardou probably did derive it from Uchard, although possibly he may have invented it independently.

The fact is indisputable that the number of situations fit for service on the stage is not infinite but rigorously restricted. Gozzi declared that there were only thirty-six, and when Goethe and Schiller sought to ascertain these, they could not fill out the list. M. Georges Polti accepted Gozzi's figure and after indefatigable investigation of several thousand plays, ancient and modern, he catalogued the three dozen with all their available corollaries. Of course, scientific certainty is not attainable in such a counting up; there may be fifty-seven varieties or even ninety and nine. The playwrights of this generation have to grind the grist already ground by their predecessors a generation earlier; they may borrow boldly, that is to say, they may be aware that what they are doing has been done before, or they may be innocently original, fondly believing themselves to be the inventors of a novel predicament, unaware that it was second-hand a score of centuries before they were born.

There is the Romeo and Juliet situation, for instance—the course of true love made to run rough by the bitter hostility of the parents. We can find that in *Huckleberry Finn* in the nineteenth century, and we can also find it in the *Antigone,* more than two thousand years earlier; and we may rest assured that Mark Twain did not go to Sophocles for it, or even to Shakespeare. It is probably to be found in the fiction of every language, dead and alive; and those who employ it now do so without giving a thought to any of its many earlier users. The theme is common property, to be utilized at will by anybody anywhere and anywhen.

During the run of *The Chorus Lady* in New York I happened to call the attention of Bronson Howard to the identity of its culminating situation with that in *Lady Windermere's Fan.* A young woman foolishly adventures herself in the apartment of a man, whereupon an older woman goes there to rescue her; then when the younger woman is summoned to come out of the inner room in which she has taken refuge, it is the older woman who appears, thus placing herself in a compromising position in the eyes of the man whom she is expecting to marry. "Don't forget that I had had it in *One of Our Girls,*" Howard remarked, without in any way suggesting that Oscar Wilde had despoiled him, or that Mr. James Forbes had lifted the situation from either of his predecessors. Then I recalled that I had seen it in an unacted play, *Faith,* by H. C. Bunner, the story of

which he had taken as the basis of a novel entitled *A Woman of Honor.* Knowing Bunner and Howard intimately, I felt certain that they had no doubt as to their right to utilize this situation, and that if either of them had been conscious of any indebtedness to any specific predecessor they would have declared it frankly.

Bronson Howard, on the playbill of *The Henrietta,* acknowledged the borrowing of a situation from *Vanity Fair;* he was moved to this confession because in this case he happened to know where he had found the situation. He knew that it was borrowed, and not his own invention. A confession equally complete and of a somewhat larger import is to be found in the author's note prefixed to Maeterlinck's play, *Marie Magdeleine:*

> I have borrowed from M. Paul Heyse's drama, *Maria von Magdala,* the idea of two situations in my play; namely, at the end of the first act, the intervention of Christ, who stops the crowd raging against Mary Magdalene, with these words, spoken behind the scenes: 'He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone'; and in the third the dilemma in which the great sinner finds herself of saving or destroying the Son of God, according as she consents or refuses to give herself to a Roman. Before setting to work I asked the venerable German poet, whom I hold in the highest esteem, for his permission to develop those two situations, which, so to speak, were merely sketched in his play, with its incomparably richer plot than mine; and offered to recognize his rights in whatever manner he thought proper. My respectful request was answered with a refusal, none too courteous, I regret to say, and almost threatening. From that moment, I was bound to consider that the words from the Gospel, quoted above, are common property; and that the dilemma of which I speak is one of those which occur pretty frequently in dramatic literature. It seemed to me the more lawful to make use of it inasmuch as I had happened to imagine it in the fourth act of *Joyzelle* in the same year in which *Maria von Magdala* was published and before I was able to become acquainted with that play.

Then the Belgian poet declared that except in so far as these two situations were concerned, his play had absolutely nothing in common with the German drama. "Having said this," Maeterlinck concluded, "I am happy to express to the aged master my gratitude for an intellectual benefit, which is not the less great for being involuntary."

This note calls for two comments. The first is that although the words from the Gospel are common property, still it was Heyse who first applied them to Mary Magdalene; and the second is that although the dilemma that Mae-

terlinck wanted to borrow from *Maria von Magdala* was one that he had already imagined in *Joyzelle,* and one that could be found not infrequently in earlier plays, notably in *La Tosca* of Sardou, in the *Dame aux Camélias* of the younger Dumas and in the *Marion Delorme* of Victor Hugo, still it was Heyse who first had the happy thought of putting this dilemma up to Mary Magdalene. When the Belgian poet persisted in making his profit out of these two inventions of the German story-teller, he may have seemed to some rather high-handed in his forcible rectification of his frontier by the annexation of territory already profitably occupied by his neighbor. To this, it is only fair to answer that the application of the Gospel words and the propounding of this special dilemma to Mary Magdalene were so natural as to be almost necessary, if her story was to be shaped for the stage and sustained by a satisfactory struggle. They are so natural and so necessary that M. Maeterlinck might almost have been expected to invent them for himself if he had not found them already invented by Heyse.

Bronson Howard would have held that M. Maeterlinck was absolutely within his right in taking over from Herr Heyse what was necessary for the improvement of his own play, if only he declared the indebtedness honestly and if he offered to pay for it. And no playwright was ever more scrupulous in acknowledging his own indebtedness than Howard. The situation which he took from *Vanity Fair,* for use in *The Henrietta,* he might have invented easily enough or he might have found it in half a dozen other places besides Thackeray's novel; but, as he was aware that it had been suggested to him by Thackeray's novel, he simply had to say so—just as, many years earlier, on the playbill of his *Moorcroft,* he had credited the suggestion of its plot to a story by John Hay, although this source was so remote that Hay was able to say to me that he never would have suspected it except for the note on the programme.

When I assert that Howard might easily enough have invented for himself the situation he borrowed from Thackeray, I am supported by my own experience. I invented that situation, quite forgetful of the fact that I must once have been familiar with it in *Vanity Fair;* and I made it the center of a one-act comedy, *This Picture and That,* written almost simultaneously with *The Henrietta.* Only after the performance of my little piece and only when I saw How-

ard's play with its note of acknowledgment to Thackeray, did I feel called upon to doubt my own originality. A few years thereafter I had the pleasure and the profit of collaborating with Howard in the composition of *Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam,* and when we were still engaged in the arduous and delightful task of putting together our plot, of setting our characters upright upon their feet, and of seeking situations in which they might reveal themselves effectively, I chanced to suggest that we might perhaps utilize a situation in a certain French drama. I have forgotten the situation and the title of the play in which it appeared. I made the suggestion doubtfully, as its acceptance might lay us open to the accusation of plagiarism.

Howard promptly waved aside my scruples by a declaration of principle: "When I am at work on a play," he explained, "my duty as an artist is to make that play just as good as I can, to construct it as perfectly as possible, no matter where I get my materials. If this situation you suggest is one which will help our play, we must take it without hesitation. Our scenario is certain to be greatly modified before we are satisfied with it and ready to begin on the actual writing; and very likely we shall find that this borrowed situation, which to-day seems to us helpful, will not survive to the final revision; it may have led us to something finer and then itself disappeared. But if, when the play is done at last, we are face to face with the fact that one of our situations came to us from somebody else—then our duty as honest men begins. We must give due credit on the playbill when the piece is performed and in the book when it is published. Furthermore, if the somebody from whom we have borrowed is alive, if he has rights, either legal or moral, we must secure his permission, paying whatever may be necessary."

Bronson Howard was as candid as he was clear-eyed; and the principle he declared is one by which every dramatist would do well to govern himself. If a playwright should be exceedingly scrupulous and seek to avoid the use of any situation invented and utilized by any one of his predecessors in the long history of playmaking, he would soon find himself at a standstill and in a blind alley; he would discover speedily that unused situations are very scarce. The playwright must perforce resign himself to the employment of those which have already seen service. Where there is spe-

cific obligation he should acknowledge it frankly—unless, indeed, the borrowed situation is so well known that acknowledgment may seem a work of supererogation. It is instantly obvious that the *Rantzau* of Erckmann-Chatrian is an Alsatian *Romeo and Juliet,* and that the *André Cornélis* of M. Paul Bourget is a Parisian *Hamlet;* these resemblances were so very evident that they could not be denied and therefore need not be declared.

With characteristic wisdom and with a liberality as characteristic, Goethe held that what was really important was not where a situation came from but what use was made of it. He noted that Scott had helped himself to a situation from *Egmont,* and "because he did it well, he deserves praise." We may be sure that Goethe would have only commendation for the skill with which the Jacobean playwrights despoiled the Spanish stage, because these gifted Englishmen always bettered what they borrowed. In his illuminating little book on the *Spanish Drama,* George Henry Lewes called attention to the imaginative energy with which Fletcher, in the *Custom of the Country,* transformed an ingeniously contrived situation in Calderon's *Mejor esta que Estaba* into one of the most superbly dramatic scenes in all drama.

In the Spanish piece, Don Carlos rushes in and begs Flora to conceal him and save his life. She has no sooner hidden him than his pursuers enter—to tell her that they have followed into the house a cavalier who has just killed her cousin. She keeps her promise to protect the hidden fugitive; and she tells those who are seeking him that he sprang from the window into the garden and so escaped. This is an effective scene; but it is infinitely inferior to that made out of it by Fletcher (possibly aided by Massinger). Donna Guiomar is alone in her bed-chamber; she is anxious about her absent son and she kneels in prayer. Rutilio rushes in. He is a stranger,

> —a most unfortunate stranger,
> That, called unto it by my enemy's pride,
> Have left him dead in the streets. Justice pursues me,
> And for that life I took unwillingly,
> And in a fair defense, I must lose mine,
> Unless you, in your charity, protect me.
> Your house is now my sanctuary!

Donna Guiomar agrees to shelter him and bids him hide himself in the hangings of her bed, saying:

> Be of comfort;
> Once more I give my promise for your safety.
> All men are subject to such accidents,
> Especially the valiant;—and who knows not,
> But that the charity I afford this stranger,
> My only son elsewhere may stand in need of.

Then enter officers and servants with a bier whereon a body lies lifeless; and a servant declares that

> Your only son,
> My lord Duarte's slain!

And an officer explains that

> his murderer,
> Pursued by us, was by a boy discovered
> Entering your house.

The noble mother, stricken to the heart, is true to her promise. She tells the officers to go forth and search for the murderer. Then at last, when she is left alone with the corpse of her son, she orders the concealed slayer to make his escape:

> Come fearless forth! But let thy face be cover'd,
> That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee!

This is an incomparable example of the deep difference between the theatrically effective and the truly dramatic—between adroit story-telling on the stage for the sake of the story itself, and story-telling for the sake of the characters immeshed in the situation. The incident invented by Calderon is ingenious and it provides a shock of surprise and a thrill of suspense; but how much richer and nobler is the situation as Fletcher improved it, and how superbly did he phrase the motive and the emotion of the stricken mother! The Jacobean poet achieved surprise and suspense and also a larger significance, because he had imagination to project the scene as a whole, to prepare it, to express its ultimate value, and to end it to the keen satisfaction of the spectators.

The younger Dumas, a playmaker of surprising skill, was once persuaded to rewrite a play by Emile de Girardin, the *Supplice d'une Femme*. The original author protested that he could not recognize his piece in the new version. Dumas

explained that the original play had been cast aside because it was a poor piece of work, quite impossible on the stage. But it had a central situation which Dumas declared to be very interesting and very dramatic; and therefore Dumas had written a new play to present this novel and powerful situation so as to make it effective in the theatre, which was precisely what Girardin had been incapable of doing, although he had invented the situation.

"But a situation is not an idea," Dumas explained in the article in which he justified his rejection of Girardin's plot and construction. "An idea has a beginning, a middle and an end—an exposition, a development and a conclusion. Anybody may happen on a dramatic situation; but it must be prepared for, it must be made possible and acceptable; and above all, the knot must be untied logically." Then Dumas illustrated these assertions by suggesting the kind of dramatic situation which anybody might happen on. A young man falls in love with a girl; he asks her hand; and they are married. Then, and only then, at the very moment when he is about to bear her away to their future home, he learns categorically that he has married his own sister. "There's a situation! and very interesting indeed. But how are you going to get out of it? I give you a thousand guesses —and then I give you the situation itself, if you want it. He who can start with this and make a good play out of it will be the real author of that play, and I shall claim no share in it."

The situation around which Girardin had written the *Supplice d'une Femme* was difficult and it was dangerous; but it was not impossible. Dumas was able to find a way out and to bestow upon the story an attractive exposition, a highly emotional development and a conclusion at once logical and acceptable to a profitable succession of audiences. And this is just what one of the established American dramatists was able to do recently for a novice who had happened on a strong and striking situation. The piece in which the prentice playwright had put his situation was promptly rejected by all the managers, until at last in despair he went to the older dramatist for advice. He had placed his powerful situation in the first act, so that it was inadequately prepared for and led up to, while its superior force and weight prevented his giving to the later acts the increasing force which later acts ought to possess. The remedy suggested by the

more experienced dramatist was simple; it was to begin and to end the story earlier—to cancel the original second and third acts and to compose a new first and second act to lead up to the strong and striking situation which could then be amply developed in the new third and last act to be made out of the material in the original first act.

In *Rupert of Hentzau,* the sequel to the *Prisoner of Zenda,* there is a superb situation which needed to be solved and which cried aloud for poetic treatment. Rudolph Rassendyll looks almost exactly like the King of Ruritania. In the *Prisoner of Zenda* circumstances force him to take the King's place and to be crowned in his stead; so it is that he meets the King's cousin, the Princess Flavia, and falls in love with her and she with him. In *Rupert of Hentzau* we find that the Princess, for reasons of state, has married her cousin; and then circumstances again force Rassendyll to personate the King, who is suddenly murdered and his body burnt. What is Rassendyll to do? Shall he accept the throne and take with it the Queen who loves him and whom he loves? The Queen begs him to do this for her sake. If he decides to profit by this series of accidents then he must for the rest of his life live a lie, knowing that he is holding that to which he has no right, legal or moral.

Here is the stuff out of which serious drama is made; here is one of the great passionate crises of existence, when, in Stevenson's phrase, "duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple." Here is an ethical dilemma demanding a large and lofty poetic treatment—like that which Fletcher bestowed on the situation he borrowed from Calderon. Unfortunately the author of the story was unable to rise to this exalted altitude; and he got out of the difficulty by a tame device, which simply dodged the difficulty. Before the hero can declare his decision he is assassinated. The author had happened on a fine situation; he was adroit in his exposition of it and in his development; but he failed to find a fit conclusion.

Perhaps, in the course of time, when the hour strikes for a rebirth of the poetic drama, a dramatic poet of a later generation—a poet who is truly a playwright and a playwright who is really a poet—will be tempted to take over this situation invented by the ingenious novelist; and he may be able to discover a satisfactory conclusion and to treat it with the interpreting imagination it demands.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

HAZLITT'S PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

"WHOEVER becomes wise, becomes wise by sympathy; whoever is powerful, becomes so by making others sympathize with him."

So wrote William Hazlitt nearly a century ago. None but a believer in the faith of democracy could have written these beautiful words, which are indeed almost an expression of its creed; and Hazlitt was an early and strong supporter of that faith. The taste for a life unpretentious; the grace of a swift and penetrating despite of impositions, of smugness, of bluffs; the brilliant power of appreciating the world as a wild miscellany—these are peerless traits for a supporter of democracy: and Hazlitt possessed them all.

Yet it is not chiefly for these strong temperamental abilities that one finds Hazlitt's essays and the tale of his life of an especial interest as one re-reads them now.

How is democracy to be realized? How is it to be maintained? Not only in its abstract governmental principles, but in its concrete expression in the world of ideas and of human life. How are human beings to be made happy, and how is one to be made happy oneself in the chaos of disorder, the wild miscellany of stupid injustices that the world presents only less under a rule of the people by the people and for the people, than under a rule of kings by kings and for kings? These are the questions we are asking ourselves today. Whitman, as our most authentic poet of democracy, purports at times, as we know, to be a great answerer of such questions. But he cannot answer them. He can only console us magnificently and hush them to sleep by his splendid singing and the profound tones of his unbelievable assurances of "good in all."

No one, indeed, of all the prophets of progress by popular rule can answer these questions satisfactorily. But yet the world has assembled some curious and fascinating testimony on them; and in Hazlitt's spiritual presence as a philosopher and his struggles as a human being, one finds an especially eloquent record of the difficulties, the failures and successes of a supporter of democracy.

A born critic, living from 1778 to 1830, Hazlitt encountered in his support of democracy two main difficulties in these very circumstances—the period of his existence and the character of his genius. After the American and the French Revolutions he saw the rising vogue of liberal opinion in England subside to the dead level desired by the supporters of the status quo. Napoleon was a figure somewhat fantastically but none the less deeply identified for Hazlitt with the cause of freedom. He saw Napoleon become a mere detestation, a bogey. In the gust of the reaction that swept over England with this change, he saw the mystical fires of Coleridge's imaginative passion for mankind blown out like a candle's flame. He saw Wordsworth's deep, grave dream of the beauty of the common growth of mother earth, her tears, her mirth, her humblest mirth and tears, broken in the air like an iridescent bubble, at the vulgar breath of that wind of prudent worldly doctrine, and forgotten for the world's paltriest rewards: and Wordsworth was by no means the only Lost Leader of that day. Hazlitt saw Godwin leave his cause without ever receiving just a handful of silver, still less a ribbon to stick in his coat.

To pass over lesser instances, these men were to Hazlitt's perception, and have remained in fame, the genius, the poetry, the leading radical thought of the England of his time. By their prostrations we may judge the force of the backward current, of the tremendous Tory undertow, which yet never dragged down Hazlitt's mind, nor even the least, light, floating touch of his fancy.

Radical thought was not for Hazlitt a moral programme, it was an instinctive preoccupation. "If I can live to think and think to live I am satisfied." He enjoyed supremely analysis, discrimination, keen-edged appreciations, swift precisions: and with this sparkling faculty, he suffered all his life from belonging to our English-speaking race. It is the literary custom of our own countrymen and the English to rate emotional far above mental perceptions. Hazlitt was

the mental peer of Coleridge and Wordsworth, their superior, indeed, in sheer strength of mind, if not in the gift of expression. But he has remained far their inferior in fame, even though he possessed in a high degree the gift of expression, a power most unjustly underrated in him from our depreciation of his medium.

Hazlitt had a knowledge of abundant subjects for criticism. Fortune and temperament had combined to give him a motley view of creation. Born two years after the American Declaration of Independence, the son of a Unitarian clergyman of Irish descent and English residence, he had lived successively before he was nine years of age in Maidstone, Kent, England; in Bandon, County Cork, Ireland; in Philadelphia; in Boston (where his father founded our first Unitarian church), and in England again, at Shrewsbury. He read for the ministry. At thirteen he wrote an eloquent plea, published in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle,* in defense of the persecuted Dr. Priestly.

He abandoned reading for the ministry and lost himself in meditation on a philosophical composition entitled *The Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind.* At nineteen he abandoned his composition for the fascination of a chance acquaintance with Coleridge, who came to Shrewsbury to fill a neighboring pulpit; and for two or three years, in which, he has told us, he " did nothing but think," he walked with Coleridge; he visited Wordsworth in his company; he listened to the conversation of the creator of *Kubla Khan,* " a round-faced man in a short black coat like a shooting jacket, which hardly seemed to be made for him," whose voice " sounded high on

> Providence, foreknowledge, Will and Fate—
> Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute";

as they passed " through echoing grove, by fairy stream or waterfall."

He abandoned the Lake Poets. He devoted himself to learning the art of painting, becoming expert enough to receive several commissions as a copyist; and he visited the Louvre, and copied for various patrons the glories of Rubens, Titian and Rembrandt, returning to the life of an itinerant portrait-painter in England and to several odd jobs of writing for London publishers, who issued also our old acquaintance, *The Natural Disinterestedness.*

Hazlitt had married at thirty a friend of Mary and Charles Lamb's, a young woman of rather modern type, though doubtless always in existence, a species of Superman or a species of Beaver, perhaps, with a small property in the country. It was not till he was thirty-four—an age at which Burns's production as an author was finished—that he was stirred by the need of a larger income for his child to start out on his literary career in London.

All was now grist that had come to Hazlitt's mill. As a miscellaneous writer on successive London dailies and various periodicals, he was a literary critic, a critic of painting, a theatrical critic, a political critic and acute reporter of the House of Commons' debates, a striking author of travels and essays on philosophy and general subjects. This was his career, "living to think and thinking to live" for the next eighteen years, till his death at fifty-two. He never read a book through after he was thirty. One might almost say he never wrote a book. He wrote an able, amazing, truthful, expressive miscellany, out of which, at intervals, he scooped up the capital volumes we know: *The Spirit of the Age, The Plain Speaker* and all the other collections—volumes whose perennial appearance was the occasion of the perennial attacks of the hosts of conservatives of *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly*.

Hazlitt's *Essay* on *The Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind* had appeared on the field of a battle of books, then read with the senseless havoc wrought by Gifford, the carnage created by the most personal, the most partisan, the most jealous and malicious literary onslaughts known in the history of letters in our language:

> We are far from intending to write a single word in answer to this loathsome trash (Hazlitt's Character of Pitt), Gifford exclaims. But if the creature (Hazlitt) in his endeavor to crawl into the light must take his way over the tombs of illustrious men, disfiguring the records of their greatness with the slime and filth which marks his track, it is right to point out to him that he may be flung back to the situation in which Nature designed he should grovel.

What had Hazlitt done to deserve this? He had a manner of writing which no less useful a soldier in the liberation war of humanity than Heine regarded as not only brilliant but profound; and as Hazlitt ironically remarked of his own career, the Tories know their enemies and the people do not know their friends.

Hazlitt and his editors had to face other difficulties than the Tories. They had to face all those problems connected with the mutually repellent ideas of freedom in the expression of thought, and what is called "effective organization," that puzzle us to the top of our bent today. Free thought, discriminating testimonies to truth, cannot be invariably depended on any more than the diagnosis of an honorable doctor, to give a consistently flattering account of radical persons.

Hazlitt *would* tell the truth from his own point of view, regardless of its effect on either the opposition or on his own camp. He was disconcerting. He was terrible. No Liberals knew when the *Plain Speaker* might not imprint his image upon the public mind in as undignified a manner, and as irrevocably, as he described the important and weighty old Jeremy Bentham trotting about in his London garden—" in eager conversation with some opposition member, some expatriated patriot, or transatlantic adventurer, urging the extinction of close boroughs, or planning a code of laws for some ' lone island in the watery waste,' his walk almost amounting to a run, his tongue keeping pace with it in shrill, clattering accents, negligent of his person, his dress and his manners, intent only on his grand theme of Utility." If Anti-Benthamites had long since hated Hazlitt, could you expect Benthamites to rely upon him fearlessly?

We find Leigh Hunt, the most generous of the *Plain Speaker's* editors, exclaiming after Hazlitt had published, in his absence, a shrewd commentary on *Prometheus Unbound:*

> I think, Mr. Hazlitt, you might have found a better time and place, too, for assaulting me and my friends in this bitter manner. . . . The sight of acquaintances and brother-reformers cutting and carbonadoing one another in public is, I conceive, no advancement to the cause of liberal opinion. In God's name, why could you not tell Mr. Shelley in a pleasant manner of what you dislike in him?

And on another occasion he bursts into an irrational merely human complaint against the non-partisan critic:

> You have imagination enough to sympathize with all the world *in the lump!* But out of the pale of your own experience in illness and other matters of consciousness, you seem to me incapable of making the same allowance for others which you demand for yourself!

The failure of Hazlitt's contemporaries to rate justly his peculiar force and brilliancy, combined with his enemies' violent attacks upon him, rasped him to a state of irritable sen-

sitiveness, a degree of self-reference and self-pity that made him an exceedingly difficult companion. After an abusive article against him had appeared in *Blackwood's,* if a servant were slow in opening a door for him, the unhappy author of *The Natural Disinterestedness* supposed the man had read the attack and his consequent despite had occasioned the delay.

He accused his wife, most unfairly, as their son has said, of a lack of sympathy with him. Their marriage had been filled with illness, disappointment and grief. They had lost four of their five children. In 1819, after eleven years together, they had determined to live apart: and in the following summer Hazlitt was distracted, and his literary work temporarily confounded, by the occurrences he has commemorated in *Liber Amoris.*

The young daughter of a tailor, the landlord of Hazlitt's lodgings, became fascinated by their lodger's conversation. He became infatuated with this girl, Sarah Walker, and by his belief that she loved him. This belief was almost purely self-derived. But in the hope, indeed the expectation, of marrying her, an expectation in which he persisted in spite of her obvious and growing indifference, he induced his wife to obtain a divorce from him in Scotland. When he returned from these legal proceedings and found that Sarah Walker had confirmed her indifference by forming an attachment for a youth of the same age, living across the street, his grief and fury knew no bounds. He literally went to pieces. He told the whole story of his self-derived romance, his imaginary wrongs at the hands of Sarah Walker, to every one—to his friends, to the waiters at the coffee-houses, to strangers—told it sometimes five times a day.

Having transcribed and edited a number of literary versions of his dialogues with her, and added to them several letters which he had written to Patmore and Knowles about the affair, he entitled this account *Liber Amoris,* and published it as a book. Though in some respects a disingenuous record, omitting quite rightly the most discreditable passages of his conduct about Miss Walker—his slanderous suspicions of her, and vilifying, intolerable accusations—it is yet a sufficiently discreditable tale. He is himself the painter of the most repulsive picture we have of him. His extraordinary meanness of feeling about a woman far younger than himself and destitute of all his advantages of knowledge and educa-

tion, his virulent frenzy against her for her failure to return his passion, are of some material very different from love—an emotion whose splendor and richness may be said not once to breathe in the pages of *Liber Amoris,* filled as these are with passion and jealousy, with madness and hunger.

Yet in reading these pages we have to subtract something from the misery they purport to represent. They were written in the period of what Whitman called "the literature of woe," when repining was the fashion: and we have to remember their author's high degree of volatility. "A million of hours will not bring back peace to my breast," he says to Patmore. But in considerably less than even ten thousand hours after his eternal disappointment had come upon him, he is attending a prize-fight, in the greatest flow of high spirits; and the delightful drive thither in the Brentford stage has brought back to his breast if not peace at least a strong and even enjoyment of existence:

> The day was fine, the sky was blue, the mists retiring from the marshy ground, the path was tolerably dry, the sitting up all night had not done us much harm—at least the cause was good; we talked of this and that with amiable difference, roving and sipping of many subjects, but still invariably we returned to the fight. At length, a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence, we saw the ring, surrounded by covered carts, gigs and carriages of which hundreds had passed us on the road. Joe gave a youthful shout, and we hastened down a narrow lane to the scene of action.

But the perfection of *The Fight* should not be marred by excerpts. As Mr. Birrell says, "it is full of poetry, life and motion. It is Hogarth, Shakespeare and Nature." But it is not only a masterpiece, it is one of those characteristic masterpieces of Hazlitt's, like *The Spirit of Obligations,* which could have been written only by a person of tremendous capacity for understanding and liking existence.

It is with no surprise that one learns that two years after Hazlitt had written of his lost love, "The universe without her is one wide, hollow abyss, in which my harassed thoughts can find no resting place," he married for the second time. Little is known of his second wife, Isabella, except that she was the widow of a Colonel Bridgewater, of the Island of Grenada, who had left her a fortune of three hundred pounds a year, that she was considerably younger than Hazlitt, and that they formed each other's acquaintance on a stage-coach journey. After they had been married a few months, and

at the close of a tour of theirs on the Continent, Hazlitt returned to England; and his second wife parted from him, as he supposed, temporarily, to visit a sister of hers in Switzerland. But she intended, as it proved, a final separation, whose cause remains unknown.

Mr. Birrell thinks she may have refused to return because she had learned that as Hazlitt had obtained only a Scotch divorce from his first wife, his second marriage was bigamous. William Carew Hazlitt, Hazlitt's grandson, says that his father, then a very direct and manly child of about thirteen, had visited Hazlitt and the second Mrs. Hazlitt during their foreign journey: and that it is probable that the boy's outspoken description of the wrongs inflicted by his father upon his mother, and his own resentment of them on her behalf, so stirred the young Isabella (the second Mrs. Hazlitt) that she had quietly determined not to return to England with her husband. This is a surmise so generous and creditable to the honorable character of women that one does not relinquish it readily, whether true or untrue. It has the free movement of a Meredithian situation, and a fine air of nature. After all, the staunch little William Hazlitt would have come rightly by a passion for free criticism and plain speech.

It was in his human relations as a man to his individual fellow-creatures that the elder Hazlitt failed. He was a feeble friend, an unsatisfactory son, an unsatisfactory father, a poor husband, and an unworthy lover. As his distracted editor observed, Hazlitt's imagination was for mankind *in the lump*. The emotional and confidential character of his written style, on the other hand, led his admirers to expect from him a more flattering and differentiated sympathy than he was capable of expressing.

His mind had a distinguished firmness of texture quite different from the material of his heart. His regard for Napoleon could withstand all the changes of the world's inconsistency. While other men were meditating recantations of their faith of opposition to the Divine Right of Kings, Hazlitt was brooding and sickened over the downfall of that opposition as lesser creatures might be over the loss of a personal fortune. Talfourd says that the St. Helena imprisonment, which meant to Hazlitt the disparagement of democracy, left his friend a broken man. This depreciation of a great and just principle was something he could not forget for a prize-fight.

The integrity and solidity of his mental conceptions are astounding. At fourteen he had started an essay on no less a subject than *A Project for a New Theory of Civil and Criminal Legislation.* For some thirty years, it seems, he chanced to be distracted by other matters; and at forty-four we find him returning like a stone-cutter to a statue left half completed in its marble matrix, and chiselling it out with the utmost readiness, all unimpaired by the mere passage of aerial time. Out of such solid mental stuff he could create certain gods of the soul, which he carried intact through all his comings and goings—beautiful, glimmering presences, which he set up in the corners of various and often very squalid temporary lodgings of his spirit. But his heart was of poorer and cheaper stuff; and had in its depths no such magnificent quarry of candid-glowing marble for the creation of keen-cut and enduring images. Its gods were sentimental, plaster things, certain to be broken in moving—yes, all of them, even the companionship with Coleridge—and Hazlitt was always moving.

But when you come upon those other immortal gods of Hazlitt's mind, looking out at you from his pages, you are thrilled with their splendor, you rejoice in their grace, you think long of their truth. *"I knew all along there was but one alternative—the cause of kings or of mankind. There is but one question in the hearts of monarchs—whether mankind are their property or not. There was but this one question in mine."* These are his successes—his power of profound meditation, his brave trenchant sense of the way of justice through the world. He was a good hater of all poor pride. None knew better than he how it can trivialize truth in the mouths of some of her strongest spokesmen. "Even among philosophers," he says, "we may have noticed those who are not contented to inform the understandings of their readers unless they can shock their prejudices." Hazlitt himself, it may be said, shocked prejudices almost with his every motion in his passage through the periodical press of his time. But it was because prejudices were in his way on his road to truth, and not because he was, like Byron, a professional shocker. He is disgusted with the mindless vanity of Byron's opinions:

> They appear to me conclusions without premises or any previous process of thought or inquiry. I like old opinions with new reasons, not new opinions without any; not mere *ipse dixits.* He was too arro-

gant to assign a reason to others or to need one for himself. It was quite enough that he subscribed to any assertion to make it clear to the world, as well as binding on his valet.

A solitary thinker, Hazlitt gives us his mental life to a surprising degree, in all its murkiest shades and most delicate tones. He wrote as he thought and thought as he wrote. When he went into a fatuous madness, he wrote a work that recorded it; and could not have helped expressing himself in this work, more than he could avoid telling his humiliating tale to the waiters. He breathed and lived in words: and when he is sick almost to semi-consciousness, he writes:

> I see (as I awake from a short uneasy doze) a golden light shine through my window curtain on the opposite wall. Is it the dawn of a new day, or the departing light of evening? I do not know well, for the opiate "they have drugged my posset with" has made strange havoc with my brain, and I am uncertain whether time has stood still, or advanced, or gone backward.

The contemporaries of a sincere original thinker no doubt perceive in the varied paths of his life and his liberty certain colors and cloud-shadows that vanish with the yellow sunlight of his days on earth, and are invisible to later truth-seekers discerning him from afar across the twilight.

On the other hand, distance has its own powers of revelation for us. Watchers from the plateaux of a world the original thinker could not know, we may trace, on looking back, his course as a whole, his pursuit of happiness, in a manner not possible to his immediate companions by reason of their very proximity.

This is especially the case with William Hazlitt's history, at once fortunate and bitter, noble and mean, so disconcerting to his observers close-at-hand that they could not regard its general direction. Another circumstance has cast a peculiar illumination on both his thought and his fortunes for his admirers of to-day. He was a true prophet of the faith of democracy: and on regarding his biography in the search-light of the shaft of candor which the last few years have revolved around the world of men's thoughts on that faith, one finds in his spiritual presence as a philosopher and his struggles as a human being qualities hardly perceptible before.

Our difficulties are Hazlitt's difficulties. We too live in a world where critical discriminations are greatly underrated

in comparison with emotional perceptions. We too are distraught between the need of expressing free criticism, and the fear that if criticism remain free it may be sunk without a trace left by the enemy. Our field of letters, too, is divided into small antagonistic cliques, less violent in manner, but not less limited in mind nor less patronizing in tone, than those of Hazlitt's day—more settled in the customs of that vanished subject of his mockery, *The Monthly Review,* a publication that mentioned Gray's *Elegy* as "A little poem, however humble its pretensions," which was "not without elegance or merit."

If our difficulties are his difficulties, so our failures are his failures. Our democracy also can only sympathize *in the lump,* and with the general conception of the common weal, but not with establishing its concrete reality. It cannot be as much interested in the actualities of injustice close at hand. Its ideas of sex, too, are widely silly and cruel, largely confused, and founded on a respect for superstitions, largely wanting in merciful wisdoms concerning the starvations of the world.

These being our own failures and difficulties, we need all the more to learn the elements of those successes that fill Hazlitt's pages, and were characteristic of his earthly years. When he came to die, after long pain, and in poverty, if not in want, the last words on his lips were, "Well, I have had a happy life."

One knows well what he meant. For him all experience was an arch wherethrough gleamed the untraveled world. In walking with him one walks always through the infinite charm of existence, and is hardly less delighted with the lack of practicability in Utilitarians than with the splendors of the Louvre. Shadowed road, and far snow-mountains, the taste of coffee and bread-and-butter—not only the things Hazlitt enjoyed, the things you enjoy yourself, the great, brief opportunity of living on the earth and of dying on it indeed, present themselves to you as splendors of keen style, conceived in immortal magic.

If Hazlitt could not act according to his own belief that whoever becomes wise becomes wise by sympathy, he could yet leave behind him a legacy of inexpressible value to us in our democratic task of understanding the wild miscellany of the world.

Edith Franklin Wyatt.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

CHASTITY TRIUMPHANT[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

ALICE MEYNELL is one of those happy artists who have realized an aim. In Mrs. Meynell's case that aim was obviously to achieve, by literary embargoes of the most drastic kind, the utmost purity of English style attainable by mortal flesh. She has accomplished precisely that. To be stylistically purer than Mrs. Meynell would necessitate an altitude of intellectual chastity accessible only to a fabulously virginal soul. This astonishing craftswoman now writes an English prose that is the most perfect thing of its kind our speech contains. Its proud, fanatical purity abashes. " They are the kind of people", remarked Mrs. Wharton once in a deathless characterization, " who drink tea with their luncheon ". " They are the kind of people ", you can easily fancy Mrs. Meynell remarking, " who use phrases like ' the latter ' and ' the former ', and adjectives of critical commendation like ' colorful '; who not long ago discovered the smartly psychological use of the word ' reaction '; who have conceived a mad passion for ' intensive ', and who today are finding a thousand uses for ' camouflage ' unsuspected by the simple-minded French." Of course it is much easier to imagine Mrs. Wharton drinking tea with her luncheon than it is to imagine Mrs. Meynell taking to her bosom such soiled doves of speech as these. You can no more picture her on terms of intimacy with any of these fallen creatures of our speech than you can picture her using a public drinking-cup.

But Mrs. Meynell is immaculate not by contrast with those who resort to words made grimy and bedraggled by the mauling of the crowd, but by contrast with genuinely fastidious writers—writers who would no more say " the latter " and " the former " than they would wear a diamond collar-button or marry an Esquimo. Even those who pray nightly that

[1] *Hearts of Controversy,* by Alice Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918.

it may be granted them to write heedfully, expressively, and with a minimum of awkwardness, must regard Mrs. Meynell somewhat as Poe's envious connoisseur regarded Israfel. She rebukes the best. How many contemporary users of written English can you name who do not sin now and again by flabbiness or flatness, or thinness or triteness or triviality, or a lapse into the otiose? Mr. George Moore is a marvellously cunning artist in prose; yet Mr. Moore's grammar is strangely insecure and his taste can be appalling. Mr. Arthur Symons' ear, alert to the timbres of verse, betrays him at times in his prose. Mr. Max Beerbohm is a consummate magician with the movement and color of words, but he is prone to be dapper. You will name, perhaps, William Butler Yeats, the master of a prose unequalled in English for artful loveliness. But the prose of Mr. Yeats is an instrument of restricted agility and compass. Its transcendent beauty issues only out of moments suffused with revery or impassioned contemplation. His is peculiarly the speech of ritual and enchantment. At its best it is a wonderful thing—a thing of supreme mastery, of incomparable subtlety and eloquence. It is a prose of incense and altar-cloths and priestly gestures, or of the lonely heart brooding in still places:

> . . . That far household, where the undying gods await all whose souls have become simple as flame, whose bodies have become quiet as an agate lamp. . . .
>
> . . . He was of those ascetics of passion who keep their hearts pure for love or for hatred as other men for God, for Mary and for the saints, and who, when the hour of their visitation arrives, come to the Divine Essence by the bitter tumult, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the desolate rood ordained for immortal passions in mortal hearts. . . .
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> . . . The pale colors, the delicate silence, the low murmurs of cloudy country days, when the plough is in the earth, and the clouds darkening towards sunset. . . .

—that is not an order of prose competent for wide usefulness. The most beautiful that our written English speech can show, it does not play easily with quotidian things. It seldom absents itself from gravity. Mirthfulness is impossible to it. It has no cutting edge; it can neither sting nor whip in the service of the Comic Spirit. It is, in short, of limited serviceability for criticism or exposition, and none at all for controversy. It is the speech of rhapsody and evocation, of dream and contemplation; the speech of a seer, a visionary, a great poet, an historian of beauty.

The prose of Mrs. Meynell is a cooler thing, an alerter thing, a more pliant and flexible thing. It can be sly, it can be limber: its movements are not hindered by vestments a little stiff with their magnificence, a little heavy with their jewels and precious stuffs; and there is other light in its world than the light of candles and altar fires and starlight and pale skies. Hers is an instrument capable of speaking with nimbleness and abandon, yet with a noble and exquisite gravity—as if a flute could at will transform itself into a horn. This writer can be gay and barbed, and she can be a poet rapt in ecstasy. Again, like Israfel, she can sing " wildly well "—beautifully and with passion. She can fill the ear with enchantment. She has that power which she generously imputes to Tennyson, of so illuminating a word that it becomes a thing of strange wonder, as though it had never been dulled: " The word withdraws, withdraws to summits, withdraws into dreams; the lawn is aloft, alone, and as wild as ancient snow." In her speech, too, " the golden, soft names of daffodil and crocus are caught by the gale " as you speak them. And for all her incredible reticence and the cloistral quietudes of her way of loveliness, she, also, can be the poet of " wild flowers, wild winds, wild lights, wild heart, wild eyes."

So easy a command of briskness and gravity, of undaunted competence allied with the gift of incantation, is a joyous spectacle for the disheartened observer of our public writing. But Mrs. Meynell is not, of course, precisely alone in her blend of competence and beauty—a few here, a few there, have a like address and charm. It is in the uncanny completeness of her avoidances that she excels and is unique. In all one's long reading of her, it is not easy to remember her giving a moment's aid and comfort to those for whom the writing of English is less than an endeavor calling for the most sensitive scrupulousness, for an unrelaxing vigilance against the unclean spirits of laziness and excess, spuriousness and complacency, cheapness and the easiest way. To achieve this kind of immaculateness, as Mrs. Meynell does, without the suggestion of oppressive rectitude, is an attainment that has breadth, height, and solidity. It calls insistently for studious observation, for emulation, for the deepest respect.

We choose, for this occasion, to confess a livelier interest in Mrs. Meynell's way of speech than in its burden; partly because the communicative art of these essays in criticism is so

rare and treasurable a thing, and partly because it is not so easy to applaud their matter as it is to delight in the manner of their delivery. Perhaps the truth is that Mrs. Meynell was intended by a Divine priority order to interpret the natural world and the subtler rhythms of human experience rather than to value the significance of other artists. Perhaps it should be frankly recognized that she is chiefly, after all, a poet in prose and verse, a rich and delicate creative spirit occupied with the capture and communication of beauty, rather than an appraiser of the craft of others. How come to any other conclusion when she finds in Tennyson nothing more gravely dissatisfying than "his bygone taste, his insipid courtliness, his prettiness," and calls him "more serious than the solemn Wordsworth"? When she perceives in Swinburne "a poet with puny passions, a poet with no more than the momentary and impulsive sincerity of an infirm soul"? When, for her, programme-music is not only a "bygone" thing, but a thing that has "justified" itself less well than the descriptive narrative style of Swinburne?—which leaves you with a troubling vision of Strauss and Debussy, d'Indy and Loeffler, Beethoven and César Franck and Tchaikovsky being boxed on the ears and sent weeping to their cribs, while Swinburne dances derisively in the doorway—unaware, happily, that Mrs. Meynell was to say of him that, "conspicuously the poet of excess", he is "in deeper truth the poet of penury and defect", whose passion for liberty and freedom was a borrowed and dishonest thing. And, finally, when she deems it worth while to deplore Dickens' "lack of knowledge of the polite world"?—though he is to be thanked for showing us the comic inmates of "homes that are not ours."

But why, after all, should we ask for critical sagacity in a poet of exquisite contemplations, the mistress of a blameless and lovely art?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

SOUTH EASTERN EUROPE. By Vladislav R. Savic. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

It is unfortunately not true that Americans feel for Serbia a sympathy comparable to that which is generally felt for Belgium. Yet that Serbia was grossly maltreated by Austria-Hungary, that the Serbian people made every sacrifice that men can make, in fighting for that cause for which Americans are now also fighting—these are facts as indisputable as are the facts regarding the violation of Belgian neutrality and the heroic resistance of the Belgian people.

Sympathy for a nation that has almost suffered extinction in fighting a good fight, and admiration for a brave and much enduring people, are not, however, quite sufficient to guide us in our attitude toward Serbia. In the case of Belgium these sentiments may seem to be enough: the resistance of Belgium is a moral event as simple as it is grand. But the case of Serbia is different. In the case of Serbia the moral element is complicated with other elements, which do not indeed dim or diminish it, but which do make necessary a careful study of the whole problem of which Serbia's suffering and heroism are a part. In other words, it is impossible without some knowledge of the Balkan Problem to judge Serbia justly; and without some knowledge of the national aims and character of Serbia it is impossible truly to understand the Balkan situation as it was and as it may be after the conclusion of this war.

M. Savic is, of course, perfectly right in pointing out that this problem has become of vital interest to America. He scarcely exaggerates American sentiment when he says: "America cannot but be victorious on the battlefield; but if her Government should fail to secure a peace which will be the embodiment of her principles, she will be defeated, notwithstanding her victories in beating the German army." Now the settlement of the Balkan situation is certainly a question that calls for the most thorough understanding of principles and the most judicious application of them.

The problem has two main parts: the fate of Austria and the fate of the Southern Slavs.

Of Austria-Hungary M. Savic, like all Slavic or for that matter Czech writers, speaks bitterly. "Austria-Hungary is incurably bad; it is a state without a soul. The most degrading oppression, the least justifiable exaction, sheer injustice, the cynical denial of any right of citizenship, are always cloaked by a form of legality and law-

prescribed procedure. Every student of it may see how there is a state endowed with every modern institution warranting the freedom of the citizens, and yet governed by a police which disposes of the liberty and honor of every subject of the empire." The foreign policy of Austria-Hungary, moreover, especially with respect to the Southern Slavs, is described as malevolent and besotted, directed as it has been by the fatal concordance of interests and ambitions among the Germans, the Hapsburg dynasty, and the Magyars.

It is of no consequence, perhaps, if M. Savic in his legitimate indignation has slightly over-colored the picture. Austria-Hungary, in all conscience, is bad enough; and one has no difficulty in agreeing with the author that in the event of an inconclusive termination of hostilities the dual monarchy, demoralized and more dependent than ever upon Germany, would be, if possible, a greater menace to the peace of the world than it was before the outbreak of the war.

Turning from the case of Austria-Hungary, M. Savic treats in some detail of the character and national aspirations of the Southern Slavs. The history of these peoples from the earliest times supports their claim to be regarded as in spirit a great nation. Originally, in the seventh century, the Southern Slavic tribes were called in by the Byzantine Emperors, to repeople the northern and central provinces of the Balkan peninsula, which had been devastated by Goths and Avars, and to protect the northern frontier of Byzantium against further attacks. "To that part assigned them—namely, to be the guardians and protectors of European civilization,—the Serbo-Croat nation," declares M. Savic, "has remained faithful until now." Always non-aggressive in character, and always aiming in their warfare rather at the liberation of fellow Serbs from foreign oppression than at territorial gain, this people has evolved an intense and justifiable national pride. How intense this feeling is, the world generally did not begin to realize until the outbreak of the first Balkan war—though a study of the whole history of the Serbo-Croats up to that time might have been sufficient to show that Southern Slavic nationalism is a force to be reckoned with. Even those Serbs who migrated in great numbers to the north were possessed by the same spirit. Through loyal union with Austria and Hungary, they sought to realize their ideal of national liberty; but they were thwarted by "the greedy exploitation of a German dynasty and the brutal oppression of overbearing, haughty German and Magyar masters."

Certainly the services of Serbia to the cause of the Entente Allies entitle her to consideration apart from the justice of her historic claims. Serbia has not merely suffered much; she has accomplished wonders. The military importance of the Serbian army has not perhaps been fully appreciated. In her early campaigns Serbia "riveted upon her battlefields enormous forces of the common foe and annihilated forces nearly equalling her total strength." Even the terrible retreat into the Albanian mountains was advantageous to the Allies. In Albania the enemy was held at bay, and this gave time for the reinforcement of the Salonica front.

M. Savic has written a strong presentation of the Serbian point of view. So long as national claims and rights are the sole question,

it seems obvious that Serbia's interests should overrule those of Bulgaria and that they should be given weight even against the interests and aspirations of Italy. It is not quite clear, however, that national aspirations are the only questions involved in the Balkan situation; nor may it be taken for granted that America is committed by its own policy and theory of government to the view that every problem of this sort is to be solved through the furtherance of traditional national aims and through observance of the principle of racial unity. Federation, not national aggrandizement, is the American idea: this is not quite the same as Panslavism—perhaps not quite the same as the Serbian conception of an ideal settlement of the Balkan situation. In the friendliest spirit surely the United States will endeavor to see that full justice is done to Serbia and that full reparation is made to her for all that she has suffered. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Americans are inclined to accept whatever extreme construction any people may be inclined to put upon its "national destiny."

M. Savic has written a forceful plea, which is also an illuminating interpretation. His book, however, should be regarded not as affording a solution of the Balkan problem, but only as a just and eloquent presentation of one aspect of that problem.

LORD ACTON'S CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by J. N. Figgis and R. V. Lawrence. New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1917.

It is as a historian that Lord Acton is chiefly remembered; for although his historical writings are not actually very numerous, although his projected *magnum opus*—the *History of Liberty*—was in fact never completed, his immense learning and his profound judgment made a deep impression upon the minds of historical scholars all over the world. His influence, direct and indirect, has been very great.

And yet it is doubtless true that as a historian Acton has come to seem a little bit old-fashioned. Certainly he was not what we now mean by a "scientific" historian. His history was to him not merely a method of inquiry, but a system of thought. His mind was filled with it, and in a degree unusual with modern scholars he carried it about with him. What he knew, or aspired to know, was not historic problems, or the method of historic research, but history. Furthermore, he differed from the typical scientific historian of to-day in that his conception of history was profoundly and unashamedly ethical. His historical views were as deeply wrought into the structure of his mind as were his religious beliefs or his political judgments. Indeed, all three sets of opinions were at root nearly identical: certainly there was no inconsistency among them.

As a religious thinker, Acton seems, at first thought, less important than he does as a historian. How could a Catholic who strenuously maintained those doctrines concerning the freedom of belief and the supremacy of conscience which are popularly supposed to be the exclusive property of Protestants write about religion in a way that would be effectual with other Catholics? And again, how could one to whom the Roman Catholic communion was "dearer than life,"—one who

accepted certain beliefs on faith, and who seems to have cared comparatively little about reconciling science with religion,—how could such a one write about religious matters in a way that would affect opinion outside his own Church?

His position was, indeed, anomalous; yet he cannot be accused of inconsistency. In his opposition to the Vatican Decrees he was actuated by principles, not by considerations of expediency. He was beaten, yet he did not feel obliged to separate himself from the Church. He saw that the dogma of Papal Infallibility in its final form was very much qualified; he perceived that Newman's minimizing view of the doctrine "made it possible technically to accept the whole of the Decrees." Moreover, he was a layman: he held no teaching office. But these, after all, were not the considerations that weighed most with him. In time he came to realize that he had always been opposed to the policy of which the decrees were but the latest expression. He was a Catholic at heart; he "belonged," as he once said, "to the soul of the Church"; but with the official government of the Church throughout its history, he could have had, except for brief periods, little sympathy. He could not withdraw from communion with the Church without detaching himself from its soul; he could remain in that communion without approving or professing to approve what he regarded as a false and harmful policy.

The truth is that Acton's criticisms of the Church are of a piece with his criticisms of history and with his criticisms of literature and of politics. In all these fields of thought he is equally consistent and courageous; in all equally his point of view is profoundly ethical. A few great principles controlled his judgment—the principle, especially, of freedom, and next to that, perhaps, the principle of the sanctity of human life. Minor principles did not weigh with him as they do with less comprehensive thinkers. Democracy was not to him the *ultima ratio*. Of centralized democracy he disapproved almost as heartily as he did of absolutism. It was for this reason that his sympathies during the American Civil War lay with the South. Nationalism or racial autonomy he did not make a fetish. Though he approved of Gladstone and of Home Rule, his adhesion to Liberalism depended not on the narrow doctrine of nationalism but upon the broad conception of freedom. Autocracy, of course, he utterly condemned, and so well did he understand the fundamental difference between absolutism and freedom, and the practical workings of the former, that he was one of the first to foresee the real danger of Prussianism.

In short, Acton had made a synthesis of his historical, his religious, his personal views upon a very broad ethical basis. In his judgments he can never be accused of narrowness or undue severity. In history, he maintained, personal vices and personal virtues are commonly of little account: sincerity and concern for the sanctity of human life are almost the sole moral tests of a statesman. He was thus very far from being a petty moralist. Yet he consistently maintained the ethical standard.

In his general correspondence the same strength is apparent—the strength, namely, of unity and consistency—that appears in his formal writings. Great power usually results from a broad synthesis. In Acton's case power is supplemented by detailed knowledge. Acton

was a thorough student of history, a man acquainted with affairs, a man of the world, a man of letters capable of acute literary criticism.

It is as such a man that the first volume of his letters reveal him. Seldom in epistolary literature is so much strength joined with so much sanity and so much charm as in the case of Acton's correspondence. His ideas, always deeply based, often original, not seldom challenging, are the expression of a personality that has acquired an exceptional degree of unity. The ideas themselves, in many cases, seem particularly adapted to a time in which men are being compelled by the terrible logic of war to take stock of their ethical conceptions and to view the whole of life's problems in a realistic and at the same time an earnestly moral or religious light.

CAMPAIGNS AND INTERVALS. By Jean Giraudoux. Translated by Elizabeth S. Sergeant. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918.

Looking at the war in certain large and, in a sense, conventional ways we can all after a fashion understand it. As a moral phenomenon, as a military event, as a huge catastrophe, it may be more or less clearly grasped with the aid of principles, maps, or statistics. But besides wanting to understand the war in the abstract, people passionately desire to appreciate it as experience.

Now the question that every one wants to have answered with respect to any experience in the least out of the ordinary—the question, "Just how did it seem?"—is the hardest of all questions to answer satisfactorily. Most men simply cannot answer it at all. Their replies consist of irrelevant details or conventional ideas. If any one even for a moment succeeds in describing an experience unconventionally, fully, and truly, the appreciative hearer rejoices.

Obviously the experiences of war, as they present themselves to an impressible and reasonable mind, must seem shockingly incoherent. War breaks up old coherences, creates new associations. Events never before thought of in the same category occur together or in sequence. Thoughts or emotions that never in time of peace had even a bowing acquaintance with each other are joined in a close embrace. War experiences must be therefore the hardest experiences of all for the conscious impressionist—the soldier who is also a skilled writer—to describe adequately to those unconscious impressionists, his questioners. They are a dull, gaping lot, these questioners, for we are all dull when it comes to understanding one another: it requires something like genius to make one's inner sense of a thing plain to the most intelligent and friendly soul. But the questioners are really in earnest. They are worth enlightening; and in order that they may be enlightened they must be made to feel not only the strangeness, the incongruity of things as they appear to the soldier, but their oneness as experience, their seeming coherence, their dreamlike plausibility.

Perhaps no more sincere, more exact, more unconventional or more various record of war impressions was ever written than that which Jean Giraudoux has given us in his book *Campaigns and Intervals*. The effect of many passages of this record is so simple and so

strong as to remind us of the work of Stephen Crane. But *Campaigns and Intervals* is not, of course, as is *The Red Badge of Courage,* a one-idea-ed book: it is not a study merely of one chain of events or of one emotion. It is both more delicate and more versatile than Crane's masterpiece; and the fact that it records real instead of imaginary occurrences, increases both one's estimation of its value and one's admiration for the art with which it is executed.

How do sensitive, civilized men feel in the hour of waiting for the great ordeal? Here is M. Giraudoux's answer or a part of it: "But chiefly, without respite, we think of the first wounded and the first dead of the battalion. All the mental power we have stumbles sharply over this first corpse. We understand the second, and the third, and toward the hundredth we ourselves stretch our stark length on the ground; but suddenly, in spite of us, the first dead whom we have finally laid out in our minds comes back to life, scrambles to his feet, and the whole thing has to be done over again. When a soldier who is setting a match to his pipe lights up his face for an instant, we tremble for him as if he were flashing a signal to death. Our shoulders slump; age comes upon us. Restlessly we wander up and down in this darkness which makes victory seem scarcely more desirable than morning. *'C'est toi?'* 'Yes, it's I,' comes the tremulous answer, out of a deep courage. . . ."

Sometimes, too, the author mingles psychology with spectacular bits of description and with humorous observation in a manner that produces an astonishingly complete and convincing picture of the reality. The following description of a group of refugees, though characteristic, is by no means an exceptional instance:

"They all carry, either in cages or on leash, the animals which make the best fugitives: dogs, canaries, cats. In every carriage, too, is the object that would have been saved in case of fire, or else—today a bond of union—the one that would have been quarreled over in a division of property; a card-table, suspended like a goat with its feet tied together, or a phonograph. Now comes a hair-dresser with his waxen heads. Now some poor old people with their fixed attachments—an old woman in her armchair, an old man on his camp-stool. Some fresh, plump women in waterproofs, who have taken time to slip on their best chemises, but not to tie up the pink ribbons, which flutter in the breeze."

Is there in this series of impressions, one may ask, any unity beyond that which is produced by the hanging-together of the impressions themselves? Most certainly there is: A certain steadiness, a certain "lucidity of soul" is manifest through the whole book. Without attempting in the least to disengage the ethical or spiritual elements from the human spectacle, M. Giraudoux enables us to perceive the nobility of human nature as represented in the French civilian turned soldier: he lets us see that this soldier, strangely and sometimes absurdly affected as he is by the terrors and the incongruities of the war, has a soul.

The translator has done her work so well that one scarcely has occasion to remember that the book was not originally written in English.

WOMEN AND WAR WORK. By Helen Fraser. New York: G. Arnold Shaw, 1918.

Of all the effects that the war has produced, or is producing, within the countries at war with Germany, none is more interesting than the change which is taking place in the status of women.

Other changes, though possibly fraught with great significance, are either less revolutionary or have the air of being less permanent. Men have learned to submit cheerfully to severe restrictions; but submission to centralized authority for the sake of patriotic coöperation is no new thing, even in democracies. In war time, people are learning to be more economical, more temperate, more thrifty; but economy, temperance, and thrift, are not novelties—in France, at least, they were, even before the war, national habits. And besides, there is no assurance that the virtues learned in wartime will continue to be generally practised after the immediate occasion for their exercise has passed. Meatless and wheatless days may teach self-sacrifice, but will not necessarily establish a habit of economy among people whose standard of living is normally high.

The change in the condition of women, however—especially in England and in France—amounts to a revolution in thought. Certain prejudices, certain false sentiments, have departed—probably never to return. It is true that this revolution, like most other revolutions, has been for a long time preparing; but the results are not on that account less surprising. The strength and adaptability of women in all manner of work connected with the war have been a revelation.

Just what the change has meant to England one may most easily and most agreeably learn from Helen Fraser's *Women and War Work* —almost an ideal war book in its combination of informing facts and figures with straightforward emotional appeal and serious, work-a-day enthusiasm. Miss Fraser is an official of the British Treasury: she is now lecturing in this country with the approval of the British Government. Since August, 1914, she has been continuously engaged in various kinds of war work. Her book shows that she possesses not merely a thorough understanding of the details of organization, but a real insight into human nature.

When one thinks of women's work in the war one naturally thinks first of such things as nursing, Y. W. C. A. work, and the clerical work connected with the big supplementary organizations. One knows, of course, that women do in some cases work in munitions factories and on farms; that they perform heavy labor and engage in dangerous service. But if one's information is derived from a casual reading of newspapers or magazines one has much to learn.

In England, in France, women have come to the front amazingly as organizers. In England they have not only proved equal to the immense task of nursing the sick and wounded, but they have supplied some of the ablest physicians and surgeons. On the farms and in factories they are doing all but the heaviest work. They have proved their ability as mechanics and engineers. In the munitions factories they do not shrink from performing the most dangerous operations. Women police officers are doing the things that men have done as well

as the men have done them and are doing things that men cannot do nearly so well. The success of English women in all kinds of work formerly regarded as fit only for men is astonishing; the number of women who are doing men's work in England is far greater than most persons suppose: to-day there are between 800,000 and 1,000,000 in munitions works alone. England has carried on a tremendous experiment in practical "feminism" and the results exceed all expectations.

As for gallantry: "On one occasion in France in an air raid, enemy bombs came very near some girl signallers. They behaved splendidly, and some one suggested that it should be mentioned in the Orders of the Day. 'No,' said the Commanding Officer, 'we don't mention soldiers in orders for doing their duty.' The 'Waacs'—members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—are a part of His Majesty's Forces, and when a girl joins she is subject to army rules and regulations. Before going to France, she is handed the two identification discs which every soldier receives."

In spirit, Miss Fraser's book is not merely patriotic. In reading it one catches a glimpse of a future better than the past—of finer and more practical ideals, of juster ethical standards, of better relations between the sexes and truer coöperation between men and women.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XII

(*February* 6—*March* 5)

THE United States has completed the eleventh month of its war against the Imperial German Government. The month opened with a disaster at sea, in the loss of the transport *Tuscania,* torpedoed by a German submarine, almost at the completion of her journey to a British port with 2,179 American soldiers aboard, many of whom were lost. It closed with the repulse of a strong German raid upon a part of the front line trenches in France held by American troops. This was not a battle, nor even a raid of great importance. The news despatches were curiously exact in specifying that the German force numbered 240 men. They reported that numerous Americans were killed and others wounded, adding that many Germans were killed, including two officers whose bodies were left tangled up in the barbed wire defences of the American trenches. Two or three of the Germans who managed to get as far as the American trenches were unable to escape with their retreating comrades, and remained as prisoners in American hands. Complete details have not been received at this writing, but there were indications that some American prisoners were taken by the raiders, which, no doubt, was the German object.

Throughout the month there have been constant reports of minor contacts between our men and the Germans, and the beginning of our casualty list has been made. We have gained experience with gas, barrage fire, grenades and bombs, and other features of modern war. There has been nothing yet approaching the magnitude of a serious action, however—nothing to furnish a comparative test of the fighting qualities of the new American army. But they have shown on all the less important occasions in which they have met the Germans that they are well worthy of the confidence of their people in the account they will render of themselves when the real trial comes.

The *Tuscania* was the first American troopship to fall a victim to the submarines. In addition to the 2,179 soldier passengers she carried a crew of 222, making 2,401 persons aboard. Of these 149 soldiers and 17 members of the crew were lost. The others were taken off by British torpedo boat destroyers which had been guarding the convoy of which the *Tuscania* formed part, or were saved by means of boats and rafts. The universal testimony of the survivors was of the gallantry of the young troops in the face of the great test. It was their superb discipline which brought so large a number through safely. Part of the survivors were landed at Irish ports and part in Scotland.

But while this disaster at sea, and the steady report of small losses in action, served throughout the month to deepen the impression upon the minds of the people in the United States that their armed force was beginning at length to make itself felt on the battle fronts, the dominant note of the month was possible peace. The intermittent negotiations between the Bolshevist Russians and the Teutonic Allies at Brest-Litovsk were alternately on and off, then came to a complete rupture, when Trotzky, refusing to sign a treaty on the basis of the German terms, declared Russia's warfare at an end and the demobilization of the Russian armies. No peace had been signed, but then, as they seemed to think, it took two sides to make a war, and as they were determined not to have war Germany could not go on alone. If they really thought that, they did not understand the full capabilities of the Germans. There was a brief and surprised pause. Then the German newspapers began to talk seriously of the grave necessity of moving forward in Russia, and of the urgent appeal of the Ukrainians for German aid.

The Ukrainians had been permitted to enter into independent negotiations with the Teutonic allies, and they agreed on peace terms and signed the treaty. When the Bolsheviki turned on Ukrainia the new German "friends" of the Rada went promptly to the assistance of the Ukrainian Republic. Reports are conflicting, but it seems that there was a bloody battle for possession of Kiev, won by the Bolsheviki, with horrible slaughter during and following the fighting.

The announcement of the peace between Ukrainia and the Central Powers was made on February 9. The next day Trotzky made his great gesture. Thereupon von Kuehlmann, the German Foreign Minister and Count Czernin, the Austrian, went back to Berlin and German Great Headquarters, whence it was announced that the Brest-Litovsk negotiations "having ended in violent rupture bearing the seeds of future conflict, it was necessary to consider the eventuality of very energetic military measures against the Russians." On February 18 Berlin announced that two German armies were advancing against the Russians. One crossed the Dvina and moved on Dvinsk, quickly occupying it. "Called on by Ukrainia to help in her heavy struggle against Great Russia," said the Berlin announcement, "our troops have commenced their advance."

The next day Lenin and Trotzky announced that they had been forced to sign a peace on German terms, and sent a wireless message to Berlin. General Hoffmann, one of the negotiators at Brest-Litovsk, demanded the signed document. He remarked that telegraphed signatures were not binding and might be forged. Germany now made new terms; surrender of more territory and a huge indemnity, variously reported as about $4,000,000,000. The Germans captured thousands of prisoners, many guns and quantities of military supplies in their advance.

On February 22 Lenin and Krylenko, the subaltern commander-in-chief of the Bolsheviki armies, signed a proclamation posted in Petrograd calling all the Russians to fight the invader to the death. As this is written the news despatches report the Germans as proclaiming their intention to hang or shoot the Bolshevist Red Guards whom they catch, especially in Ukrainia, and assert that a start was made by hang-

ing 200 in the market place at Wolmar, without investigation.

The obvious, tangible result, therefore, of the Russian revolution thus far, is the practically complete disruption of Russia; the cessation of her warfare against Germany, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria; the vast advantage of Germany and her allies; the possession by Germany of a tremendous extent of Russian territory, with enormous supplies of food and various kinds of military material, including guns and munitions; the liberation in Russia of hundreds of thousands of German and Austrian prisoners of war, and the ultimate great reinforcement of Germany's man power. These are facts all of which have a direct bearing upon what the United States must be willing and prepared to do in order to see that our war against the Imperial German Government does not end in a disaster to us and to civilization.

The progressive disruption of Russia having proceeded so rapidly as seriously to menace the stability of conditions in Eastern Siberia, Japanese occupation of Vladivostok and of points west along the railroad became a subject of earnest consultation among the Allies. It was reported that Japan was ready to take active measures, both to protect her own paramount interests against the danger of German organization of Eastern Russia and also in defense of Allied interests. Great Britain, France and Italy were reported to have advised Japan to act. The American Government, however, still clings, apparently, to the hope that some power of recuperation in Russia may yet free her miraculously from the blight of Bolshevism, and bring her again into the line of duty to civilization. Our consent to the proposed action by Japan is withheld therefore, and at this writing nothing has been done.

While the Russian attempt to secure peace through direct negotiation with the Germans was moving on to failure at Brest-Litovsk, the American attempt to bring peace nearer through public speech was proceeding. The eleventh month of our war with Germany was marked by the continuance, by President Wilson, of the long range discussion of general peace principles with Count von Hertling, the German Chancellor, and Count Czernin, the Austrian Foreign Minister, which formed so interesting a part of the history of the tenth month. On February 11 Mr. Wilson went before a joint session of the Senate and House of Representatives and delivered an address in reply to the speeches of Hertling and Czernin on January 24. Those speeches had been in the nature of replies to President Wilson's address to Congress on January 8, when he laid down fourteen conditions of peace. Now the German Chancellor has again replied to the President, in a speech before the Reichstag on February 25, and the prospect of peace is brighter or darker according as one interprets what the statesmen said.

In his February 11 address Mr. Wilson differentiated the speeches of the two Teutonic statesmen and declared that the German's was "certainly in a very different tone from that of Count Czernin and apparently of an opposite purpose." The President dwelt upon this and seemed to be actuated by hope of developing a difference between his two enemies. He credited Czernin with seeing the "fundamental elements of peace with clear eyes" and with not seeking to obscure them. But Hertling seemed to have forgotten or to ignore the Reichstag reso-

lutions of July 19—the peace without annexations or indemnities resolutions.

"What is at stake now is the peace of the world," declared Mr. Wilson. "This," he added, "depends upon the just settlement of each of the several problems to which I adverted in my recent address to the Congress." That referred to the fourteen conditions of peace he laid down in his January 8 speech. But he immediately qualified that by saying "I, of course, do not mean that the peace of the world depends upon the acceptance of any particular set of suggestions as to the way in which those problems are to be dealt with."

After further consideration of this point, and further emphasis on the difference between Hertling and Czernin, the President laid down these four general principles essential to any effective consideration of peace:

> First—That each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular case, and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent.
>
> Second—That peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but that
>
> Third—Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the population concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims among rival States; and,
>
> Fourth—That all well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe, and consequently, of the world.

"A general peace erected upon such foundations can be discussed," said Mr. Wilson. "Until such a peace can be secured we have no choice but to go on."

The same day that the President laid down these four principles the German Kaiser, replying to an address presented by the Burgomaster of Hamburg on the occasion of the peace with Ukrainia, explained the German view of how peace may be achieved. He said:

> We ought to bring peace to the world. We shall seek in every way to do it. Such an end was achieved yesterday in a friendly manner with an enemy, which, beaten by our armies, perceives no reason for fighting longer, extends a hand to us and receives our hand. We clasp hands.
>
> But he who will not accept peace, but on the contrary declines, pouring out the blood of his own and of our people, must be forced to have peace. We desire to live in friendship with neighboring peoples, but the victory of German arms must first be recognized. Our troops under the great Hindenburg will continue to win it. Then peace will come.

President Wilson's speech evoked a very prompt and public disclaimer from the British Premier. Mr. Lloyd-George addressed the House of Commons the following day and declared that, although he regretted it, he could not altogether accept the President's interpretation of the Czernin speech.

"It is perfectly true, as far as the tone is concerned," he said, "that there is a great difference between the Austrian and German speeches. But I wish I could believe there is a difference in substance." Then, referring to the Czernin speech he added, "It was extraordinarily civil in tone, and friendly. But when you come to the demands put forward by the Allies it was adamant."

The British Premier went on to show the unyielding character of the two speeches, and said that until there was some better proof than had been provided in these speeches that the Central Powers were prepared to consider the aims and ideals for which the Allies were fighting it would be Great Britain's regrettable duty to go on and make preparations necessary to establish international rights by force of arms.

Count von Hertling's latest reply to Mr. Wilson was delivered before the Reichstag on February 25. He began by saying that the Reichstag was entitled to an explanatory statement, "although I entertain certain doubts as to the utility and success of dialogues carried on by ministers and statesmen of belligerent countries." He agreed with Mr. Runciman's view, as expressed in the Commons, that "we should get much nearer to peace if responsible representatives of the belligerent Powers would come together in an intimate meeting for discussion. I can only agree with him that that would be the way to remove numerous intentional and unintentional misunderstandings and compel our enemies to take our words as they are meant, and on their part also to show their colors."

With that introduction Count von Hertling proceeded to analyze the four principles of peaceful settlement laid down by President Wilson, and to declare his fundamental agreement with them. After stating the first one, in the President's terms, he said:

"Who could contradict this? The phrase, coined by the great father of the Church, Augustine, 1,500 years ago—'*justitia fundamentum regnorum*'—is still valid today. Certain it is that only peace based in all its parts on the principles of justice has a prospect of endurance."

Then, quoting the President's second clause he commented:

This clause, too, can be unconditionally assented to. Indeed, one wonders that the President of the United States considered it necessary to emphasize it anew. This clause contains a polemic against conditions long vanished, views against Cabinet politics and Cabinet wars, against mixing state territory and princely and private property, which belong to a past that is far behind us.

I do not want to be discourteous, but when one remembers the earlier utterances of President Wilson, one might think he is laboring under the illusion that there exists in Germany an antagonism between an autocratic government and a mass of people without rights.

The third clause is only the application of the foregoing in a definite direction, or a deduction from it, and is therefore included in the assent given to that clause.

Then, quoting the President's fourth clause, von Hertling said:

Here, also, I can give assent in principle, and I declare, therefore, with President Wilson, that a general peace on such a basis is discussable.

Only one reservation is to be made. These principles must not be proposed by the President of the United States alone, but they must also be recognized definitely by all States and nations. President Wilson, who reproaches the

German Chancellor with a certain amount of backwardness, seems to me in his flight of ideas to have hurried far in advance of existing realities.

Having thus accepted the Wilsonian principles, Count von Hertling labored to forestall their application to the Russian case. In doing this he produced the interesting assertion that Germany's course against Russia was defensive rather than aggressive.

" Our war aims from the beginning," he said, " were the defense of the Fatherland, the maintenance of our territorial integrity, and the freedom of our economic development. Our warfare, even where it must be aggressive in action, is defensive in aim. I lay especial stress upon that just now in order that no misunderstandings shall arise about our operation in the east."

From that he progressed to declarations that Germany does not intend to establish herself in Esthonia and Livonia, and that her object in Courland and Lithuania is chiefly " to create organs of self-determination and self-administration."

Speaking in the House of Commons two days later Foreign Secretary Balfour declared that he was unable to find in von Hertling's speech any basis for fruitful conversation or hope of peace. The German Chancellor's lip service to President Wilson's proposition, said Mr. Balfour, was not supported by German practice.

Coincident with the report of the Chancellor's smooth description of Germany's purposes, principles and practice, came the news that a German submarine had torpedoed another British hospital ship, the *Glenart,* clearly marked and lighted, with loss of 164 lives.

Announcements of American casualties—in small numbers as yet —have become a regular feature of the news. There is an almost daily repetition of the phrase " Gen. Pershing reports " followed by names of men killed or wounded. And with significant frequency have appeared reports of fatal accidents at the aviation training camps. Secretary Baker permitted the announcement to be made, toward the close of the month, that the first American battle planes were on their way to France.

Mr. Baker revealed the fact that these planes are equipped with twelve-cylinder Liberty motors. But no information was given as to numbers of manufacture or shipment. The Secretary had insisted, before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, that 1,500,000 American troops would be ready for service in France this year. The implication was that whether or not they are actually sent to France depends, or will depend, on the question of ocean transportation. The War Department is asking Congress for $450,000,000 more for aviation.

On February 10 Mr. Baker announced the organization of the Army General Staff into five divisions, Executive, War Plans, Purchases and Supplies, Storage and Traffic, and Army Operations. Each division is under a director who is an assistant chief of staff. Meantime Congress is proceeding with consideration of measures that will or may involve considerable army reorganization. One of these measures is the so-called Overman bill, conferring upon the President blanket power to reorganize the executive departments without regard to the limitations of existing law, and to shift bureaus and their personnel from

one to another as he sees fit, to rearrange duties, and generally to effect such organization of the administration as he deems best to secure the most efficient results. As at first drafted this bill conferred upon the President authority to create new bureaus and offices. There was much opposition to the bill, and especially to this feature. But it has been modified somewhat in committee and seems to have developed support enough to secure its enactment. The disposition generally seems to be to give the President every power which he feels he needs for successfully carrying on the war.

Congress is also at work on the bill giving the President all the power with regard to Government operation of the railroads which he asked in his special address on that subject, and guaranteeing the financial return that he suggested. At the same time a bill creating a War Finance Corporation, to be owned by the Government, is on its way to enactment. This corporation is to have a capital of $500,000,000 and to be authorized to issue bonds to the amount of $4,000,000,000 in order to enable it to make advances to war and contributory industries. These bonds are to be receivable by the Federal Reserve Banks for discount.

Secretary McAdoo has announced the opening of subscriptions for the Third Liberty Loan on April 6, the first anniversary of the declaration of war against the Imperial German Government. In preparation for floating the loan he has offered treasury certificates of indebtedness in $500,000,000 lots at fortnightly intervals, with the expectation of floating $3,000,000,000 of them among the banks before the general subscription to the bonds begins.

With the news of casualties, and of the sinking of ships coming by cable almost every day during the month, there has come also, from various places within the country, and especially from shipbuilding establishments, news of labor troubles and of strikes. One labor union in particular, the ship carpenters, whose leader had not joined with the other union labor leaders in agreeing to submit differences and difficulties to the Wage Adjustment Commission organized by the Shipping Board, made demands for increase of wages and for the closed shop, and struck to enforce these demands, without giving an opportunity to any Government agency to offer a solution. Chairman Hurley, of the Shipping Board, telegraphed Mr. Hutcheson, the leader of this union, urging him to take the patriotic course, but Hutcheson insisted on his demands. At length President Wilson telegraphed Hutcheson, setting forth the situation in the shipbuilding industry and asking, "Will you co-operate or will you obstruct?" Thereupon Hutcheson advised the ship carpenters to return to work, but still held out for the closed shop. Union labor generally stood by the Government, and pledged unswerving efforts until the Kaiser yields.

A significant announcement of great cheer came from the Navy Department on February 18. It was that construction work had proceeded so much faster than anticipated that it was possible to order a number of additional torpedo boat destroyers, and contracts were let accordingly. It was an inspiriting evidence of efficiency.

(*This record is as of March* 5 *and is to be continued*)

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

PRAY FOR THE PRESIDENT

(From The Louisville Courier-Journal)

Under the somewhat misleading superscription, "Thank God for Wilson," Colonel George Harvey has in his NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January an editorial essay which were more accurately entitled, "Some Mistakes of the President."

How much we shall have reason to bless our stars for the present occupant of the White House it will be for future events to decide. As Colonel Harvey says, we are at the moment not only in the honeymoon of the war but in a flush of enthusiasm over the President's thrilling utterances. Assuredly, he is a master of eloquent and lucid statement. This, however, can hardly outlast reverses, or even waning ardor. There will come lulls in America as there have come lulls in England and in France. It is not going to be a simple or easy task to maintain a high pitch of patriotic fervor throughout a vast country containing a hundred millions of diverse nationalities. People grow weary and listless as they become accustomed to changed and none too exhilarating conditions. Then their tendency is to turn upon their heroes and rend them.

Anyhow, we are in for it. "The die," the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW continues, "is cast irrevocably and there is no middle course. The powers of light must prevail over, or succumb to, the rulers of darkness. 'Only a miracle can bring peace,' declares Maximilian Harden; 'either Germany must be crushed or her enemies must be defeated; there is no alternative.' And Harden speaks the truth,—as we speak the truth when we repeat what we said last month: that at no time since the battle of the Marne has the outlook been as black as it is today. Advantages gained in sporadic battles, such as that of General Byng, only to be lost immediately in full or in large part, avail nothing. Not only in the East, where Russia and Roumania are releasing millions of trained German soldiers for service elsewhere, but on the decisive Western front, the situation is bad."

This is true enough. What we may do when we get over there remains to be shown and seen. If we arrive in the nick of time, and, the back of the German man power and morale beginning to bend, if not broken, we carry all before us the destiny of the President as the foremost leader of modern times will be fulfilled. If we fail—if the situation remains at a standstill—if this time next year the existing deadlock continues—he will be assailed and distrusted as a failure; no one to share his ignominy; none to do him reverence. It is a dizzy, dangerous height on which he stands.

DEMOCRACY AND THE WORLD.

(From the Beaumont (Texas) Enterprise)

President Wilson has given us a new phrase in his "making the world safe for democracy." Colonel George Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW contends that our President is only engaging in rhetorical acrobatics and that his sayings amount to little. Nevertheless, Colonel Harvey takes this most quoted phrase and paraphrases it: "Making democracy safe for the world."

That isn't necessary. Democracy is safe for the world. It is the only system of government that gives to every man, whatever his station in life may be, a square deal. And it is democracy alone that will solve the multiplied problems which will come to us when the war ends.

Colonel Harvey with his brilliant writings could be doing the nation a far greater service were he devoting his energies to making the world safe for democracy. In trying to make democracy safe for the world he is wasting his time and talent.

Once we have the world safe for democracy, democracy will attend to the business of making itself safe for the world.

To point to the bolshevik element in Russia as an example of Russia is as unjust as it would be to hark back to the days of wild-eyed populism in Texas and call that democracy. It was real democracy to which President Wilson referred and that is the only kind of democracy that the world will be made safe for.

We are destined to play a rather important part in the war which now rages and we, therefore, shall have something to say when the terms of peace are decided upon. One of the things we shall say is that the world must be made safe for democracy. And by that we shall not mean any anarchistic system which would dethrone justice will be set up as democracy. We mean that real democracy will be the rule, and by this term "democracy" we do not mean that which characterizes any political party but, rather, the something which makes the man who toils feel that he is as good as the man for whom he works.

Colonel Harvey is, as a rule, radically wrong. And we do not think that, in this instance, he is right.

Our first duty is to make the world safe for democracy. Having done that, we may safely depend upon democracy to make itself safe for the world.

JUSTICE BY, AND FOR, JOSEPHUS

(From The New York Herald)

In his WAR WEEKLY attachment to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Colonel George Harvey contrasts the punishment meted out by the Secretary of the Navy in the case of Lieutenant Friedrick, in command of an American destroyer which fired upon an Italian submarine, and that of Captain Victor Blue, who was in command of the battleship *Texas* when she went upon the rocks. Formal charges against both officers were passed upon by navy courts, the finding in the case of Captain Blue recommending the loss of twenty numbers in rank, a penalty which, according to precedent, would deprive him of his command; that in the case of Lieutenant Friedrick recommending the loss of thirty numbers,

the minimum penalty provided by navy regulations, but accompanied by a strong plea for clemency by the court. It was shown in the Friedrick case that the fault clearly lay with the commander of the Italian submarine, who failed to fly the agreed upon signal when challenged by the American destroyer. This was recognized by the Italian Government, which, through its Ambassador, urged the setting aside of the verdict of the court and commended Lieutenant Friedrick for his action.

Secretary Daniels passed upon the findings of both courts. He cut the punishment of Captain Blue in half and restored him to his command; he ignored the clemency plea of the court in the Friedrick case, depriving of his command an officer whose only "offence," according to the record as made public, was to exercise the caution that was his clear duty.

The circumstances of the two cases are recalled, not for the purpose of refreshing the memory of Americans concerning them but to illustrate the wisdom of the aphorism that Governors' staff colonels get into trouble when they rush in where navy angels fear to tread. Colonel Harvey intimates that the action of the Secretary in the Blue case was inspired by Captain Blue's also being a native of North Carolina.

While it is true that Captain Blue was born in North Carolina, he early deserted that State, removing to South Carolina. Nobody should know better than Colonel Harvey that since prohibition removed the possibility of the traditional amenities between Governors there has been between the residents of the two Carolinas no love lost and none to lose.

DEBATE

(*From The Rochester Post-Express*)

In another column is printed a part of Colonel Harvey's editorial in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Aside from the pleasure of reading an argument so finely conceived and executed, there must come to thoughtful and open minded readers of Colonel Harvey's editorial the conviction that he is more than an expert editorialist; that he is a great debater. This is a fact to make us glad; for while we have fine statement of argument and eloquent summarizing of opinion, we have comparatively little debate in the greater manner of an older day. The basic quality of genuine debate is fairness of attitude, courtesy toward opponents and careful consideration of their positions in the matter discussed. The great debaters of record were masters of plausibility; they were clear and forceful in statement and they had the art of simulating candor, when they did not feel it. They made courteous admissions; they did not load themselves with troublesome assumptions of villainy. Lincoln and Burke, Webster and Pitt knew how to carry conviction under a manner reasonable and self-restrained. They gave no impression of hypocrisy, yet they were masters of ironical exploitation of weakness and inconsistency. Moreover they entered debate with a high purpose; they sought less a reputation for themselves than a means of convincing their opponents. It is in this spirit and in this manner that Colonel Harvey writes; he desires to be able to "Thank God for Wilson" and he closes his article with the adjuration "Make it so."

"BE ON THE JOB"

(From The Washington Herald)

George Harvey in his NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S WAR WEEKLY, edited in Washington and printed in New York, is going to have the time of his young life if the first three issues of the WAR WEEKLY are fair samples.

The gentle irony of Harvey does not stale. The word "chuckle" was created for Harveyized readers. You feel genuinely sorry for the one who runs foul of this distinguished editor's satire, but you are just as genuinely certain that the blow was above the belt and for the victim's good. You are reminded of Marse Henry Watterson's remark: "If anyone dares tell me to go to hell, I want George Harvey to do it."

With the precision of a surgeon like Mayo, George Harvey gets at once to the root of every question. His wide acquaintance among men, his intimate association with those who have made and are making history, eminently qualify him for the rôle of the honest critic.

Mr. Baker is "flippant" and "jaunty," and Mr. McAdoo is "on the job" and has "made the best record of any Government official since the United States entered the war."

If you are not already a subscriber to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, "be on the job" and send $5.00 and get the WAR WEEKLY for good measure. You'll get your five back in the first issue—if you have the human brand on you.

SOME MEN ARE BORN SUPERANNUATED

(From The World)

Under the title of "Superannuated Generals," our excellent and seething friend George Harvey wails bitterly in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S WAR WEEKLY that Secretary Baker was responsible for the sending of General Sibert to France; that General Pershing found that General Sibert "could not stand the strain of training men in the field and sent him home," but "a younger officer might have gathered very valuable field experience if he had been given General Sibert's experience." Then follows the customary complaint that the Administration gives no opportunity to General Leonard Wood, who, by the way, happens to be in France and was slightly wounded the other day.

The real significance of Brother Harvey's criticism does not appear until we consult the Army Register and find that General Sibert was born on October 12, 1860, and General Wood was born on October 9, 1860. Sibert, who is three days younger than Wood, is "superannuated," but Wood, who is three days older than Sibert, is in his very prime.

This fable teaches that when you wish to nag the President or Secretary Baker and revile the conduct of the war, anything will do as a text.

NOT NICE, BUT TRUE.

(From the Harrisburg Telegraph)

George Harvey, writing in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February, says that the chief business of America has come to be the "killing of Germans."

That is not a nice sentence, but it is so distinctly the truth that it ought to be read and considered by every American.

"Killing Germans" must be America's chief occupation henceforth until Germany is brought to her knees. The more Germans we kill the fewer will be left to kill us. It is plainly a case of kill or be killed. Either Germans or Americans must die, and as between the two we must see to it that death comes to the Germans. We must kill Germans in France or they will kill us—and our wives and children here in our own country.

"Killing Germans" is to be our chief occupation, because the more we kill the more quickly peace will be restored. That is the reason why Americans are so desirous of quick and effective co-operation with our allies. That is the reason why we are so indignant over errors and delays and so insistent upon speed and efficiency.

THE TASK FOR THE CHURCHES

(*From The Christian Advocate*)

A few years ago, when men were prophesying the downfall of the American Republic, George Harvey, now editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, declared that he believed in the permanency of the American Republic because the people believed in universal education and the culture of conscience. He added that the public schools were well-organized and able to reach all the people, and it was to the church we must look for defenders of peace, promoters of righteousness, and upholders of justice. . . .

It is perfectly clear that if democracy is made safe for the United States and for the world it must depend upon the public schools and the Christian church. While both of these institutions may be criticized, their success is full of hope for the future of our country. We sometimes overlook the fact that there are 175,000 churches in the United States supported by the voluntary contributions of the people, and the main business of these institutions is the culture of the inner life and the development of righteousness, justice and mercy.

CONVINCING AND INTERESTING

(*From The Baltimore Sun*)

There is a changing attitude toward public controversy in our modern American magazines, which, while formerly devoting themselves almost exclusively to the field of instruction and entertainment, are now taking a place with the newspapers in the discussion of current problems in an editorial way. . . . The magazines of pure opinion—such as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the *Forum*, erstwhile the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in more recent times the quarterly *Yale Review*—are apparently becoming restless under the urge of the spirit of timeliness, so much so that the NORTH AMERICAN, for one of them, has been able to resist the pressure no longer and has established at Washington a weekly edition, as it were. It is the idea of Colonel George Harvey, of course, and he calls it his WAR WEEKLY. It is a buster, as might be expected, and it

gives him a fine medium for letting off the steam that used to accumulate to such dangerous proportions when carried over to the monthly issues of the NORTH AMERICAN. In his weekly Colonel Harvey spells the name of La Follette with small letters, and launches out at the world in general in brave tones and bright capitals. He is both convincing and interesting, whatever his views.

"MALICIOUS, LYING TOMMYROT"

(*From the Philadelphia Record*)

Colonel George B. McClellan Harvey, whose animosity against the President is such that he issues a weekly edition of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in order to attack the Administration as frequently as possible, is overwhelmed with grief because the Government, while publishing the names of soldiers who die in France, does not, he says, make known the names of the men who die in the training camps. Apparently the Colonel does not read the newspapers—a bad failing in an old newspaper man. So far as the camps containing nearly 100,000 Pennsylvanians are concerned, full publicity is given to the very few deaths that have taken place in them. The families are promptly notified and the correspondents are given full information. Doubtless the same condition exists in all the camps. The Colonel seems to have invented this charge out of pure malice. It is a fair sample of much of the tommyrot that is being printed about the methods by which the Government is handling the war. When no truthful statement can be made recourse is had to straight lying.

NO TIME TO LOSE

(*From The Springfield Republican*)

Colonel George Harvey, finding THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW too deliberate for his rapid fire thought, has begun the issue of a WAR WEEKLY appendage to that venerable publication. Readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW can get this paper for $1 a year additional, but no others need apply. In his WAR WEEKLY the Colonel will review each seven days as they pass in the national capital. If Woodrow Wilson was unwise enough to make Colonel House his next friend, Colonel Harvey will not withhold his advice from the occupant of the White House and the rest of the country. There is Colonel Watterson's word for it that "no one has written of the war so wholly informed and so luminously intelligent and sincere as Colonel Harvey." No doubt Mr. Tumulty has seen to it that the President is supplied with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and there is nothing for it but to send $1 and get the baby so that nothing may be lost.

CONDITIONED

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

"Thank God for Wilson" is the legend printed red on the cover, and also the title of Colonel Harvey's editorial. Is Saul become a prophet? or is this the case of that later Saul who, after his conversion,

became known as Paul? We are twice, at least, instructed that his (Wilson) "Scotch-Irish, American, Presbyterian heel is rooted in the ground." Yet the editor insists "that at no time since the battle of the Marne has the outlook been as black as it is to-day." The President is implored to abolish his makeshift of a war council and bring to his aid competent men. We quite agree with the editor that "it is maddening that he (Wilson) should persist in attempting to bear the whole burden alone." "What this government needs is vision." It seems to prefer supervision. Several other criticisms seem to condition the editor's thankfulness.

OUTSPOKEN

(*From the Boston Evening Transcript*)

The outspoken George Harvey speaks out once more in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February when he tells us in the course of his leading article that our duty is the killing of Germans, and that to the killing of Germans we must bend all our energies. "The more Germans we kill the fewer American graves there will be in France. The more Germans we kill the less danger to our wives and daughters. The more Germans we kill the sooner we shall welcome home our gallant lads. Nothing else now counts." But he adds that we who stay at home must help to put our house in order. "The censorship as we have come to know its manifestations without understanding its reasons for existence is gone, and that is a more vital fact than would be the going of Mr. Baker, with all his smug cocksureness and detestable flippancy in the midst of this most awful of tragedies the world has ever known."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INDOLENCE

(*From The New York Herald*)

"Why not shift the operations but let the name of the hours remain truthful?" asks Colonel Harvey, who is something of a reactionary on this turn-the-clock-ahead proposition.

If the Colonel will turn to his almanac he will find that whatever else may be said for the present "standard" time it cannot be said to be truthful.

"Let us save daylight—and oil and gas and electricity, not to mention our eyes—by all means," he adds; "but also let us consider whether the psychology of indolence or of energy will not permit us to do so without saying that six is seven and twelve is one when we know all the time that it isn't so."

Isn't the Colonel, from his watch tower at Washington, sad enough over the manifest results of that psychology of indolence without wishing more of the same upon the country?

THE THREE COLONELS

(*From The Wilmington (Del.) News*)

Miss Richards caused audible smiles through the audience by her allusion to the suggestion making the rounds of Washington, that the proposed War Council be composed of three colonels—"The" Colonel,

with Colonel House and Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, whose editorials contain just enough pepper to make them always appetizing. Colonel Harvey was the very first man to mention Woodrow Wilson as a Presidential possibility, but since that day he has been at outs and ins with the President, so that a guess as to where he stands now with the nation's Chief Magistrate would be a hazardous venture.

With three such colonels in the war cabinet, something would surely be doing!

TOO BIG FOR ONE

(*From The St. Johnsbury Caledonian*)

Editor George Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW thinks the President would do well to utilize the services of Theodore Roosevelt either on a foreign mission or right here at home. The suggestion has merit. The President has too much responsibility on his shoulders, a task too big for any man to perform alone. If he would call upon half a dozen men of Mr. Roosevelt's type to take charge of a single department of war work and be wholly responsible for it the war could be prosecuted with greater vigor and peace more quickly brought about. There should be the same organization that successful corporations have, responsible heads for the different departments with understudies ready to fill any gap that may open in the directing forces of the business.

AN ACQUISITION

(*From The Louisville Courier-Journal*)

Beginning with the new year Colonel George Harvey, in response to many requests for more frequent and timely editorial utterances during the war, proposes to issue from Washington City, as an adjunct of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, a publication to be called THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S WAR WEEKLY, at a subscription rate of a dollar a year. It will certainly be an acquisition. No one has written of the war so wholly informed and so luminously intelligent and sincere as Colonel George Harvey. What he says is always worth reading, and his WAR WEEKLY ought to be a conspicuous success.

CUSSING AND DISCUSSING

(*From The Hartford Courant*)

Colonel George Harvey, the brilliant editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has developed now the WAR WEEKLY of that REVIEW, giving every Saturday his readers a live letter from Washington and also several pages of discussions of the pressing questions of the day. When Colonel Harvey discusses, he doesn't stop with that; he cusses, too; and his comments are always readable and often judicious. The only trouble with his WEEKLY is the apprehension it creates that the REVIEW itself may be robbed of a part of its charms.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

(*From The Philadelphia Public Ledger*)

Colonel Harvey in the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW regrets with this newspaper that the President has not found any use for Colonel Roosevelt. He suggests that the Colonel be sent to Japan or to South America to attempt to facilitate the co-operation with America in prosecuting the war. If the Colonel had been sent to Russia the success of the mission to that country might have been more brilliant. Indeed, it might have been possible to have prevented the success of the German machinations which have made the Russian armies impotent.

DEFYING TIME

(*From The Bookseller*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a veritable storehouse of worthwhile editorial comment, fearless and dynamic, that loses nothing of the famous editor's well-known power of expression, that time has no power to diminish. The articles, that range from present world interest to literature and drama, are all the work of careful, able writers, experts in their various lines, that keep the standard of the magazine at its best. With this famous monthly within reach, one cannot be ignorant of the important things that are making history, for its war articles are a big selling feature.

A SERIOUS OMISSION

(*From Life*)

Brother George Harvey's new *North-American-Review-weekly-war-issue-while-you-wait* says:

> Brother Edward Sandford Martin of *Life*, the first man who shook the hand of the man who shook the hand of John L. Sullivan and now the most intimate friend of the most intimate friend of the President, recalls, etc., etc.

All right, brother, but in begarlanding Martin with all these distinctions you should add, "pupil of George Harvey."

Shall a dozen faithful years of apprenticeship to Harvey's *Harper's Weekly* go for nothing?

T. R.—AN EASTMAN OR A PATRIOT?

(*From The Fort Worth Record*)

"The nation should call Roosevelt," chortles Colonel George Harvey in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Colonel Harvey is mistaken. A Federal district attorney should call Roosevelt for preaching sedition and for his vitriolic abuse of the war President of the United States. A Federal district attorney put Max Eastman of the *Masses* out of business; a Federal district attorney made the editor of the *Appeal to*

Reason eat out of the hand of Uncle Sam and like it. Why should the sanguinary colonel be immune? Why should he be permitted to be a common scold and a fomenter of strife?

CAPTIONS

(*From The Mobile Register*)

Colonel George Harvey, editing THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January, writes: "Thank God for Wilson!" indicating an enthusiasm that will surprise all who recall the earlier incident of the Harvey-Wilson relations; but the Louisville *Courier-Journal* dispels the glamor by saying that Colonel Harvey's editorial under the above quoted caption might more accurately be entitled "Some Mistakes of the President."

HOW TO BECOME A BETTER AMERICAN.

(*From the Washington Herald*)

To meet a popular demand, George Harvey's *War Weekly* is offered to the public generally at two dollars for fifty-two issues. To NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW readers the price is one dollar a year. We mention it in this column, which is unpurchasable for advertising, because we believe thinking people who read George Harvey's weekly comment will become better Americans.

IT STILL DOES.

(*From the Jacksonville Times-Union*)

Once the East believed that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW stood for the best public opinion of the country. An able argument in the current number of the REVIEW declares that if we using force to "make democracy safe throughout the world" we are foolish or wicked but in fighting to the uttermost to resist wrong we are performing a plain duty. Now where stands the public?

NOT THE BEST USE

(*From The Louisville Courier-Journal*)

Colonel Harvey thinks Mr. Wilson should have sent Mr. Roosevelt to Russia instead of Mr. Root. So think we. And we agree with Colonel Harvey that the Administration is not making the best use it might of those Republican leaders who are notably true to the cause and the purpose of winning the war.

BUREAUS, WHAT-NOTS, ETC.

(*From The Omaha Bee*)

Colonel George Harvey calls for a real war council made up of the biggest men in the country, regardless of politics, instead of just a sociable meeting of bureau heads wearing a new label. It will come in time.

NO DOUBT

(*From The Macon Telegraph*)

Colonel Harvey says the Administration should find something for Colonel Roosevelt to do. The Administration no doubt would be glad to furnish him a Maxim silencer to play with.

WHO SAID IT?

(*From The St. Louis Republic*)

Who said the eminent editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW cannot appreciate a joke? He calls our informal Commissioner to Europe Colonel "White" House.

A WARNING

(*From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*)

If Mr. Wilson doesn't make some use of T. R. pretty soon, Colonel George Harvey will get mad and offer him to the Kaiser.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PHILIPPINES AND "SELF-DETERMINATION"

SIR,—"The Philippines again! Surely, we have heard enough about the Philippines—more bother to us than they can possibly be worth," says, perhaps, a reader. The first we heard about them was when President McKinley, at the end of the Spanish War, after whipping Spain and taking Cuba from her (to tie it "with a string" to the United States), suggested that we should also take her "leavings" in the Pacific, which were, *de facto,* ours by conquest, as he said: the Philippine Islands. "Self-determination" was not in the air then, and to clinch the affair it was arranged, as a condition of the treaty of peace with Spain, to pay $20,000,000 for them, stock, lock and barrel, throwing the people in, just as serfs or "souls" used to go with the land in old times in Russia. It seemed all serene—on a western tour the President's suggestion that it would be a good thing to be a "world Power," having caught on, in rear-platform addresses. Realizing the situation, if there had been no objection raised to the new "imperialism", with the acquisition of this outpost the United States could have gone ahead as Germany had been doing for nearly twenty years (giving us warning, as Admiral Dewey told us, by her desire to obtain this very outpost herself), building up a big military establishment ourselves suitable to the new attitude, and so have been "prepared," according to the fullest jingo ideal, for the events of 1914!

Perhaps it might have been as well! The thing did not slip through comfortably even with McKinley's winning manipulation. It was only a molehill, thrown up by an entrenching opposition in the way at first which had to be faced, no mountain—in fact more like the Horatian *ridiculus mus.* Those who began the opposition in 1898, mature men, are dropping like the leaves in Vallambrosa. There are few left who remember how on a June day in that year, stirred by some words of protest in the newspapers, the writer made a visit to the late Gamaliel Bradford and suggested to that zealous publicist that the two should "hire a hall" and there propose a protest against the extension of the United States sovereignty over eight millions or so of brown brethren on the other side of the world, without their consent.

So the infant "Anti-Imperialist League" was born and rocked in the Cradle of Liberty, Faneuil Hall, and baptized the nineteenth of November following. Its nineteenth annual meeting was held a few weeks ago.

Its history is that of the struggle, first against the ratification of the treaty with Spain so as to prevent the acquisition of the "possessions," and since to cause atonement to be made for what was thought "the deep damnation of" their "taking"—thought so by them and by the representative half million of quickly and easily acquired adherents to the league, with many prominent members of the President's party, like Benjamin Harrison, Thomas B. Reed, John Sherman, and George S. Boutwell, the league's first president. He kicked over the traces and became an opponent upon this contention of the organization which he had represented so long as Secretary of the Treasury and Senator. Senator Hoar was the leader of the movement in Congress, and in speeches of invective, like those of Cicero and Brutus and Edmund Burke, denounced his official chief for the departure from our national principles. School boys who had heard him might well have "marked and written" these words of eloquence "in their books," and they will be found a mine for historical quotation.

It was the secretary's duty to sustain the league's contest in Washington, and Senator Hoar showed a hesitating mind himself, which was very interesting, to one at his elbow, as to the advisability of party rupture. As he mused aloud, he dwelt on the strength and popularity of McKinley, which were impressing themselves upon him as he said: "There might even be a filibuster—if—?" Party affiliation was too strong for him and he remained in the Republican ranks, forgiving but not forgetting. On the Saturday night before the Monday when the ratification of the treaty was to come up in the Senate, its defeat seemed assured by the final promise given the Secretary by Senator Mason that he would join in the vote against it, if his vote should be needed to determine the question. Stopping on the way to Boston to see Mr. Carnegie at his house in New York, the philanthropist, who had been the league's God-father, with $1,000 birthday present, came out eagerly from an important parlor conference in which he was engaged to be told of the situation, and said at once that his influence with the Senator was considerable and that he would press it by letter. Mr. Carnegie kept his word, but his letter did not reach the addressee until the vote was passed and the treaty was ratified with Senator Mason's vote. Had Mr. Carnegie used a "special delivery" stamp the fate of the Philippines might have been different! The $20,000,000 he offered afterwards to reimburse the Government if it would release the islands could not prevent that which ten cents might have forestalled!

Mr. McKinley's only argument to the writer, when the case of the League for the Philippines was presented to him, with that pat on the coatsleeve (his winning way), was: "You would not have me give them back to Spain, would you? As "giving back" was impossible, since they had not been Spain's to "give back," there was no respectful reply possible! The Filipinos had already won their independence before Dewey came, and had cooped the Spanish power in Manila, ready for easy conquest by the alliance of the native forces with those of the United States.

While the United States was putting down the "insurrection," which was simply a passionate struggle for the maintenance of freedom against our imposed sovereignty—freedom that Aguinaldo and his

countrymen thought the United States was to leave them to enjoy, after their joint success in the *coup de grace* to the Spanish power—the Anti-Imperialist League, having been foiled in the attempt to urge a friendly recognition of the autonomy of the islands, opposed with all its power the "marked severities" of the conduct of the war against the Filipinos. When there came the conquered peace (*La tranquillité regue à Varsovie*) then ensued the United States government by a commission. Its head, President Jacob Gould Schurman, came back to testify that the Philippines should be independent. The chief of the new administration which followed, William H. Taft, Governor General, who had opposed the original acquisition of the archipelago until persuaded by McKinley to "make the best of it," fed the Filipinos on remote and vague hopes which were no more satisfactory, perhaps more provocative, than the avowed "colonial" conviction and purpose of his successor, W. Cameron Forbes. Working "agin' the government," the two potent arguments all along against our urgent pleas for justice, any time from the first to the nineteenth year of "possession," were McKinley's "smart" phrases: "Americans do not scuttle," nor "Ever pull down their flag,"—sounding brass and tinkling cymbals! Meanwhile the Anti-Imperialist League was busy in maintaining the ideal of Philippine independence in the islands and in the United States, and especially with the Democratic party, into four successive platforms of which we promoted the writing of the plank pledging autonomy to the archipelago.

When the party came into power the lid was off. Governor General Harrison took the reins, with the slogan fresh upon his lips: "The Philippines are our heel of Achilles," and behind him was the Organic Act passed by Congress called the "Jones Bill," promising independence, to be granted to the Philippine Islands upon timely application for it. The future held two possibilities—the continuance of the Philippines as a colonial possession of the United States, as the investor probably desired, in their own interests and which Mr. Taft thought desirable and Mr. Forbes essential. Some reactionary Filipinos, indeed, may be content for awhile with Filipinization of offices and with a promotion of economic development, and would advocate if they dared hanging up the ideal and promise of independence. They can not persuade the ambitious, self-conscious Filipino to be humiliated permanently by the colonists' dependency and to see his labors and his bloodshed wasted. Were such an attitude general, the United States might realize a position predicated by Governor Boutwell and implied in Governor General Harrison's dictum—that in certain events, the more the Filipinos wanted us, the less we should want them. Their status defying the Monroe Doctrine in principle, would expose the United States also in case of war to certain, even if temporary, disaster in remote "possessions."

But the World War holds out a better promise. "Self-determination" is in the air, the fires of liberty are rekindled in the Philippines, the pledge of it is taken out of storage and things are in a fair way to the initiation of a movement to ask of Congress, according to the promise of the Organic Act, the "grant" of independence, that it may be ready for ratification and guarantee along with that of all the "weaker peoples" at the after-war council of permanent peace. Such was the proposal of the Anti-Imperialist League at the annual meeting the other

day, indorsed by the Resident Commissioner from the Philippines, the Hon. Jaime C. de Veyra, who said:

> I am perfectly in accord with the suggestion that our independence be granted in time for ratification by the after-war council. This is a wise step in view of the reiterated declarations of President Wilson and of the fact that the principle of self-definition is to be one of the unequivocal bases of a general peace.

Let us hope for "the Day" when the United States will set the example by its realization in the Philippines of the great world principle of self-determination.

NEW HAVEN, CONN. ERVING WINSLOW.

LABOR UNPREPAREDNESS

SIR,—Without attempting to apportion the blame for our culpable unpreparedness in spite of ample warning, and for our supineness, indifference and delay in asserting and maintaining our rights when they were trampled upon, which have beyond question prolonged the war, and caused incalculable loss both of life and treasure, it becomes every one's duty, if continuing unpreparedness is apparent in any direction, threatening our success now that we are in, to raise his voice in protest.

That unpreparedness does exist in connection with the labor situation, is as evident as that it can be remedied if considerations affecting politics are disregarded.

In a report submitted to the Senate on the 16th of January by a committee representing all the leading industrial and manufacturing associations throughout the country, it is stated that there are still constant strikes and threats of strikes in all sections with the sole purpose of preventing the employment of any but union labor. It is further stated, as must be evident to every one, that there is a wide and serious shortage of labor. This could not be otherwise when there is considered the abnormal demand for war work, the crying need for increased agricultural production, and the withdrawal already of more than a million men chiefly from the ranks of labor for service in the army.

That this shortage must steadily grow greater is plain. There will soon be another draft, taking another million from work. As they become soldiers and non-producers, the amounts of ammunition and military supplies for them must be enormously increased, requiring more employees, and almost more important, we must next Spring plant and later harvest greater food crops than ever before, for ourselves and our allies.

Where are the laborers coming from, and where are the 100,000 or more sailors to be had to operate our new merchant marine? We are told also on all sides that one of the principal reasons for coal shortage is lack of sufficient men on the railroads. We see already the farmers protesting against the shipyards and munition plants for luring their hands away from them by bidding as high as $9 per day for workmen, and saying the result will surely be a decrease in the acreage planted instead of an increase.

The following contains the substance of reports received from all parts of the country by the New York Board of Trade and Transporta-

tion, written by State Commissioners of Agriculture or Masters of State Granges. It is testimony that can not be ignored or belittled:

Maine: Great shortage of farm labor; acreage probably will be reduced by one-fourth or one-third. Texas: More labor needed than ever before, but supply is much below normal. North Dakota: Alarming shortage; farmers discouraged and cannot plant for normal crop. Vermont: Shortage means a cut in production. Massachusetts: Serious situation; farmers cannot go ahead with only the help of boys and untrained workmen. Connecticut: Depressing conditions; farmers may try to raise only enough for their families. Rhode Island: Many will not plant as much as last year. New Jersey: Farmers think that planting of even the usual acreage will be very hazardous. Pennsylvania: Very great shortage of skilled farm labor; the exodus from farms has been continuous. Delaware: Unless relief comes, the usual acreage cannot be prepared. Maryland: Labor situation is acute. Virginia: Lack of labor, and acreage reduced accordingly. Georgia: Impossible to cultivate as much land as last year's area. Florida: Affected by loss of negro workmen drawn to the North; hope the Government will bring Porto Ricans. Ohio: Farmers discouraged and at their wits' ends. Indiana: Probably a reduction of acreage. Illinois: The number of idle acres will be increased.

Who is to be held responsible if the shortage thus indicated takes place? Surely the Administration, which has received repeated warnings.

Nor is it to be forgotten that we must, as fast as we send abroad soldiers, follow them up with an army of labor to do the work for them of supply, transportation, etc., behind the lines.

In the face of these well-known conditions, which must grow steadily worse, and the further fact that since the war began immigration, on which we have largely relied to keep up our labor supply, has practically ceased, there has been sent out from Labor Headquarters in Washington a camouflage statement to the effect that there is no shortage of labor; that any difficulty is solely due to faulty distribution which the authorities take it upon themselves to say they can and will remedy.

It is impossible to believe that the country will be lulled into a sense of false security by any such declaration, only to find itself again in a condition of entire unpreparedness to meet what is plainly ahead of us. Have we not already been taught the cost of such blind folly? Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, says there is no shortage. Mr. McAdoo, a little later, testified before the Senate Committee that there was a shortage, and the anthracite coal operators are calling for 25,000 more men.

Our experience in sending troops abroad shows that before planting time, with the help of Japan, we could bring here at least 200,000 laborers under contract till the end of the war, to be returned to where they came from just as was done in Cuba. They could be kept in cantonments and put under the control and direction of the Department of Labor, to be sent by it wherever they were needed, to do railroad, agricultural or munitions work. They make industrious, capable workers under direction, and can be had at reasonable wages. France is importing large numbers of them by way of Vancouver. Prison labor should also be utilized. Why not, in one particular, get ready beforehand, for what is surely coming?

One thing further is needed to make the country wholly efficient for its stupendous task. Prices of the leading commodities have been fixed. In order to stabilize them the men producing them should be called into the Government service at a fair and generous compensation and strikes forbidden. This is just as necessary, just as reasonable and just as per-

missible as it is to call men into the ranks of the army whose pay is fixed at only $30. per month, no limit as to hours, and with anything like a strike punished as mutiny.

Such a condition would mean real thoroughgoing preparedness and efficiency. Nothing stands in the way of it but the timidity of politicians, which, to the great detriment of the country, was in glaring evidence at the time of the passage of the Adamson Bill. Is such timidity still sufficiently great and controlling to hamper and perhaps wholly thwart the efforts and sacrifices we are making to win the war? It will require the utmost exertion, the willing sacrifice, the unwavering courage of all classes, and the subordination of every political and selfish consideration to do it.

With every man capable of working in factory, field, shop, shipyard and munition plant declared to be in the service of the United States for the period of the war, with prices of commodities and wages fixed for definite periods at fair rates subject then to readjustment, and strikes forbidden, we should have stability of prices and wages, and an efficient democracy which no Power could resist.

Has Congress the courage to organize victory or shall we go limping and stumbling along as we have, wasting our resources, and not bringing to bear anything like our full strength?

It has been stated recently that 100,000 laborers are to be brought from the West Indies. There are three objections to this plan: They are needed where they are, to keep sugar production at the highest possible point; the number proposed is but a drop in the bucket; and they are well known to be nothing like as industrious, biddable and efficient as the Chinese.

WASHINGTON, D. C. ARCHIBALD HOPKINS.

ROOSEVELT AND WILSON

SIR,—In the January REVIEW we read that: " * * * Mr. Roosevelt's personal following is still the greatest and most devoted in the country. We wonder sometimes whether the President appreciates how many loyal citizens feel a sense of personal tragedy in the shelving of one who must be regarded as the most generally recognized, if not actually, the foremost patriot in the land." A letter to the editor says: " * * * Thousands feel that the President is playing pretty small politics in studiously ignoring the Colonel." The *Outlook*, with which for years Roosevelt was officially connected, sets forth that, to head his Cabinet, Washington chose Jefferson, a leader who " could never have been sympathetic to him ", that Lincoln, in the dark days of 1860, called Stanton to take the Secretaryship of War, in spite of the fact that they were opposed in politics, that Stanton had been " bitter in spirit and insulting in form " in expression toward him. " Yet Lincoln chose him. But that was Lincoln."

Washington's purpose was to lead in building up a wise and stable democratic government. Had Jefferson everywhere been proclaiming that " when human nature had changed and the millennium had come " a stable government could be built up, would Washington have chosen him?

Lincoln's purpose was to put down secession and maintain the union —incidentally, he freed the slaves. Had Stanton made it known to the world as his firm belief that: "By the right of secession and slavery alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life," had he insistently declared that slavery and secession could be done away with "when the millennium had come and human nature had changed," would Lincoln have chosen him, no matter what his efficiency, his personal following? Would not, rather, the very facts of his great influence and personal following have made Lincoln wisely refrain from increasing the influence of one bent on defeating his great purpose?

President Wilson's purpose is so to win this war that the rule of international justice may succeed to the ruinous, bloody, wasteful horrors of war, which may otherwise again be forced upon the world whenever a strong, ill-intentioned nation wishes.

Roosevelt, with almost or quite German fervor, has lauded war *as war*. Years ago he said: "We must play a great part in the world, and especially perform those deeds of blood, of valor, which above everything else bring national renown. * * * By war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life." (*The Strenuous Life.*) To-day, in spite of the incredible sufferings of the war-worn, overtaxed world, he reiterates that his hope for future peace lies in our building up an army after the war which shall be "the most efficient in the world." To the President's statement that: "In every discussion of the peace that must end this war it is taken for granted that that peace must be given by some definite concert of power, which will make it virtually impossible that any such catastrophe should ever overwhelm it again," he scornfully replied that "war might end when the millennium had come and human nature had changed."

It takes vision of a noble sort to be a leader in the changing of that same human nature, which now, as never before, is prepared for the change by universal suffering: to see that not even how long the war lasts is so vital as that it should end war. The tragical pity of it is that such a forceful natural leader as Roosevelt has not that vision; will not cast his great influence on the side of the world's desperate need—on the side of progress.

Does not the very fact of Roosevelt's great influence and personal following make Wilson wisely refrain from increasing that influence?

E. A. Smith.

Los Altos, California.

HE SAW LINCOLN

Sir,—I am not, I regret to say, a regular reader of The North American Review, and I therefore do not know whether the views of those of us who regret the sending of Mr. Barnard's statue of Abraham Lincoln to Europe have appeared on your pages. From reading the communications in your December number I am reminded of the decision of Justice Sir Roger de Coverly in the litigation relative to the willow tree, which was, if I remember rightly, in these words: "Much may

be said on both sides." And I crave the space to say something contrary to the judgment of Mr. Macmonnies, Mr. Hastings and Mr. Fletcher.

Let me first say a word in reference to Mr. Macmonnies' suggestion that there has been "a nation-wide organized attack" upon the work of Mr. Barnard. I am no part of the organization; never heard of it before; am not led or incited by it.

Now, I have seen Abraham Lincoln. I stood for an hour not ten feet from him and looked straight into his face while he delivered an address. I stood near enough to see him plainly while he made a different sort of speech. I sat by, one evening, while for an hour he carried on a conversation with a number of men. In answering an inquiry as to how he felt after Douglas had defeated him for the Senate, he took hold of the toe of his boot with his ample hand and said, "I felt very much as a big boy in Sangamon County who was running up hill, barefooted, felt when he stubbed his toe against a stone. Somebody asked him how *he* felt. 'I'm too big to cry,' said he, 'but it hurts too bad to laugh'." [General Logan cribbed this story when he undertook to explain how he felt when he was defeated for Vice-President.] I was a boy, a young boy if you please, but I had, and always have had, a remarkably good memory for objects I have seen. As to my fitness to pass judgment on a sculptured figure—well, if references are required, I will refer you to Mr. Frederick Macmonnies. I went to see Mr. Barnard's statue of Lincoln—went alone, so as not to be distracted. I stood a long time—looked at it from several points. It is truly a striking, an impressive statue; but *it does not look like Abraham Lincoln.*

Mr. Cox tells us that Mr. Barnard declared that he "was carrying out in his sculpture his ideal of Lincoln." That was not the spirit in which Macmonnies worked when he made the beautiful and *lifelike* statue of Mr. Stranahan that stands at the entrance to Prospect Park, in Brooklyn. We sent to the sculptor several photographs of the subject—Mr. St. Gaudens kindly saw to the posing of the dear old gentleman—and when the statue was unveiled, while Mr. and Mrs. Stranahan sat by, *everybody remarked the perfect likeness.*

Mr. Fletcher declares that his first impression of Mr. Barnard's work was that "it does not look like Lincoln." Then he sets his imagination at work and reads a "miracle" into the bronze. It seems to me the English and French might better have been shown Abraham Lincoln as God made him than as Mr. Barnard imagined God should have made him.

NEW YORK CITY. ELIJAH R. KENNEDY.

IS THE UNITED STATES A "PIKER"?

SIR,—Is this great United States a "piker"?
You all know what a "piker" is.
This great United States is a "piker."
Why?

Your magazine carries the following: *"Notice to Reader—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on this notice* * * *

*and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. * * * A. S. Burleson, Postmaster-General."*

Mr. Burleson is a Texan and has seen a horse race and has sat in a poker game; he knows a "piker" when he sees one.

London *Punch* (and other British papers and magazines say: "Drop us in the nearest post box and the British Empire will place us in the hands," etc.—no one-cent stamp nor other tool of any kind. The British Empire has five men at the front to our one (both at the front and in training—mostly in training—thanks to several people); it is spending five dollars to our one, and,—Glory be,—it has been in this scrap from the first—even during all the time that we were too proud to fight. If anyone needs—really needs—that one-cent stamp it is the British Empire; but, while it is not too proud to fight, it is too proud to ask that measley little one-cent stamp from its taxpayers and citizens to pay for giving the boys at the front something to read.

It is easy to guess why this great United States asks for that measley little one-cent stamp. It is to conceal the deficit. What causes that deficit? The franking of seed catalogues, speeches and reports from the Comptroller of the Currency. But, if this United States was run with the slightest regard to correct business methods, all these franked things would be charged up to the department, or the Congress that franked them, and the deficit would show up as against the place and the people that cause it.

I think that you all have your own ideas about our Post Office and our Congress—ideas that have a bearing on the zone post rates on periodicals.

Now, the Government may want to continue to be a "piker," but we—the average citizen—do not want to be in that class, even through the proxy of our duly elected governmental representatives.

So—why not give Burleson a "tip?"

And if a "tip" doesn't get the answer—try a "big stick."

I am writing this as a patriotic American citizen, who has licked many of those "one-cent stamps," and who expects to continue to do so. Bought a few Liberty Bonds, too. Chipped in for the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. War Work, too. But it's the idea of being a citizen of a "piker" government that chafes. We can't allow Uncle Sam to sit in a game with John Bull and be a "piker."

And now, in the words of the late lamented Partick Henry (who, by the way, was way back in the line of my mother-in-law's family): "If this be treason, Mr. Speaker, make the most of it."

George H. Van Stone.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

POETIC "INSPIRATION"

Sir,—In the December issue of The North American Review, Mr. Conrad Aiken writes on "The Mechanism of Poetry" to combat "a widespread notion . . . that poetic inspiration has something mysterious . . . about it, something which escapes human analysis." He condemns the "usual theory of poetic inspiration that it is due to a tempest of emotion in the poet." The conclusion arrived at by Mr.

Aiken is that we are brought "back to the theory of Freud. It is to some deep hunger, whether erotic or not . . . that we must look for the source of power."

Freud's original doctrine, I supposed, was that the source of power was erotic. If we modify this theory so far as to teach that the source of power is either "erotic or not" it seems to me that the theory has become a little flat.

Mr. Aiken suggests that the poetic inspiration is a manifestation of "the hunger of the frustrate for richer experience." But that is precisely the theory which he started out to combat. What is more mysterious, "translunar" and "beyond analysis" than the hunger of the soul? Mr. Aiken complains that "our criticism is still a rather primitive parade of likes and dislikes." But after experimenting three times a day for a good many years, I have become convinced that this primitive parade of likes and dislikes is just exactly what "hunger" is. The difference between "emotion" and "hunger" of the soul is the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. The "scientific" and "psychological" poetic critics are driven back into the harbor of popular common sense. Poetry is the rhythm of emotion.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y. FREDERICK A. WRIGHT.

FROM COUNSELOR JOB E. HEDGES

SIR,—Please accept this expression of my appreciation of the remarkable work you are doing anent the war through the columns of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. I am particularly impressed with the February number. You struck the key-note when stating that what Washington officialdom needed was *vision*. What Congress needs is an active, virile, cohesive minority party, competing with the majority party in constructive support of the Government in this crucial time. Your February article appealed to me particularly, again, in using the word "unselfishness" as the acid test of support. No one in Washington need have the slightest doubt that the intelligent people of the country know on whose brow to plant the laurel of approval for patriotic service.

NEW YORK CITY. JOB E. HEDGES.

A PRESIDENTIAL SUGGESTION

SIR,—When you are editorially reviewing men as Presidential candidates for the next election, I sincerely hope that you will suggest in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW the name of General Leonard Wood for that high office. He is a man of international fame.

I believe he merits and would get the highest recognition from our people as a whole; so it would make no difference which great party nominated him—he would win out.

His past efforts toward military preparedness for the United States now give him a warm place in the hearts of the people, which will outlast the "too proud to fight" idea.

ARDMORE, PA. I. N. KNAPP.

[We do not consider this a suitable time to discuss Presidential possibilities; neither upon general principles do we regard professional soldiers favorably in that connection.—EDITOR.]

THE "WAR WEEKLY"

SIR,—I am alarmed, but not surprised, at the pungent brilliancy (as well as the brevity) of the *War Weekly* articles.

NEW HAVEN, CONN. ERVING WINSLOW.

SIR,—I enclose my dollar for the weekly issue. I got a dollar's worth of satisfaction out of the first issue. That paragraph, "The Week," on the first page dated from Washington, was great.

BOSTON, MASS. HOWARD W. LANG.

SIR,—$1.00 a year? It is worth $1.00 a week to me to read what Colonel Harvey writes in your new *War Weekly*, so therefore please continue sending the *Weekly* to my address and find draft enclosed to cover my subscription for one year.

TOLEDO, OHIO. M. M. MILLER.

SIR,—I enclose a dollar bill and wish my name listed for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S *War Weekly*, and anticipate receiving my money's worth several times over. With full appreciation of the service you propose to render in this way,

WARE, MASS. J. GARDNER LINCOLN.

SIR,—Enclosed please find check for one year's subscription for the *War Weekly*, by far the best current events and war reading we have had in our home for some time. It ought to be a great success.

DETROIT, MICH. CLARA E. BEEBE.

SIR,—Only the other day I remarked to a friend the pity of it that the clarion articles of Colonel Harvey were not appearing in a big metropolitan daily, so that they might go to hundreds of thousands instead of the fewer thousands of which the subscription lists of the REVIEW must consist. The "man in the street" is the fellow who most needs the virile quality of Colonel Harvey's words.

I must have the *War Weekly*. Find my check for $1.00 and start me at the beginning.

Could I not possibly send a *War Weekly* subscription to a friend in England? Will the British Government permit its receipt? I have been clipping and mailing articles from the REVIEW regularly. The people "over there" need these articles.

NEW YORK. JOHN NORRIS MYERS.

SIR,—The country is indebted to you for the *War Weekly*, which is a contribution of the finest and best patriotism. Courage coupled with judgment seems in these days to be a scarce article. Intelligent mice are quite plentiful, real men only here and there. You are performing a great service. You have the ear of the country, and the approval of thoughtful and patriotic men.

INDIANAPOLIS. JAMES W. NOEL.

SIR,—While I cannot call myself technically a subscriber to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, yet it has been a long time since I missed a number. The passing of *Harper's Weekly* left a blank which I am delighted to know will be filled in part at least by the *War Weekly*, to be issued in connection with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for subscribers to the latter. I enclose herewith my check for $5.00, covering the two subscriptions.

UNIONTOWN, PA. EDMUND H. REPPERT.

SIR,—The first issue of the WAR WEEKLY has been received, and I am delighted with it. As I expected, it is a reincarnation of the old *Harper's Weekly* I knew and loved so well. Many of your readers regret that the prospect of being put into "Burleson Gaol" seems to worry you so much. It needn't, for we shall surely bail you out, unless, of course, your persistence in indulging in constructive criticism of the administration of the war constitutes a crime so heinous that bail will be denied you. In that case we shall be sorry for you, of course, but we shall not suffer ourselves; for, without a doubt, you will write a "Martian's Progress" or something of the sort and let us have it in weekly instalments. With Colonel Roosevelt as your cell neighbor, it ought to make pretty lively reading.

METUCHEN, N. J. GEORGE H. LYNE.

SIR,—Extremely interesting, frank in expression, clear in thought, and is bound to be appreciated by those who enjoy good literature. Please present my compliments to its distinguished editor.

BOSTON, MASS. WILLIAM M. WOOD.

SIR,—Enclosed you have $5.00 covering price of subscription to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and the *War Weekly*, for one year beginning February 1, 1918. I have chanced upon a copy of the *War Weekly* and like it very much. I have been a render of the REVIEW, purchased irregularly at the news-stands.

The late start and feverish haste of the whole round of our war preparations reminds me of the Irishman who ran to catch a train, and missed it. A bystander remarked:

"Pat, you didn't run fast enough."

Pat replied:

"Begorra, I didn't start soon enough."

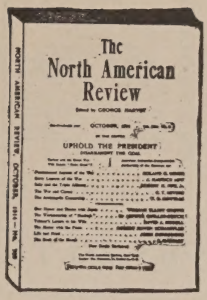
Missed it! What would it have meant to the Allies in 1916 had we then been as far along as we are now?—A subject for a strong article in the *War Weekly*.

NEWPORT, TENN. J. W. FISHER.

1918

May

ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTH YEAR



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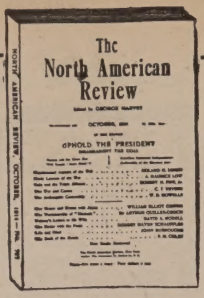

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(*Continued on the second page following*)

The Romance of An Industry

An Announcement

THERE has never been a period in the history of the Nation when the romance and the realism of Industry have so fascinated the public mind. The origin, development and potential application of our great national resources are today more than ever the study of our citizens—the men and women who are analyzing the national strength, its power to endure and prevail in this, the world's greatest crisis.

Beginning in June there will appear on this page in the Review a series of twelve memoirs in miniature upon the origin and romantic development of the American varnish industry, by the dean of the craft, former Governor Franklin Murphy, of New Jersey, for many years prominent in the political and business life of the Nation.

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ALLEYNE IRELAND,
a publicist of international experience, has made extended studies in the business of government. An Englishman by birth, he has lived in America many years. He is the author of *The Anglo-Boer Conflict, The Far Eastern Tropics,* and *Joseph Pulitzer: Reminiscences of a Secretary.*

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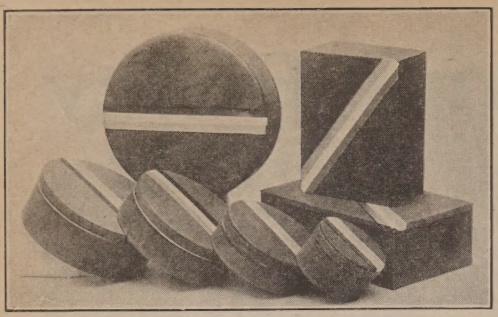

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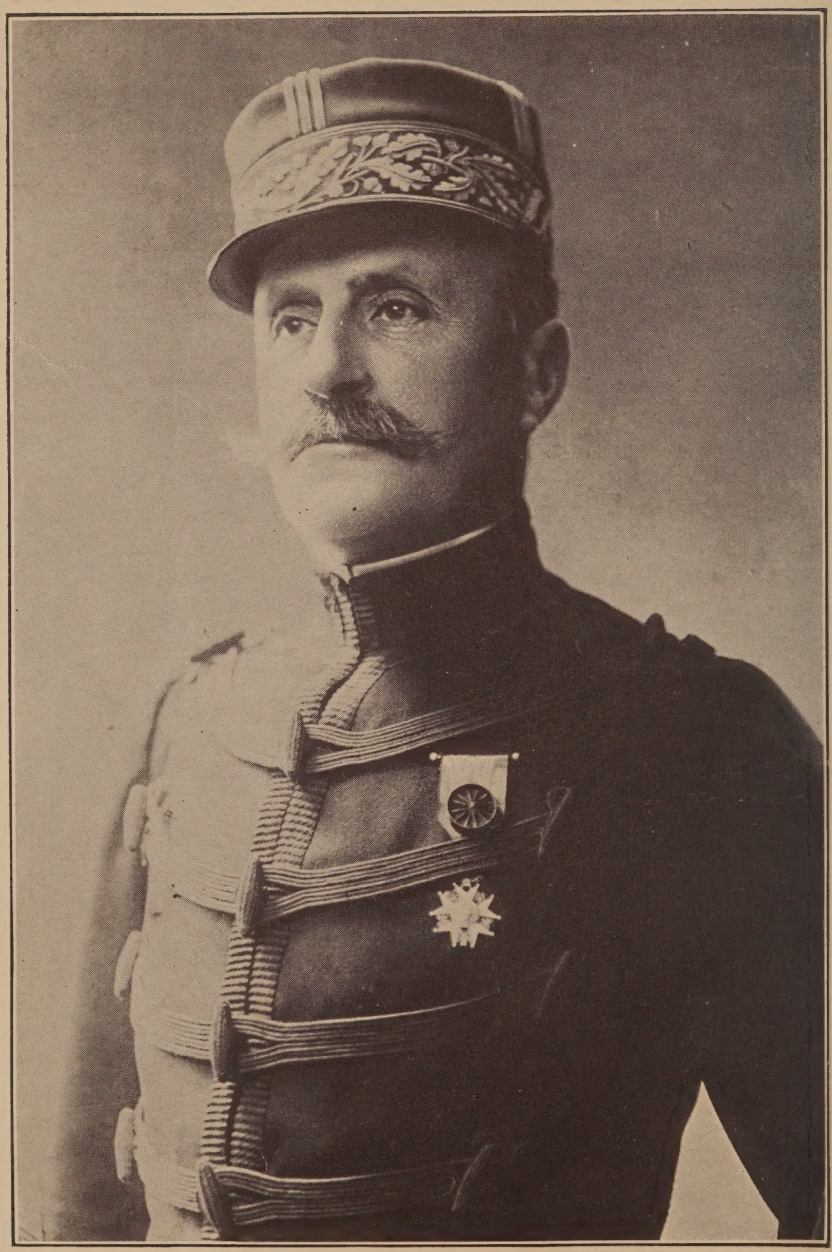

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GENERALISSIMO FERDINAND FOCH

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
MAY, 1918

ARE WE TOO LATE?

INEFFICIENCY NOW IS TREASON

BY THE EDITOR

We have reached, we are told, the turning point in the war. Perhaps it is so. If a turning point was desirable, and if the turn is for the better, we earnestly hope that it is so. True, we have heard of turning points before; which apparently did not materialize, or the turning of which was not decisive and effective. Perhaps we shall have better luck with this one; though we must confess that it has for some time seemed to us that what is most needed is to keep right straight on toward the goal which we long ago set.

The present turning point, however, is said to be especially in the diplomacy of the war; the President's speech at Baltimore having indicated that he has definitely abandoned all further notions of peace through negotiations or through appeals to the democracy of Germany to revolt against autocracy or yet through efforts to drive wedges between Germany and Austria, and that he is now inflexibly determined to press the war to a victorious issue through " Force, force to the utmost; force without stint or limit; the righteous, triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust." This is because he has reached a " moment of utter disillusionment " in which he realizes the iniquity of Germany's purposes and the futility of negotiating with the mad dog of the nations.

That is well. It is gratifying to know that the President has at last become disillusioned, as most thoughtful men in

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America were a long time ago, and that he now fully commits himself to the course which his clear-sighted fellow citizens have from the beginning recognized to be the only one compatible with the honor of the country and with the interests of mankind, and the only one giving promise of the victory of Righteousness over the Beast. Let us sincerely hope that he will remain disillusioned, and that the " moment of utter disillusionment " will not prove fleeting and presently give place to some new illusions of " peace without victory ", but will endure until the end.

This is the more to be emphasized because of the effort which is apparently being made by some of the President's superserviceable champions, through excess of zeal, to have it appear that the President himself has never suffered from illusions concerning the war, and that it is not he but the American people who have now become disillusioned. Such a pretence cannot, of course, be sanctioned by the President, who indeed in that very Baltimore speech made it quite clear that he was speaking with an exceptional degree of personality, and that it was to himself that the utter disillusionment had come. That should be clear to all. The American people have not, as some are suggesting, insisted that every offer of peace be carefully scrutinized and analyzed. They were fully convinced two years ago, by Germany's persistent lying about the U-boat outrages and other matters, that there was no truth in the Hun, and that any peace overtures should be regarded as insincere and deceitful.

Perhaps it was well that the President was more patient and more potentially credulous, and that he, unlike most thoughtful Americans, insisted upon carefully scrutinizing and analyzing every Hunnish " peace drive ". It may be that in that he was wiser than the people. If so, we cheerfully credit him with that superior wisdom, and take upon ourselves and our fellow citizens the reproach of having been from the beginning skeptical and fearful of " Greeks bearing gifts " ; provided always that we are not called upon to suffer the fate of Laocoon. Suffice it that President and people now alike perceive the real character of the Wooden Horse, before the thing has got within our walls. If that be the turning point which the President has reached, let us thank God and take courage. Now, at last, the road is straight before us all.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, if not disquieting, to

note that simultaneously with this pronouncement concerning the President's vision, another of his hot-gospeller champions —as though he needed a champion!—tells us that Mr. Wilson, along with Lord Roberts and a few other gifted seers, unerringly discerned the impending conflict long before it occurred; and that accordingly, weeks before that mysterious tragedy at Sarajevo which was made the pretext for the war, he sent the expert and authoritative Colonel House of Texas to Europe to endeavor to open the blinded eyes of the Governments of Great Britain, France and Germany to the awful peril which was menacing them. The extraordinary feature of the case is that the President gave no glimpse or inkling of this prescience to his own people or even to his associates in the Government. For once he regretfully laid aside his "passion for publicity," and yielded to the impulses of what his eulogists felicitously call his "stern self-confidence" and his "close-mouthed austerity and pride." Thus he kept the dread secret locked within his own mind and heart, while the American people, all unconscious and undreaming of it, continued in their fools' Paradise of unpreparedness and pacifism—the unpreparedness for which Mr. George Creel now devoutly gives thanks to God.

Now, assuming these representations of the President's zealous incense-burners to be entirely true, it was no doubt tremendously generous and noble of the President to bear the burden alone, and to endure the unjust imputation of knowing no more about things than any ordinary mortal. Yet questions inevitably arise. If he indeed had this "unique vision of Armageddon" with which the eulogistic historian of the New York *Evening Post* from whom we quote now credits him, was it not his duty to warn his own country, and to make at least some rudimentary preparations to meet the coming storm? And why did he so vehemently insist that we knew nothing and cared to know nothing of the sources and causes of the war? It is quite obvious that if he knew all about it in advance, if he had been able to "cast his eye abroad and note the ominous signs in world politics," if he had "surveyed the European situation and perceived that the two opposing groups of Powers were drifting toward the war which had been dreaded for a generation," why surely he must have known something about the causes and influences which were at work. Moreover, if his vision was at the beginning so clear and penetrating, how could it be that a little later he

became so blinded as to suffer the illusions from which he now exultantly proclaims his deliverance?

We must regret, then, that some of those who presumptuously affect to be speaking in behalf of the President do him so gross a disservice as to invest him with the fantastic figments of their own imagination. The President's speech at Baltimore contained sentiments and expressions for which no commendation could be too high. But its eloquent author had, we confidently assume, no thought of making it mark the turning point in American history, or in the history of the war. Intensely personal in tone, it made known to the nation the gratifying and inspiring fact that the President himself at last fully discerns the duplicity and insincerity of our arch-enemy, that in all further dealings with Prussian militarism his voice will be in his sword, and that he now assumes that militant leadership of the nation which the nation has long desired him to assume.

In such a conception, we must gladly acclaim this "turning point of the war." If it is thus recognized by other nations, so much the better. It should hearten our patient and long-suffering Allies to know that we are done with rainbow-chasing and with wedge-driving—save for the wedges that are driven with twelve-inch guns. That it will cause the Huns to abandon their intrigues, propaganda and falsehoods —such as Count Czernin has been profusely putting forth— we do not expect; but it will go far toward rendering such devices vain. At any rate, if it is or has been the turning point, let us stay turned, with our diplomacy as direct as the shooting of our guns.

As for the military turning point, that is a different thing. Doubtless the Huns hoped to make this Spring drive on the western front decisive. Doubtless, too, it would have been decisive, in glorious reaction against the Huns, if only the full strength of America could have been cast upon the side of our Allies. As it is, there will have to be many more "turning points" before the end is reached. One of the commonest observations concerning our own Civil War is, that Gettysburg was its "turning point." But was it, really; with all the weary campaign of the Wilderness to follow? We have always had a notion that a good case could be made out for Fort Donelson as the "turning point", in view of the fact that there was enunciated that principle of moving immediately upon the enemy's works until he was forced to "un-

conditional surrender" which in the end proved to be the only way of winning the war.

The real turning point of this war was, or is, or will be that at which America—Government and people—becomes convinced in mind and heart and soul that the only thing to do is to move immediately upon the Hun with every ounce of our fighting strength, and to keep pressing on and slaughtering Boches and destroying German resources until the Beast is beaten into unconditional surrender. Have we reached that point at last? Has the President himself reached it?

So the words spoken in conclusion at Baltimore would indicate, but the question leaps irresistibly to mind: Why was it necessary to speak them a full twelvemonth after Congress, responding promptly to the importunity of the President, made formal declaration of war? Does not the mere engaging in war imply the use of force? What else could the President himself have had in mind when he proclaimed the quick preparing of the Navy and the immediate raising of a comparatively great army, and urged the people to husband all their resources for participation in the mighty conflict? Why the present manifestations of surprise, relief and rejoicing among ourselves and notably among our Allies?

The words themselves are not dissimilar. "We are accepting this challenge", he declared in April, 1917. "I accept the challenge, I know that you accept it", he repeated in April, 1918. And, alas, the distressing record of the year cannot be disregarded.

On December 4 the President declared that peace could not even be discussed until German autocracy, "this intolerable Thing", had been defeated.

On January 8 he laid down, in fourteen carefully drawn articles, "the only possible programme" of peace; declared that we "stand together until the end" with the Allies for "these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right", and pledged America "to fight until they are achieved".

On February 11 he informed the enemy Powers that he would discuss peace upon the basis of four abstract principles he enunciated, and that "the only possible programme" of the preceding month, the "rectifications of wrong" which were then "essential", constituted merely a "set of suggestions", "only our own provisional sketch of principles".

On April 6 he recognized explicitly for the first time that

" force " was required,—" force to the utmost, force without limit or stint ",—but he declared simultaneously that he was " ready, ready still, ready even now, to discuss a fair and just and honest peace at any time that it is sincerely purposed—a peace in which the strong and the weak shall fare alike ".

This has the old familiar judicial ring. What it really means or what it is intended to convey to our friends or to our Allies we do not venture to surmise. Undeniably at the moment " the strong " is Germany and " the weak " are Belgium, Poland and Serbia. Can it be that in the great accounting they are to " fare alike " ? Does the President still consider that we have no interest in " the causes " and purposes of the mighty struggle for very existence which has been thrust upon the world by bloodthirsty Germany? Is this another " peace feeler " insinuated into a declaration of defiance more resonant even than the stern threat to hold to a strict accountability the murderers of our own unoffending citizens and children who perished with the *Lusitania?*

God forbid! Rather let us hope that, at the end of a year of pottering about in fatuous expectation of a quick collapse of the enemy when shown the ruler in the schoolmaster's hand, the great drive has finally opened the President's eyes to the stark, staring menace not merely to France and to England but to our own beloved country. And upon pended knees, in humility and shame, let us all, *and let him,* beseech Almighty God to permit us *and him* to atone in the immediate future for the sins of the past. Never, never, since America won her independence and peace *with* victory has she been so humiliated as she is today. Warning after warning has passed unheeded, pleading after pleading has been made in vain, prediction after prediction of the terrific struggle now in progress has been placidly assumed by our own pathetically disorganized War Department,—with what result? *One hundred thousand* American soldiers on the fighting line when there should have been and could have been *half a million,* and that small number broken up into segments and scattered from Nieuport to Belfort, as mere fillers-in, inadequate as a separate command to maintain a single sector or part of a sector against the Huns. Little Portugal has us beaten numerically two to one. " Exhausted England " sent twice as many thoroughly trained troops to Picardy in ten days after the mighty battle began as we have furnished in a year.

Patient and propitiatory as our Allies have been, considerate and flattering as their Press has been compelled to be to ourselves generally and to our President specifically, the pent-up feelings of England and France finally found an outlet which could no longer be restrained through the outspoken declaration of the British Premier to the House of Commons.

In America there is a very considerable number of men in the course of training and the allies look forward to having a large American army in France in the spring. It has taken longer than anticipated to turn those soldiers into the necessary divisional organizations. If America waited to complete these divisional organizations it would not be possible for these fine troops in any large numbers to take part in this battle in this campaign, although it might be very well the decisive battle of the war.

This was, of course, one of the most serious disappointments from which the allies had suffered. It is no use pretending it was not one of our chief causes of anxiety. We depend upon it largely to make up the defection of Russia. For many reasons—reasons, perhaps, of transport, reasons connected with the time it takes, not merely to train troops and their officers, but to complete the necessary organization—it was quite impossible to put into France the number of divisions every one had confidently expected would be there.

Under the circumstances we, therefore, submitted to the President of the United States a definite proposal. We had the advantage of having the Secretary of War in this country within two or three days after the battle had commenced. Mr. Balfour and I had a long conversation with him upon the whole situation, and we submitted to him certain recommendations which we had been advised to make to Mr. Baker and the American government.

On the strength of the conversation we submitted proposals to President Wilson with the strong support of Premier Clemenceau, to enable the combatant strength of the American Army to come into action during this battle, inasmuch as there was no hope of it coming in as a strong separate army. By this decision American batallions will be brigaded with those of the allies. This proposal was submitted by Earl Reading on behalf of the British government to President Wilson, and President Wilson assented to the proposal without any hesitation, with the result that arrangements now are being made for the fighting strength of the American Army to be brought immediately to bear in this struggle, a struggle which is only now beginning, to this extent, and it is no mere small extent, that the German attack has been held up. It has stirred up the resolution and energy of America beyond anything which has yet occurred.

Courteously excusing us for policy's sake while looking to the future, Mr. Lloyd George plainly put the blame for the " serious disappointment " which our Allies suffered squarely upon the American Government, where it belongs. To miti-

gate the offense which might be resented by our sensitive Administration he called attention to " the material and dramatic assistance rendered by President Wilson in this emergency ",— in response, in fact, to a virtual demand from both France and England that our little force be split up to fill the chinks, here, there and everywhere, thus rendering useless all of our railway building and other arrangements to feed, clothe and care for our own men and taking out of their hearts the spirit of comradeship and National pride which makes for success in battle.

" If we wish to avoid a war lasting for years ", said Lloyd George,—and by this he meant to avert defeat and destruction—" this battle must be won now, and to win it we must be ready to throw in all our resources. The men we propose taking today may well be the means of winning the decisive victory of the war and with these measures and with the promise of America we have no fear of the ultimate issue ".

The *promise* of America! That is all they have had except money, of little real value in such a crisis, and food—and now they have transferred to us their food ships, deliberately facing starvation, to bear our troops to the rescue because, after a full year, we have no means of transporting them ourselves. And eleven months and two weeks after we declared war and everybody knew the one vital need was ships, ships, ships, we are expected to be thrilled by the announcement in newspaper headlines that " President Wilson personally directs that the movement of troops abroad be hastened ", to be protected, after they get there, we assume, by the one solitary combat airplane which so far we have started on its way.

But despair we must not. While our own Government is rubbing its eyes in irritated resentment at having to cease dreaming dreams, our Allies are more nobly resolute than ever.

" If ", writes a trustworthy American from London, " Italy should give up, if France should crack, if even the United States should desert her, England would only withdraw her army to her own shores, dispose her navy to meet the new situation, develop her own production and, if need be, fight on for forty years. This is the English spirit and the daily mood of the English people ".

And the old tiger Clemenceau adds:

Bleating about peace will not crush Prussian militarism. War and

nothing but war must be the only thought. In all wars he is the conqueror who can believe a quarter of an hour longer than his adversary that he is not beaten. I shall continue the war to the last quarter of an hour, for the last quarter of an hour will be ours.

But withal they know that only America can save the day. That they will hold fast to the last ditch and the last man we cannot doubt. But if, despite all resistance, the Huns should succeed in dividing the armies, what then for stricken France but surrender, what for England but a last great stand, and what for America, which has stopped work absolutely upon both her coast defenses and her battleships, but reverberations from the canyons of despair—

Too late; too late; too late!
Take heed, you men in authority:
Inefficiency now is treason.

A CALL TO PATRIOTS

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THE Hun is at the gate; the Republic is in peril; freedom is at stake; civilization and humanity tremble in the balance; America must save the cause; her sons are on the battle-line; her men and boys, her women and daughters at home are working, giving, hoping and praying for victory, in this, the darkest hour of the great invasion.

Shall we at such a time impair the power and strength of the Nation through partisan strife among ourselves when every ounce of the energies which we can rally is required to meet the beseeching calls of our bleeding Allies, to help, help, help, in their desperate and heartrending struggle against the common foe?

"United we stand, divided we fall!"

No country has better reason than our own to realize this immutable truth; none has heeded it in the past at greater cost in the blood of men and the grief of women. Can nothing be done to avert the calamitous effects of a bitter political contest throughout the Union, already beginning and bound to rage with increasing virulence till the polls shall close in November?

Forget patriotism (God forgive us!) for a moment and heed only partisan considerations.

What has the Democratic party to gain from a contested election next Fall? It already has a majority in the House,—small but sufficient; suppose that majority should be increased to fifty or a hundred, what of it? Mr. Clark would continue to be Speaker, there would be no changes in chairmanships of committees and the new members would be as ciphers except in voting. True, such a result might be heralded as a striking testimonial of approval of the Administration, but that is all. There would be no practical advantage. And if the opposition should win, what then? Surely, in the words of the late Mr. Holman, it is better to be safe than sorry. Weighing possibilities in the balance, clearly the Democrats have nothing tangible to win and much perhaps to lose from the hazard of an election.

What of the Republicans? Suppose they should carry the House, what would they have won? Committee chairmanships, clerks and doorkeepers and—a Speaker, presumably Mr. Mann, who voted for the McLemore resolution and for pretty much everything else that the Germans wanted. They would acquire no real power,—not even control of the great appropriations which have already been made chiefly and would be completed between November and March. In point of fact, they would not be in a position to oppose any measure proposed by the President because they would have been elected under pledges to uphold vigorous prosecution of the war. For this very reason, moreover, they could not even maintain successfully that their majority should be taken as a rebuke to the Administration, unless the choice of a virtual pro-German as Speaker should be so regarded,—and surely that would be neither palatable nor popular. All they could claim would be that they had been elected simply and solely because they were Republicans.

The only thing under the sun that the Republicans could win by carrying the House would be the privilege of dividing the responsibility for the future conduct of the war,—thus barring them completely from making a clean-cut issue two years later, when the existing Government as a whole must make an accounting to the people and either stand or fall upon the record made with full authority.

No less surely than the Democrats, though for quite different reasons, the Republicans have nothing to win and much, perhaps, to lose from a contested election.

But the country and the cause have a great deal, a very

great deal, perhaps everything, to gain from an agreement between the two parties to re-elect practically all of the present members. Let us enumerate a few of the advantages:

1. It would avert the bitterness of a nation-wide campaign.

2. It would make the issue, wherever an issue might be raised, one of Loyalty pure and simple, with no such differentiations as disgraced the Wisconsin campaign and might easily have produced a Socialist, pro-German Senator.

3. It would not only achieve specifically but would signify notably to our Allies a splendid unity in purpose and determination.

4. It would eliminate the dangerous participation in a political contest of two millions of soldiers in camps scattered from Flanders to California.

5. It would obviate the waste of hundreds of thousands, possibly millions, of dollars in useless electioneering when every penny is needed to win the war.

6. It would save at least a day's time consumed by anywhere from ten to fifteen millions of men in simply voting, to say nothing of many days of campaigning, thus increasing the country's productivity by this means alone by more than a hundred millions of dollars.

7. It would release for speaking for Liberty loans and other war purposes, not only the hundreds of the chosen representatives of the people, but also thousands of others who otherwise would be electioneering, — not only release them, but release them in such a way that Republican and Democrat could stand shoulder to shoulder upon the same platform and plead the cause of their common country.

8. It would elevate Patriotism above Politics and would redound to the pride and glory of the Nation whose elders at home would bury prejudice in their eagerness to back up the boys abroad who soon will be giving up their lives by the thousand in the service of the Republic.

Can it be done? Of course, it can be done. *It is being done.* Already the leaven is working. And it makes the heart glad that again the Old Dominion leads the way. Two years ago the Ninth District of Virginia elected Bascomb Slemp, a Republican, to Congress, by a plurality of only 1,388 out of a total vote of 34,308,—a margin none too large for comfort. But there will be no contest this year. Last

week the Democratic district committee met and adopted unanimously the following resolution:

Whereas the minds and hearts of all our people are and should be turned toward the winning of the war for democracy, and whereas we do not believe their time and energy should be diverted from patriotic activities into the requirements of a fierce partisan campaign, therefore we recommend to the democratic party in the ninth Virginia congressional district that no nomination for Congress be made this year.

Fitting and stirring expression of patriotic thought! And what was done in the Ninth District of Virginia can be done in practically every other district in the country by co-operative action to that end by the official leaders of the two great parties.

What have they to say? Is it too much to ask that Chairman McCormick and Chairman Hays call their executive committees together and at least consider the practicability of reaching an understanding which would save God only knows how many precious lives—and, it might be, even the war itself?

Upon the Presidential election in 1920, as we have said, the suggestion has no bearing whatever. The future must care for itself.

With respect to Senators to be elected next Fall, the impropriety of attempting to choose by agreement men to serve six years is apparent. Nevertheless, the fact may well be noted that a fine spirit is beginning to pervade the country. Already the Democrats have given notice that they will not oppose the re-election of Senators Nelson of Minnesota and Kenyon of Iowa, and it is virtually assured that the two parties in Idaho will unite upon Senators Borah and Nugent, if the former, as it is hoped and believed, shall reconsider his determination to withdraw from public service at this critical time.

Other States which may be ignored because of the conclusiveness of party primaries are Alabama, Georgia, Virginia, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas, Colorado, Texas, Tennessee, North Carolina, Michigan, South Carolina, Mississippi and Wyoming, leaving only fifteen States in which Senatorial elections would be requisite in November, to wit: Rhode Island, New Mexico, Maine, West Virginia, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Kentucky, Illinois, Oregon, Nebraska, Delaware, Kansas, South Dakota, Montana and Massachusetts.

Doubtless, too, several of these States will follow the example of Iowa and Minnesota, and reach agreements shortly, thereby reducing the total to so small a number that the two National Committees could readily effect an arrangement such as we have proposed, to little or no injury to either party or any individual and to incalculable advantage of the country and the cause.

Our call is to the patriotism of America.

Consider what a partisan election means!

Next November the people of the several States, as duly ordained by the Constitution, will march to the polls and drop a ballot in the box bearing the name of John Doe, Republican, or Richard Roe, Democrat. Mr. John Doe is the present member from the Sixty-ninth District of Michigan. We do not know him, that is those of us who live in New York or Massachusetts or Pennsylvania, but we do know that Mr. John Doe is a loyalist, that he is in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war against Germany, that being a decent, straightforward, upstanding American he has supported the President since the declaration of war against Germany, that he has voted for all the war legislation the President has recommended, that he has urged his constituents to buy Liberty bonds, to support the Red Cross, to economise in the use of food; in short, to do everything that an American should do in these critical days, and that is to devise means whereby the largest number of Germans can be killed in the shortest space of time at the smallest cost to American life.

So far as the war is concerned—and that is the one thing now that concerns every man, woman and child in the United States—Mr. John Doe is neither a Republican nor a Democrat. He is neither a Prohibitionist nor a friend of the demon rum. He is neither a Suffragist nor an Anti. He is simply a good American who has risen superior to petty politics and has put all his heart and strength and vigor of intellect into the great cause. And there are 434 other John Does and Richard Roes—barring the few disloyalists of whom we shall speak presently — like him; like him, patriots and not partisans, like him, heart and soul in the war and thinking of only one thing — how to win in the shortest possible time.

Beginning with this month and until late in the summer the 435 members of the House will—if there is to be a partisan election—be thinking of their renominations. Every member wants to be renominated, naturally and properly enough. Having worked for the best interests of the country he thinks he is entitled to a renomination. In every district there is at least one man, in some a dozen or more in both parties, who cherish the ambition to come to Congress. Mr. John Doe has made enemies in his own party, and the opposing party might capture the seat. Mr. John Doe,

therefore, from now until his nomination must give every thought to his own political future. He must fix his political fences, and that cannot be done at long range. Instead of being in Washington attending to legislative business Mr. John Doe is at home wooing his constituents. Mr. John Doe has ceased to be a disinterested patriot, to whom the war and nothing but the war counts, and has become a politician.

The thing is psychological. In the atmosphere of the House, where party has ceased to exist, he is influenced by his moral surroundings and sees the infamy of injecting politics into the conduct of the war, but at home, where he has gone solely to talk politics, where he appeals for support solely on political grounds, he sinks again to the level of the party man. If he is a Republican, he solicits the influence of Republicans because the Democrats have managed the war very badly; and while he may not honestly believe that it is the only justification for his retention, he strives to establish his case. And if he is a Democrat, the argument is reversed.

Now follow the thing through. Mr. John Doe goes back to Washington and in the House, even while voting for a war measure, he criticises the Administration to show to his constituents what a good party man he is. Instead of having one thought he has two, and the second has subordinated the first. What he thinks of more now than anything else is his renomination. The opposition is active and it behooves him to be vigilant. His courage is tempered by caution, he dodges a vote for fear of offending and is sensitive to criticism. In a word, his former robust independence is weakened by the fear of losing his nomination.

Having gained his nomination, he will for the next four or five months make his claim for reelection purely on the score of party politics. In substance what he will say is this: "Of course I shall support the President in the conduct of the war, but it is much better for the country to have a Republican majority in the House of Representatives than a Democratic majority. Give us a Republican majority and the war will be managed more efficiently. You ask for proof. Look at the mistakes made by the War Department, remember the past winter and the shortage of coal, do not forget the time when sugar was short." And a great many people will heed him.

His Democratic opponent will controvert this. Now we are not in the least interested in John Does and Richard

Roes personally. We think it is not of the slightest consequence to the country at large or the carrying on of the war whether the Sixty-ninth District of Michigan is represented in Washington by John Doe, Democrat, or Richard Roe, Republican, provided both men are loyal Americans; what we are vitally interested in is the effect it will have on the country.

The war cannot be successfully prosecuted unless the country puts its whole heart into it, unless it is unified, unless its strength, both physical and spiritual, is given to the sole purpose of war. It is idle to pretend, it is either the dishonesty of knavery or the ignorance of fools, that the country can be unified when for the next six or eight months it will be talking and thinking politics and the appeal will be made to passion and narrow prejudice in favor of Richard Roe and what he represents, to the injury of John Doe and what he stands for. Resort to all the hypocrisy you please, talk as grandly as you like about " the free choice of the people ", neither hypocrisy nor humbug can conceal the facts.

What are the facts? Simply personal selfishness and the contemptible meanness of professional politicians and a certain number of men who would sacrifice the common good for their own advantage or that of their party. The managers of the Republican party hope to carry the House, believing it will forecast their victory in the Presidential election. We shall not venture a prediction as to what will happen next November, but if we know anything of American politics we are prepared without reservation to affirm that were the election to be held next week the Democrats would control the House by a substantial majority. The Democrats want an election because they believe it will strengthen their majority and it will foreshadow their continuance in power two years later. In some districts the sitting member is to be jockeyed out of the nomination, in other districts the majority is to be reversed by appeals to partisanship. In every case the motive is the same. Selfishness, personal gain—$7,500 a year, mileage and Congressional perquisites — and the vanity attaching to being an " honorable " are to submerge the cause to which we are dedicated.

Throw this country into the turmoil of an election this year and what will happen? We shall see the war relegated to the inside pages of the newspapers and the front pages

given over to the speeches of the Richard Roes and John Does, " the monster rally " at the Grand Opera House and the torch light procession. Instead of the people discussing the war, soberly thinking about the war, we shall hear them excitedly discussing the tariff, prohibition, votes for women. Instead of the people going to hear Liberty Loan speeches, they will go to hear political addresses. Instead of the thought of the people being concentrated on one thing, and that thing the only thing that matters, they will be distracted by the claims of rival party hacks, of the virtues of one party or the vices of another. Politics will creep into the camp, into the factory, into the home. Solidarity will be weakened.

What is to be gained by it? A few more Republicans or a few less Democrats. A speaker who is a Democrat or a Republican. Republican chairmen of committees where there are now Democrats. Will it save the life of a single American boy? Will it shorten the war by a single hour? Will it stop the expenditure of one dollar? We gain nothing by it, but we throw the country into discord and confusion, arouse antagonism, leave resentment, and break down that unity without which the war cannot be won.

The solution is simple, as we have shown. The Constitutional requirement of an election every two years would be observed, but there would be no necessity for any member of Congress to leave Washington to look after his fences or campaign, there would be no political speeches and no injection of politics into the more serious business of carrying on the war. Those members of the present House who are disloyal, fortunately they are few, should be notified by their party chiefs that unless they decline to be candidates for re-election they will be opposed by a non-partisan candidate. In nearly every case the threat would be sufficient, and the obstinate man would be slaughtered at the polls without it having been necessary to make a campaign, as the mere publication of a man's name on the blacklist of disloyalty would mean his defeat.

It would protect the President. Mr. Wilson cannot be entirely deaf to the claims of party. He is now pestered to make certain appointments for party reasons. Politics should not be permitted to pass the portals of the White House, and yet politics will penetrate the White House as they will the camp, the factory and the home if there is an election this year. The politicians fear the public will disap-

prove. Their fears are misplaced. The public takes the broad view; it would welcome any arrangement whereby politics can be kept out of the war. Both in England and in France there has been no general election since the beginning of the war. From England and France we have learned much about the conduct of war; may we not learn from them the further lesson that if a country would make war successfully abroad, it cannot carry on political warfare at home?

AMERICANS SHOULD BE AMERICANS

THE Secretary of the Interior is right. There is need of Americanization. There is need of it in elements and fundaments. The latest census discloses the discreditable fact that nearly five per cent of the adult population of the United States can neither read nor write the English—which is the American—language; more than 4.6 per cent of those over twenty years of age, and more than 5.5 per cent of those over ten years. Incidentally, Mr. Lane reminds us that of registered men of conscription age nearly 700,000 are illiterate; wherefore our " citizenry trained to arms ", upon whom we have been bidden to rely for protection, are largely a citizenry untrained to letters.

Now that is discreditable, and something more. It is a menacing condition. A state cannot be in a healthful condition when more than a quarter of its adult citizens are unable to read or write the national language. For these illiterates are practically debarred from the information which is essential to good citizenship. Consider: The President is occasionally making addresses to Congress of the highest importance. The Government is issuing innumerable tracts and bulletins, filled with information about the war, about food conservation, about agriculture, about a multitude of things of direct and very great interest to all the people for their own good and for the nation's good. In addition, there are all the publications of newspapers and books, conveying information which every citizen should have in order to understand the issues of the day and his duty concerning them.

But all these are practically sealed books to the illiterate. He can know of them only through hearsay. His neighbor, who can read, is his only source of information. But that neighbor may not accurately understand what he has read.

If he does understand it, he may not have the faculty—which indeed is rare among the best of us—of accurately repeating it. And if he does repeat accurately, it is practically certain that he does not repeat fully, but merely a few of the more sensational and striking portions, which may not give anything like a correct notion of the whole. The result is that the illiterate person gets at best only a partial and distorted view of affairs, while there is always grave danger that he will get a maliciously perverted view. For the propagandist of evil is always more fluent and zealous in imparting misinformation than any good citizen is likely to be in telling the truth.

Similar considerations apply, in some respects with even more force, to the other millions who, while more or less illiterate in English, are literate in some alien language, the language of the country from which they or their parents came hither. They are similarly debarred from information in English, and are dependent upon that which is provided in the alien press, and this latter is almost inevitably colored with alien hues. For example: In the first two years of the war, before America entered it, multitudes of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in this country gained their chief if not their only knowledge of it from the papers printed in their own mother tongues. We know quite well what that too often meant. There was presented to them not the American view but the alien view.

"As a man thinketh, so is he." And as a man reads or hears, so he thinks. Getting their information from alien sources, they cherished alien thoughts, and thus themselves remained or became essentially alien. There can be no doubt that to this cause is due much of the pro-German and disloyal sentiment which has persisted throughout the United States during our first year of the war. Those who cherish it may or may not have become legally and technically naturalized: They certainly have not been Americanized in mind and heart and thought and feeling. Obviously the first step toward such Americanization is to get into touch with America by learning to use the English language as the common medium of speech, reading and thought. That is why illiteracy in English is so serious a matter.

For this same reason we must approve the action which is being widely taken for the very great modification if not the entire suppression of German studies in the public schools.

It would be foolish to exclude German from the curriculum simply because we are at war with Germany. But in so far as German is retained, it should be regarded, treated and taught as a foreign language, at par with other foreign languages. Such, it is notorious, has not always been the case. In many schools, with large German constituencies, German has been exploited far beyond due bounds, as though it and not English were the national language. That has been because German parents have wanted their children to be educated in German rather than English, and to regard German and not English as their mother tongue. To that end, there have been used German text books, some of them revised if not originally prepared in Germany for the purpose, in which German immigrants in America, and their American-born children as well, are urged, even commanded, under penalty of disgrace, to cherish the German tongue as their own, above that of their adopted land. It was monstrous that such teaching was ever permitted in American schools. It would be moral treason to tolerate it longer.

That the pernicious system of dual allegiance, which Germany alone has had the effrontery to maintain, should be specifically and completely condemned, goes without saying. We should think that it would be quite proper to refuse naturalization to any persons coming from a country which maintained it, unless they would under oath expressly repudiate and abjure it. So, too, there should be an end of the system, prevailing in some States of this Union, of permitting unnaturalized or only partly naturalized men to vote. Since the Constitution forbids the States to abridge or deny the right of suffrage on certain grounds, it seems a pity that it does not also forbid the granting of suffrage to any who have not complied with certain requirements.

We have further been reminded in this war of the impolicy of permitting great masses of aliens to come hither and to remain here unnaturalized. There was proposed a few years ago a scheme for requiring immigration to be proportioned to naturalization, so as to permit immigration of those who became American citizens, and to prohibit that of those who did not become naturalized. It is to be believed that some plan of that nature would be beneficent. Certainly it would be desirable in some way to discourage and indeed to prevent the accumulation in America of numerous alien colonies persistently remaining alien in allegiance and in

speech. It is well to be hospitable. But it would be poor policy to carry our hospitality so far as to make America no longer worth coming to.

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

THE ancient lawyer's question comes aptly to mind in scanning the international relationships of the great war. Who is our neighbor? Or, *mutatis mutandis,* who are our allies? Who are our foes? More specifically, where does Russia stand? And Japan? Also, Bulgaria? And that once Unspeakable Turk whose unspeakableness is now surpassed by that of his Kultured ally and overlord?

There may be some uncertainty concerning Russia. At first she was undoubtedly our ally, and was treated as such, and acted as such; until the rise of Lehmann and Braunstein, *alias* Lenine and Trotzky, who have repudiated that alliance. Are we to insist that the former relationship still exists, or are we to accept the dictum of the Bolsheviki? Upon the answer depends the technical justification of the course which we should pursue in respect of Siberia, though it may not affect the character of the course.

First, then, if Russia is still our ally; what? Why, we should intervene, or should sanction our allies' intervening, in Siberia, to restore and to maintain order and to prevent such Hunnish deviltry there as there has been at the other side of the empire. If Russia is our ally, she should trust us and our other allies, and should welcome our coöperation; just as France welcomes it in Picardy and Champagne.

But if she is no longer our ally? In that case we are under no obligation to help her, but neither are we under obligation to stand idly by and let her surrender her territory to our foes, to our peril. If she cannot or will not keep her house in order and prevent our enemies from utilizing it against us, our natural rights of self-protection, or those of our ally, Japan, abundantly warrant intervention to abate the nuisance—just as we intervened in Florida, a century ago.

In either case, therefore, we should approve and encourage Japanese intervention just so far as may be necessary to keep order in Siberia and to keep the Hun out.

But is Japan our ally? Well, she is certainly the ally of our allies, France and Great Britain, and it would there-

fore be rather awkward if she were not ours also. We have been treating her in various respects as though she were our ally. We have just been borrowing a lot of her shipping, for belligerent purposes, which we should scarcely have done if there were not close relations between us; and not long ago we made a "gentlemen's agreement" with her which we should not have made with a power which we did not trust. The assumption is, therefore, that Japan is our ally, and that she should be treated as such.

Similar considerations apply to the relationship between Japan and Russia. Earlier in the war they certainly regarded each other as allies. Indeed, Russia inclined so much toward Japan as almost to excite jealousy on the part of other powers. There is a story, so well substantiated that it would take a good deal to disprove it, that before the war, and in the early part of the war, Russia employed many Japanese in her navy, to raise it to the efficiency which Japan's fleet had displayed under Admiral Togo; and that in consequence, when a Russian vessel was selected by the allies for the honor of leading the way through the Dardanelles, the batteries of that Russian ship were manned by Japanese gunners. We should say that after that Russia ought not to demur at Japanese intervention to save Siberia from chaos or the Huns.

The logical solution of the Siberian problem would have been, at the first menace of either Hunnish conquest or domestic chaos, for the allied Powers to send in thither a joint expedition for protective purposes. This would have consisted chiefly, of course, of Japanese, but also of small contingents from America and the other allies, as a guarantee of good faith and of the responsibility of all the Allies for the benevolent conduct of the expedition. To say that just because the men who have surrendered all western Russia to the Huns and have involved all European Russia in disorder and collapse, object to any interference with similar processes in Siberia, we must stand aside and see such ruin wrought, would be to repudiate much of the spirit in which this war is being waged and some of the purposes which we have in view in waging it.

We have raised, also, the question of our relationship to Bulgaria and Turkey. With those Powers we are nominally at peace, and their subjects in this country do not come under the ban of enemy aliens. Yet those Powers are certainly

active allies of our foe, and are the foes of our Allies. They are assisting our enemies against us. They are "adhering to the enemies of the United States, giving them aid and comfort." For Americans to do that would be treason. For aliens to do it can scarcely be reckoned friendship. If, as we are told, troops from those countries are operating on the western front, where our own troops are, will they refrain from firing upon our men and attack only our Allies? And are our men to be careful not to fire upon them, but only upon their allies?

It seems to us an anomalous state of affairs, for us to be assisting our allies on the western front, but to be unwilling or unable to aid them in the east. It is a noble thing for us to strive to right the wrongs of Belgium; but why should we debar ourselves from striking a single blow in behalf of the other martyr nations, Serbia and Armenia?

Surely by this time we ought to be able to tell which nations are our allies and which are our foes; and to be ready to treat them according to that classification.

FOCH

"Unless all history is at fault, the appointment of a Generalissimo is essential to success."—NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for December.

"In warfare men are nothing; a man is everything. It was not the Roman army that conquered Gaul; but Caesar. It was not the Carthaginians that made armies of the Republic tremble at the very gates of Rome, but Hannibal; it was not the Macedonian army marched to the Indus, but Alexander; it was not the French army that carried war to the Weser and the Inn, but Turenne; it was not the Prussian army that defended Prussia during seven years against the then greatest Powers of Europe, but Frederick the Great."

Napoleon's maxim comes back to us with alienated majesty, as the Allies worn with almost four years of sacrifices, turn to the French military master for guidance and accept his greatest living exponent for their leader.

For the present it would avail nothing to recount in detail the horrible sacrifices that civilization has made since August, 1914, because the Allies have been without leadership. Future historians may be relied upon to lift the veil and tell the whole truth to another generation. Let us recall the errors of the past only as warnings for the future.

Having resolved to begin anew and follow Napoleonic precepts it was indeed fitting that Ferdinand Foch should be chosen to lead the allied armies. Those who have studied Foch's *Conduct of War* and Napoleon's *Divines* and who have compared the generalissimo's tactics in the field with those of the First Consul, must, indeed, be impressed by the degree to which the student has imbibed the principles and methods of his master.

In the writings and tactics of Foch we are constantly impressed with the kind of direct, simple, powerful decisions and executions that made Napoleon master of the continent. We find little or no time wasted on theoretical discussions of the finer points of strategy. Throughout his works we find him constantly urging " activity, activity, activity and common sense."

There is but one sharp difference between Napoleon and Foch. It is in years. Foch is now more than twice as old as Napoleon was when he reached his zenith. He was born in a little town near the Spanish border sixty-six and a half years ago. He is short, closely knit, extremely well preserved for his years and looks like a warrior. Like Napoleon he is an artilleryman by training and a horseman by preference. His earlier career was not unlike that of the ordinary French officer—except that he excelled in diligence. He did the routine of a junior officer to the French artillery school where he eventually established himself as one of the republic's great military authorities.

It was on March 5, 1914, that General Foch found his first real opportunity to put into practice his life time studies. Next to Joffre it was Foch who contributed most to the defeat of the German onrush. Without Foch's superb execution Joffre would not have prevailed. The French line had been forced back to the valley of the Marne and von Kluck threatened to envelop the left wing and take Paris. Joffre issued his famous order:

" The moment has come for the army to advance at all costs and allow itself to be slain where it stands, rather than give way."

As the French left wing moved forward in obedience to the order, von Kluck found that his plans would not carry and immediately made a redisposition of his forces with the intention of driving a wedge through the center. Foch holding the center, commanded the Ninth Army of 120,000

men. Von Kluck attacked him with the Prussian Guard and the Saxon Army of 200,000. As the wings recoiled under the terrific French attacks, Foch's troops were forced to bear the brunt of the entire German movement. For five days the Germans battered him with ever increasing force, finally on the ninth of September, the crisis came, the French line was breaking and Foch performed his supreme exploit. He sent this telegram to Joffre:

"My right has been driven in, my left has been driven in—therefore with all that I have left in my centre I will attack."

Materially and physically at that hour Foch was beaten but his indomitable will mastered the Germans. From that day the slow German retreat began. Is it any wonder that Joffre called him "The first strategist of Europe?"

Six weeks after the Marne, when the Germans attempted to outflank the entire French army, to seize the Channel ports and destroy England's lines of communications, General Foch, then in command of the allied forces, saved the British on the banks of the Yser and stopped the Germans at Ypres.

Foch is the sole allied commander, now in active service, who has never failed to carry through a major operation that he planned and directed. He is the sole active commander who has the unbounded respect and admiration of the British and French forces.

Indeed from every viewpoint, he appears to be the sole commander fitted by training, experience and successes to outwit Hindenburg.

It is not too much to hope that some future commentator on Napoleon may amend his maxim with this:—

"It was not the allied armies, who struggled hopelessly for four years, that finally drove the Germans across the Rhine; but Ferdinand Foch."

THE ETERNAL BATTLE

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE war is, as Senator Borah recently said, the latest and greatest phase of the eternal battle between two forms of human government,—the kind typified by the Hohenzollern and the kind typified by Abraham Lincoln. The issue has arisen this time in its most abstract and universal form. It has polarized humanity. It can no longer be expressed in terms of politics: it is merged in religious truth.

The thing which has happened to the world during the last four years, and which never happened before, is the focalization of truth, the focalization of virtue. Every bit of vision that a man has, every scrap of truth he sees, is instantly taken up into the great stream of the world's life, a stream which every one seems now to be aware of, and to gaze on as if it were the aurora borealis. You will get an assent from the nearest man to any true thing you say about any matter that comes up; and this makes you feel as if you were in contact all the time with the gigantic heart of humanity.

It was very different thirty years ago. When I came out of college the world seemed to me to be like a padded cell in a lunatic asylum. Nobody was interested in anything. You could not get a response to an intelligent idea from anyone; and, unless you trod on his toes, or pinched him with a tinman's shears at the very moment that you made the remark, he would simply look coldly on you and pass along. The truth was, though nobody knew it at the time, that the world was wearing toward the close of a sad epoch. The inspirations of art, literature and conduct, which had been brilliant in the middle of the nineteenth century, had passed, and faded away, and died down to dispersed death-taps and rumbles. The atmosphere was deaf. Men's senses were blunted; and in order to pierce their indifference and insensi-

tiveness, the artists, poets and playwrights had to resort to strong acids and weird conceits. Art became sharp-tongued, cynical and often sinister. People could only relish what was a little rancid. The influence pervaded every country of Europe. It was an epoch,—the great historic epoch,—of disillusion.

Now there is a connection between all that happens at any one time on earth (though no one can find out just what the connection is or means), and there was a connection between this cynicism which overspread Europe and America fifty years ago, and the transformation that was then going on in Germany,—the transformation of the German people into a diabolical war-machine. No one outside of Germany was aware of the process; and even in the Germans themselves the change was largely unconscious. It crept on like insanity, and the further the disease advanced the more convinced the patient became that he was the only sane man in the world. When the thunder-clap came and the cloud broke in 1914, it was clear that we were, all of us, living parts of the storm. The shock never could have thrown us off our feet, as it did, if it had been an extraneous thing. The shock was, in fact, part of a world process.

Apparently, revolutions are like diseases; they come on with a bang. Nature adjusts and adjusts herself, and keeps adjusting herself to the inner trouble, and the man goes about his business with only an occasional headache or passing qualm,—until, some day—crash!—he is on his back, delirious with typhoid; and lucky for him if he gets back to normal life and work within a year and a half! While he lies on his back there, the invisible ministers of nature come to rescue him. He is nearer health now than he has been for years, perhaps, before the collapse. Now, at last, he can accept the streams of health that flow into him. The visions of his early years come back to him and he does not beat them off. In returning and in rest he is saved. And, what the German people really need is rest. I do not see how they are going to get it for some time to come; and I certainly hope that no rest will reach them, except the purgatorial and religious kind of rest that comes to a man whose will has been defeated and who returns to peace and to strength through the sacrific of a troubled spirit. That is the sort of rest the Germans need. They have been driven and scared and harassed by their rulers till their brains are in shreds and tatters. They are anemic

maniacs. They represent the injured cells of the world-organism.

The great typhoid fell suddenly on civilized man,—who had been walking about for half a century with the germs of it in him,—and the visible part of him suddenly formed itself into a line of trenches that stretched from the English Channel to the Alps, while the invisible and unimaginable ministers to his recovery streamed to his rescue. One might say they had been hovering and waiting for a chance to reach him and enter into him, as the angels of youth and health wait above the head of the tired business man till he breaks down, and gives them a chance to enter.

When the stroke of paralysis fell in Germany a literature of heroism blossomed on the following day in France, England and America. The philosophy of government, which had become a bookish thing, put out branches and bore fruit that fed the world. Time's whole treasury of legend and of divinity was poured into men's thought in a flood which they found themselves, as if by magic, able to receive. This was the climax which the nineteenth century had been building up to. The war itself is a detail. The greatest work of the war is done already; for the great dam is broken and the waters of life are let loose upon mankind. I have observed this in reading the Bible. The Old Testament reeks and blazes with the war. Isaiah lives in the flame of the war like a salamander. Turn over his pages, and you seem to be passing the open doors of spiritual munition furnaces. The Psalms never spoke before. The Psalms, which come from the depths of human feeling that lie fathoms below any other lyric literature, and speak out of that part of us which is beneath the conscious,—from the caverns below sickness and health in the center of uncreated things,—the Psalms now sound their intimate clarions, and we hear easily and every day the strains that used to reach us only at times of crisis or of illumination. Words and phrases, which had become too familiar to keep a meaning, resume their power, and the texts call to us, like spirits released from bondage. The same thing holds true of all the tales of history, all the ballads and poems of romance which the idealism of mankind has left in its wake.

The war is the fight for the soul of man, as that soul exists and has existed in western Europe; and every syllable of the past which ever expressed that soul has again become vocal. Such is the music to which the Allied armies are now march-

ing. The aim of Germany is to subdue man's spirit; that of the Allies, to preserve it. And the one great thing for which we have all cause to be thankful is that the issue is well understood. Neither England, nor France, nor America has any interest in a world made up of citizen-slaves and military despots. If it becomes necessary to sink all the wealth and half the populations of those countries in this war it will be done.

So far as reason can judge the struggle is just beginning, and, but for the fact that every important change of scene in the war's history has come as a surprise, we should expect this war to go on for at least a generation. Perhaps Fate has some new surprise in store through which there will be a speedier end than we can foresee. In any event, our cue is to fight.

The Allies cannot compromise, for a compromise would be merely a retreat to a new military position. So long as Germany's ambition to conquer the world persists, it is mere self-preservation for us to continue the battle. And, if one considers that it has taken two hundred years to create the Prussian caste and tradition, one can hardly imagine that the thing will decay or collapse suddenly. There have, in the past, been thirty years' wars, hundred years' wars, and epochs and ages of war. Everyone protests that the resources of modern life cannot stand such a strain, and that human nature will not endure it. But these very questions of endurance are the ones that our prophets have been most wrong about. Human nature is elastic and extensible, and seems able to endure almost anything. Society adjusts itself to war; the back broadens to the burden; a man bears what he must, and it is always a thousand per cent. more than he thought he could bear.

The United States is slowly and clumsily getting into harness. But the very slowness with which she goes in is an earnest of persistency. The one step that she had to take rapidly—conscription—she rose to like an eagle. Considering the fact that this nation is fighting in a region five thousand miles away; considering that she has not yet been seriously hurt, but is fighting as one might say, from a mental perception of the issues; considering that she is an unwieldy democracy, full, as Shakespeare says, of the cankers of a bad world and a long peace, she is doing extremely well. Such large masses of people have never before been moved to

self-immolation on grounds so purely intellectual. It is not in human nature to be truly aroused in war till the blood flows.

Once we are clenched upon the foe, I see no reason why we should let go for fifty years. And I believe that the wiser heads in Germany are beginning to suspect this also. Those wiser heads, however, will not prevail to change the course of their nation. Events are in a mill-race. No one can stop them,—not the Kaiser, not Junkerdom. It is a course of things like the French Revolution, one of those rapids of history, which no one truly understands or controls. The leaders are figureheads. They are carried on the current, wave their arms and disappear. Something is being threshed out underneath, something which perhaps we should not wish to arrest if we had power to understand all.

You and I happen to be of the generation whose destiny it is to begin the battle; and so long as we acquit ourselves well in our own part we need not concern ourselves with the unthinkable outcomes. I confess that we are apt to yearn over the world as if we were gods in whose charge the matter lay, and as if we must already have been guilty of some negligence, or the trouble would never have reached its present dimensions. The crash is indeed so tremendous that it destroys all our apparatus of thought. Whatever bit of cleverness we seize upon as a life preserver turns out to be a sinker. We cannot grasp the situation or size it up intellectually. We must walk the waves or we drown.

Does not all this give us a wholesome view of life? And has not the war done more to cure the ails of philosophy than a thousand years of any other religion? It has faced us with the spiritual realities, and has caused the rest of life's appearances to evaporate. I say that we are all of us morally in the same position as the young volunteers whose whole duty is done when they enlist, only our enlistment is not so simple a matter, and not evidenced by singing, marching, dying. The war is in the air we breathe and is changing us all, day by day, into a new kind of men and women; and though the oxidization be as slow as that which turns a dead tree in the forest into moss, we may be sure that it progresses unceasingly, and is a part of the everlasting process of nature. Changes are also taking place in Germany; there is nothing indestructibly permanent about German militarism. It may look the same on the outside as it looked six months

ago, but there are differences,—ten million million progressive differences,—which we are helping to accelerate.

The war is in the air we breathe,—the air which accepts and transmits our volition like an electrical force. This volition shows itself most notably in two forms; first in assisting the business of the war, and second, in spreading the religion of the war. The two are in real life so commingled that you can scarcely distinguish between them. But one thing is certain:—the religion is the important part. The bandages and munitions alone would neither win the war nor save the world. The impulse behind them is what is saving the world.

By the inexorable logic of fate we are forced to become unselfish. Every day reveals to each of us some new form of this same idea, some new and deeper aspect of the war. Expediency, which generally throws its weight in human affairs on the side of self-interest and materialism,—expediency, which usually makes men selfish, presses upon us in this case with the weight of the universe and crushes us into faith and virtue. Faith and virtue are the issue. The struggle is to preserve them and keep them alive in the world. Now we see and feel that the only things that will keep them alive are virtue and faith.

There lives in my street a young married woman who works hard over Red Cross matters,—so hard in fact that some one remonstrated with her, fearing she might injure her health. She replied that she had no fears. "How should I get tired, with God in my heart?" I have often remembered this speech. Truly it seems at present as if any one who does anything whatever with God in his heart is fighting the war.

Thus has the lens of this terrible war focalized the spirits of men and brought us all into a new communion. We feel the current in almost all those whom we meet, and even the most commonplace among them seem to tingle with eternal truth.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF DRAFTING ALIENS

BY ALBERT H. WASHBURN

SOME years ago, in an official despatch to one of our foreign ministers, Mr. Blaine remarked:

> It is notorious that the impressment of American seamen into the naval service of a foreign power was at one time a serious grievance, not to be acquiesced in, and raised a question upon which all parties in this country were unanimous in regarding as one of international character. (*For. Rel.*, 1881, p. 757.)

With becoming diplomatic restraint, the one time Secretary of State here points to the historic source of the policy exempting aliens from compulsory military service, which is just now in so many quarters the object of much misunderstanding and resentment. There is hardly a school boy who does not know that the practice of impressment on land and sea ultimately became the overshadowing grievance which prolonged, if it did not cause, the War of 1812. Even in the obscure beginnings of this controversy, the two governments were deadlocked on an issue of law. Nobody denied the right of the British Government to compel military service of its own subjects and in the enforcement of such service to exercise, with proper limitations, in time of war, at least, the right of visitation and search. Many British sailors, however, were able to show American citizenship papers. It was charged, and it was probably true, that some of them had been fraudulently obtained. Could the allegiance of a subject be renounced at will, and did naturalization bind the government which did not consent to it? While Congress, beginning with the act of March 26, 1790, passed measures, from time to time, to enable alien whites to become citizens, it must be remembered that at this stage the status of naturalized citizens or subjects had received scant attention either in treaty or municipal law. As late as 1830, Mr.

Justice Story, speaking for our Supreme Court in *Shanks vs. Dupont,* 3 Pet. 246, declared the general rule to be that no persons could by any act of their own without consent of the government, put off their allegiance and become aliens. The precise point here decided turned upon the construction of a clause in the Jay treaty of 1794 and it is significant that at the same term of the Court the same justice, in a contemporaneous case (3 Pet. 162), cited with apparent approval the axiom " that each government had a right to decide for itself who should be admitted or deemed citizens." It was not, however, until nearly forty years afterwards that Congress in the act of July 27, 1868, formally proclaimed the doctrine that " expatriation is an inherent right."

It is easy to understand how, in the light of this confused state of the early law, the status of naturalized aliens presented a formidable barrier to any treaty of peace, and why the treaty of 1815 was silent upon this vital point, but the fact remains that, whether by tacit agreement or otherwise, the question of impressment never thereafter seriously threatened the peaceful relations of the two nations.

The stand thus taken in the formative period of our national history was very definitely to influence our future policy. It led Mr. Blaine to observe immediately after the sentence quoted from the above-mentioned despatch that " public sentiment here in regard to that subject was borne in mind during the late Civil War."

By 1861 the right of nations to naturalize foreigners without regard to their primitive allegiance had been very generally affirmed by the leading text book writers, but the right of expatriation, which would seem logically to flow from the operation of any system of naturalization, did not find the same universal acceptance. This seeming inconsistency apparently rested upon the theory that naturalization is a matter of municipal law, whereas expatriation is a matter of public law. There has been, as is well known, an irreconcilable conflict between the naturalization laws of the United States and the military laws of Prussia. Russia has persisted down to the recent present, anyway, in denying the right of expatriation and this attitude led a few years ago to the abrogation of the treaty of 1832. The State Department note of July 29, 1881, is fairly typical of our unwavering protest against any interference with the liberty of naturalized American citizens of Russian birth travelling

in Russia. Therein our Minister was instructed to advise the Minister of Foreign Affairs that:

> We can make no new treaty with Russia, nor accept any construction of our existing treaty, which shall discriminate against any class of American citizens on account of their religious faith.

Wheaton gives 1870 as the date of England's abandonment of the claim that her subjects carried their national character with them wherever they went.

On the other hand, the status of domiciled foreigners *whose alienage was unchallenged* was reasonably fixed and definite when the Civil War began. The differences which were presently to develop grew mainly out of the American contention that alien exemption shifted into liability upon the taking out of first citizenship papers. Tracing the swift unfolding of a threatened entanglement of no mean proportions, Secretary Seward had declared in August, 1862:

> I can hardly suppose that there exists, anywhere in the world, the erroneous belief that aliens are liable here to military duty.

And the following month, in a letter to Governor Morton of Indiana, he wrote:

> There is no principle more distinctly and clearly settled in the law of nations, than the rule that resident aliens not naturalized are not liable to perform military service. We have uniformly claimed and insisted upon it in our intercourse with foreign nations.

This declaration went no further than to assert that resident aliens were not liable to perform military duty in the service of the United States. It did not undertake to say at what point of time an alien by some voluntary act of his own ceased to be an alien and, as such, immune from military conscription of any kind.

The reason which forced Seward to define the American position was, of course, simple. He was spurred thereto by the activity of the representatives in Washington of various foreign Powers. During the summer of 1862 the State Department was informally advised that British subjects who had merely declared their intention to become citizens of the United States were expressing apprehension that they might be drafted into the militia. The Secretary replied in a note to Mr. Stuart, the chargé, that none but citizens were liable to militia duty. A little later, on October 24th, the

real point in issue loomed into full view, when Seward again wrote to Stuart:

> I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your note of yesterday, and, so far as it relates to the liability of aliens who may have exercised the right of suffrage to military duty in this country, to state in reply that no doubt is entertained upon that point by this department. Aliens who exercise that right are considered as citizens of the States where they reside, and, as such, are within the purview of the law which requires all such citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, with certain specific exemptions, as liable to be drafted into the militia. A person may be a citizen of a State, and, as such, entitled to vote therein, without being a citizen of the United States.

At this stage Lord Lyons took up the cudgels and in a trenchant letter to Seward, based upon cases arising in Wisconsin and Illinois, developed the argument that native born British subjects were voting under a state law not purporting to naturalize them, but conferring, for reasons of local policy, the privilege of voting *notwithstanding* alienage; that the United States did not regard them as citizens nor extend them protection as such; that they were not admitted to the full privileges of citizenship, and consequently they ought not to be subjected to its peculiar burdens; and finally that the power of naturalization rested exclusively in the Federal Government (Idem, p. 413). The French Minister, Mercier, doubtless acting in full understanding with his British colleague, coincidently took similar ground and to him, on November 10th, the Secretary answered:

> This is a complex government, consisting of State governments, within their sphere independent of the federal government; the federal government, in its sphere, independent of the State governments. Collisions between them cannot be prevented by executive action. They must, however, be reconciled when they have occurred. The government calls on the States to furnish troops by draft of the militia. The States determine for themselves who constitute the militia, and they make a draft. * * * If the governor of a State errs and subjects to military duty a person who is entitled to exemption on the ground of alienage, a question is thus raised between the United States and the nation which is entitled to protect the complainant. This department then receives and effectually decides the case.

Up to this time, then, the status of aliens who had declared their *intent* to become American citizens, without having taken out their final citizenship papers, was no nearer final settlement in an international sense than it had been in the administration of Madison. It was still further com-

plicated by a provision which had crept into the constitutions of some of the newer States—especially the States of the West, pursuant to which a declaration of intention to acquire citizenship under the laws of the United States made the maker of it a citizen of that State. Many State constitutions make United States citizenship the test of State citizenship, but there are at the present moment nearly a dozen States which make *declared intent* the test. This anomaly has had some curious results. Not long ago, it was reported in the public press that the two United States senators from Indiana besought the President to promulgate regulations to prevent an enemy alien without his final papers from assuming the office of mayor of Michigan City. The United States courts were likewise appealed to, but the federal judge returned the rather obvious answer that he was powerless to interfere under the law. A constitutional amendment to bar aliens from voting has, it is true, been introduced, but such an amendment, if submitted by Congress to the several States, would be ineffective at the present juncture. A bill has also been offered to prevent first paper alien enemies from voting for federal offices, but legislation of this kind is confronted with Article I and the recently adopted Seventeenth Amendment of the Constitution, providing that the electors in each State voting for members of the House and Senate " shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State legislature."

But to revert to the state of affairs existing at the close of 1862, Congress presently intervened to hold up the hands of the State Department. By the act of March 3, 1863, it was declared that all able-bodied male citizens of the United States and " persons of foreign birth who shall have declared on oath their intention to become citizens " between the ages of twenty and forty-five years were liable to perform military duty. By an amendatory act of February 24, 1864, it was further expressly provided that no person of foreign birth should on account of alienage be exempted from enrollment or draft who had at any time assumed the right of a citizen by voting at an election held under authority of the laws of any State or territory, or of the United States, or who had held any office under such laws.

Here was fuel for a very pretty international quarrel in an awkward hour, but the unequivocal stand on the part of Congress had one immediate effect—it cleared the diplomatic

atmosphere. The Powers most concerned accepted the new legislation without further serious protest. Great Britain met the changed situation by proposing that British subjects who had merely declared their intention to assume American citizenship without having exercised any political franchise ought to be allowed a reasonable period either to exercise the option of leaving the United States, or of continuing to reside therein with the annexed conditions. Lincoln adopted this suggestion, and in the proclamation of May 8, 1863, announced that no plea of alienage to support military exemption would be allowed in favor of any person who had declared his intention to become a citizen, and thereunder at any time had exercised the right of suffrage or any other political franchise, nor on behalf of any person of foreign birth who, having declared on oath his intention to become a citizen of the United States, should be found within the United States after the expiration of a period of sixty-five days from the date of the proclamation. In a foot-note to the fourth edition of Halleck's *International Law,* published in 1908, and revised by Sir G. Sherston Baker, an English authority, it is said of this action of the United States that "it was tacitly acquiesced in by the British Government."

Our Minister at Stockholm reported on June 20, 1863, that the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Sweden and Norway took no exception to the President's proclamation and that instructions had been issued "that all Swedes or Norwegians 'who had declared on oath their intention to become citizens of the United States, under the laws thereof,' had forfeited all claim to protection from the laws of their native country and were aliens." (*Diplomatic Correspondence,* 1863, page 1216.) It should be noted here that by Article 1 of the Naturalization Convention of 1869 with Sweden and Norway it is expressly provided that "the declaration of an intention to become a citizen of one or the other country has not, for either party, the effect of citizenship legally acquired."

To the general acquiescence in the American contention there was, it appears, one lone exception. The Minister of Switzerland, residing at Paris, relying upon the exceptional stipulations contained in the Swiss treaty, lodged a protest with Mr. Dayton, our Minister to France, and Mr. Seward made this the occasion of the following comment upon the proclamation and the law upon which it was based:

But it was forseen that some emigrants, who had declared their intention, might complain of surprise if they were immediately subjected to conscription. To guard against this surprise the proclamation was issued, giving them ample notice of the change of the law, with the alternative of removal from the country if they should prefer removal to remaining here on the footing on which Congress had brought them. Surely no foreigner has a right to be naturalized and remain here, in a time of public danger, and enjoy the protection of a government, without submitting to general requirements needful for his own security. The law is constitutional, and the persons subjected to it are no longer foreigners, but citizens of the United States. The law has been acquiesced in by other foreign powers, and I am sure that Switzerland cannot be disposed to stand alone in her protest against it.

This was in July, 1863. The foreign born then, as now, made up a substantial percentage of our urban population, especially in the large cities, and some of them were inevitably caught in the military drag-net following conscription legislation, but, save for the class of cases just noted, which were based upon express acts of Congress, there was not, as Secretary Bayard observed in 1888, a single instance throughout the Civil War where an alien was held to military duty when his Government called for his release.

The rule that aliens are exempt from military service has some exceptions, which are, when examined, more apparent than real. It is generally recognized that domiciled foreigners may be required to serve in the militia or the civic and national guard for the preservation of order and the enforcement of the laws within a reasonable distance of their place of domicile. Halleck says that such duty is, however, regarded as of a civil rather than of a military character and does not include service against a foreign enemy nor general military service in civil war. Madison, apparently, had such a distinction in mind when, in 1804, as Secretary of State, he wrote to Monroe, then in England, that citizens or subjects of one country residing in another could never be rightfully forced into military service "particularly external service." (Moore, *Int. Law Digest,* vol. iv., p. 52.)

Professor Moore quotes Mr. Seward as saying in 1867:

> In the absence of treaties, citizens of the United States who have become and are remaining domiciled in foreign countries could not be exempt from certain common obligations of citizens of those countries to pay taxes and *perform duties imposed for the preservation of public order and the maintenance of the Government.*

This statement was made in connection with the case of two American citizens named Albee and Gordon, who claimed

exemption from enrollment in the national guard during an insurrection in the Argentine Republic in 1866. The treaty of 1853 between the Argentine Republic and the United States expressly exempted citizens of the United States residing in the Argentine Republic "from all compulsory military service whatsoever, whether by sea or by land." In harmony with this theory, Secretary Fish said in 1876 that the fact that a resident in Chile was a citizen of the United States did not, there being no relevant treaty stipulation, exempt him from service in a temporary civic guard in which all residents were required by law to serve.

This brief review, even if it stood alone, would disclose a sufficient reason for halting any overnight reversal of a long continued practice. But it does not stand alone. It would be strange indeed if a policy, so consistently adhered to, were not reflected in various treaty stipulations based upon mutuality. Such conventional arrangements first began to appear about the middle of the last century. Thus we have treaties providing for mutual exemption of nationals from compulsory military service with the Argentine Republic 1853, Belgian Congo 1891, Costa Rica 1851, Honduras 1864, Italy 1871, Salvador 1870, Servia 1881, Spain 1902, Switzerland 1850. The usual type of covenant differs little from that found in the Argentine treaty already quoted. In the case of Italy and Servia the language employed is still more definite and precise, the Italian stipulation providing for exemption "either on land or sea, or *in the regular forces, or in the national guard, or in the militia.*"

To be sure there is nothing sacred about a treaty. It stands on the same footing as an act of Congress. Neither is inherently superior to the other. A treaty may supersede a law or Congress may by law repeal a treaty—only, as the Supreme Court has said:

> When the two relate to the same subject, the courts will always endeavor to construe them so as to give effect to both, if that can be done, without violating the language of either. (124 U. S. 194.)

In the famous Chinese Exclusion cases, it was repeatedly stated in effect that before an intention could be imputed to Congress to violate an important article of a treaty with a foreign Power such intention must be clearly and unequivocally manifested, and the language of the law which is supposed to constitute the violation must admit of no other reasonable construction.

Congress by a majority vote could, tomorrow, with the assent of the Executive, abrogate every existing treaty; it could of course by a two-thirds vote accomplish this result in spite of the Executive. Mr. Justice Gray thus tersely puts the rule:

> In our jurisprudence, it is well settled that the provisions of an act of Congress, passed in the exercise of its constitutional authority, on this, as on any other subject, *if clear and explicit,* must be upheld by the courts, even in contravention of express stipulations in an earlier treaty. (149 U. S. 720.)

There is, however, a decent and orderly way of abrogating a treaty by giving formal notice of termination in accordance with its terms. And it is not to be lightly assumed that the legislative branch of the government will do any arbitrary thing which will give color to the charge of bad faith. Still less is it likely unheedingly to overturn a policy which rests not only upon explicit treaty provisions, but, also, in the absence of any treaty, upon comity and reciprocity. Such a course would only invite reprisals upon our citizens residing abroad.

Alienage as a basis for exemption—however well grounded in public law it may be—undoubtedly involves some inequality and hardship for the native citizen living on his native soil. It was recently reported in the press that, in one country in Nebraska alone, 736 first paper voters of German birth had claimed exemption from military service on the ground that they were enemy aliens. These figures do not seem to match up with General Crowder's recent report to the Secretary of War, and their accuracy is open to challenge. But taking them at their face value, this exemption claim is strictly in accordance with the selective service law, which limits, within the prescribed ages, liability to all male citizens " or male persons *not alien enemies* who have declared their intention to become citizens." Declarants of German birth who have taken out their first papers are thus, within the purview of the law, alien enemies, just as are unnaturalized Germans who have never made any application whatever. Such persons would not knowingly be accepted for service.

The number of declarants who may be described as allied aliens or neutral aliens is, as might be expected, large. The Crowder report shows that of the 1,243,801 aliens who were registered under the selective service law 921,018 were either

co-belligerents or neutrals. As to them, the Provost Marshal General says:

> It seems probable that while allied and neutral aliens are more sympathetic in their attitude toward the selective-service law than are aliens allied with the enemy, their sympathy does not very often find expression in an eagerness to serve in the army.

The report further states "that the benefit of alienage, over and above all other grounds for exemption and discharge, amounted to 10 per cent," and "it appears that four in ten aliens were enabled to avoid service in other ways than by claiming alienage."

It goes without saying that any policy that even seems to place the alien in a position of vantage over the humblest citizen is bound to provoke an antagonism which will ultimately force some readjustment. It has been held that Congress may expel aliens of a particular class, or permit them to remain under such conditions as it may impose. From this it follows that a system of registration and identification may be provided (149 U. S. 714). Machinery of registration and identification is, in fact, at this moment actively in operation as a preliminary step to effective control over alien enemies.

As to neutral or allied aliens, the problem is different. So called alien slacker legislation is now being actively agitated and pressed, but, if such legislation should prove to be too drastic, it would probably be smothered or vetoed. In its stead there may be a resort to some modification of the Lincoln proclamation of May, 1863. What is still more probable, in the case of allied aliens especially, is that treaty revision will attempt to reach the more glaring inequalities. Indeed it has been officially announced that such treaty revision with Great Britain and Canada, which not only deals with the status of first paper citizens of British birth, but which also provides an adequate method for the military enlistment of nationals of each power dwelling in the territory of the other, has been submitted for ratification.

To state the case in a single sentence, alien exemption and liability, while they cannot be altogether divorced from municipal law—that is neither possible nor desirable—come peculiarly within the scope of international law and practice. No settlement of a question beset with so many diplomatic pitfalls and potential of such far-reaching political consequences can possibly be lasting which ignores this fundamental truth.

ALBERT H. WASHBURN.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS RECONSIDERED

BY H. E. BARNES

In any attempt, however modest, to reconsider the evolution of Anglo-American relations, it is necessary to assume at the outset a broad standpoint of interpretation. The essential futility of episodical history in general has been sufficiently demonstrated by such historians as Lamprecht in Germany, Seignobos in France, Green, Maitland and Vinogradoff in England, and McMaster, Turner, Shotwell, Robinson and Hayes in America. No time need be wasted in pointing out the fact that this type of history has been equally disastrous in interpreting the development of the relations between Great Britain and the United States. The general misinformation and misunderstanding which exist on this subject today is as much due to the fact that Anglo-American relations have been studied in terms of the Stamp Act, the Boston Tea-Party, the Wyoming Massacre, the Chesapeake-Leopard episode, the Trent Affair, and the Venezuela boundary dispute, instead of being approached as a part of the broad problems of imperial administration and the expansion of the industrial revolution, as it is to the inaccuracies in the analysis and interpretation of these episodes in the popular text-books and literary histories of the past.

Any review of the newer interpretation of the history of Anglo-American relations must necessarily begin with the era of colonization and the establishment of an Anglo-American civilization. A distinguished American historian has aptly remarked that any attempt correctly to interpret the American Revolution is bound to fail unless one grasps the fact that in the most fundamental sense the American Revolution was brought to this country by the colonists.

From the standpoint of social and political psychology there is undoubtedly a large amount of important truth in this statement. Those who emigrate from their native country are invariably the radicals and dissenters at home—the energetic, progressive, and adventurous element which is jealous of external interference from any source. The settlers of the American colonies were more than religious dissenters: they were those who were dissatisfied with existing social, political, and economic institutions in England in the seventeenth century. The religious situation in England was but an incident in a more general and fundamental movement. If these classes were dissatisfied with the relatively radical British institutions of the seventeenth century, it does not seem particularly strange that their more progressive descendants resented the attempt made after 1760 to establish in America many of the administrative institutions and practices of a Britain which had grown much more conservative since 1650.

Not only were the original American colonists the most radical, restless, and progressive element in the countries from which they migrated, but also the circumstances of their life in their new environment tended to make them and their descendants more radical and more variant from the general type of the citizens of the mother country.

The political circumstances of the greatest significance in the period of colonial history which bear upon Anglo-American relations were the problems connected with the colonial control of the royal governors, and with the nature and enforcement of the British colonial commercial policy.

The text-book historians, as well as many of the literary historians, have taken great delight in exposing in relentless detail the instances of tyranny on the part of a few royal governors. One hears much of such men as Berkeley and Andros, and but little of the "ninety and nine" governors whose generally satisfactory rule gave their terms of service no cause for special attention on the part of the colonists or later historians. Moreover, the authoritative students of the régime of the colonial governors, such as Professor Greene, have demonstrated that the powers of the royal governors were in general very greatly curtailed by the control of the colonial assemblies over their salaries. In this way the colonists were able to exact concessions and to secure a very considerable degree of local freedom and self-govern-

ment. That the colonists were very well satisfied with this arrangement is apparent from the fact that one of the most hated features of the new imperial system which George III and his ministers attempted to establish in America in 1763 was the proposal to alter the colonial administration in such a manner as to remove the colonial governors in large degree from the control of the colonists. The significant fact about the colonial administrative system is that for a century the colonists were becoming familiar with and attached to a system of representative local political institutions which enabled them to curb and often to control the representatives of British authority.

Even more definite and portentous were the traditions of colonial freedom from active British restraint which were built up in the same period in the field of commercial relations. The regulation of the commerce of Great Britain and her dependencies from 1600 to 1760, like that of all other countries of that time, was governed by the body of politico-economic theory and practice known as *Mercantilism*. This doctrine proceeded upon the unquestioned assumption that colonies were commercial and financial ventures planned and executed for the benefit of the mother country and her citizens. It was essential, therefore, that colonial trade be carefully regulated solely in the interests of the colonizing nation. Such was the theoretical foundation of the British laws which governed the trade of the American colonies. They were not an ingenious British invention for the oppression of the British colonies, but were for two centuries as much the universally accepted foundations of the economic order as a protective tariff has been an integral part of the platform of the Republican party since 1860. Moreover, as Mr. George Louis Beer has convincingly pointed out in his authoritative volumes, the trade restrictions in theory imposed by Great Britain upon her American colonies were far more liberal than the similar regulations enacted by the other European nations. "Legitimate" types of colonial trade and industry were stimulated by British bounties. Even more significant is the fact that these relatively liberal trade restrictions were very laxly enforced by Great Britain, and remained practically a dead letter down to 1763. Smuggling was not only common—if not well nigh universal—but it carried with it practically no moral or social stigma. Equally important is the fact, pointed out by Professor

Osgood, that in Anglo-American controversies between 1763 and 1775 the old trade laws played little or no part. But if the trade laws, through laxity of enforcement, in themselves had little direct influence in bringing on the American Revolution, they were indirectly of the greatest importance in creating the general situation of which the American Revolution was a natural and almost inevitable product. The fact that for a century strongly restrictive laws existed on the British statute books, but were not consistently enforced and could be ignored and defied with practical impunity by the colonists, was an influence scarcely to be exaggerated in building up that attitude of independence from, and of contempt for, British authority which existed in America in 1763. This created a situation which practically assured the failure of Great Britain when, after 1763, the attempt was made really to enforce these long ignored and dormant laws.

Finally, along with political and economic influences which were operating between 1650 and 1760 to produce a fundamental separation, in fact if not in theory, between Great Britain and her American colonies, there was also working a deeper sociological process which produced what has been most felicitously termed by Professor Becker "the beginnings of the American people." A widely different geographic, social, political and economic environment acting upon a population originally psychologically variant from the great mass of Englishmen, tended inevitably to create in the colonies a people who became, generation after generation, more and more divergent from their kinsmen across the Atlantic. Not only were these environmental influences working to produce an essential dissimilarity between Englishmen and Americans, but through the fundamental uniformity of the American social environment there was being created a homogeneous and united American people and the beginnings of a national self-consciousness. The creation of a distinct American people made it impossible for them to think or feel as many Englishmen did, greatly intensified the potentialities for discord and misunderstanding, and equally lessened the possibility for harmony, coöperation, compromise, and mutual understanding. To be sure, the process of unification and amalgamation in the colonial population was not completed by 1763, but it has gone far enough to create a strong feeling of national self-consciousness and of essential independence of England in

a large and influential portion of the population—large enough, as subsequent events proved, to be able to force the Revolution on the remainder of the colonists and to carry it to a successful termination. Finally, it must not be forgotten that it was this group in the colonies which has been most affected by the historical and environmental influences making for the development of a new American national self-consciousness which was bound to find the new British imperial system most oppressive and burdensome to their personal interests.

Attention may now be turned to a brief analysis of the nature and the occasion of the institution of the new British imperial policy in the period following 1763, which, operating in connection with the historical antecedents of a century, produced the culminating incident of the process—the American Revolution. It has been the fashion in the past to represent the origin of the new British system of vigorous imperial administration as the result of the fatuous arrogance and tyranny of George III with a view to oppressing and exasperating the citizens of the American colonies, and in particular the inhabitants of the city of Boston. A series of scholarly investigations, most notable among them being the recent work of Professor Alvord, have, however, forever discredited this venerable interpretation of the American Revolution in terms of the personality of George III and the succession of events in Boston in the period between 1763 and 1775.

It is now generally agreed among scholars that the new imperial policy—in which such measures as the Stamp Act, Townsend Acts, and the " Intolerable Acts " were but subordinate incidents—was necessitated on the part of Great Britain by the greatly increased burden of imperial administration which had been thrust upon her by the additions of the vast district in Canada and in the Mississippi Valley acquired from France in 1763. If Great Britain desired to retain an effective control over this territory which had been gained as a result of more than a half-century of intermittent conflict with France, it was indispensable that the precarious slipshod and haphazard methods of the previous century of colonial administration be abandoned, and that a systematic and efficient reorganization of the imperial system be effected. How little part the personality of George III played in the initiation of this new imperial policy is evident

from the fact that all constructive British statesmen of the period, of all political affiliations, agreed upon the necessity of establishing a new imperial system; it was only later that Englishmen split over the question of the advisability of carrying out the project in spite of colonial resistance. Of the desirability and necessity of this reform in imperial administration there can be no doubt, but neither can there be any uncertainty that the colonial policy of the previous century, which has been outlined above, had made the possibility of the peaceful execution of this new plan extremely remote. Great Britain had postponed until too late the attempt to establish a strong system of imperial administration in America.

The entire legality of the measures passed by Great Britain as a means of putting her new policy into execution is unquestionable. As Professor Osgood, the leading authority on the subject, has clearly pointed out, "the theory of the English parliamentary control over the colonies was as fully established and as firmly supported by precedents as any system could be." The modern theory of direct representation in Parliament to give validity to a law, was foreign to the English constitutional system down to 1832. Moreover, the whole moral issue involved in the colonial claims to representation for taxation, falls to the ground when one understands that Grenville offered to withdraw the British schemes for taxation and to allow the protesting colonies to devise a system of taxation through their own representatives in the colonial assemblies. Benjamin Franklin, the American representative at the Court of St. James, was, however, compelled sadly to admit, in answer to Grenville's proposition, that the colonists would neither consent to taxation by England to meet the expenses of colonial administration, nor would they be able to agree upon any general system of self-determined and self-imposed taxation.

Not only was the new imperial system constitutionally legal, but also the scheme of taxation which it was proposed to institute to support the administration was certainly reasonable and relatively equitable. Inasmuch as the money to be collected was to be expended in the defence and government of the colonies its purpose was certainly just. Again, the "incidence of taxation," while not perfectly distributed, was fairly equitable, as it fell chiefly upon the commercial classes. But the bourgeoisie in America, as elsewhere, were

the radicals in political theory and were those who had been the longest accustomed to, and had profited most from, essential independence of British authority. They were, therefore, the most dangerous class to tax, as England discovered.

The fundamental explanation of why the conflict, implicit in the nature of things in 1765, should have been brought to a crisis in the following decade, is to be found in the differences in attitude and in psychology between those Englishmen who supported the execution of the new and vigorous imperial policy in spite of colonial opposition, and those colonists who led the opposition to the new British imperialism. In the first place, there was a fundamental difference between the British Tory who had come into control of British policy and the American Patriot in the line of approach to the conflicting issues. The English statesman who supported and directed the new plan was chiefly interested in the practical, legal, and administrative aspects of the controversy, and from this standpoint there was certainly little foundation or justification for the American position. The Patriot on the other hand was in reality most concerned with the economic phases of the new system, but in public utterances stressed the abstract moral and theoretical aspects of the questions at issue. There was, therefore, no common meeting ground for the contending parties. Equally significant was the wide diversity between the psychology of the Tory ministry and that of the Patriot agitators. It was as impossible for the inflexible Tories who constituted the "King's friends" to understand the position and arguments of the radical Patriot, "replete with sentiments of general liberty," as it is for the present day Prussian Junker to interpret the psychology of the leaders of the Bolsheviki. In other words, a problem of diplomacy and statesmanship, which would have taxed the ingenuity of the most congenial minds, was entrusted to parties who could scarcely have come to practical agreement over questions in regard to which they were theoretically in perfect harmony.

It is, therefore, of prime importance to keep in mind this fact that the political policy and circumstances on both sides of the Atlantic from 1763 to 1773, which led to the outbreak of the American Revolution, were guided by those classes in the two countries who were most divergent in character and viewpoint. Those who were most determined to carry out Britain's new imperial policy at any cost had to deal

with those in America who, for diverse reasons, mainly economic, resented most keenly British interference and were most attracted by the thought of ultimate independence from Great Britain. Thus the wide variation between the leaders in Britain and America in the decade before 1775 is quite as important in explaining the occasion of the conflict as in furnishing the basis for interpreting the more fundamental historical issues. By their inflexible determination to enforce the new imperial system, the Tory ministry played into the hands of the radical Patriot minority in America and enabled the latter to gather a sufficient following to hazard a war with the mother country.

In April, 1775, owing to the vigorous determination of the Tory imperialists to carry the new colonial administrative policy into execution and the uncompromising assertion by the radical Patriot leaders of virtual colonial autonomy from imperial control, the Revolution, latent in the general conditions of the period, broke out into active conflict. It has been conventional to picture the American Revolution as the attempt of united imperial Britain to coerce a group of highly unified resisting colonists. The writings, however, of such men as Trevelyan and Fiske, which have revealed the sympathy of the strongest branch of the English Whigs with the American cause, and the researches of such writers as Van Tyne, Fisher, Flick, and Siebert, which have for the first time presented an appreciation of the strength and nature of the Loyalist party in America, have made it clear that the American Revolution cannot be understood in its broadest aspects unless it is regarded as in essence a *civil war* within the British Empire along class and party lines, rather than along mere territorial or geographical divisions. It was the struggle of British and American liberals and radicals against the policies of British conservatives and imperialists, supported by the American Loyalists.

In 1763 there was general unanimity among British statesmen as to the necessity of instituting a vigorous and systematic imperial administrative system. It was only when it became apparent that the execution of this plan would involve an open conflict with the American colonies, and when the new imperial policy, originally the work of Whigs and Tories alike, became primarily identified with the programme of the Chatham Whigs and the Tory party after 1765, that the Rockingham Whigs split off from the supporters of the

new imperialism and became sympathetic with the colonial cause. The remarkable prevalence of Whig sympathy with the colonial cause in the Revolution is well stated in the following quotation from Professor Van Tyne's authoritative volume on the Revolution:

> In and out of Parliament the Whigs rejoiced openly over American victories. In the House of Commons it was not unusual to speak of the American troops as "our armies," and Franklin and Henry Laurens, the President of Congress, were extravagantly praised. Newspapers constantly handled Washington with respect. One said, "There is not a King in Europe but would look like a *valet de chambre* by his side." Benedict Arnold, too, before his treason, was a favorite hero and his picture was everywhere, though after his treason he was bitterly attacked. Parallels were drawn repeatedly between Hampden and Montgomery and their causes were said to be the same. The English Whig journals openly denounced Lord North for having begun an unjust war which he was incompetent to conduct. Yet the Government, which before the war had muzzled the press ruthlessly, now allowed America to be praised, and endured violent attacks upon itself. When so many people approved such language the administration saw the danger of prosecution. The support of the nation was given to the defenders of political liberty.

Ample evidence exists that the Whig sympathies remained with the Patriots throughout the conflict, especially significant in this respect being the attitude of the Whig ministry which came into power with the fall of Lord North following Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown. In their conduct of the peace negotiations with the colonists, their attitude was so lenient that no less an authority than Professor John Bassett Moore describes the Treaty of 1783 as the one by which England gave the most and took the least of any treaty ever negotiated by Great Britain.

That Americans were similarly divided over the issues of the Revolution has long been understood by historical students. American society was divided by the Revolution into three approximately equal parties. The Patriots, who furnished the whole initiative and direction in the Revolutionary movement, were made up mainly of merchants like John Hancock, who were interested in resisting the enforcement of the trade laws, together with a few radical Whig aristocrats such as Jefferson and the Lees, and parvenu agitators, opportunists and revolutionary agents of the type of Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams. The Patriots were thus chiefly composed of those classes who were most directly affected by

the operation of the new British imperial system and who most perfectly reflected the current American political radicalism. The Loyalists, who constituted the party of active opposition to the Revolution, were composed of British officials, honest merchants who were injured by smuggling, most of the large landholders of the middle colonies, and the clergy of the Anglican church. The Loyalists were scarcely depraved and degenerate renegades, but were rather those classes which constituted the most eminently "respectable" portion of the colonial population in 1775, and their position was, to say the least, morally as defensible as that of the Patriots. Between these two extremes and about equal to either of the above parties were those, mainly middle-class farmers, who were generally indifferent to the whole controversy and who, as a class, never took any united action in resisting Great Britain.

As the Patriots were the group who controlled the policy of the colonists from 1765 to 1783, it is most important to examine their dominating purpose as the party of resistance to England, to determine whether their party programme aimed primarily at compromise and conciliation or at ultimate independence from Great Britain. Recent scholars have in general come to accept the position much earlier stated by authoritative scholars, but most systematically and comprehensively presented in Mr. Sydney George Fisher's volumes, which present a mass of incontrovertible evidence to support his thesis that the real core of the programme of the radical leaders of the Patriotic party from the beginning was independence of British control. In other words, the Declaration of Independence was not the result of a sudden inspiration, but was the statement at a well chosen time of the underlying principles that had inspired the Revolutionary leaders from the beginning of the controversy. Burke's famous speech on "conciliation" as well as Howe's policy of conciliation, then, rested on an absurdly erroneous interpretation of the motives and policies of the Patriot leaders.

Of course there is always opposed to this view the ostentatious documents and letters of the Patriot leaders from 1763 to 1776, which if literally accepted at their face value would indicate that the nearer the Patriot leaders approached to July 4th, 1776, the more deeply attached they became to Great Britain. The whole force of the general situation at the time, together with the evidence presented by the activi-

ties and attitude of the Patriots themselves, is opposed to the old interpretation which unquestioningly accepted as entirely valid the rhetorical public statements of the Patriot leaders. In the first place, if the revolutionary leaders had from the first been bent upon independence they would not have dared to take this position openly before 1776, for even at that time there were many who were strongly opposed to the British policy since 1763 and who favored resistance to it, but who were unwilling to go as far as separation and independence. From 1763 to 1776 it was incomparably easier for the revolutionary party to win support by stressing the alleged British tyranny than it would have been if the main emphasis had been placed on the desirability of independence. When it was agreed among the revolutionary leaders in the early summer of 1776 that the time had come for a declaration of separation and independence, if they were to check the progress of the British campaign of conciliation, they were under the very urgent necessity of maintaining with great emphasis their previous loyalty to Great Britain in order to allay the suspicions and gain the support of those in the anti-British party who were not yet willing to go as far as separation, and who had hoped for a reconciliation with Great Britain. Finally, one might ask why, if the aim of the Patriots was not independence, did they not in 1776 accept Great Britain's conciliatory approaches instead of declaring their independence and effectively terminating thereafter any real hope of conciliation and compromise? Perhaps the fact that some of the prominent Patriot leaders, such as Hancock and the Adamses, were slated to be hanged in case Britain regained control of the colonies by war or by negotiation is of great significance in explaining their attitude.

Though there still may be some room for controversy as to the historical antecedents and development of the Declaration of Independence, there is almost entire unanimity among historical scholars as to the nature of the document. With all that literary power which few Americans have been able to equal, Jefferson gave an elegant form to the political principles of Locke and a few earlier but less important English political theorists. He himself admitted that he made no pretension to originality of doctrine, but gave to the already extant radical political theory a trenchant and compelling statement which it had entirely lacked in the monotonous and tortuous phraseology of John Locke's *Second*

Treatise of Government. The Declaration of Independence, then, in its doctrinal aspect was not an original product of colonial thought, but was a most brilliant and effective statement of the Whig political theory then current in England. Whig political theory from England, then, as well as Whig agitation in England, came to the aid of the colonial cause. As a summary of British imperial policy and an analysis of contemporary politics, the only intelligent manner in which to view the Declaration of Independence is to regard it as the party platform of a radical minority party which were in danger of summary punishment for treason if they were not able to make this platform sufficiently effective so that it would attract enough of a following to make its policy an assured success. Jefferson naturally tried to make out the best possible case to establish the tyranny of the King, since upon the success of his demonstration depended to a large degree the sanction which would be given to the radical policy of separation and independence by the more moderate members of the anti-British party, the aid of whom was sorely needed by the radicals.

When one turns to consider the purposes of Great Britain in the American Revolution, nothing could be more remote from the truth than the conventional picture of the British conduct of the war which represents Great Britain as from the beginning stubbornly determined upon a ruthless and relentless programme of repression, to the execution of which she bent all her energies under the direction of the greatest military geniuses at her command. In reality Great Britain never made any serious attempt to conquer the colonists until the summer of 1778, and up to that time had been constantly in hope of being able to effect a reconciliation. The Howes, who were in command of the British forces in America from 1775 to 1778, were radical Rockingham Whigs who had publicly opposed the coercion of America and were consciously appointed so that a programme of conciliation might be carried on in conjunction with a show of arms. Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has well described the policy of the British ministry in sending General Howe to America as "Lord Howe's commission to pacify the colonies." If it seems strange to some that the colonists did not accept Howe's conciliatory advances it is only necessary to remember that the British proposals did not embrace either colonial independence or a general amnesty for Patriot leaders. Hence,

those who were leading the Revolutionary movement in America were as vigorously opposed to liberal and conciliatory proposals by Great Britain as they were to British conquest by force of arms. Their policies and persons would have suffered equally in either event. In a most fundamental sense the Declaration of Independence was a bold counterstroke, designed to check the dangerous development of a powerful movement in the colonies in favor of a pacific adjustment with Great Britain.

General Howe's whole course in his campaigns was ridiculously dilatory and lethargic. He practically converted his military commission into a commercial enterprise and a season of social festivities. At any time between 1776 and 1778 a vigorous and determined policy on his part could have completely crushed the colonial resistance, or could have converted it into a hopeless and desultory guerilla warfare. The investigation of the charges of incompetence made against Howe in 1779, after his recall, was a mere travesty upon a true and effective inquiry and furnishes an admirable illustration of the division of English opinion in regard to the American Revolution. All in all, the British campaigns in America from 1775 to 1781 were grotesque examples of incompetence, lack of vigor and purpose, and vacillation, which contrasted most unfavorably with the conduct of the English troops shortly afterwards in the Napoleonic wars, as well as with their prowess previously exhibited in the French and Indian War.

To conclude the discussion, the following observations seem justified. The American Revolution was the product of fundamental historical causes, and was rendered practically inevitable by the circumstances of colonization and the development in the subsequent century of colonial development. The possibility of a peaceable adjustment of imperial problems was destroyed when the control of Anglo-American relations was entrusted to British conservatives and American radicals. This radical Patriot party in America, which best represented the advanced product of the circumstances of a century of colonial history, motivated from the beginning with a dominating desire for independence, forced the Revolution on the remaining two-thirds of the population, who were either indifferent or opposed to the movement, and, through the aid of the English Whigs, was able to carry its sweeping programme to a successful termination. Its work

was not a disinterested struggle to advance the cause of abstract liberty among mankind and, therefore, the foundation for a glorious American epic of deliverance from the oppressor, but was rather a very striking political and military achievement in executing an ambitious party programme. Without attempting to settle finally the problem as to whether the motives of the Patriots were praiseworthy or their achievements beneficial, one may safely maintain that there was surprisingly little in the preliminaries or events of the American Revolution which can furnish the basis for lasting animosity between America and Britain. The causes of the conflict were about equally distributed between the two countries, and in each the parties favoring and opposing the American revolutionary movement were about equally divided. The forces which are today bringing Great Britain and the United States into closer harmony and firmer alliance quite dwarf into insignificance the alleged causes for suspicion and discord which date back to 1776.

H. E. Barnes.

CLEMENCEAU

BY GRAHAM H. STUART

To the ordinary American fairly conversant with the political history of his country, its national politics and policies are inseparably intertwined with the personalities of its Presidents. Under the Third Republic of France, if Thiers be eliminated, President before the present constitution was promulgated, no French President could be named whose personality has had any lasting influence upon the country's destiny. Casimir-Perier tried, but soon gave up in disgust—even Poincaré, who as Prime Minister was a vital force in the Republic, has been reduced to the same impotence which has characterized the Presidents who have preceded him. The names which stand forth as truly significant of contemporaneous France, Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Waldeck-Rousseau, Clemenceau, all have directed her destiny from the tribune as Presidents of the Council. But even Prime Ministers in France have powers of a most ephemeral sort, and an English critic has asserted that it would be rash to say that the Third Republic had produced a politician worthy of the name of statesman. Has the long political record of the present incumbent of the Premiership of France been of such a sort that he deserves the name, or have the people of France in dire need of a statesman given him a last golden opportunity to merit it?

In order to understand the underlying causes of the fifty changes of ministry which have occurred between the Franco-Prussian War and the outbreak of the World War, many of which were engineered by Clemenceau, a brief consideration of the system of government under the present constitution of France, and how such a constitution was acquired, is essential.

In 1814, after a kaleidoscopic series of changing governments—Bourbon absolutism, red republicanism quickly developing into terrorism, and only checked by Napoleonic imperialism—France decided to adopt a constitutional monarchy. Inasmuch as Montesquieu had long since written his *Esprit des Lois,* in which he so highly extolled what he considered to be the English parliamentary system, she looked no further than across the Channel. The success of the Constitutional Charter was not all that could be desired; Charles X was forced out, the constitution was revised, and under Louis Philippe we have the most successful working of parliamentary government in France, if a government may be called a success which can be overturned with the ease with which Louis Napoleon succeeded in causing the downfall of the July monarchy. A new constitution, where the separation of powers was still more accentuated, was adopted, but the Napoleonic tradition was not conducive to republicanism and it was not till almost the end of the empire that a parliamentary system was re-established. The *débâcle* of 1870 engulfed not only the empire, but also the constitutional régime, and the National Assembly under the able direction of Thiers was more interested in getting rid of the Prussian invader than in governing according to a republican formula. With the Commune put down and France redeemed, the jealousies of the various monarchical factions allowed the Republicans to triumph, and the Assembly was reluctantly forced to draft the constitution, which with few changes is the system of government under which France exists today.

Clemenceau has said in the Chamber with his accustomed bluntness that the French Republic is governed incoherently. A careful scrutiny of the parliamentary system as exhibited under the Constitution of 1875 will clearly bear out the criticism. The fundamental weakness is the lack of a responsible head—the President, who is given powers commensurate with those of the President of the United States, has them completely nullified by the necessity of having all his acts countersigned by a minister, and the ministry, instead of being omnipotent as in the English system, is not merely responsible to its own majority party in Parliament, but to any individual of any political group. Its downfall may be caused by an interpellation upon the most trivial question. The fact that there are no two great parties, but

merely a series of groups, several of which must unite to form any ministry at all, and the ever existent French national characteristic of changeability so well summed up in their proverb, *"Otes-toi de là que je m'y mette,"* clearly shows how a powerful personality like Clemenceau may become the terror of weak ministries and obtain the well deserved epithet of *tombeur de ministères.*

When on November 13th last the Painlevé Cabinet resigned after a debate on the Allied War Council, when its vacillating internal policy regarding Caillaux and Malvy was especially criticized, President Poincaré called upon Georges Clemenceau to form a Cabinet. In less than twenty-four hours the veteran parliamentarian had formed a Cabinet which, following his formal address of ministerial policy, received a vote of confidence by 418 to 65, 63 of those opposing being Socialists. That a Radical who has as many bitter enemies as Clemenceau should be able to receive such an overwhelming vote of approval gives promise that finally the French Chamber has decided to follow a more vigorous policy, and has picked the man who, though he has been accused of many failings, has never been accused by his most violent enemies of a lack of vigor or of patriotism.

Georges Clemenceau, now seventy-six years of age, was born in La Vendée, and his character has always shown something of the harshness of his early environment in Brittany. His father, a stern Republican, who was long imprisoned for his opposition to Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of 1851, brought his son up in the Republican creed, and the son, who had the greatest respect for his father, never abandoned the principles so early inculcated. His mother was a very well educated woman, and herself prepared her son for the High School at Nantes, where Georges was an excellent orator, but a rather unpromising student. The one exception was his quick mastery of the English language, and at a later day he confessed that this was principally due to his desire to read *Robinson Crusoe.*

As his father was a doctor, Georges came to Paris to study medicine, and in the *Quartier latin* he became an ardent enthusiast in the movement termed *le réveil de la jeunesse.* Through his knowledge of English he became acquainted with a wild soldier of fortune named Cluseret, who had served in the United States Army against the South, and who with several Yankee friends vehemently

opposed Napoleon's open encouragement of the Confederacy. It was due to this chance acquaintanceship that the young medical student became acquainted with American history and felt a desire to see the country—a desire which he was to gratify sooner than he expected.

Disgusted with political conditions at home, in 1865 he came to America with letters to Horace Greeley, and while waiting for patients he wrote a little, and later taught French literature in Stamford College. One of his friends once declared that all but one of the ladies who came to his courses were engaged, and she became Mme. Clemenceau. At any rate he married Miss Mary Plummer, and when he returned to France in 1869 he took with him his American wife and child. He settled in Montmartre, which even then was an unruly quarter, though it had not yet acquired its present reputation as an abode of *cocottes* and *apaches*. During the Revolution of 1870 he was elected *maire* of his *arrondissement,* and the following year he was sent as a radical delegate to the National Assembly, where he became a friend of Gambetta and aided him in opposition to Bismarck's terms of peace. When the Assembly removed to Versailles, and refused to hold any parley with the Commune, Clemenceau, although not wholly in sympathy with the Commune, resigned.

The Parisian Government soon afterwards expelled him from Montmartre, but he immediately helped to found the *League des Droits de Paris,* and when the national Government regained the upper hand, he did all in his power to save the Communists. He regained his prestige at Montmartre when the terrible passions of the Commune had cooled, and he was sent to the Paris Muncipal Council as its delegate, and remained there for five years, finally becoming its president. He resigned only to take his place as a member of the Chamber, where his first speech was a powerful plea for complete amnesty for the Communists, and the eloquence and fearlessness of this first speech gave him a position among the leading Radicals. He did not cease his agitation until, after a five years' struggle, he gained his point, and a complete amnesty was declared. It was at this time that he first came into opposition with M. Ribot, whom he was to oppose so often in the future.

Clemenceau was one of the few friends of Gambetta, who aided in resisting Marshal MacMahon in his attempt to dis-

solve the Chamber of October, 1877, and at MacMahon's downfall Clemenceau wished to see Gambetta president; but already it was realized that under the recently made constitution a lay figure was needed for the presidency, rather than a powerful personality like Gambetta, and the cautious and parsimonious Grévy was chosen. Gambetta, keenly aware of the hostility of Grévy, knew that although he was leader of the majority group of the Republicans he would never be asked to form a ministry by Grévy except through pressure. He thereupon changed his tactics, and his party, the Republican Union, by its tacking and hedging and throwing overboard many of the fundamental precepts of the Revolution, and following a policy of opportunism, completely alienated the Radicals. This group now turned to Clemenceau as their leader.

It was at this period that Clemenceau started in upon his campaign of unseating ministries who failed to keep their promises, a procedure which was to make him the most feared and most hated man in French public life. There is no doubt that he used his power insolently; his cutting, clever speeches, logical but merciless, sought out the vulnerable spots of his opponents and rent asunder all screens of hypocrisy as though they were cobwebs. The Fourtou-Broglie ministry, de Freycinet two or three times, Jules Ferry, and even the redoubtable Boulanger himself fell under his onslaughts. Nor was his oratory bombastic or violent. In speaking, Clemenceau usually stood with his hands in his pockets, talked slowly and deliberately, in a clear but wholly unimpassioned voice. Camille Pelletan, one of his most faithful adherents, thus described him on the rostrum: "His movements betray a nervous brusqueness but mastered by an iron will, by a *sangfroid* always alert. His clear, quick, incisive tone compels attention. There is no ornament except from time to time a biting phrase, or a word striking in its bitter sarcasm. No desire to embellish his words or to round out his periods. It is logic blunt and unanswerable."

Another attribute which contrived to keep him before the country was his power to strike the public imagination. No matter what he did, it seemed to be done in a picturesque fashion, and although his personality oftentimes failed to attract, it never failed to attract attention. In many ways he might be compared to Roosevelt—an English contem-

porary has aptly styled him "Neither consistent nor politic, but always picturesque." Could Roosevelt sum up his own policy better than Clemenceau has done it for him: *"Vous serez toujours fort si vous gouvernez avec le pays."* He too is a coiner of phrases—his term *"bloc"* to designate the theories of the Revolution, which he insists must be perpetuated, has served as an apt designation for his party in the Chamber. It was he who provided Zola with the striking title *J'accuse,* for his famous letter which was to pave the way for the ultimate acquittal of Dreyfus. His phrase, "I am voting for Loubet," became a political battle cry and Loubet became President. Strongly opposed to a colonial policy which now has been proved to have been the one redeeming feature of the opportunist régime, he drove Jules Ferry from power with a nick-name, *le Tonkinois.* His picturesqueness of diction may be shown by this sentence from one of his political speeches to his constituents in the Var: "A minister is nothing at all, a stick floating on water. You can never thank us too much that we do not do more harm than we do."

Clemenceau has not merely fought with his pen—he has always been ready to defend his pen with sword or pistol, and on many an occasion he has been given opportunity to do so. It is doubtful whether he himself could say just how many duels he has fought. Gambetta termed him with his two fellow radicals, Lockroy and Perin, "The Three Musketeers." His duels with Paul Deschanel and his most bitter enemy, Paul Déroulède, are perhaps the most famous, though his duel with the Prince de Chimay over a newspaper article intimating that the Prince had retained his American wife's fortune when she ran away with the gypsy Rigo, gained him the greatest notoriety.

No human being could make as many enemies as Clemenceau and hope to go wholly unscathed, and when his fall came it was overwhelming. The Panama Canal scandal, which was almost as disastrous to the French bourgeoisie as the Revolution was to her aristocracy, was the indirect cause. Since 1878 Clemenceau had been director of a newspaper *La Justice,* in which he could freely advocate his policies of free education and the separation of church and state. A certain Jewish banker, Cornelius Herz, who at one time had possessed some shares in *La Justice,* and who was now suspected of having acquired his wealth through his dealings

with de Lesseps, was accused of being assisted in his various shady transactions by Clemenceau. To accuse Clemenceau of being wealthy was so ridiculous that he had only to give proofs of his almost impoverished condition to refute it. But his enemies were determined to get revenge, and they next accused him of being unfriendly to the Russian Alliance which all France was madly enthusiastic over. They even forged letters in order to convict him of selling out his country to England. Déroulède made a wild denunciation of Clemenceau in the Chamber, accusing him to his face of being a traitor to his country, asserting that his colleagues shared his views, but were only kept from expressing them by the fear of the caustic tongue and dueling ability of Clemenceau. The great Radical leader listened quietly to the denunciation and answered it in one short sentence, " M. Déroulède, you lie." The duel which followed settled nothing. The press took up the affair and all the so-called proofs were shown to be forgeries, but the tide of Clemenceau's popularity had turned and he was ruined politically.

The greatness of the fall of one who had so long possessed almost autocratic power might have been expected to cause a complete withdrawal from the public eye, for a time at least. To Clemenceau it simply meant that, Phoenix-like, an author was to arise from the dead ashes of a politician. He contributed numerous articles to the daily press; tried fiction and the drama. A play produced at the *Renaissance* was fairly successful and his novel *Les Plus Forts,* a keen satirization of modern social conditions, though crude in places, was powerful. As a philosopher he was even more successful, and the brilliant series of essays entitled *Le Grand Pam,* gave him the reputation of being a profound and logical thinker. However, his favorite medium of expression was the press, and a newspaper, *L'Aurore,* which he established and directed during this period, was the real factor in his political rehabilitation. The Dreyfus affair gave him his great opportunity. He was one of the first to be convinced of the innocence of the Jewish officer and he immediately opened the columns of his paper to Zola and other defenders. He, himself, wrote a series of polemics in defence of the unfortunate Dreyfus, which by their sustained power of attack and keen incisive logic, caused the justly fearful defenders of Henry and Esterhazy to curse silently the unbridled freedom of the

press. Before Dreyfus had finally seen the last blot on his honor erased, Clemenceau had been returned to the political arena as a Senator, by the same district which had cast him out so indignantly as a Deputy some years before.

It might seem as though fate had chosen his reappearance at a time when his invective and merciless satire would have boundless opportunities. The Waldeck-Rousseau ministry had just come to an end, the longest and one of the ablest ministries of the Third Republic, and what is still more remarkable, one which came to an end by the voluntary retirement of the premier. The new ministry under Emile Combes, a radical whose anti-clerical propensities were of an ultra violet hue, was to bring France to its lowest point of political degeneration. The sinister influence of the Socialist, Jaurès, was felt in every decree of the Chamber. The Act of Separation of 1906, which had severed the relations between the Church and State, was carried out with brutal severity towards the religious orders. As the pursuit of internationalism quickened, the need of military preparedness seemed to vanish, and the term of military service, already down to three years, was reduced one more. Huge posters on walls and buildings called to the people to join with their German brothers and crush out the military despotism of the army. The Minister of War was more interested in reports of the petty jealousies of the army brought to him by his Freemason spies, than in maintaining an effective military force. Patriotism was a myth. Never did Clemenceau have a more fitting subject than Combes, and never did he use his caustic pen to better effect. The reaction came and once more a ministry had fallen at the hands of the Tiger.

The Rouvier ministry tried valiantly to cope with the storm which the one patriotic member of the former cabinet had aroused by his strengthening French influence in Morocco. This was interfering with German plans, and although Delcassé had been held over as the most able man whom France possessed for the direction of Foreign Affairs, he was now sacrificed, and Algeciras showed France internationalism from the German point of view. The weak Sarrien ministry which followed had several strong men in it, but the man who was to have the real power was the Minister of Interior, Georges Clemenceau. Before the year was over President Fallières had asked him to become the nominal as well as the actual head of the cabinet.

Now that the great destroyer of cabinets had at last become President of the Council, what sort of policy might he be expected to pursue? His enemies had always claimed that he had no policy other than the destruction of others—"this parliamentary musketeer, this *d'Artagnan* of the extreme left, without principles or prejudices," as the well known French critic, Ernest-Charles, writes—what sort of policy could such a man pursue? His great catch-phrase "the Revolution is a *bloc*," although used with great success as a party slogan meant nothing after all. He had always been against the Empire, but the imperial ghost no longer stalked. His hostility to the church can be best expressed by his own suggestion to the priests: "Gentlemen, the other world is a very fine place, go and rule in it." He had declared that ministers did not wish to act; they wished to live. Could constructive statesmanship be expected from such a man?

His fearlessness and disregard for criticism were immediately shown by choosing as Minister of War, General Picquart, who as a colonel, had sacrificed his future military career in befriending Dreyfus. At an early Parliamentary session, instead of side-stepping the redoubtable Jaurès, he met him on his own ground, and the result was one of the greatest debates that the Chamber had ever listened to. All Paris was delighted—his ministry was established. The treatment which he accorded the Church will always do him honor, for notwithstanding his cynical regard for both the Pope and the Concordat, he realized that French Catholics were French people and treated them accordingly. His policy in regard to strikes and labor agitation was not so well considered—in fact in its quick changes from iron handed suppression to the most indifferent *laissez aller* it was no policy at all. In his absolute control of the prefectures throughout the country, an excellent political machine of French model, and in his utter disregard for the Chamber which he lorded over, he hardly carried out the ideals of popular government which he had so often expressed. An Englishman has thus picturesquely characterized him: "M. Clemenceau in power dropped principles, battle cries and dogmas, though chosen because of them. He kept the country down to facts and Parliament kept him in office accordingly."

Fortunately the final judgment of a ministry's performance is not confined wholly to internal affairs, even though

the prime minister retains the Portfolio of Interior. Clemenceau had picked as his Minister of Foreign Affairs the same man who holds the office today, his friend Stephen Pichon, a man who had already served his country in many capacities, as deputy from Paris, as minister in Santo Domingo, as resident-general of Tunis, as ambassador to China during the Boxer Rebellion, and whose fearlessness and ability were now to have their greatest test. *Marianne* could smile once more when the Kaiser snarlingly recoiled *pour mieux sauter,* after Algeciras had shown that international highwaymen do not always get away with the spoils; but the thought of Tangier would always bring the blush of shame to her cheek until she alone, with the world looking on instead of helping, could answer the Teutonic savage in a way that even he might appreciate. Casablanca gave her the chance. The Prussian war-lord once more demanded that France cringe before him. The Schnaebelé Affair, Fashoda, Tangier—must France always cower—would the man who had faced death a score of times without fear tremble when he held his country's destiny instead of a revolver in his hands? Clemenceau was true to his creed. He refused the demand, not in the devious fashion of diplomacy, but flatly and without excuse. The Kaiser's bluff was called. The next time he would wait until he wished to strike before speaking. France will never say that the Ministry of Clemenceau was a failure. Victor Berard, writing in the conservative *Revue de Paris* a few months afterwards, well expressed the feeling of France: " Too high praise can never be given to the Clemenceau-Pichon Ministry for the service which they rendered at that time, not only to our own national interests, but to the cause of European peace. M. Clemenceau by his firmness in November, 1908, has been, I believe, the best workman of the present accord."

It was one of the weird paradoxes of politics that his second fall was to a great extent due to the very incident the painful memories of which his strong policy had almost obliterated. Delcassé had attacked the ministry's naval policy on many occasions—he had even brought about the downfall of the Minister of Marine, following the explosion on the *Jena*—but for once Clemenceau's bitterness carried him too far. In attacking his rival he evoked the incident of Tangier, which all France wished to forget. Even his own valiant efforts to give her the right to forget could not

save him, and his cabinet met the fate that he had so often prepared for others.

Almost a decade has passed and although "the Tiger" has grown old he has ever kept his claws sharpened for the enemies of France. She had but to call. Once more fighting her greatest fight for freedom, France must struggle not only against the foreign foe, but against the more insidious attacks which are being made at her very heart, and by those whom she has given the honor to be her protectors. Caillaux, a minister in Clemenceau's former cabinet, and afterwards Prime Minister himself; Malvy, Minister of Interior under Caillaux and carried over by Viviani; Humber, senator and proprietor of *Le Journal;* Turmel, member of the Chamber; Leymarie, head of the Secret Service: what a roll of dishonor! Never was there a more crying need for a stern, ruthless leader who will crush out treachery wherever it raises its head. All France aroused has called him.

Who could resist this appeal of the brave women of d'Oberville-en-Caux: "We women of France, mothers, wives, sisters of the brave soldiers of Normandy, profoundly indignant at the scandals of treason, the horror of which has penetrated into the depths of our country, we arise to cry vengeance against the traitors who strike our brave loved ones in the back while offering their blood so valiantly to our dear native land. To you *M. le Président du Conseil,* to you, tireless fighter, champion of justice, Frenchman and patriot we appeal—we rally under your flag, the emblem of energy—we have faith in your standard."

This desire for Clemenceau made itself felt in the Chamber when the vote of confidence was taken, and if his speech may be considered an outline of his policy, France will not look to him in vain. A cold, dispassionate speech perhaps, but the hidden fire of patriotic purpose beneath it—the patriotism of a man who knows no fear, whose heart beats but for France, who believes in her destiny and will battle to the last ounce of his strength to keep her in the place where her valiant sons have gladly given their blood to place her—*la France éternelle.*

GRAHAM H. STUART.

THE STRATEGIC RETREAT OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE PRESS

BY CLYDE WILLIAM PARK

It is doubtful whether official Germany will give her journalistic apologists in America full credit for their difficult struggle amid the trying conditions which followed the entrance of the United States into the war. On the contrary, it seems likely that she will single them out for particular "hate," because they have failed to make her sufficiently loved, feared, or respected to accomplish her aims in this part of the world. She will of course resent even more deeply their failure to neutralize the loyal Americanism that has nearly everywhere been shown by citizens of German ancestry. Lest Germany, with characteristic ingratitude, should deprive her long-suffering adherents of deserved recognition, it should be noted that some of them have done all that an aroused public opinion would permit, in order to further her interests. If they have finally turned against her, or have at least outwardly abandoned her cause, it is only after a masterly retreat and a period of stubborn resistance.

At the beginning of the war, to be sure, there were abundant protestations of loyalty. No other attitude could have been openly avowed. The mental, or sentimental, reservation, however, which accompanied the statement of editorial policy, was often sufficiently evident. More often, the reservation was indicated by the unsympathetic tone of subsequent expressions concerning America's part in the war—a series of outbursts which in their diminishing frequency and intensity marked the gradual subsidence of adverse editorial opinion. The change from unqualified pro-Germanism to a fairly consistent, though at times perfunctory, Americanism was thus brought about by such gentle degrees as to give no shock to any of the Kaiser's well-wishers. How complete

a revision of editorial attitude was necessary can be appreciated when it is recalled that before the war, expressions like the following from the Detroit *Abend Post* of February 1, 1917, were very common:

> Germany is showing the United States a way to avoid any risk for her ships and for American passengers. Now has come the time for Wilson to show whether he is a great President or only an unworthy servant of England and her financial agent in America, J. P. Morgan.

The extent of the ground covered by the retreat may be seen in a contrast between early and later editorial comment on parallel subjects. For example, until shortly before the entrance of the United States into the war, Germany was assumed to have a monopoly of diplomatic honesty more complete than her much-advertised corner on the world's supply of potash. Although suffering outrageous misfortunes because of the intrigues and bribes of perfidious Albion and others, Germany stood erect and gave the world an impressive example of blunt honesty and straightforwardness in her international relations. Insinuations to the contrary were always traceable, directly or indirectly, to British calumnies and to the purchased slanders of a subsidized English language press. Because of Germany's well-known diplomatic integrity, as affirmed by the German language newspapers, the report of Zimmerman's proposal for a German alliance with Mexico and Japan against the United States was simply incredible, and was of course confidently disputed or indignantly denied. While he was being championed as the victim of misrepresentation, it will be recalled, Zimmerman inconsiderately admitted the charge, exposing his journalistic defenders in America to attack and compelling a hasty retreat. That he should suddenly plead guilty in the midst of the trial, and without consulting his attorneys, was most exasperating. The next stand, accordingly, was made on the issue of Zimmerman's personality. He was a blundering blockhead—the exception that furnished convincing proof of the rule concerning Germany's good faith in all her international dealings. At the same time, though, his imprudence had reflected seriously on honest Germany and had regrettably inconvenienced her friends abroad. Time passed, and the German Government did not seem so much concerned over its honor as over the embarrassment attending the exposure of Zimmerman's clumsy intrigue. This

was the signal for advancing somewhat to a new line of defense. Zimmerman's plot, upon second thought, was not so bad. It merely suggested a hostile alliance, IF the United States should unfairly begin hostilities as a result of so slight a provocation as the resumption of Germany's U-boat war. The proposed alliance, after all, was a purely defensive measure on Germany's part and was dictated by stern necessity, like everything else that the Fatherland had done, including, of course, the devastation of Belgium and northern France, and the sinking of the *Lusitania.* Germany's diplomatic honor, then, was still unshaken, and the fact that it could withstand so severe a trial showed it to be absolutely invulnerable.

The trouble with this position was that it took a deal of explaining and kept the *Herren Redakteurs* so much on the defensive that a vigorous pro-German drive became impossible. Further revelations followed, backed by indisputable evidence in the possession of the United States Government, and it began to appear that Zimmerman's attempted surprise was not the only one which Germany's accredited representatives had been preparing for unsuspecting neutrals. A little later, official recognition that a state of war existed between Germany and the United States necessitated retirement to new lines of defense and especially, the adoption of different tactics. Still, the old tradition of Germany's unimpeachable diplomatic character died hard, and notwithstanding the increase of anti-German sentiment in connection with the draft registration and the Liberty Loan campaign, it was possible for some time either to ignore or to minimize the Fatherland's diplomatic perfidy. The apologists for Germany were increasingly on the defensive, however, and when Count Luxburg touched bottom in his notorious "*spurlos versenkt*" message, it became apparent, even to many of them, that something was rotten in Wilhelmstrasse. Although some feeble attempts were made to fix the blame wholly upon the discredited Ambassador, and thus to uphold Germany's good name, this charitable interpretation was not universal. More than one editor, exasperated by long and fruitless efforts to defend the indefensible, not only repudiated Luxburg but also ventured the opinion that Germany's diplomatic representatives in general had been chosen according to an obsolete system which unduly favored the nobility.

A final blow that came nearer home was the State Depart-

ment's exposure of Count von Bernstorff's contemptible intrigues in this country. Comment on the revelations concerning this "Friend of America" was somewhat divided. The Illinois *Staatszeitung* said on September 25, 1917:

> Now we do not subscribe to the formula that the end justifies the means, but we cannot see anything wrong in the attempt to maintain peace between Germany and America. . . . Such act of Ambassador Bernstorff can refer only to a possible contribution to the treasury of organizations which *before the declaration* of war were actively working for the maintenance of peace between the two countries.

As against this pitiful exponent of defensive sophistry, there were other German language papers which met the issue more directly and more nearly from the American standpoint. The following quotation from the St. Louis *Westliche Post* (Mississippi *Blätter*) of September 23, is expressive of an attitude that was becoming increasingly common during the latter stages of the retreat:

> The first excitement caused by the Luxburg case had hardly begun to cool down when another chapter was added to the seemingly inexhaustible German Diplomacy! . . . The central figure is Count von Bernstorff, the former German Ambassador at Washington, a man who by those who unreservedly condemned the means employed by German diplomacy and also by those who opposed Germany on principle was considered to form an honorable exception. He was credited with tact, good sense, and a more thorough knowledge of the American people than that possessed by all other German representatives combined. For this reason the disappointment and the indignation is doubly keen when it becomes apparent that Bernstorff was not a whit better than the majority of his aristocratic colleagues. The fact that, while asseverating his friendship, he deemed a beggarly $50,000 sufficient to make the greatest parliamentary body in the world subservient to his purposes, is proof of the contempt that in his innermost heart he entertained for the United States. This contemptuous disregard is expressive of the arrogance of "junkerdom", an arrogance that as a rule is coupled with an appropriate dose of dulness. No one can blame the other countries for refusing to have further dealings with such diplomats and for insisting that there be a radical change, not in persons alone, but in the entire system. If to accomplish this an outward pressure is indispensable is a matter for the German people themselves to decide.

In a broader sense, these two quotations represent not simply particular editorial reactions, but also more or less definite types of newspapers. On the one hand, there is stubborn pro-Germanism, hedging (transparently) where necessary, but always with apologies for the Fatherland and

with attempts to allay righteous indignation aroused among German-Americans by the perfidy of an arrogant and intriguing autocracy. Such an attitude of special pleading results from the assumption that whatever is Prussian is right. There is much insistence upon Germany's defensive position as a victim of *Einkreisungspolitik,* and the naïve hope is expressed that in case things go against the Central Powers, America's sense of fair play will rescue Germany from any untoward consequences. Where this attitude prevails, affirmations of loyalty and slogans of " America First " signify nothing, for they are cancelled by an inescapable impression that the whole question is being looked upon from the German point of view. To this Kaiser-worshiping subserviency, an attitude of independence and sincerity is a refreshing contrast. However bitter a newspaper may have been at the start, however much it may have been unwittingly a guardian of Germany's interests, yet if it showed an honest desire to understand the American point of view, there was hope for it. For such a paper, a seeming retreat might become in effect a progress toward freedom from the intellectual and moral domination of Berlin.

The principal stages of the retreat and the favorite lines of defence are indicated somewhat in detail by the quotations which follow. These translations and summaries are taken from issues of representative German language newspapers published in the United States during the Summer and early Fall[1] of 1917. Because complete files of many papers were not readily accessible to the writer at the time when the specific extracts were made, it happens that a large proportion of the illustrative matter, particularly for the first stages, is furnished by a few journals. It is recalled from a general survey of the German language press during the transition period, that these papers were moderate in tone as compared with many contemporary publications of their class, and that they anticipated many other journals in retiring from the earlier position. The extracts taken from these papers, it is believed, are fairly representative of the group. In justice to the German language press as a whole, however, it should

[1]The act of October 6, 1917, requiring foreign language papers, pending the issuance of a license, to file with the Postmaster translations of articles dealing with the Government or with international matters, doubtless hastened the final stages of a retirement which was already nearly accomplished. Whether the improvement represents a change of heart or merely prudential acquiescence, could be determined only in the case of individual newspapers.

be said that for several months past there has been a decided improvement in editorial tone as compared with that of the transition period.

I.—MISGIVINGS AS TO AMERICA'S PARTICIPATION IN THE WAR

From the Cincinnati *Volksblatt:*

In the neutral countries of Europe the entrance of the United States into the war has not awakened the enthusiasm that was expected in this country. In fact, only words of the strongest disapproval are heard, because by this action peace, which has been so ardently desired, is now postponed. There is also no lack of sharp criticism concerning the reasons which are given as the justification for our country's entering the war. It is recalled, in this connection, that the neutral countries have repeatedly besought our government to oppose England's gross violation of neutral rights and that these appeals have fallen on deaf ears. Likewise it is remembered that if the United States had done what was considered to be our duty it would not have been necessary for Germany to take the measures which would be so hard to accept, and that peace might long ago have been accomplished. When one considers that the neutral countries of Europe assume an impartial attitude, it is highly significant that they find no words of praise for the position of our country, but on the contrary, very severe blame.

(May 30, 1917.)

The Chicago *Tribune* complains of a lack of popular enthusiasm for the war. Why should we wish to help England overthrow Germany? We have much more to fear from England than from Germany. The former can attack us from Canada, the Bahamas, and Vancouver; the latter, from no quarter. (June 2, 1917.)

It is significant that seventy-five per cent of those who registered claimed exemption. This shows that the war has awakened no enthusiasm, that it was forced on the people, and that if it had been put to a vote, it would have been decisively rejected. There is no question of cowardice involved. American youth have always been ready to fight for their country when it was necessary, but people cannot see the necessity for this war. (June 7, 1917.)

The *Ostpreuszische Zeitung* believes that Germany could make peace with the United States by ending her submarine war. So far as those who brought about the war are concerned, it is all one what Germany does or does not do, the war must go on until Germany is prostrate and helpless. (June 9, 1917.)

Secretary McAdoo says that seven hundred millions of the two-billion dollar loan are still lacking. Some say that the slowness of people to respond is due to lack of confidence in the administration, but that cannot be considered an important reason, since the bonds are in any case, an attractive investment. The real reason must lie in the people's disapproval of the war. Sacrifices for an indefinite period to help England do not appeal to our citizens. (June 9, 1917.)

President Wilson himself says that we are not in this war for gain. Therefore, it seems, we are taking part in order to lose some thirty billions. (June 11, 1917.)

From the Cleveland *Waechter und Anzeiger:*

We freely admit that the President has at various times attempted to explain to the American people the reasons for the war, but the unfortunate fact is that the people have not understood them, and probably will never understand them. . . . This explains the lack of enthusiasm responsible for the failure of voluntary recruiting and the liberty loan, despite the zealous efforts of the whole press for months to arouse the war spirit. (May 23, 1917.)

II.—HOPELESS OUTLOOK FOR THE ALLIES

From the Cincinnati *Abend Presse:*

London again reports that eighteen vessels of more than 1600 tons have been sunk by U-boats in the week just passed. That makes the third week that the number has been eighteen. Surely the submarines are working with amazing regularity. How it must simplify the making of Admiralty reports! (May 31, 1917.)

From the Cincinnati *Volksblatt:*

The rejoicing of a week ago over the reduction in number of vessels sunk by submarines has given way to anxiety over the increase in number sunk during the past week. The idea of conquering the submarines with destroyers has proved fallacious. If fewer vessels are sunk during a given week, it is because fewer are sent out, or because the submarines have returned to their base for supplies. (June 14, 1917.)

In view of the increased number of naval vessels which have been put into action against the U-boats, the recent success of the latter is surprising. (June 21, 1917.)

From the Cincinnati *Abend Presse:*

At the time of Joffre's visit to New York City, the *Tribune* said that he won his victories with an inferior and a poorly equipped army. Where he won any victories, the *Tribune* does not say. Probably Joffre himself would be glad to learn. At any rate, a French correspondent has taken exception to the *Tribune's* statements regarding the condition of Joffre's army. (May 31, 1917.)

The English have required two and a half years and whole mountains of explosives to compel the Germans to give up three small Belgian villages out of 500 which they hold. If General Haig expects to free Belgium, he must count on living a long life. (June 13, 1917.)

From the Cincinnati *Volksblatt:*

Hindenburg's statement that the Allied offensive is ended, must be taken very seriously, for he states nothing but facts and makes only conservative estimates. The Allies have no hope of winning the war this summer, especially since Russia has become helpless. Neither can America's assistance avail anything, because it cannot reach the Allies in time. Even supplies and credit cannot be furnished at the rate which the Allies require. Now that Hindenburg has shown that the offensive which was to decide the war has completely broken down, there is no use in continuing the war another day. (June 4, 1917.)

III.—CROSS-PURPOSES OF THE ALLIES TOWARD AMERICA AND AMONG THEMSELVES

From the Chicago *Staatszeitung:*

The Russian disclosures in the proceedings against former War Minister Souchomlinoff should be given widest publicity by the government. According to the German Chancellor, they furnish absolute proof of the fact that the German Emperor up to the last minute has tried to maintain peace. President Wilson, if shown to a certainty that he has been misinformed, is too high-minded not to withdraw the charges which in his answer to the Pope he hurled at the German people and the German Emperor. (September 8, 1917.)

. . . The war aims of America are restricted to the safeguarding of democracy and civilization. The admission that the territorial possessions, the commerce, and therewith the power, of Germany must not be disturbed, and that even an extension of its sphere of influence, at least in an easterly direction, would not be incompatible with such a peace, simplifies considerably the attainment of these war aims. Germany can on this basis without any risk or loss of prestige accept the American views concerning the guarantees necessary for the maintenance of democracy and civilization. (Sept. 26, 1917.)

From the Cincinnati *Abend Presse:*

The statement of General Mitkisch, of Belgrade, concerning the sufferings of the Serbians, indicates how they have had to atone for the sins of their government. (June 7, 1917.)

Efforts to convince Americans that the England of today is entirely different from the England of 1776 are being put forth with extraordinary zeal and cleverness. We read everywhere that the guilty person was a half-idiotic German king, George III. But the present king, George V, is as German as the Third. (June 9, 1917.)

Interest in Uncle Sam's mammon becomes more and more general. Even the Roumanian Government sends a commission of beggars to Washington. (June 12, 1917.)

Good-natured Uncle Sam has already fed the eternally money-hungry John Bull two billion dollars. Whether he will ever get a cent of it back is very doubtful. There is such a thing as good nature which is closely related to folly. (June 14, 1917.)

Italy, too, refuses to let her socialist delegates go to Stockholm. She has good reason, however, for she has so much to conceal that such prudence is quite comprehensible. (June 14, 1917.)

Now Japan is going to favor us with a diplomatic mission. It was only a few weeks before Japan's declaration of war against Russia that a Japanese mission visited the latter country. (June 15, 1917.)

From the Cincinnati *Volksblatt:*

In his Russian note, President Wilson expresses a singular fear of the Berlin-Bagdad plan. Evidently a new route of trade is dangerous if it is not monopolized by England. (June 11, 1917.)

The Allies have driven King Constantine and the Crown Prince out of Greece because these rulers were unwilling to have their country become an English-French province. That is a fine commentary on the assertion that we are waging war in order to safeguard the independence of small states. (June 13, 1917.)

How soon our soldiers may need to defend our rights instead of those of other nations may be seen by the excitement which our note to China has aroused in Japan. (June 15, 1917.)

IV.—GERMANY HAS BEEN MISREPRESENTED

From the Cincinnati *Abend Presse:*

A recent book entitled, *An American Major Invades Belgium,* shows the much-maligned German officers there, though strict, are courteous and humane. (June 1, 1917.)

Balfour says that in the future the use of submarines must be restricted. He knows as well as we do that the use of submarines is not forbidden by international law. (June 4, 1917.)

Secretary McAdoo is seeing ghosts these days. In his St. Louis speech he pictures the horrors of a German victory. Of course, the Germans would not attempt to invade this country, and if they should, it would go hard with them. Then every one would spring to the defence of his country and there would be no need of conscription (June 9, 1917.)

"The Germans are entirely justified in bombarding fortified London," said Baron Montague of Beaulieu recently in the English Upper House. (June 30, 1917.)

From the Milwaukee *Germania-Herold:*

Even Americans who are otherwise reasonable and moderate are hard to convince that the greater part of the crime and misrule attributed to the invaders in occupied Belgium are invented and falsified. The article quoted below should be all the more impressive refutation of these stories, since its source, *Reedy's Mirror,* has always supported the Entente, has approved of the Administration programme, and has hitherto opposed all peace agitation:

"In whispers it has long been said that people in England and France were displeased with the Belgians, but now both in England and France one may hear outspoken criticism of them as standing lower, in many cases, than the hated 'Boches.' It is said that Belgian civilians have shot British and French soldiers in the back. In Paris it is openly asserted that the only Belgians who cannot be accused of pro-German tendencies are King Albert and his entourage. If such reports were heard only once or occasionally, one would be inclined to let them pass unheeded, but one cannot longer ignore them when they proceed at the same time from widely separated sources. Suffice it to add that in view of these conditions it is remarkable that there should be talk of continuing the war." (September 1, 1917.)

From the Cincinnati *Volksblatt:*

All this talk about the "German Peril" threatening America is sheer nonsense, cooked up by the English press. Germany could not conquer the United States, because the latter country, like Germany, is highly civilized. Moreover, Germany would not risk sending her whole fleet over here, nor would she wish to oppose a country of such great resources as America's. We should have preparedness, but our real enemy is Japan. (May 31, 1917.)

The cry, "The enemy is at our doors", fails to frighten people. They know that an enemy which is 3,000 miles away could not be dangerous, even if the nation which we call our "enemy" were hostile toward us. (June 11, 1917.)

In Germany, as in every other country, there are radicals; for example, the Pan-Germans, who aspire to world empire like that of Rome. Their followers, however, are few. The majority adheres to the moderate Reichstag element, which favors peace without annexations or indemnities. (August 23, 1917.)

From time to time there is evidence of a disposition to condemn certain of Germany's official acts. Such articles as the following show, if not disillusionment, at least a growing impatience with the Fatherland.

From the Cincinnati *Volksblatt:*

The episode of Count Luxburg, who sent the brutal message which caused the estrangement between Germany and Argentine, will aid a

movement in Germany which had already begun before the war, namely, to oppose the exclusive employment of the nobility in the diplomatic service. There has long been a suspicion that Germany's diplomatic corps was somewhat lacking in efficiency, and especially, in a wholesome understanding of humanity. This costly experience will hasten the time when a more democratic system will prevail and officials will be chosen for their ability and not because of birth and property reasons. (September 13, 1917.)

If the Cologne *Zeitung* "regrets" the Bernstorff affair, we hope it regrets not simply the exposure but also the fact that he engaged in such activity. He did not injure the United States, but his action reflects on innocent Germans in this country.
(September 25, 1917.)

V.—THE URGENT NEED OF AN EARLY PEACE

From the Cincinnati *Volksblatt:*

It is admitted that the Allies cannot win this year, but it is said that they can win next year, when we shall have 500,000 men to send over. Since next year's increase in Germany and Austria will be about 700,000, it is not clear how the Allies can win in 1918. Such facts as these should restrain people from talking of victory and should induce them to talk about peace. (June 9, 1917.)

The officially expressed opinion, that whoever speaks of peace is a traitor, is untenable. Peace is being demanded in Russia, Germany and Austria, and also, if the people dared to speak-out, in England and France. (June 16, 1917.)

Representative Fuller of Massachusetts asks for a coalition cabinet on the ground that the war will last until 1922 and a cabinet representing both parties is needed to inspire public confidence. If the war is to last five years, what we need is a peace cabinet and not a coalition cabinet. (August 11, 1917.)

Estimates of war expenses for the first year, originally placed at ten billions, have mounted to fifteen, then eighteen, then twenty-two billions. The urgent necessity of an early peace is evident, for no reasonable person would say that we could hold out for three years at such a rate. (August 28, 1917.)

There has been much ado over the action of Mayor Thompson in permitting the meeting of the Society for Democracy and Terms of Peace. Meetings have been held in England, France, Russia, and Germany. It would be singular if what is permitted everywhere else should be forbidden in free America. (September 2, 1917.)

The Central Powers in their answer to the Pope offer peace. Will the Allies accept it? If not, why not? This question they must answer to their people. They cannot evade it. (September 24, 1917.)

VI.—DEFENSE OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE PRESS

It was inevitable that the German language papers should eventually be placed in the position of defending their right to exist as a class, or at least, of proving their fitness to survive as individuals. Those which had improved could not live down immediately the memory of their earlier offenses, even where these were errors of judgment committed in good faith. The entire group suffered, of course, from the continued disloyalty of some incorrigibly pro-German papers like the Philadelphia *Tageblatt*. Their discomfort was needlessly increased, it would seem, by an unfortunate chip-on-the-shoulder attitude shown by some editors who, although protesting the absolute clearness of their patriotic consciences, went out of their way to take offence at general statements which could not possibly have been intended for such consistent loyalists as they professed themselves to be. The favorite defence was to point out the almost universal loyalty manifested by citizens of German ancestry, though, recalling the earlier manner of many papers, one would have to be careful about inferring a relation of cause and effect. More often, it would appear, the papers in adjusting themselves to the American point of view, had followed, rather than led, their readers.

From the Cincinnati *Abend Presse:*

. . . There is no German press in this country in the sense that some persons allege; they are only American papers in the German language. . . . Some characteristics of its own, however, the German press tenaciously preserved. . . . We disdain lies and hypocrisy, banal phrases, etc. . . . But we are just as loyal as we are true; just as dependable as we have hitherto been stubborn, and just as ready for sacrifice in a great cause as we are stingy under some circumstances . . . but we cannot be counted upon when attempts are made to poison public opinion by petty meanness, to lead people astray with lies or to deceive them with falsehoods, or to substitute words and gestures for patriotic deeds. (June 25, 1917.)

From the Chicago *Staatszeitung:*

The German-American press of America is in existence for over 170 years and during all those long years the 550 newspapers published in this language have never had any other objects but to make of their readers good American citizens and to urge them to learn the English state language of the United States as fast as possible, in their own as well as in the country's interest. (September 10, 1917.)

From the Cleveland *Waechter und Anzeiger:*

The German language newspapers of the country are today as loyally American as any English language paper; better than many. They were and are only anti-British and have of course given emphatic expression to this anti-British sentiment. (June 22, 1917.)

From the Milwaukee *Germania-Herold:*

Anonymous threatening letters have been received by the Editor from two sources: from one, because we are alleged not to have supported the German government sufficiently; from the other because, in the opinion of some of our critics, our American patriotism has not been sufficiently ardent. Threats from these diametrically opposite sources confirm us in the belief that we have taken the right course. (September 11, 1917.)

From the New York *Staats-Zeitung:*

Over in the World Building surprise seems to have possessed itself of people that the German language newspapers in the United States are neither sneering at the President's terms nor damning the note with faint praise. It (the note) appeals particularly to German-Americans, because it dispels the mist which has heretofore hung over our participation in the war. . . . And it appeals to those of us who have not forgotten the history hickoryed into us before the "sacred right of lying" was enthroned in the world.

The German language press in this country was frankly opposed to our entrance into the war — so long as we could honorably keep out of it. Once in the war, however, a determination to support the government occupied its editorial policies. While others have been snapping at the heels of the Administration — yelping their little seditious words of advice — destroying that unity of mind which is necessary to team work — we have presented a solid front of support. We have spoken for — and to — that potential element of the American nation which springs from Germany, always in the past a friend of America, and now unfortunately compelled to be in arms against her. We German-Americans appreciate the President's note perhaps more fully than others can. We read in it a message from ourselves to our friends across the waters. (September 1, 1917.)

From the St. Louis *Westliche Post:*

In connection with the charges against the Philadelphia *Tageblatt,* it is timely for the German language press of the United States to declare itself and to announce the principles for which it stands. It is unfortunately a fact that since the beginning of the war against Germany some of the German language papers have not honestly and conscientiously endeavored to be leaders of and counselors to their readers in loyalty to and patriotism for the land of their adoption, where they or their fathers sought refuge from political or economical oppression. That the *Westliche Post* and other leading German language papers

have during all this critical period demonstrated their unfaltering and absolute loyalty to the United States Government is nothing to boast of, for it is only a plain duty that could be ignored only by a press and a people that have no clear conception or understanding of the meaning of loyalty. (September 16, 1917.)

In all this tangle of unsympathetic comment, amusing in its mixed logic and tragic in its conflicting emotions, there is probably less of deliberate propaganda than of bewildered readjustment—a reluctant shifting of the editorial point of view to meet an extremely embarrassing situation. And the editors were given ample freedom to make this change in their own way. During the period in which the foregoing extracts were published the German language papers were practically unhampered by censorship. A tolerant, though watchful, Government, realizing the difficulty of their position, gave them the benefit of every doubt and made it as easy as possible for them to become reconciled to the painful reality of war between America and the Fatherland.

The editors were careful, of course, to avoid technically treasonable utterances, though for a time many articles were well within the twilight zone of implied disloyalty. Occasional editorials breathed an old-fashioned Carl Schurz type of Americanism, but these welcome exceptions were rare. A potent corrective for the negative attitude of certain papers was the increasing pressure of an awakened patriotism among all Americans, including the vast majority of citizens of German ancestry. With many editors, perhaps, an even more powerful influence than public sentiment was a growing conviction that the German Government was much to blame. And yet, after having idealized Germany for years and after having defended her war measures against a preponderance of adverse American opinion, they could hardly be expected to oppose her without a reasonable period of mourning for their dead illusions. The adoption of a properly hostile attitude toward the Fatherland was doubtless made easier by the accumulation of evidence in the hands of the United States Government showing the brutal selfishness of Germany's rulers. At least these revelations, brazenly and cynically confirmed by the accused Government, proved the folly of attempting further to palliate Germany's crimes against humanity, or to oppose the overwhelming force of an aroused public opinion.

CLYDE WILLIAM PARK.

WAR AS A BUSINESS PROBLEM

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND

TIME was when war was a matter of waving plumes, of shining armor, of rough and tumble combat, in which muscle counted for more than brains, and the problems of commissariat, transport, and supply never troubled the mind of noble, gentle, or serf. When the wars were small they were family affairs. His Lordship gathered about him the Armstrongs, the Smiths, the Carters, the Archers, the Lightfoots, the Seamans, the Hardys, the Sturdees, the Swifts, the Doughtys, and their like, and joined issue with his neighbor.

When the wars were larger it was a case of a tribe fighting a tribe, a people a people. Ferocious as these conflicts were, they had this to commend them—it was seldom necessary to fight a second war in order to find out who had won the first.

It was not in such family or tribal wars that militarism had its roots. It was the exigencies of peace which demanded that, in the interest of agriculture and industry, the business of fighting should be turned over to a small body of specialists who would relieve the majority from all military duties; and out of this demand grew the profession of arms.

Warfare then settled down into a duel between trained armies, the populace at large accepting the fate determined for it on the field of battle, and taking little part in the fighting. It was not until Napoleon's day that war again assumed the character of a struggle between peoples; and after a comparatively brief period it passed again into the hands of a small military caste.

In the nineteenth century the growth of industrialism and the increase of trade turned men's thoughts toward the arts of peace, and Europe entered upon an era of material prosperity during which the idea of war on a vast scale ceased to be repugnant to the man in the street only because it had become ridiculous.

The oratorical barrage which advanced steadily just ahead of the army of Parliamentary reform in England had the double effect of raising in the public mind engaging visions of a world to be ruled, willy nilly, by the good-will of a genial electorate, and of blinding the country to the temptation offered by its wealth and territory to any nation whose leaders, however mistakenly from the moral standpoint, should adopt the arm and not the tongue as the engine of achievement.

The Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Franco-Prussian War, universal military training by the continental powers, the Boer War, the Russo-Japanese War—none of these, nor all of them together, sufficed to disturb England's complacent reliance upon sea-power as her only ready weapon on a hemisphere seething with military preparation.

And what of the United States? Not only had she these examples to teach her that the night of war was not drawing toward the dawn of peace, but she was also afforded for her guidance nearer and more terrible warnings. She saw the value of treaties proved by the ravishment of Belgium, she saw the price of military unpreparedness paid by England with a mounting tide of blood and treasure, she saw international law appraised at its practical worth by the man who sank the *Lusitania,* she saw that war was no longer a duel between military castes, that it had again become a struggle between peoples.

Between the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the declaration by Congress that a state of war existed with Germany, nearly two years elapsed. "We waited," says Mr. George Creel,[1] Chairman of the Committee on Public Information appointed by President Wilson, "we waited until every fair-minded citizen of our peace-loving democracy was aware that peace was impossible before we reluctantly began to prepare to defend ourselves."

I leave it to Mr. Creel to explain, if he cares to do so, whether in the above passage he is describing the Administration or the fair-minded citizenry as having waited until everybody had become convinced that war was inevitable before it *reluctantly began to prepare to defend the country.*

That there has been a reluctance to throw the full weight of the nation into the war at the earliest possible moment,

[1] *The Independent,* March 30, 1918

that our activities have been guided too much by the idea of defence and too little by that of defiance, are criticisms which have usually been condemned as reflecting upon the honor of the United States and upon the sincerity of the President; but the words I have quoted are taken from "The Seventh Message from the United States Government to the American People."

So far as these causes have been advanced, outside of officialdom, to account for the wide discrepancy which exists between what we promised for our first year in the war and what we have performed, I believe the argument to be ill-founded. The real source of our difficulties lies much deeper than the superficial and temporary delusion that the world can be made safe for democracy by reluctant preparation and defensive strategy.

It lies in our failure to distinguish between those problems which are in their nature political and those which are executive. "It arises," says an editorial in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March, "from our national habit of regarding administration as the twin brother of politics. We have placed ourselves between these two figures and, through trying for a century and a half to keep one eye fixed on each, we have acquired that governmental squint which makes it impossible for us to see right in front of us the area of confused aim and conflicting interest which is the breeding ground of political corruption and administrative inefficiency."

Nobody, so far as I am aware, has suggested that political corruption has been in any measurable degree responsible for the vexatious impediments which have balked our war measures of their full success; but of administrative inefficiency there have been many specific charges, and some official admissions.

Administration as a non-political function of government is a conception unfamiliar to the American mind; and I propose to describe in outline how administrative problems appear to the eye of a man who has spent twenty years in studying those forms of government in which administration is conducted on a non-political basis. I have observed in actual operation ten distinct forms of government which conform to this condition. They are the Crown Colony System in various British Colonies; the Central Government of India; the Indian Provincial System in Burma;

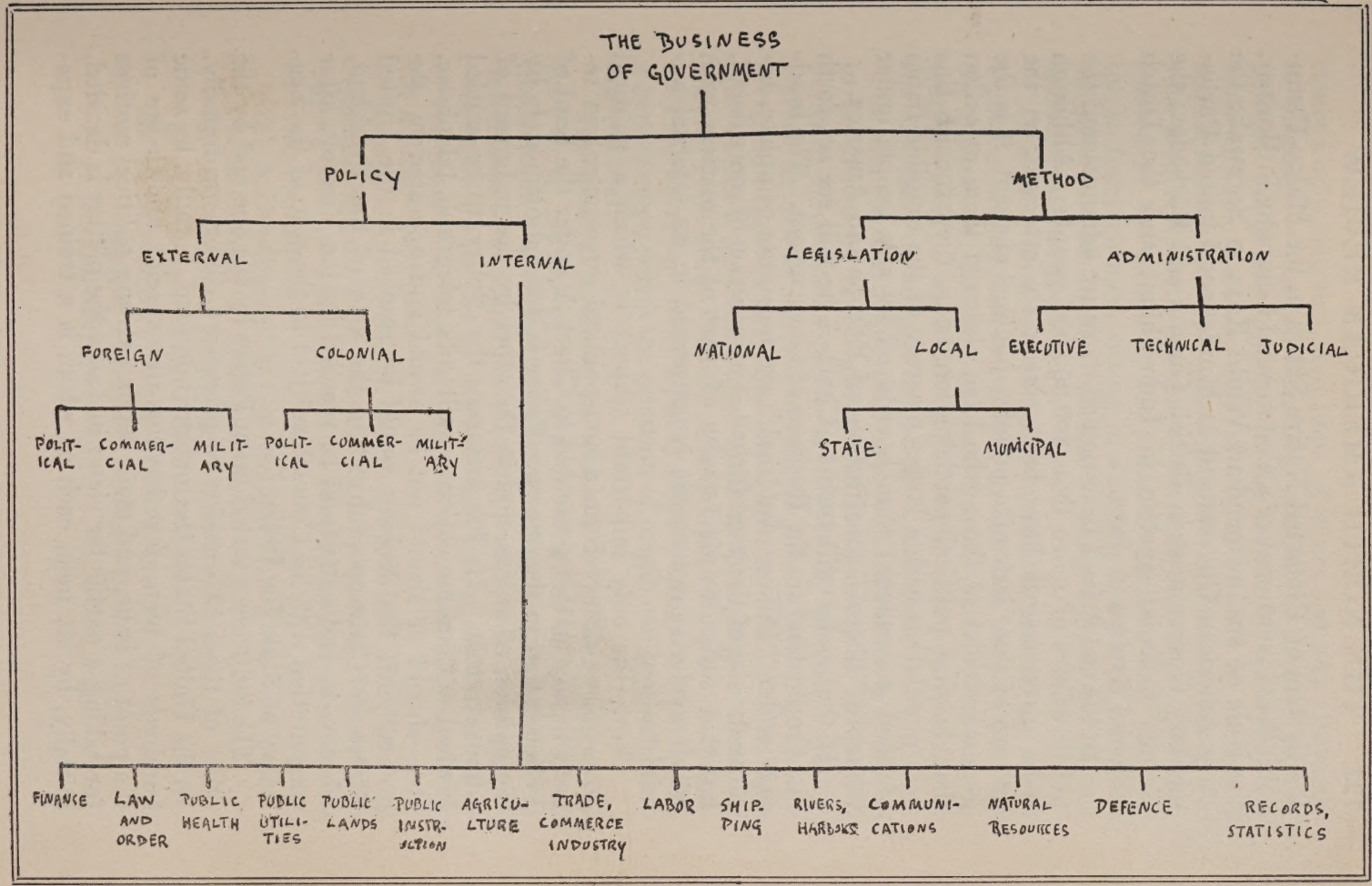
THE BUSINESS OF GOVERNMENT
POLICY
METHOD
EXTERNAL
INTERNAL
LEGISLATION
ADMINISTRATION
FOREIGN
COLONIAL
NATIONAL
LOCAL
EXECUTIVE
TECHNICAL
JUDICIAL
POLIT-ICAL
COMMER-CIAL
MILIT-ARY
POLIT-ICAL
COMMER-CIAL
MILIT-ARY
STATE
MUNICIPAL
FINANCE
LAW AND ORDER
PUBLIC HEALTH
PUBLIC UTILI-TIES
PUBLIC LANDS
PUBLIC INSTRUC-TION
AGRICU-LTURE
TRADE, COMMERCE INDUSTRY
LABOR
SHIP-PING
RIVERS, HARBORS
COMMUNI-CATIONS
NATURAL RESOURCES
DEFENCE
RECORDS, STATISTICS

CHART A

the System of Protected Native States in the Malay Peninsula; the Government of a Commercial Company in Borneo; the Rule of an Independent White Raja in Sarawak; the early American Government in Mindanao; Limited Parliamentary Government in British Guiana and Barbados; the French Colonial System in Indo-China; and the Dutch Colonial System in Java.

In the countries I have named there are administered the public affairs of more than 300,000,000 people. Although these governments have been constantly attacked on the ground of their lack of a popular political element, it is the general verdict of those who have observed them in action that, leaving political participation aside, they furnish this vast population with a larger measure of the tangible fruits of good government than is enjoyed by any people under the more " liberal " constitutions of Europe and America.

If the reader will turn to Chart A he will see set forth in a simple diagram the Business of Government. The headings under " Policy—Internal " are not quite complete, because the size of the page forbade the inclusion of more detail, but they suffice to give a view of most of the matters with which modern government is concerned in its internal administration.

Now, the only important respect in which a political government differs from a non-political government in regard to any matter presented in Chart A under the head of Policy is that in the one case Policy is decided ultimately by the opinion of voters, and in the other by the judgment of administrators. If, for instance, the Policy to be settled is whether Communications—railroads, telegraph, telephone, etc.—should or should not be owned and operated by the government, the decision would be reached in the United States by Congress, subject to the veto of the President, whereas in India it would be reached by the Viceroy, after consultation with his Council, subject to the veto of the Secretary of State for India.

The influence exerted upon Policy by the one and by the other of these two modes of procedure differs profoundly. In the United States the matter is decided, initially, by some hundreds of men, few having any special knowledge of the point at issue, and many having strong political motives for taking a particular view; in India the matter is decided, initially, by six men, each of whom is a trained and expe-

rienced administrator, and none of whom has any electorate to please, any powerful business interest to placate, or any political party to support. In the former instance the veto rests with one man who may have no more than an amateur's acquaintance with the question involved; in the latter the veto also rests with one man; but this man is, in practice, guided by the advice of the India Council, a body of from ten to fourteen men, sitting in London, composed, as to the majority, of ex-Indian officials of long service and varied administrative experience.

It is not, however, in relation to the manner in which Policy is settled, but in relation to how it is carried out that the practice of the non-political governments offers an example which, if we followed it, would enormously enhance the efficiency of our participation in the war.

I may here anticipate the objection that there is no lesson to be drawn by a self-governing Democracy from the experience of countries ruled, as it were, by executive decree. Before the reader decides to sustain this objection he should give due weight to two considerations: one that the President now wields a personal power quite as sweeping as that of a Viceroy; the other that the moral I hope to point concerns only the carrying out of a policy after it has been formulated, a matter upon which the question of origin can have no bearing whatever.

The general problem to which I address myself is the part to be played by the civil government in carrying out plans decided upon by the military authorities, or by whoever determines Policy and has the final power to demand service —in other words, the problem of mobilizing all the resources of the country so that they may be made instantly available for military purposes.

It will be noted that in the center of Chart B is the word Administration. I may begin, then, by naming the administrative bureaus which should be created as soon as war has been decided upon.

1. A Department of Control and Direction.
2. A Bureau of Transportation.
3. A Bureau of Shipping Administration.
4. A Bureau of Fuel Administration.
5. A Bureau of Port Administration.
6. A Bureau of Food Administration.
7. A Bureau of Supplies.

8. A Bureau of Labor.
9. A Bureau of Law and Legislation.
10. A Bureau of Information on Resources.

The Director General of the Department of Control and Direction should issue all the general orders upon which the Bureaus would act. There should be attached to the Department a Deputy-Director of each of the Bureaus, thoroughly posted on the work of his own Bureau. These Deputy-Directors would form a corps of liaison officers whose duty it would be to furnish information to the Director General, to discuss among themselves every question in which the demands of one Bureau threatened to conflict with the demands of another, and to reduce to the smallest possible number and to formulate in the most concise manner those points in regard to which an irreconcilable conflict of judgment made it necessary to seek a decision from the Director General.

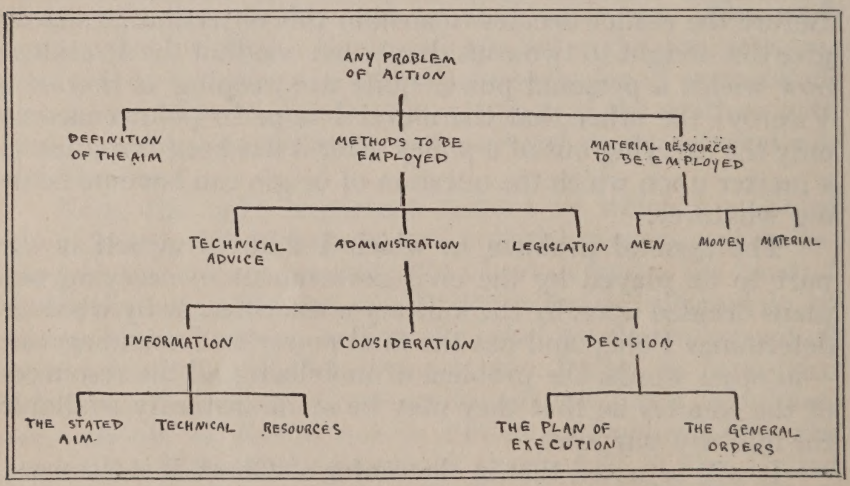

CHART B

I may explain that the Bureau of Information on Resources would be engaged in the collection, from every available source *except the other Bureaus,* of every kind of statistical data, and in their systematic arrangement. This Bureau would need as its Director a professional statistician of recognized authority. The Bureau would serve as an independent check on the figures supplied to the Director General by the other Bureaus—a most important function.

Let the reader now place himself in the position of the Director General of Control and Direction, and assume that he has been asked by the war authority to arrange for the shipment to France of fifty thousand tons of coal a week. In connection with what follows, the reader should have Chart B under his eye.

The "Aim" having been defined, the Director General will require certain information upon which to construct his "Plan of Execution" and to issue his "General Orders." From Bureau 2 he will receive a report on transportation, with suggestions as to how any deficiency can be met; from Bureau 3 a report on available shipping, with suggestions; from Bureau 4 a report on available coal, with suggestions; from Bureau 5 a report on loading at the ports, with suggestions; from Bureau 10 a report to be used in checking the figures furnished in the other reports.

The reports from 2, 3, 4, and 5 would be exchanged between the Bureaus concerned so that they could be discussed at a meeting of the Deputy-Directors of these Bureaus (the liaison officers) for the purpose of drawing up a liaison report on matters where coördinate action was needed; such, for instance, as the train schedule on which the coal would be delivered at the ports of loading—a question to be discussed jointly by the Deputy-Directors of Transportation, Shipping, and Port Administration.

When the Director General has before him the reports to which I have referred above he is in possession of everything embraced under "Information" in Chart B. He knows the "Aim"; under "Technical" he has his information on movement; under "Resources" he has his information about the material (coal) to be moved; he has his liaison report and his checking report on figures.

The "Decision" now waits upon his "Consideration." He may find it necessary to call in "Technical Advice" to aid him in finally determining a point raised in the liaison report, to consult the Bureau of Labor as to workmen called for by the Bureau reports, or the Bureau of Law and Legislation as to existence or the need of authority to commandeer men or materials. He will, finally, be in a position to draw up his "Plan of Action," which should be supplied in full, with his "General Orders," to each Bureau concerned.

From this point onward the execution of the "Aim" demands no more than the ordinary abilities of managers

and superintendents, each of whom should receive written orders—the former from the Bureau Director concerned, the latter from the manager.

The limits of a short article have not allowed me to do more than deal in outline with the broad, general aspect of administrative technique. The largest problems as well as the smallest are amenable to a similar treatment. The scheme which I have outlined does not mean, necessarily, that the Aim will be accomplished. The coal mines may be blown up or flooded, blizzards may tie up the railroads, submarines may sink the ships before they reach port. What the scheme does insure is of the utmost importance:

1. It will enable the Military Authority to know whether, uncontrollable circumstances apart, the Aim can be carried out in whole or in part.

2. It will eliminate confusion of plan, and conflict of authority as causes of failure.

3. It will concentrate the strategy of the Aim in the hands of a few men of exceptional ability, and distribute its tactics among a large number of men whose talents suffice for the carrying out of orders.

4. It will enable the Director General of Control and Direction to diagnose failure and to prescribe the proper remedy.

It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that no administrative scheme can be employed as a substitute for brains. What a schematic, non-political treatment of administrative problems can do is to promote clear thinking, prevent confused action, aid judgment, and fix responsibility.

All this simply means that every non-combatant problem in war is neither more nor less than a business problem, and that it can be solved by sound business methods.

ALLEYNE IRELAND.

"STYLE" IN WOMEN'S CLOTHES

BY RICHARD BARRY

Now is the time for women to be delivered from the tyranny of "style" in clothes.

Does this sound like the fad of a dress reformer, or like some vain proposal to abolish the contrarieties of feminine lure? Does it sound like a chimera?

On the contrary, this is but the definition of the next inevitable step in national progress;—the end of that chimera, changing "style." It is only sounding the knell of the heterogeneous fads in women's dress which have obsessed us with increasing virulence for the past generation.

This step, instead of abolishing the feminine arts, will civilize them. It will lift us, as a nation, from the semi-barbarism of clothes-silliness to a higher aesthetic plane of clothes-adornment.

On the floor of Congress it has been declared that high heels are more dangerous to the welfare of the United States than German submarines. It is just as true that eccentric waist lines are more deadly than Big Berthas and that freakish skirt effects are more perilous to national safety than food waste.

We have become accustomed to the argument that the war is to be fought out more within the nations involved than on the battle lines. We recognize the truth that the nation or nations best fitted to survive, the ones best fitted to conserve all resources—not a few resources, but all—will be the final victor.

Then why longer ignore the obvious truth that confronts us concerning women's clothes? We have come to the end of an era in everything else, from transportation to party politics; are we not also at the end of the "style" era in women's clothes? Is not the time definitely here for the establishment of a simple, rational, permanent national costume?

There is a terrific waste of time, money and health in keeping up with the race of style. It has become a squirrel cage in which women perpetually exhaust themselves in striving to reach a place where they never arrive. And the men dangle futilely at their heels, incompetent either to stop the race or win it.

It is time to emerge from this semi-barbarism and become truly civilized. The older races long since learned the folly of this nonsense. The Orientals and the Slavs have settled on one becoming style for women which is made practically permanent, and in which is full opportunity for all true aesthetic expression and development. America, for the first time, is put to the actual test of making good her assertions of being the leader of the world. We will make good in the larger issue only by a complete mastery of the essentials of national character; among these essentials women's dress stands in the forefront.

So-called " style " is the assassin of character. It is an imposition made by the shrewd upon the ignorant, an easy advantage taken by pretense over worth. It is the curse of beauty, the bane of art and the death of originality. These truths have always been self-evident and undisputed. But now they are more. They are a menace to national endurance. Therefore, let us rally our forces and abolish " style."

Is there a man married to a woman of fashion who in the past five years has not felt a pang of shame at his wife's appearance? Does he ever stop to ask why it is that she, poor slave, has felt compelled to lead him, all unconsciously perhaps, into a shame that is degradation?

The reason is too simple.

Women have nothing to say about what they shall wear. A little group of men, possibly as few as a dozen, certainly no more than fifty, practically all located in New York, prescribe each season what the prevailing " style " shall be. They are business men engaged in the pursuit of making money, as quickly and as easily as possible. Most of them have come, within a few years or a generation, from the lower east side of New York, which accounts for the often grotesque admixture in a passing " style " of the motif of a European peasant costume with the Parisian eccentricities manufactured in the French capital only for export.

When one of these " couturiers " (the chief words of the women's dress trade have been adapted from the French)

wants to exploit a new "style" he dresses one of his saleswomen or models in it and sends her forth. The herd women (beginning with the upper classes) have seen these "styles" in the windows and in the "salons," have heard and read of them, but no woman has had the courage to make a spectacle of herself until she sees someone else doing it. Thus the model performs the function of the lead bull at the slaughter house. Once the women of the herd have seen these "styles" they feel that they, too, must "keep up," and not look old-fashioned, or out of date, and they hasten to the shops presided over by the graduates of the lower east side. Thus our "best dressers" become imitators of shop women, and the worst dressers sigh themselves into freakish imitations of the "best" dressers. And "style" ambles on a short pace, but never beyond another season, for the secret of the large volume of business is in the frequent change of "style." Or so our "couturiers" believe, though they would do a more substantial business on a different basis.

Women understand the general facts all too well, but they should be reiterated. Who does not know, for instance, that these styles are repeatedly changed with the prime object in view of forcing the purchase of new materials? Last Spring, skirts were wide; now women must put a narrow skirt under the wide one and cut off the old skirt to show the new. Thus, even if women should cry for wide skirts after suffering a season in narrow ones they cannot use the same wide ones of last year, for they will be too short, and to make it absolutely certain the designers will doubtless proclaim that next season the skirts must be long as well as wide. Then, as a little added turn to the general imbecility of the thing, this season the skirts are humped up in the back so as to insure the use of three times the necessary material.

This is not a matter of any one particular season, although the present season (in midst of war) illustrates the absurdity and rascality of the idea as well as any. The present decree of skirts less than a yard wide to save material is simply an excuse for a change next year when that same narrow material cannot be used. At the same time the arbiters of fashion make sure that the two-yards-wide skirt is of the most expensive yet least durable material.

Thus American dress goods get the name, which in some cases is deserved, of being "shoddy." Is it not true loyalty

to national reputation to bring about principles of American manufacture which will substitute for "shoddy" the name of fixed and reliable values?

Of course the physical suffering of women on account of these absurdities may be beside the question. Women have always been willing to suffer tortures for "style." Tight shoes and tight corsets have done as much to stunt future generations as low-class poverty. So why complain about narrow skirts of the present, except in the hope that women, having obtained a partial freedom, may now demand complete enfranchisement from the tyranny, not of clothes, but of dress designers? During the last period of the "hobble" skirt the matter became so poignant that street cars and equipages lowered their steps to accommodate the needs of the season's "style." If so much can be done in peace times for general convenience is it too much to ask in war times, as a measure of public policy, that the whole baneful "style" be abolished utterly?

This is not the time for woman to be hampered by tight skirts or freak bustles and excess cloth. She needs her freedom for activity, for accomplishment, and she needs her money and the money of the men for other things than absurd clothes. Physical freedom is her prime need, as it is that of the nation. Physical freedom is the basis of all other freedom —moral, intellectual, political.

It is hopeless for American designers to attempt an advance along the vicious path which has already been traveled to its final ingenious refinement by the more deft French designers. We have had this season a sample of what our native designer does in the silhouette, advertised as the "American fashion." This tight skirt, bustle effect, an ultra adaptation of post-Civil War style, did not "catch on," despite the efforts of models, showgirls and pseudo "smart" women.

The time has come to establish a style of our own and to make that style permanent. And when style ceases to be "style" it becomes costume. We are accustomed to patronize other national costumes, vaunting our superiority in changing "style." Whoso does that is ignorant of the fact that a costume is the last expression of a civilization, and that it comes after "styles" are outworn and discarded as ugly, barbarous and inefficient.

The American costume must be in keeping with American ideals. It must express the national character. It must

be both simple and beautiful. It must be capable of reproduction in the cheapest fabrics without losing the grace of its lines, and yet it must be able to lend itself to subtle adornment and elaboration for the pleasure of the wealthy and the artistic. Above all, it must be something so adroitly adapted to the manners of the people that it can be maintained long enough to be perfected. The fiat of a government might institute it, but time alone can establish it.

If all this required any revolutionary change it might be folly even to contemplate the step, for in nothing is the human being so conservative as in clothes. It is fortunate, doubly fortunate that the present styles approximate the ideal which might easily, with the proper authoritative definition, become the national costume. Therefore, we do not need reform; we need only standardization. If we can contemplate seriously national prohibition from alcohol surely we can acclaim national prohibition from the degrading, debilitating, incessant changes of style.

The straight lines of the season at hand offer us the way out. Except for certain freakish excrescences, which, luckily, have not "stuck," the style of the present time is distinctly United States. The skirts are wide enough for comfort and long enough for grace; the sleeves are sensible, yet graceful; the neck may be high or low according to one's choice; the waist line is normal. Could anything be more American?

What the majority of American women are wearing now should remain our national costume, or be rigidly held as the basis on which to build a national costume. The peril to the situation lies in the fact that "a little group of wilful men," those designing designers, will not be content to let well enough alone, but will tamper and trifle with the effect until they achieve a general change for the purpose of building up quick sales.

The present way of dressing is an incorporation of our old shirt-waist-and-skirt idea, the coat suit which has made the American girl famous the world around. It is responsible for the one universal creation of an American artist, the Gibson Girl. Such lines lend themselves to all purposes of dress; they are charming in street or evening gowns, beautiful in afternoon effects and adaptable for evening wear; they may rule both house and street gowns, the sport, the one-piece, the two-piece, the three-piece, and they may be adapted for any demand in formal evening attire.

A generation or two of sticking to this one style and we would have something worth while in women's clothes. We might become (in respect of women's clothes) like the Chinese, with fabrics whose texture can survive a decade and with decoration to please and educate the eye of man instead of distracting and revolting him.

Another clothes vice bred by ever-changing "style" is the gradual deterioration of fabric until now practically our entire production is "shoddy." No matter what price one pays, it is all but impossible to get textiles that will last more than a year or two. This is largely because the mills look for quantity of production first, instead of quality. The designers and the whole brood of manufacturers that follows in their train hitch their volume of annual output ever higher and higher while the standard of values goes ever lower and lower. Women no longer expect anything to last. It is not the vogue to want durable materials, but those of rich appearance. Durability is a minor consideration, anyway, when the styles change so rapidly and so radically.

This leads to a trade consideration of the advantage or the disadvantage in a national costume. The business world might be against the standardization of a national costume, perhaps without analyzing its possibilities, though it would doubtless prove to be the soundest business wisdom to institute any change which would lead to a standardization of manufacture. If standardization is good for the production of oil or baked beans it certainly ought to be good for the production of cloth. The only ones to suffer would be the wholesale designers (those destroyers of true art), but the adroit creatures would doubtless adjust themselves to the new dispensation.

This is no plea for anything that would resemble a uniform. If the national costume should remain set on the present straight lines it would still permit of embroidery and embellishment.

Is it too much to ask of the Government, at a time when our young men are dying in the trenches, to stand behind the women in their desire to be sensible, and to help them maintain an American ideal in clothes by decreeing a national costume?

Richard Barry.

ROUMANIA

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

Another land has crashed into the deep,
  The heir and namesake of that Rome, whose laws
  Spread the great peace.—Gray Power, that yet o'erawes
The thoughts of men, first to bid nations keep
The bounds of right, and earth's wild borders sleep,
  O, from thy pinnacle 'mid time's applause
  Salute, great Rome, the victim of man's cause,
Thy child, Roumania!—Nay, not ours to weep.

O Latin Race! how doth our debt increase
  At every flash of thy unfathomed soul,
Long on the rock of justice founding peace,
  While ever round thee new-born ages roll!
Genius divine! when shall thy glory cease!
  Rise, rise, Roumania! yet thy soul is whole!

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

AMY LOWELL: A PERSONALITY

BY HELEN BULLIS KIZER

"And Deborah, a prophetess, . . . judged Israel."

Among our New England foremothers, whose stern energy accomplished tasks which the most strenuous of modern feminists would hardly care to resume, Deborah was a favorite name. Perhaps it voiced a hardly-repressed hunger for empery; perhaps they cherished it as a standing—if unheeded—reminder to their lords that not all the judges in Israel had been men. At any rate, the story of the woman without whom generals refused to go to war, whose word was law to her tribe, who lifted up her voice robustly and sang the achievements of God, Israel and herself in superb, far-echoing strophes, unshamed and unrebuked, must have had a strong appeal for women who bore the burdens of pioneer life and of a terrifying theolatry equally with their men, yet who were forbidden to be heard in church or state, or even, with open authority, in their own households.

It would be safe guessing that Amy Lowell counts a Deborah among her ancestors; in any case, she is no mean avatar of the Deborah spirit. She sings, she goes to war, she judges. And if she condescends to soothsaying more rarely than did her prototype, it is probably because catalepsy as a means to prophecy has gone out, and the historical method has come in.

In her recent volume, *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry,* Miss Lowell employs this method with excellent results. It could hardly have been an easy book to write. Sainte-Beuve long ago pointed out that an estimate of his contemporaries is the final test of any man's critical powers, and such criticism is apt to swing between the evil extremes of the " savage and tartarly " and the " appreciative." Miss

Lowell has avoided both formulas. She does not consider a poem as an isolated phenomenon, causeless and miraculous, as a savage regards an eclipse of the moon, but rather links it up with the poet's personality, with his ancestral inheritance and with the circumstances and opportunities of his life. In *Six French Poets* the method was singularly successful, considering the difficulties in the way of securing data; in *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* it is well-nigh completely so. And its success is a tribute to other than the purely critical powers of its author. It might easily bear as a sub-title, "A Book of Friends," for Miss Lowell personally knows the poets she comments upon, and evidently admires and likes them, yet she holds the scales evenly. We feel throughout a spirit of mingled courage, kindness and independence illuminating the subject, and the result is the note of personality that is so priceless in criticism, yet which, unhoneyed on the one hand or uncrabbed on the other, is so hard to come by.

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry is an attempt to range the so-called "new" school that has risen to public notice within the last ten years, though it has been in process of rising much longer than that; in fact, ever since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. For its newness is not, as Miss Lowell points out, one of form—the form may be conventional or unconventional—but of the spirit; it is a "revolt against the immediate past." The book takes up Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg, "H. D." and John Gould Fletcher as poets typical of the main tendencies within this general movement. The first two clothe their new vision of the world in conventional verse; the second two in verse that is generally unconventional, sometimes as ragged and cindery as a ride-the-rods hobo; the third pair in verse that while it is not of "the immediate past," is carefully, even classically constructed. Clearly, it is not form which links them together. Miss Lowell sees them all as "revolting against stilted phrases and sentimentality; . . . endeavoring to express themselves and the new race which America is producing"—she sees them as heralding a poetic renaissance which shall keep pace with the quickened thought and emotion of a nation in social flux within, and brought without into new and thrilling touch with a familiar world suddenly grown unfamiliar.

There are of course other American poets, as Miss Lowell admits in her preface, who share in the reaction against Victorianism dilute, and whose work well deserves attention in any comprehensive review of living authors. But *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* does not aim to be a comprehensive review. Its author follows Shaw in preferring the originative mind and (it may be) a halting performance, to the unoriginative mind and (possibly) a complete performance. It is a preference which not only lies at the root of sound criticism but helps to explain why sound criticism is rare. For a perception of what is originative above that which is merely imitative argues a mind in no small degree originative on the part of the critic.

With one exception, there can be no quarrel with Miss Lowell's choice of her representative poets. Edwin Arlington Robinson truly enough stands for the old order wrought upon by new influences; "a highly developed, highly sensitized and intellectual product of the old plain living and high thinking generations, throwing off the shackles of a superstition and an environment grown too narrow." Justly enough, Robert Frost, also of an elder tradition, is ranked with the great bucolic poets,—with Burns and Synge and Mistral. And for what may be called the middle period of revolt, no better types could be found than Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg. But in the last chapter, devoted to "H. D." and John Gould Fletcher, one feels a certain sense of dissociation. It is a good chapter, even a good climax, but not the climax which belongs to this particular book.

The truth is that this last chapter is a "compelled sin." Its author, naturally, could not discuss herself in such a volume, yet of all American writers, it is Amy Lowell who should logically follow after Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg. "H. D." and Mr. Fletcher have, it is true, written exquisite verse. Their Imagist poetry at its best is as good, perhaps better, than Amy Lowell's Imagist poetry. It would be hard to recall anything that she has written as sculpturally perfect as "H. D.'s" *Sea Gods* or as imaginatively dashing as Mr. Fletcher's "trees like great jade elephants" straining at their chains beneath the wind. But they have let themselves drift into the backwater of formula. Not that formulas in themselves are necessarily evil. The form-

ulas of rhyme and rhythm have helped to swell a noble tide of literature, that of Imagism will add its element of beauty. But like opium, they are deadly to their slaves; only to the man who refuses to be bound by them do they reveal their virtues. If Miss Lowell's book has significance beyond that of a collection of pleasant literary essays, it lies in the tracing of the gradual emancipation of American poetry from the rigidities of "schools," and it is rather confusing to the reader to be plunged in the last chapter backward in fact if not in time, to the consideration of a highly developed, highly restrictive school as the "tendency" toward which the revolts of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Frost, Mr. Masters and Mr. Sandburg are but as milestones along the way.

Amy Lowell herself, on the other hand, is perhaps the least formula-bound poet now writing. She is an Imagist, but she does not see the world exclusively in the terms of Imagism; she feels, and makes the reader feel, its enormous variety. Her historical sense does not permit her to despise the past because it is past, nor to fear the future because it lies around a bend in the road. So she writes freely and flexibly and experimentally, as a poet should who springs from a free, flexible, and experimental people. In fact, a great reason why a consideration of Miss Lowell herself would form a logical last chapter in *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* will be seen if we emphasize, ever so slightly, the word *American*. It is true that she has taken much from the French, but she has, in every sense of the word, taken it home. Other Imagists have taken it away from home. This does not make them less poets—it may even make them better ones—but the "federation of the world" has not yet become so closely knit that national tendencies can be represented on the principle of exchange professorships.

Long ago, as we count time nowadays, Ezra Pound wrote, "Good art begins with an escape from dulness." There can be no question that Miss Lowell's book has escaped; it is interesting from its first page to its last. Its author bears with her no touchstone of poetical values, —that has gone the way of the philosopher's stone—she carries a searchlight. Now and then, to be sure, she seems not to perceive all of the picture revealed by her own beam, notably in the case of Edgar Lee Masters. Now and then, too, a shade of dogmatism obscures it, as when

she says that " Scott's novels are very little read, it is true, . . . less because so many of them are in dialect, as that they are all so largely mere fustian." But these are minor things. What is really important is that criticism of living writers is in the way of being rescued from the desuetude into which it has fallen since the day of Poe.

In style, the book is uneven. Every now and then vivid passages flash out, as the description of the Swedish peasantry from whom Carl Sandburg springs, or of the " strange, faun-like, dryad-like quality " of " H. D.," who " seems always as though just startled from a brake of fern." But Miss Lowell seems to have striven conscientiously against her own ability to write with literary finish, and has achieved in the main a certain plain colloquialism which runs from an incisive vigor that is wholly admirable, at one extreme, to the level of commonplace conversation at the other. While in her poetry she freely admits ideas to fellowship with beauty, in her prose she seems to suspect the association of beauty with ideas.

Although Miss Lowell would probably be called a sophisticated woman, in the sense of having, through an inherited and a personal culture, left the untaught simplicities far behind her, her latest book leaves with the reader a strong impression of the most simple and unaffected integrity. Whether this is the result of an art which has completed the circle, or of a survival in her of the old New England love of directness and of " uncluttered " spaces, mental as well as physical, or whether it is only the working-out of the native judicial temper of a Deborah, does not matter. What does matter is that the impression is as inescapable as it is welcome.

There are still many people and many critics—if the distinction be not an invidious one—who do not care for Miss Lowell's poetry. From the vantage-ground of personal preference it is easy enough to quote at them Mr. Howells' witty remark that " a good thing can be liked only by those who are good enough to like it," but this closes the door. The way to open the door is to search for reasons.

One reason why a portion of the public has looked askance at the author of *Patterns* and *Spring Day* is that they cannot believe that she is as unaffected as she

seems. Is it possible (they ask) that a grown woman can seriously inform the world of the pleasure she finds in watching the spots of dancing sunshine reflected from the water in her bath-tub " wobble deliciously on the ceiling," and in the feeling of the " green-white water, the sun-flawed, beryl water," upon her body? Can she expect us to follow her in her lyrical joy in the clean linen and the shining service of a well-ordered breakfast table and the appetizing savors of its food? If for the bath-tub in a white-tiled room we substitute the ocean or a mountain lake, or if we imagine coffee steam " fluting in a thin spiral up the high blue sky " from the trenches in France instead of through the open window of a breakfast-room in Boston, we should recognize these things quickly enough as the proper material of poetry. But as it is, there is an intimacy about the record of them which, to the conventional mind, seems hardly decent. And although the same mind would doubtless admit the Napoleonic era as a suitable theme for verse, Miss Lowell's treatment of it proves almost as dismaying as her apotheosis of the bath-tub and the coffee-pot. Surely there should be a more elevated chorus to the vast drama of the time than the tap-tapping of hammers!

It is a peculiarity of majorities to tend to dissociate poetry from life, to value it for its oracular qualities—in a word, to push it farther and farther back toward the Python. Once in every generation or two, a poet rescues it temporarily. So did William Blake, so Wordsworth, so Walt Whitman. So every imaginative child rescues it for a day or a year, as far as he is himself concerned, but he is inarticulate, he cannot pass on to others the thrill he gets from the play of sunlight in his morning bath or from the " wheels of white " which dazzle his eyes from a polished silver pot. The poet dies in him precisely as his vitality and his curiosity dwindle. These qualities have persisted with Miss Lowell. She takes no one else's word for the triviality or commonplaceness of a thing, she tests the matter out. If it proves to be actually trivial or commonplace, no harm is done, it is only an experiment which has failed. If, on the other hand, a heart of beauty reveals itself at the unhabitual touch, the world is permanently and incalculably enriched. Miss Lowell is helping to emancipate poetry not only by writing it, but by the spirit in which she writes it. And the more we cultivate a like flexibility of mind in ourselves, the more

we are successful in resuming the vitality and the curiosity which we have "lost awhile," the greater value we shall see even in those poems of hers which we may have been inclined to consider affected or wilfully eccentric.

Another reason why Miss Lowell is unapprehended of the multitude is that she is distinctly a poet of civilization, and she has applied to civilization the touchstones which we are accustomed to see applied only to nature. For the past fifty years poets have been accustomed to find their rapture on the lonely shore; practically all the objective poetry has been nature-poetry. Miss Lowell gives us very little of this. She lives in a man-made world, and her uncompromising conscience will not permit her to write of it as though it were God-made. To the conventional poet the sight of a shop-window full of giddy festoons of red slippers would bring no emotion except a regret that they were not something else, somewhere else—red ivy on a frosted wall, perhaps, or red blossoms in a tropical forest. To Miss Lowell, too, they suggest other objects:—red rockets over a pond, scarlet tanagers, and so on. But she brings them all back to the red slippers, whose glowing color in itself contents her, instead of letting the red slippers lead her to remote, traditionally poetical images. It is not enough to say that she is a realist, it is scarcely half the truth. She is rather a veritist, and a romantic veritist at that, not seeking to relate the fact to the phantom, but to incorporate the phantom with the fact. She accomplishes this by bringing to bear upon the fact, civilized, conventional, artificial as it must be in her accepted world, senses as acute and unsophisticated as those of a savage. Through her poems runs a sensory *leit-motif* which not only relates their parts to each other, but relates the whole to the general experience of the thronged world. Often it is vivid color, as in *Sea-Blue and Blood-Red;* sometimes it is sound, as when in the group of Napoleonic poems she hears, steadily, beneath the crashing of empires, the monotonous tap-tap of hammers, the tearers-down and builders-up of the man-made world, now putting the last touches on a battle-ship, now closing in lead and mahogany the "strange wayfarer" who once was Emperor with his

> . . . baubles of a crown of mist
> Worn in a vision and melted away at waking.

Naturally enough, it is only by an effort of will and imagination that a poet so far progressed from the primitive as Miss Lowell is can revert to it. In *The Overgrown Pasture* she does so successfully, but these poems are tragedies, and tragedy is the element in the heart of man least affected by civilization. She would be quite incapable of writing a piece of cracker-barrel genre like Robert Frost's *Hundred Collars,* and, in fact, in *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry,* she characterizes that reflection of the old-time Yankee's dislike of affectation and belief in the natural equality of man as "a little dull—a laborious attempt at humor." She stiffens instinctively at the glimpse of the half-drunken collector:

> . . . Naked above the waist,
> He sat there creased and shining in the light,
> Fumbling the buttons in a well-starched shirt

and she can appreciate neither the man's innate and abounding kindliness nor the effective contrast between his human disreputableness and the frigid respectability of the college professor. This is not to say that Miss Lowell is without a sense of humor, but rather that her culture and that of her forbears has constantly tended away from the simpler and cruder manifestations of it until they have become genuinely unrecognizable to her. This is perhaps one of the penalties imposed upon Miss Lowell by her sex. The statement that women lack a sense of humor has been resented by them, and justly so. But it cannot be denied that an enjoyment of the *Hundred Collars* type of episode lingers longer in the cultivated man than it does in the average cultivated woman.

Not only in the profusion and freedom of her utterance, but in her general view of the external world, Miss Lowell resembles another prolific masculine genius—Charles Dickens. She does not show his influence as she shows the influence of Keats, in an occasional poem, except, indeed, in the tale of Mr. Spruggins and his nightmare, which is, quite deliberately, Dickens heightened by Cruikshank. But through the work of both runs the same vivid sense of the interwoven dependence of man and nature, the same quick susceptibility to personality in wind and cloud, to the impact of brilliant color and the rhythm of motion. And here we have a proof of how far personality determines technique.

For though Dickens was as instinctive as a newfoundland and Miss Lowell is intensely premeditative, these common susceptibilities have worked out into curious similarities of method—the "last of the mythologists" meets the first romantic veritist upon the rolling ball of polyphonic prose.

The affinity between Miss Lowell and Charles Dickens begins and ends, however, with this sensitiveness to impression, a trait more physical, perhaps, than mental. Dickens was a lavish sentimentalist, Miss Lowell is a lavish romanticist. Often she seems in danger of the fate that so constantly overtook the elder writer—a keying up of an impression to over-epithet, over-emphasis; but so far she has been saved from it by her balance, her lack of sentimentality, and —a still surer safeguard—by the fact that in spite of the fascination which the shining shells of things have for her, she sees something better and graver beyond them—something which, except in the field of social emotion, Dickens did not see at all.

Somewhere, Miss Lowell has said, "Schools are for those who can confine themselves within them. Perhaps it is a weakness in me that I cannot." It is unlikely that the possibility concerns her much. Judging from the three volumes of poetry and the two of criticism we now have from her, to say nothing of a fecund output of current verse, little concerns Miss Lowell save that she should not fail in sincerity, in directness, in courage, and in the consistent pursuit of her ideal.

Perhaps not all of these are qualities which immediately occur to most people in connotation of the word poetry. That is a pity. One of the worst counts against formula is that personality hides behind it, conforms to it, through it standardizes itself, so to speak. Free personality and we shall go far toward freeing poetry. Even now, when a long step has been taken in that direction, we have people on the one side still afraid of the new, and on the other, equally afraid of the old. Miss Lowell has said:

> New forms are invented to express something which seems inadequately clothed in any of the old forms; but that they must necessarily push the old forms out of existence seems a strangely unhistorical statement. . . .
>
> Some poems come into a writer's mind as expressed in metrical verse, others in the freest of free rhythms. A poet is only true to his art and his "vision" when he follows these subconscious dictates, and writes in accordance with them.

This seems such a reasonable statement that it is not until one thinks back upon poetry in general that one grasps its insidious implications. How many conventional poets of the past have been forced by the originality of their vision to invent new forms to clothe it? How many unconventional poets of the present have a vision whole enough to demand a harmonious and rounded prosody for its expression? In brief, how many are capable of swinging the doors of their personality wide enough to let the idea itself determine the technique of its expression? To do it calls for a particular and rare sort of freedom. Dr. Johnson came near the secret when he advised to clear the mind of cant. Miss Lowell has so cleared her mind—if not completely, in a world of incompleteness, at least conspicuously; and, given this freedom, it is natural enough that her ideas and her forms should follow a wide range. Now, in the "freest of free rhythms," she describes a popular lunch-room; now she relates a romantic tale in strait Spenserian stanzas. Now she offers a psychological study of an episode of passionate crime, now nine pages absorbedly intent upon visualizing for us the motion of a child's hoop.

This diversity of thought and expression is to some extent a drawback to Miss Lowell's popular acceptance. A classifying critic no sooner pins her realism, say, upon his cork, than lo, she soars away, a moth of the ideal. He rebukes her for freakish novelty, and she responds with an irreproachable sonnet. He points out that she is over-intellectualized, and a riot of color and of human passion like *Sea-Blue and Blood-Red* smites him suddenly and he blinks with the dazzle of it. So he puts on a safe eye-shade and writes down, "Brilliant but superficial." The fact is, that though she often lays herself open to criticism with a sort of helpless frankness, she cannot be pigeon-holed. And that is very confusing to the people who are accustomed to say, "Zola, naturalism; Tennyson, music; Mark Twain, humor."

Part of Miss Lowell's freedom is no doubt due to her acquisition of foreign culture, but the important thing is that it has remained a native freedom. This New England receptiveness has been tested before. In the day of Thoreau and Emerson and Longfellow it absorbed an enormous amount of German philosophy and romanticism without apparent discomfort. It is highly significant that long before the war came to alienate us from Germany and incline us

toward France, Miss Lowell had turned to French models and had found in them a fresh force to replace the long-spent German impulse. It was as sure an instinct as that which leads the ailing savage to a medicinal spring. And it was time. During the last years of the nineteenth century and the first of the twentieth we drifted on an ebb tide. Paul Elmer More comments in one of his essays on the "lack of resistance" which characterized writers of the New England school. That lack was strenuous endeavor compared with the inertia of the men who followed them, for the most part so much seaweed in the currents of formula and commercialism.

But Miss Lowell resists. She leads a new generation of poets who are all of them, in one way or another, resisting, and she has carried her resistance farther than they, out of the region of the "popular movements" with which, as Thoreau says, "God does not sympathize," into the realm of art. This is a direction, of course, in which the French have long pointed the way, and it is a direction from which our Teutonic inheritance of mystical sentimentalism has too long withheld us.

Linked in effect if not in origin with her various resistances, is Miss Lowell's high development of the historical sense. No small part of her value to this generation is her rescue of poetry from the immediate and the personal. If Wordsworth had been writing at the beginning of the twentieth instead of at the beginning of the nineteenth century he might have said, the *time* is too much with us. We have lived too wholly in the present. If we have not felt, like the Bourbon king, that we were the State, we have felt that we were, in a way, history—a history sufficient to itself. And our conceit is recoiling as sharply upon us as the king's did upon his House. Just now, the great war is compelling us to turn back the pages, but we shall forget again; when the poignancy of it is a little removed we shall once more return to the pleased contemplation of our own navels unless our poets, the only prophets we admit, remind us to a farther gaze—the "Debits—credits? Flux and flow through a wide gateway," which is Miss Lowell's vision of the past.

Imagining Miss Lowell herself, for a moment, in historical perspective, her appearance in New England at this

moment has significance. There is no need to dwell here upon the qualities of the old stock that settled and subdued those granite hills from Connecticut to Maine. If we have never felt its flint and steel strike a smothered fire within ourselves, we have seen it in our neighbors, in fiction, or in caricature. But the descendants of the pioneers, we are told, who have not gone West, have for the most part degenerated into "shiftlessness" or incredible morbidity. There is as much truth in this as in most exaggerations. Between the upper and the nether millstones of physical and spiritual rigidities, New Englanders have become the victims of innumerable psychical suppressions. These are plainly visible in the work of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Frost, and we see Mr. Masters, half conscious of them, in Laocoön throes of struggle. But Miss Lowell has nearly if not quite escaped. In spite of generations of inhibition behind her, she is singularly free; out of a soil that it is the fashion to call "starved" she draws a passion for color and the glitter of the seasons; as the new psychology "sublimates" desire into thought, she has sublimated her native Puritanism into desire—desire for beauty, for perfection, for the verities of art, and she has turned the compulsion of conscience to the fulfillment of her desire. In a word, she encourages us to believe in a New England renascent.

A well-known American critic says in a recent magazine article:

> During the last two centuries, English poetry has accepted a principle which is Spanish or Italian rather than English—the principle of uninterrupted beauty and distinction. . . . The law which governs our poetry today is the acquired and alien law of constancy in beauty with variations and inequalities in life; the ancient and native law for English verse is constancy in vitality with interruptions or disparities in charm.

This statement of the "ancient and native law" fits the case of Miss Lowell as though it had been written of her alone. Whatever "interruptions or disparities in charm" her verse may have, she stands in the great Anglo-Saxon tradition of "constancy in vitality." This vitality, which includes all those qualities and the defects of qualities which make of a man or woman not a person but a personality, transcends the mere line-by-line printed page of her work, and is the spring of the influence she is exerting upon American literature.

HELEN BULLIS KIZER.

VARIETIES OF MUSICAL EXPERIENCE

BY VERNON LEE

"All art," wrote Pater, summarizing Hegel, "tends to the nature of music". This saying had long haunted me; and with it the suspicion that knowledge of the nature of music would afford the best clue to the aesthetics of other arts less simple in their tasks and less seemingly intimate in their processes. Now what is the nature of music? To one who deals with aesthetics not as part of *a priori* philosophy, but as a branch of empirical psychology, the *nature* of music, like the *nature* of anything else we can discuss with any profit, is merely another way of saying its actions and reactions as they can be discerned and foretold by us. From this point of view the *nature* of music would be most profitably studied not so much by analyzing and comparing various works of art, since that would acquaint us only with the evolution of various styles and the influence of individual masters, as by examining the effects of music in general on its hearers. Since, from the psychologist's point of view, an art is not the material agglomeration of objectively existing pictures, statues, poems or musical compositions, but the summing up of a set of spiritual processes taking place in the mind of the artist and in the mind of him who receives his gifts; or rather the work of art is the junction between the activities of the artist and those of the beholder or hearer. Indeed, musical aesthetics ought to be the clue to the study of all other branches of art, first and foremost because the evanescence of music's material makes it more evident that the work of art really is the special group of responses which it is susceptible of awakening in the mind of the hearer, including the composer himself, who mentally hears his own work in the process of building it up and taking stock of its whole and its parts.

The enquiry into what music *is*, therefore becomes, for those thinking like myself, an enquiry into what music *does*

in the mind of the hearer, or, more correctly, of what the mind of the hearer does in response to the music which he hears. But the " mind of the hearer " is not an individual entity; it is only a convenient average of the phenomena common to all or most minds of all hearers under examination. And the first result of such examination is to reveal that these hearers' minds, although similar in one or two main points which oblige us to classify them as *hearers of music,* are in other respects dissimilar, indeed so dissimilar that we are obliged to consider them as belonging to opposed classes. Therefore, before being able to say how music acts upon mankind as a whole, we have to enquire how music acts upon different categories of human beings, which, as already remarked, is another way of saying how the minds of various categories or types of hearers act in response to the music they hear. Ever since Galton and Charcot, empirical psychology has dealt more or less scientifically with certain types whose names at least, the visual, the auditive, the motor, the verbal type and their cross breeds, have become familiar to most readers. But it is not this classification we have applied to our subject. For although it becomes apparent that the visualizing and the verbal endowment may produce special responses to music; and althought we may suspect that the motor type, that enigma and *deus ex machina* of experimental psychology, may be at the bottom of other kinds of responses, yet the phenomena we are studying are of a far less elementary nature than those determining such classifications, and the method of tackling them is not that of the artificially simplified experiments of the psychological laboratory, but, on the contrary, a method starting from the extremely complex data furnished by every-day experience and thence working its way by comparison and analysis to the simpler, more intelligible facts underlying these first-hand, and often puzzling, facts of experience.

Starting from such everyday experience, we are immediately obliged to notice that there are persons in whose life music means a great deal, others in whose life it means less, and others in whose life it means nothing worth reckoning. These last-named people we will, for the moment, leave out of our enquiry, although subsequent sifting of this rejected material may lead, even in these musical nullities, to discoveries shedding light on the modes of being of persons in whose life music means something.

This convenient, though slovenly, form of words affords a short-cut into our field of study; and more particularly into the method, whose technical details would demand a separate essay, by which I have endeavored to deal with it, assisted by my invaluable fellow-analyst, Miss Irene Cooper Willis. For in the successive questionnaires, written and verbal interrogations, by means of which I have tapped the musical experiences of nearly two hundred subjects, there has recurred a query which has always received two apparently irreconcilable sets of answers. This query, altered as has been its actual wording (in English, French and German, besides successive versions) and implied though cunningly inexplicit, in many other questions presented to my subjects, can be summarized as follows: When music interests you at all, has it got for you a *meaning which seems beyond itself,* a *message;* or does it remain *just music?* And here before dealing with these conflicting answers, I must explain that such enquiries have to steer between opposite dangers: they can avoid the Scylla of suggesting an answer, in so far worthless, which the interrogated subject would not have otherwise come by, only by running into the Charybdis of being answered by a person who does not really understand what you are asking. And of all the whirlpools of cross purposes, over whose darkness the present enquirers have strained their psychological eyesight, none is so baffling as the one of which *meaning* is itself the obscure, the perpetually shifting centre. However, by dint of indefatigable watching round that maelstrom, fishing for any broken items found whirling in its obscurity, my eyes and those of my fellow-investigator have been able to discern the cause of its baffling but (as afterward became apparent) quite regular eddies. I have remarked that the word *meaning* is one whose own meaning is apt to vary. And it was by following up its two chief meanings in the present connection that we were able to make our first working classification of the persons who had been good enough to answer my questionnaires. One of those two meanings of *meaning* is embodied in my previous sentence: " persons in whose life music means a great deal," which is only another way of saying " persons in whose life music occupies much attention "; for *meaning* is here used as a measure of importance, and importance, when we are dealing with mental life, means *importance for the attention,* or as we call it, *interest.* I would beg my readers to bear in mind this connec-

tion between *meaning* as here employed and *attention;* for musical attention is going to be one of the chief items of our inquiry.

But *meaning* can also be taken as roughly implying a *message,* as in my query: "Does music seem to you to have a *message,* a *meaning beyond itself?*" And half of the subjects interrogated did precisely answer that undoubtedly music *had* a meaning *beyond itself,* many adding that if it had not it would constitute only sensual enjoyment, and be unworthy of their consideration, some of them moreover indignantly taking in this sense my words about *music remaining just music.* That for these persons music did not remain *just music,* but became the bearer of messages, was further made certain by pages and pages, often of unexpectedly explicit or eloquent writing which attempted to describe the nature of that *message,* to describe the things it dealt with and the more or less transcendental spheres whence that message of music seemed to come.

So far for one-half of the answers. The other either explicitly denied or disregarded the existence of such a *message;* insisted that music had not necessarily any *meaning beyond itself,* and far from taking the words "remains just music" as derogatory to the art or to themselves, they answered either in the selfsame words or by some paraphrase, that when they cared for music it *remained just music.* And, in the same way that the believers in *meaning as message* often gave details about the contents of that message, so, on the other hand, the subjects denying the existence of a message frequently made it quite clear that for them the *meaning* of music was in the music itself, adding that when really interested in music they could think of nothing but the music.

Now this latter answer, repeated as it was in every form of words, suggests a possibility if not of reconciling two diametrically opposed views concerning the nature of music, at all events of understanding what such an opposition implies and depends on. For distributed throughout the questionnaire in such a manner as to prevent their being interpreted into a theory which might vitiate the spontaneity of the answers, was a whole set of questions bearing upon the nature of that alleged *message,* of that *meaning* beyond itself, which music might assume for its hearers: In listening or remembering music, especially music accompanied by words or sug-

gestive title,[1] did the answerers *see* anything, landscapes, people, moving pictures or dramatic scenes, in their mind's eye? Did music strike them as expressing the emotions or life-history of the composer or performer, or their own? Or else was such emotional expression merely recognized as existing in the music without being referred to any particular persons? The affirmative answers, often covering many pages, showed that according to individual cases the "message" was principally of one of these kinds, visual or emotional, abstract or personal, but with many alterations and overlappings. But fragmentary, fluctuating, and elusive as it was oftenest described as being, and only in rare cases defining itself as a coherent series of pictures, a dramatic sequence or intelligible story, the *message* was nevertheless always a *message,* inasmuch as it appeared to be an addition made to the hearer's previous thoughts by the hearing of that music; and an addition due to that music and ceasing with its cessation. Now comes an important point: while half of the interrogated subjects declared that such a *meaning* or *message* constituted a large part of music's attraction, some persons actually admitting that they went to hear music for the sake of the images, emotions, trains of thought with which it enriched them, the other half of the answers by no means denied the existence of a meaning in music, often indeed remarking that without such a meaning it would be mere sound; but they furthermore claimed that such *meaning* resided inseparably in the music itself; and added that whenever they found music completely satisfying, any other meaning, anything like visual images or emotional suggestions, was excluded or reduced to utter unimportance. Indeed this class answered by a great majority that so far as emotion was concerned, music awakened in them an emotion *sui generis,* occasionally shot with human joy or sadness, but on the whole analogous to the exaltation and tenderness and sense of sublimity awakened by the beautiful in other arts or in nature, but not to be compared with the feelings resulting from the vicissitudes of real life.

[1]The author, in framing her questionnaire, seems not to have given sufficient emphasis to this very vital qualification. It is obvious that a listener's reaction to music which is offered to him accompanied by words, motto, or suggestive title ("programme-music", as it is technically called) will necessarily be different from his reaction to "absolute" music—that is, music unassociated with any explicit poetic, pictorial, or dramatic subject-matter. It makes all the difference in the world whether the hearer's reaction is produced, for example, by Strauss' *Don Quixote* or Brahms' C-minor symphony. It seems to us that the author's questionnaire should have clearly established this distinction as of capital importance.—Editor.

It was nearly always persons answering in this sense who explicitly acquiesced in the fact that music could remain, in no derogatory sense but quite the reverse, *just music.*

I must here interrupt our comparison of these two main classes of answers, those which affirmed music to have a *message,* and those which acquiesced in its remaining *just music,* and explain that a large part of our questionnaires consisted in queries attempting to classify the answerers themselves. To what extent were they musical? This question, like all the main ones of our enquiry, was not left to the direct decision of the subjects interrogated, most of whom would have been incapable and perhaps unwilling to write themselves down as more or less musical than an average mankind about whose endowment they would probably feel ignorant. Conformably therefore to the rest of my method, the questionnaire contained sets of queries which, taken together, constituted an objective criterion of the degree of musical endowment and cultivation: queries dealing principally with memory for musical sequences (melody) and especially for musical combinations (harmony and orchestral timbre) along with the capacity and habit of taking stock (analysis) of the tone-relations constituting the music they were hearing; finally, the capacity for finding accompaniments and for extemporizing, these being the proof either of special musical endowment or of special musical cultivation. By this means it became possible to ascertain how far the conflicting answers about music having a *message* or remaining *just music* correspond with the musical *status,* if I may be allowed this expression, of the individuals by whom they were furnished.

Two other sets of queries dealt respectively with memory of and interest in visible objects; with interest in the drama and especially with such tenacity of emotional memory as enable painful past associations to spoil opportunities of present happiness; all of which queries were intended to obtain some insight into the imaginative and emotional disposition of each answerer. For my whole enquiry had started with the working hypothesis that the tendency to attribute to music an emotional message (i. e., the expression of the emotional vicissitudes either of the answerer or of the composer or of some third person) might be due to the greater predominance of emotional interest in the answerer's usual inner life. This hypothesis speedily broke down: some people were obviously very emotional who yet persisted in answering that music had

no *message* for them; others utterly rejected the *just music* alternative without revealing any particular emotional bias, or, for that matter, any particular development of visual imagination either. Still less was it possible to connect musical endowment and cultivation with the presence or the lack of any specially emotional disposition. But while this first, and insufficiently complex, view of the problem utterly broke down, the sifting of the evidence which led to its rejection left us quite unexpectedly with what has, I think, proved a real clue to the matter.

For although there seemed no direct relation between the degree of emotional disposition and the question whether music had or had not a *message,* a *meaning beyond itself,* this question showed itself in an obvious relation to what I have called the *musical status* of the answerers. The more musical answerers were also those who repudiated the *message,* who insisted that music had a *meaning in itself,* in fact, that it remained for them " mere music." A certain number of highly musical subjects not only declared this to be the case with themselves, but foretold that we should find it so with every sufficiently musical hearer. Their own experience was that the maximum interest and maximum pleasure connected with music can leave no room for anything else. And this answer led to the framing of queries bearing upon musical *attention;* queries which elicited some very unexpected information. For the distinctly musical answerers proved to be those who admitted without hesitation that their musical attention was liable to fluctuations and lapses. They were continually catching themselves thinking of something else while hearing music. They complained of their own inattention and divagation. But—and this is the important point in the evidence—these lapses were regarded by them as irrelevancies and interruptions: the music was going on, but their attention was not following it. The less musical answerers, those also who found in music a *meaning beyond itself,* seemed comparatively unaware of such lapses or interruptions. From some of their answers one might have gathered that rather unmusical people could sit through two hours of a concert with unflagging enjoyment. But further sets of queries revealed that although unbroken by boredom, restlessness or the conscious intrusion of irrelevant matters, that enjoyment was not confined to the music. When asked whether the music suggested anything, they abounded in accounts of inner visions,

trains of thought and all manner of emotional dramas, often most detailed and extensive, which filled their minds while, as they averred, they were listening to the music; indeed some of which, they did not hesitate to admit, constituted the chief attraction of music.

Putting their statement opposite that of the musical answerers,—namely, that musical appreciation left room for nothing else, and although musical attention could and did frequently lapse, it could never be simultaneously divided between the heard music and anything else,—the conclusion became obvious that there existed two different modes of responding to music, each of which was claimed to be the only one by those in whom it was habitual. One may be called *listening* to music; the other *hearing,* with lapses into merely *over-hearing* it. Listening implied the most active attention moving along every detail of composition and performance, taking in all the relations, of sequences and combinations of sounds as regards pitch, intervals, modulations, rhythms and intensities, holding them in the memory and coordinating them in a series of complex wholes, similar (this was an occasional illustration) to that constituted by all the parts, large and small, of a piece of architecture; and these architecturally coordinated groups of sound-relations, i. e., these audible shapes made up of intervals, rhythms, harmonies and accents, themselves constitute the meaning of music to this class of listeners; the meaning in the sense not of a *message* different from whatever conveyed it, but in the sense of an interest, an *importance,* residing in the music and inseparable from it.

This is what we gather about what I have called *listening to music. Hearing music* as it is revealed by our answerers is not simply a lesser degree of the same mental activity, but one whose comparative poverty from the musical side is eked out and compensated by other elements. The answers to our questionnaires show that even the least attentive hearers have moments, whose frequency and duration depend both on general musical habits and on the familiarity of the particular piece or style of music, of active listening; for they constantly allude to their ability to follow or grasp, as they express it, the whole or only part of what they happen to hear. But instead of constituting the whole bulk of their musical experience (in such a way that any other thought is recognized as irrelevant) these moments of concentrated and active atten-

tion to the musical shapes are like islands continually washed over by a shallow tide of other thoughts; memories, associations, suggestions, visual images and emotional states, ebbing and flowing round the more or less clearly emergent musical perceptions, in such a way that each participates of the quality of the other, till they coalesce into a homogeneous and special contemplative condition, into whose observation and blend of musical and non-musical thoughts there enters nothing which the hearer can recognize as inattention, as the concentrated musical listener recognizes the lapses and divagations of which he complains. Moreover, in this kind of *hearing of music* there really are fewer intrusions from everyday life. Musical phrases, non-musical images and emotions are all welded into the same musical day dream, and the trains of thought are necessarily harmonious with the music, for if they were conflicting, the music (which is heard though not listened to) would either drive them away or (as in the lapse of the more musically attentive) cease to play any part. For these intermittently and imperfectly perceived sequences and combinations of sounds *do* play a very important part in these day dreams. By their constancy, regularity and difference from anything else, they make and enclose a kind of inner ambiance in which these reveries live their segregated and harmonious life. It must be remembered that while the eye (to which psychology adds the motor sense) is unceasingly building up a spatial world which is the scene of our everyday existence, the usual dealings of the ear are with intermittent and heterogeneous impressions, so that only music can surround us with a continuous and homogeneous world of sound, a world foreign to what we call real life, and therefore excluding from its magic enclosure all real life's concerns, save when they have been stripped of all reality, accidents and urgencies, and been transfigured by a bath if not of oblivion, at least of harmonious contemplation.

The above summing up of the evidence of those answerers who admitted that they did not always *follow* or *grasp*, i. e., actively listen, to the music they were hearing, and who alleged that for them music had a *message*—a meaning beyond itself —has taken us much further into the question of the nature of music than is warranted by the limits of the present article. A future examination of the answers to my questionnaires must follow up these first indications, and deal with the other category of answerers, those whose attention is engrossed by

the music, and who allege that for them music remains *just music*.

But at the bottom of these varieties of musical experience, and of the many subdivisions and crosses thereof, lies the question of musical attention. And the first fruits of my questionnaires have therefore been the establishment of a distinction between *listening to music* and merely hearing it; between a response to music such as implies intellectual and aesthetic activity of a very intense, bracing and elevating kind, and a response to music consisting very largely in emotional and imaginative day dreams, purified from personal and practical preoccupations and full of refreshing visions and salutary sentimental satisfactions. These are the two ways of impersonal, contemplative happiness in which music can benefit mankind. And they explain the two kinds of *meaning* which are ascribed to music and which music can have in our lives.

Further study of the data elicted by my questionnaires may some day enable us to show how these two main modes of responding to music overlap and enrich one another; it may even suggest how the desire for music as something to be listened to has gradually evolved out of a primitive need for music as something to stir inert, or release pent up, emotions, and to induce such day dreams as restore and quicken the soul.

VERNON LEE.

MESSAGES

BY STARK YOUNG

Mr. Byng has a congregation near Buffalo. If you talk with him you will find that he is a Progressive Minister—whatever that may mean; it implies, perhaps, a bold indifference to such questions as Adam's being really the first man and a firm insistence on the necessity of sermons. Mr. Byng feels very radical about many things—Brieux's not shocking him, for example; and Mr. Byng tells you about this as some of his brothers say " damn " to show to the world of laymen their emancipation. And Mr. Byng is not so much a fool as he is an entertainer, an entertainer with a self-confident patter and the gift of teasing platitudes into the radical and reducing the radical to platitude. Wide horizon is his vanity; and he might have gone further but for the fact that in his mild circles almost any idea would be radical. He inherits from the older ministry many of their vices and some of their worst virtues. And he is never more himself than when, with a mild arrogance, capped and loaded with a text, and after a very pointed prayer that is a sort of leading article in the day's service, he insists on people's being improved.

There are two societies among the sisters of his parish. One of them, the Dorcas Society, only sews and knits and talks and gives church suppers. For Mr. Byng this society is beyond the pale of his ethical pressure. He lets the members go their ways, and he and his wife—who, it seems, was on the kaleidoscopic verge of an art career but for her marriage—smile at them with witty superiority, very much, I am afraid, as Mr. Byng's (to use his own phrase) " superficial people with the leisure class culture " would smile at him.

But in the Ladies Tuesday Club he thinks there is room for development, an opportunity for something to be done. If you talk with him about it, he will give you the impression

that it is all a matter of tact with people; that he has simply forced them to see that they have been reading Browning and Tennyson, Shakespeare or Rostand and Maeterlinck and recent fiction as mere literature. He insists that they take up Brieux, Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes,* Galsworthy's *Strife, Justice, The Mob,* and in general, say, plays like *Kindling.* Mr. Byng longs to make it clear to his followers that his grouping of Tennyson and Rostand and recent fiction may be well enough as mere literature. But these people must, he insists, get down into books with a message.

To begin with, " mere literature " is a dangerous phrase; it means nothing and can therefore mean anything. Our Progressive Minister means by it, perhaps, that mere literature is just reading, disconnected from life and life's problems, problems very dear to him. But so far as it is anything at all, literature is an expression of living in its own terms. There can be no such thing as mere literature, any more than there can be mere paint in painting, though there may easily be such a thing as trying to read literature without regard to its content. Mr. Byng might as well speak of mere religion. That would be an impossible idea; for Mr. Byng, outrageously unthinkable. Once a parishioner spoke of having enjoyed a sermon of his. " Enjoyed? " Mr. Byng replied, looking astonished under the knot of his heavily responsible eyebrows, " enjoyed! " He hoped never to hear that word again; his aim was to appeal to the mind and the spirit; implying that for him enjoyment made no part of such a process.

The attraction of the definite cause in a work of art is obvious. A message, a cause, as the *raison d'être* of a piece of art, is easy. Most men are cowards in the face of life, which is a perilous flight; and gentle frauds in familiar morality, which is a sort of roost. The lazy way out is the moral, the message, the cause, the purpose, as an explanation of the appeal and response that involves no little of our mystery. It is the resort of the simplest souls; even the young lady who thinks Billie Burke a great actress tells me that *The Calling of Dan Matthews* may be all I say it is, trite, foolish, empty, and " yet after all it has a message." She says the words with a kind of cult security, a pat finality, folding her mental hands across the bosom of her soul. *Pollyanna,* I say to her, is worse than poor stuff, flat, absurd; and yet, she says, it has a message. She need make no defense. I should be willing to

let her have her *Pollyanna* on the ground that she enjoys it, enjoys weeping with it, romancing, smiling, fooling and mooning with it; but I refuse to allow her to put up the message as an excuse. And meanwhile the Young Men's Christian Association Travelling Secretary, a waterish young man with a serious long nose and no forehead, shows his list of books, not so literary perhaps, he says, but books with a purpose.

But all writing, all art, since the beginning of time, has a cause in view. It may not be to teach us to be glad, or to prove that the first love is the best, or that good girls have their reward in marrying wealthy heirs and reforming young noblemen; or, more seriously, to bring to our minds the necessity of sweatshop legislation, or the ravage of venereal diseases, or the equal rights of women and the single standard for men. But the cause may be the revelation of life, sincerity in recording men's actions, their moods, growth and degeneration. The great books carry their moral, since that is a part of the all-round material in hand, and a lesson may attach itself to a great play, as the benefits of fresh air may be learned from the nightingale's voice, or as the necessity of precaution may be learned from a conflagration. The cause of the greatest literature is a cause that is all-possessing. It is too large not to be in its best phases far removed from any one socially reforming purpose; its message and its people and circumstance are all one, the cause of the race and our relation to our universal life and affairs. Under this and in this the special message, the bare mission, takes its place just as Brieux with his syphilis theme takes his place under God or God's biology.

These explaining people are the friends of the ideal that do it such harm. They are like the mediocre friends of great men that go about reducing them to mediocrities. They are the people who make puritanical dolts of lovely saints, and turn the joys of natural kindness into drab obligations. They make goodness noisome with second-rate morality, as camomile is made now to suggest a disordered liver, or the dainty horehound in the garden to warn us against croup, They feel an enthusiasm that they are restless to explain and justify to others; and since their judgments and their social reasoning are along the simple lines of moral axioms and utility, they make the justification of their enthusiasm axiomatic and platitudinous. It is this sort of pedestrian explana-

tion of beauty and apology for delight that drives many to a rash denial of all morality in art and to wild evictions and to cries about art's sake. They could with more coolness make a better reply than that. It may easily be true that out of the beauty and delight and profundity of art, there emerges a synthesis that is moral; but this is only a heightened form of our delight, and more finally beautiful. It can take care of itself and does not need moral apology and minor dogma attached to it. Its excuse lies in its complete expressiveness. To look merely for a cause, a message that will justify our response to art, is to discount the directions into which the life in us springs. For if our lives are led under the divinity in us, the oneness of the Universal Divinity demands the constant flowing out of ourselves into many channels.

Why then should the Tuesday Club members under the Progressive Minister in the Buffalo suburb allow themselves to be taken in hand? Their leader is industriously without light. He gave up his wings as well as his cassock; he progressed from wings to a portentously solemn feather duster. This study for the message is only a provincialism in the world of the spirit. And yet such people as Mr. Byng are able to spread widely such an attitude into communities and schools. Students emerge with justifications of the *Laocoon* group, *Othello, Comus,* which are good because they teach that pride brings a fall, jealousy is a sin, virtue to be followed. They should be asked what is the good of a golden sunset, or whether we fall in love to increase posterity, or swim best when we remember muscular development. This teaching has no conception of the magnificent revamping that art gives to the truistic. And it lessens the difference between the great and small; it is capable of justifying on the same ground Virgil and Longfellow; and if its tenets were pushed to the bottom, the Catechism, the *Psalm of Life* and the Y. M. C. A. reports would be as good for study as *Tintern Abbey* or the *Song of Songs.* This attitude opens a way for the natural grudge felt by limited persons toward beings more spaciously gifted than themselves, more apt at response to the world of life. It helps to put the volitional, the obviously moral, and the minor beauties of martyrdom, utility, and negation in the place of intellect, delight, beauty, and power. It would reduce to domestic and pew usage and social serviceability the very light of the skies.

Why should the Tuesday Club suffer Stanley Houghton

to be put upon them if they prefer Rostand? Stanley Houghton has promise, but his plays are young in their art, automatic, hard, meagre. Or why should they, unless they choose, leave *The Sunken Bell* or *In A Balcony* for *Justice* or the plays of Mr. George Middleton? *Justice* as produced by Mr. Payne was so moving as to make the discussion of it as prison reform propaganda a sacrilege against human living. And any straightforward instinct might ask, Why read Mr. Middleton's plays at all? They are bourgeois, canting, flat, and always, inevitably it seems, without infectious vitality, robustness, verve, penetration. They never proceed from within out, they are full of platitudinous ambition to discuss life; they are too exhaustible; too little about too much. Since nothing in them is recreated through the imagination, transmuted into life, there remain only the thoughts, the message. But one would have to be free of all the middle-class editorials of the last twenty years in order to find there thoughts that are as such interesting or fresh. Or why should the Tuesday Club be nudged through *Kindling?* The introduction, it is true, tells them that "*Kindling* is admirable as a work of art; but it is even more important as a social document. The play reminds us with a pang that each of us is at least a tacit partner in a social organization that is guilty of infanticide upon an enormous scale." But—even if we pass over the remark that a play may be more important as a social document than as art, as if art had ultimately any other importance—all this is merely oblique rubbish. *Kindling* has no problem, it has only a situation. It is essentially the work of a man of real humanity but no culture, a serious and promising suburbanite. But the play has moments of real excitement, beauty, insight, tenderness; all reasons for seeing it, though not for being sent to it on account of a cause. But after all the Tuesday Club members go to the play to be stirred with life, and they have a right not to be hectored out of their Maeterlinck and Thackeray if Maeterlinck and Thackeray delight them. Their Progressive Minister is no friend to the prosperity of art when he would use it as a social sermon. And after all they should suspect that it is largely a case of ego; which in a revivalist would have been ecstatic, hortatory, violent, but in Mr. Byng is only insistent, reforming, and unconsciously supercilious. His great asset is his memory; he remembers all his own shallow but moral reactions but cannot remember how many times he

has told the same thing to the same person. This brings about in him a repetition that passes for moral earnestness, though it is only persistent ego and monotony of mind.

And many of Mr. Byng's favorite recommendations among books and plays may get flat, unexpectedly without stimulation, exactly as he himself might be stale and flat by the side of some man with intelligence, a warm heart and a steady gift for his own share of life. Good art may indeed have a moral; but the moral can be really got out of the art only by experiencing in terms of it, never by moralizing about it. And Mr. Byng will never understand how much easier it is to be moral about a thing than to enter into it; or how in art the search for a cause, the message, may be a purpose or an emotion, but the search for living is an instinct.

STARK YOUNG.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

REBECCA WEST[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Of that engaging literary mystery presented to the reading world as "Rebecca West", we know nothing—nothing, that is to say, which would concern those who are made happy by the information that Mr. Chesterton sprinkles pepper on his beer; that Mr. Bernard Shaw refuses to sit thirteen at table; that Mr. Wells cannot achieve sleep without a volume of Mrs. Humphry Ward under his pillow; that the world's most enviable author, whose pen-stroke evokes Niagaras of gold,—the Hon. William McAdoo,—is physicaly incapable of blushing. For such simple souls, who are unable to conceive of a literary product apart from a definitely oriented literary producer, plainly ticketed and clearly identified as to source and *milieu*—for such, we should despair of making Rebecca West credible or persuasive. For, alas, we know positively only one fact concerning her—a fact meagre and ungratifying—namely, that she is a writer of dazzling intelligence and extraordinary fascination, with an easy and sovereign power of making words do the bidding of her wit, her courage, and her unslakable passion for loveliness. Whether this author is a lady or a holding-company, a spinster or a mother of ten, a Briton, a denatured American, or a modified Pole like Mr. Conrad; whether the true name to be attached to her remarkable creations be Rebecca or Hilda or Norah (assuredly not Hedda); whether these blossomings were seeded in Park Lane or the suburbs or the East End—these things we can guess about, and nothing more.

It is too bad. Rebecca West should have realized that literary mysteries are effective only when employed by writers whose art is cheap enough to invite a wide public con-

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[1] *The Return of the Soldier*, by Rebecca West. New York: The Century Co., 1918.

sumption. A mind like Rebecca West's, truculent, challenging, cruelly contemptuous of the anserine, a mind that takes fire from beauty and the contemplation of difficult honesties, a spirit both communal and patrician, will not sufficiently excite the literary market to make it care very much whether Rebecca West is an educated bar-maid or one of Queen Mary's Ladies-in-Waiting. She should have supplied her publishers with full biographical data, with anecdotes and "views"—with, in brief, the kind of journalistic shock-absorber which would ease the impact upon the reading-public's cerebral tenderness of an art that is unbending in its intellectual disdain of the flabby and the platitudinous; that confronts the complacent with a flaming passion for spiritual clarities, and a touch upon the keys of its instrument too much concerned with mere beauty to win out against the *criards* of the literary mob.

What one knows of Miss West, then, relates only to a disembodied intellectual and artistic force. So far as America is concerned, she was accouched by the youngest of our Journals of Opinion, in whose pages she might have been observed a few years ago vigorously demonstrating the completeness of The World's Worst Failure—which, as significantly as you choose, she held to be Woman. Following this exploit, she disconcerted those who had settled back comfortably in their critical lounging-coats and slippers after having, as they thought, at last entombed Mr. Henry James in his appropriate resting-place—disconcerted them by briskly though affectionately summoning that eminent shade from the retreat so carefully allotted to him, scrutinizing his passport with embarrassing thoroughness, and at last selecting an entirely new and unprepared destination for him—one, to be sure, that was full of light and peace and beauty, but not at all in the location that had been so meticulously planned by the predecessors of Miss West.

It was in 1916 that her biography and critical survey of Henry James appeared; and now, for the first time, so far as contemporary history reveals, she comes before us as a novelist in *The Return of the Soldier*: an authentic masterpiece, a one-act drama with music—the music of Miss West's superbly imaginative prose: prose that is not easily to be paralleled in its range and flexibility; for it has wit at the pitch of virtuosity, and loveliness at the pitch of lyric rapture, and, on its noblest levels, a depth and tenderness of vision

that belongs only to an understanding which has seen through to the sources of spiritual beauty. This swift and poignant fable would have won the admiration of Henry James.

When Chris was wounded in France, he sent a telegram, not to his adoring wife Kitty at Baldry Court, England, but, amazingly enough, to Margaret Allington at her old home, Monkey Island, where, fifteen years before, her father had kept an inn, and where Chris had known her before he married Kitty. And it was Margaret, now no longer the young girl with a body like a lily-stem whom Chris had loved in the old days, but a plain, middle-aged woman with red hands, wearing a yellowish raincoat and a sticky straw hat with funeral plumes, a woman " repulsively furred with neglect and poverty, as even a good glove that has dropped down behind a bed in a hotel and has lain undisturbed is repulsive when the chambermaid retrieves it from the dust and fluff "—it was this Margaret who appeared at Baldry Court with Chris's telegram in her hands. And the next morning there came a letter from Chris's cousin, the Rev. Frank Baldry, telling them that the wounded man had summoned him to the hospital at Boulogne where Chris, a victim of concussion, was so strangely recovering. " Without flickering an eyelid, quite easily and naturally, he gave me the surprising information that he was in love with a girl called Margaret Allington ", wrote the astounded churchman. " He declared that he meant to marry this Margaret Allington. ' Oh, indeed ! ' I said. ' And may I ask what Kitty says to this arrangement ? ' ' Who the devil is Kitty ? ' he asked blankly. ' Kitty is your wife,' I said quietly, but firmly. He sat up and shouted: ' I haven't got a wife ! . . . It's the damndest lie ! '

" I determined to settle the matter by sharp, commonsense handling. ' Chris,' I said, ' you have evidently lost your memory. You were married to Kitty Ellis at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the third, or it may have been the fourth '—you know my wretched memory for dates—' of February, in 1906.' He turned very pale and asked what year this was. ' 1916,' I told him. He fell back in a fainting condition. . . .

" The doctor says he has satisfied himself that Chris is suffering from a loss of memory extending over a period of fifteen years ".

They brought Chris home, a clearly defined case of

amnesia—a stranger in his own home, married to a woman he did not know, in love with a woman he had tried to forget. "His unconscious self", explained the English psychoanalyst who was called in to treat him, "is refusing to let him resume his relations with his normal life, and so we get this loss of memory. . . . Mr. Baldry's obsession is that he can't remember the latter years of his life. Well, what's the suppressed wish of which it's the manifestation?" It was abundantly obvious to them all that, for the real Chris, who had been so violently projected forward out of the past, his pretty, trivial wife, Kitty with the chiffon soul, meant, and had meant, less than nothing to him; and it was equally obvious that he wanted Margaret, and none but Margaret. In fact, he announced to them that he would die if he did not see her—standing in his own drawing-room, he demanded it unequivocally; and it was of no use to tell him that she was not as he thought of her—that she was old, unbeautiful, drearily married, "seamed and scarred and ravaged by squalid circumstances".

So, perceiving that he was not to be denied, they brought Chris and Margaret together.

It is in her portrait of Margaret grown old, of this woman whose personality sounded through her squalor "like a beautiful voice singing in a darkened room", that Rebecca West has achieved a superlative performance. . . . "'If she really were like that, solemn and beatified!"' exclaims Chris's cousin, who understandingly loves him; "and my eyes returned to look despairingly on her ugliness. But she really was like that. . . . Her grave eyes were upturned, her worn hands lay palm upward on her knees, as though to receive the love of which her radiance was an emanation".

And Miss West is equal to those crucial passages of her fable which recount the meeting of Chris and his damaged Margaret. She has moments of greatness here, moments wherein she surmounts many perils. One would have said of this situation—of a resumed love that, after many years, must be made to survive a physical devastation—that it must necessarily recall what Miss West herself has said of certain fictions by Henry James: that "the foreground is red with the blood of slaughtered probabilities"—that here we have something "perfect in phrase but incredibly naïve in its estimation of persons and situations." Such a situation as this of Chris and his undaunted love for the Mar-

garet who was suddenly not the outward Margaret of his dreaming memories—such a situation must seem to threaten a sticky abyss of sentimentalism; to compel dismissal as realistic material for a sober fictional art because, as the matter-of-fact lady said of *Alice in Wonderland,* " it is so unlikely ". But Miss West's victory is in persuading you that it not only is likely, but that it is inevitable—that it would and must have happened just as it happened with Chris and Margaret. You would have sworn that this must turn out to be, as Miss West says of James's *The American,* " an exposition of the way things do not happen". You would have sworn that here, at least, Rebecca West, that implacable realist, that burning pillar of intellectual scorn, must necessarily collapse into a feeble romantic posture. But she doesn't. We know of nothing in modern fiction so austerely veracious, so gravely and nobly beautiful, so triumphant in their exalted spiritual realism, as the passages in Miss West's novel which exhibit this meeting and its significance. So that, as you read, you find yourself murmuring with an enriched conviction, as one encountering by chance the wandering exquisiteness of the heart,—" Some there are who do thus in beauty love each other ".

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE SECRET OF PERSONALITY. By George Trumbull Ladd, LL. D. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1918.

Essentially an attempt to find confirmation for those faiths of religion and commonsense upon which all the higher human values seem to depend, Dr. Ladd's book about the nature of personality seems especially well suited to the needs and the spirit of the present time. Those whose faith the war has shaken will be grateful for reassurance; those others—by many signs, the more numerous class—who have gained through the war a deeper sense of the worthiness of life, will be glad to read Dr. Ladd's explicit statement of what they have come, through intuition and through reflection upon their experience, implicitly to believe.

The philosopher who takes the idea of personality just as he finds it and then, instead of trying to reduce it to simpler elements by analysis, proceeds to show its invincible wholeness in actual life, may hope to accomplish two things. He may hope to increase faith just by revealing the depth, the richness, the persistence—in short, the *practical reality*—of what we call personality; and he may hope to defend the commonsense conception of personality against the attacks of those who would destroy or weaken it by analysis.

Those most abstract of our conceptions which are expressed in such words as "self," "soul," "will," and in more recent times "personality," are exceedingly ancient and most deeply ingrained. The earliest men were obliged to invent words to express these ideas, and neither the ideas themselves nor the words expressing them can well be eliminated from our minds or our vocabularies. The thinker who tries to avoid reasoning "anthropomorphically"—that is, in a manner all too human—either arrives at negations or reasons in a circle. For while the realities of self and of soul cannot exactly correspond to the vague or crude conceptions that the words connote, yet they defy minute analysis. Personality, for example, cannot possibly be resolved into mere numerical unity.

And so the most hopeful way of approaching the problem of personality would seem to be the method which Herbert Spencer applied, very largely *pro forma* to religion, but which Dr. Ladd uses in all sincerity and with all faith—the method of inquiring just what the facts themselves mean. From this point of view, the crude, anthropomorphic ideas of savages and of early men—those beliefs which shock us by their materialism and suggest painfully low origins for our most exalted beliefs—are in themselves significant phenomena, because in them the fact of spirituality is already implied. Why have men

always been religious? Why have they always attached a vaguely transcendental value to the soul? The difficulty of answering these questions suggests the only acceptable answer: Men have believed these things because they have had an intuition of the truth.

If one studies in a similar light the etymology of the terms in question, as does Dr. Ladd in perhaps his most original chapter, that upon "The Witness of Words"; or if one takes the simple facts of experience—the coming to self-consciousness of the child, or the larger experience of "coming to oneself" in the moral sense, one will be led to much the same conclusion.

All goes to show that with the rich yet mysterious conception of personality are bound up all those interests of ours that are most precious and most "practical." Our beliefs concerning self—the belief in rationality as something *not* merely mechanistic, in beauty as something *not* purely sensuous, in morality as something *not* simply habitual, in religion as something *not* wholly institutional—are primary. Complete disbelief on these points would, it seems, almost paralyze our minds.

By his examination of the historical and actual conception of personality, Dr. Ladd justifies and enhances the meanings which commonsense and faith have attached to the term. He also in some sort successfully defends these meanings as against materialistic or other desponding or minimizing views,—even, in a measure, as against pragmatism,—and without going deeply into controversy.

But when an effort is made to go beyond the point marked by this sort of general reassurance, the need of a profounder doctrine becomes clear even to the eyes of cultivated commonsense.

The essence of Dr. Ladd's belief about the self is contained in various statements about the will: In the chapter on "The Centre of Personality," one reads: "Now man's . . . self is capable of choice; and choice is the highest expression of the will that is in man, of the Will that is the centre of his personality." It is, of course, evident that neither the conception of will as the centre of personality nor that of *the will as choosing* is metaphysically clear. But the pronouncement is not meant to be final; more definite statements follow. Turning to a later page, one finds: "The will of any personal Self *is* the person regarded as self-active." This is more definite; yet it blends the two conceptions of *will* and *self* in a manner that cannot be regarded as ultimately satisfactory. If the will is a process or a relation, it cannot of course be identical with the self, and if it is not, the question of how the mysterious entity called self can choose, becomes acute. The exact problem, indeed, seems to be the distinguishing of the self from those functions with which we can hardly help identifying it. Finally, however, we reach a fuller and more precise formula: "*Rational will is the Self regarded as determining its own conduct with a view to realize the ends that are morally good.*"

This last is certainly more satisfactory, for it introduces the tendency toward moral goodness as a characteristic of the "self of selves," and as a means of distinguishing between the Self and the Will regarded as intellectual choice. This passage is, perhaps, an exact definition of the real belief of commonsense.

To free this belief from all metaphysical and practical objections, to develop its full implications in a manner convincing to the men of to-day, would be no light task. Greater clearness regarding the soul and its relation to the universe is certainly desirable, say the metaphysicians, rightly rejecting the assumption of the common man that we already know all that is necessary about the self. But neither Kant nor commonsense seem capable of preventing a war like the present one, and perhaps so simple a restatement of the commonsense and Kantian view as Dr. Ladd has given will not quite content the people of the post-war period.

Nevertheless, Dr. Ladd has written one of the most hopeful and helpful of books—a book that is, if one may steal Paul Elmer More's application of a saying of Disraeli's, notably "on the side of the angels." In no small degree the author, in defining the beliefs he has held to against discouraging opposition for a lifetime, has formulated the probable faith of the future.

THE NEMESIS OF MEDIOCRITY. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt.D., LL.D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company, 1917.

Can the aims of Democracy be achieved by the methods of Democracy? It is this question—and none can be more important or more urgent—which Ralph Adams Cram discusses with great force and directness in his *Nemesis of Mediocrity*.

The semi-religious halo which oratory has placed upon the brow of Democracy has had the unwholesome effect of exempting our political institutions from that constant pressure of criticism and adjustment which in every other department of our national life has been the soul of progress. In challenging the fundamental principle which underlies Democratic methods, namely that quantity and not quality is the true measure of right governance, Mr. Cram has performed a task to which he has brought an unusual combination of clear thought and moral courage.

Mankind has paid an incalculable price in blood and agony for its refusal to believe that for the accomplishment of noble purposes something more is needed than a generous idealism and a warm faith in the goodness of all men. What the world's Democracy is paying today is neither more nor less than part of this price.

The ultimate reason why we are now at war, the final cause of the world's failure thus far to crush one autocracy, after nearly four years of heroic effort, is that the autocrat, whether engaged in good works or in evil, has always realized the vital need of that strong leadership which Democracy has rejected as undemocratic.

Mr. Cram has an abiding faith in true Democracy, but he is convinced that without the wise and firm direction of the few, the power of the many can but make Democracy a menace instead of a blessing.

Every writer and orator, from Plato to the Hon. James Hamilton Lewis, who has delivered himself upon the subject of politics, has given us a definition of democracy. Mr. Cram follows this ancient custom when he says: "True Democracy means three things; Abolition of Privilege, Equal Opportunity for All, and Utilization of Ability.

Unless democracy achieves these things it is not democracy, and no matter how 'progressive' its methods, how apparently democratic its machinery, it may perfectly well be an oligarchy, a kakistocracy or a tyranny."

It was James Russell Lowell who asked forty years ago: "Is ours a government of the people, by the people, for the people or a kakistocracy rather, for the benefit of knaves at the cost of fools?" It is Ralph Adams Cram who answers that, so far as the three main elements of true Democracy are concerned "the peoples are worse off than they were fifty years ago, while during the same period government and society have become progressively more venal, less competent and further separated from the ideals of honour, duty and righteousness."

These are hard words, but they cannot be dismissed with a gesture of dissent. Anyone who reads Mr. Cram's *Nemesis of Mediocrity* and M. Faguet's *Culte d'Incompétence* is confronted with facts of which the significance cannot be mistaken. For the United States they mean either that after striving for more than a century to establish a Democratic government we have failed to do so, or that having established a Democratic government in 1787, it has failed to give us anything approaching real Democracy.

It is a matter worthy of serious consideration that in 1912, both the Democratic and the Progressive platforms made these very charges against American Democracy. The Democrats demanded "a return to the rule of the people," and offered themselves as "an agency through which the complete overthrow and extirpation of corruption, fraud, and machine rule in American politics can be effected." The Progressive platform stated that "Behind the ostensible government sits enthroned an invisible government, owing no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people." These are far from being encouraging descriptions of American Democracy one hundred and thirty-four years after the adoption of the Constitution.

Mr. Cram attributes the present plight of the world's Democracy to a prevailing mediocrity of character, talent, and culture. He places the blame for this condition upon that false doctrine of environmental determinism which has flattered the ignorant into the belief that it is in society's laboratory, the school, and not in nature's laboratory, the blood, that fools can be made wise, and the vicious virtuous.

In a world which is almost convinced that one man is just as good as another, and which is quite convinced that, whether he is or not, he is entitled to just the same weight in the political system, there is little room for great leaders of men, and less for the biological truth that leadership is a native quality inherited from the ancestry, and not a label which can be pinned upon a man by the vote of a party caucus.

Mr. Cram is less at home when he deals with the biological aspects of human progress than he is when his subject is the fallen state of culture and politics. The readiness with which he accepts a great part of the teachings of twentieth century science upon heredity—even though he places the word science between inverted commas—is mismated to the scorn he heaps upon the pioneers in the modern study of evolution; nor is it clear why he should deny to the spiritual qualities in man that capacity of transmittance by descent which he accords to genius, character, and intelligence.

What politics has done to leadership, as Mr. Cram points out, is to drive most of it into other fields—into commerce, banking, engineering—and to impose upon those who would still be political leaders the condition that they should lead as a man strapped on a horse and driven before a cavalry regiment would lead a charge.

That the Democratic world has been crying in vain since 1914 for a leader great enough to restore leadership to the position from which Democratic methods have degraded it is a grim fact which, of all the grim facts of the war, is the most difficult to face with equanimity.

AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. By George Burton Adams, Litt. D. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1918.

Just at present, while history is being made and while civilization is at stake, one may see more clearly than it has been usual for men to see in the past that the true interest of history is the progress of civilization.

But with just what aspect of civilization should history chiefly concern itself? The question requires a definite answer, for civilization is a result to which many factors contribute, and the effort to study all of them at once usually results in confusion.

Unquestionably those who insist upon the primary importance of *constitutional* history are essentially right. Those developments in the life of peoples that have to do with the continuing effort to adjust the more or less conflicting claims of liberty and government do, it is plain, mark out in the clearest and broadest outline the advance of civilization and define its meaning Freedom and discipline—these ideas are fundamental. It is on a moral difference in the conception of these that the vital distinction between *Kultur* and civilization hinges.

The constitutional view is, on the whole, the prevailing view in most books of history. Yet these very books are often found dull by the inexpert reader. The historic narrative seems so slow in reaching the point—the idea that interests and enlightens; and at the same time there is so much that seems like digression! Emphatically the average intelligent reader needs to have some means of relating historic facts and ideas before he begins to read history at all. Possessing this, he can hardly miss an understanding of the story and a true sense of its grandeur, even though his memory retain few details.

An admirable key to English history is supplied by Dr. George Burton Adams in his new book sketching the growth of the English constitution. This treatise is a model of judicious condensation. In its larger point of view, moreover, as well as in its discussions of particular questions, it is, without being too theoretic, notably clear and philosophical.

This larger point of view is important; for the leading ideas about English history and about history and life in general which one obtains from a not too studious reading of Dr. Adams's book are of wide application. In particular, one is made to understand the process of English constitutional growth through unforeseen extensions of principle and through unnoticed changes—as in the unintended develop-

ment of the Small Council into the Exchequer; and one is enabled to understand the true meaning and value of sound compromise. Again, the reader is repeatedly stimulated to draw for himself the important distinction between the logic of precedent and the logic of progress, to grasp which is to find a clue at least to those puzzles regarding justice and law, conservatism and reform, consistency and experiment, which complicate most large public questions and many small private ones. "The historical argument," writes Dr. Adams, in words that are worth remembering, "is never of any validity against the results to which the living process of a nation's growth has brought it. However far they may go beyond the beginnings the past has made, if they are the genuine results of national life, they have a rightfulness of their own which history cannot question." This remark throws light upon the nature of the contest between Parliament and the King in the seventeenth century—and upon much else.

By the discussion of more specific points, too, the author often helps one toward clearer historic judgment. His explanation of the English doctrines that "the King can do no wrong," and that "sovereignty resides in the King and his Parliament," show these ideas to be landmarks of progress and not, as they superficially seem, bulwarks of privilege; and through such discoveries one is brought to a real understanding of the nature and value of English conservatism, one result of which—the retention of the Kingship in a free government—has, paradoxically enough, greatly facilitated the spread of democracy in Europe. Even Germany has borrowed the idea of limited monarchy from England, and, says Dr. Adams, "the entire English constitution, with all its details of public law and practice, could be carried into effect under the present German constitution with only one amendment of importance, the constitution of the upper house and its relation to the lower, and a really democratic government could be secured by a new regulation of the right of suffrage."

It is interesting to observe that Dr. Adams thinks a written constitution not out of accord with the genius of the English Government, and that he looks with favor upon the idea of a federation of British nations.

American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918.

That the course followed by the United States with regard to Asiatic immigration has been in theory unjustifiable is a statement that few students of the question would deny. "Eight times in fourteen years," Mr. Sidney Gulick reminds us in his recently published book, "anti-Chinese agitation on the Pacific coast has secured increasingly drastic and obnoxious legislation in Congress. All but one of the measures were passed under political pressure." Treaties were contravened and protests on the part of the Chinese Government were disregarded. The situation with respect to Japan is essentially just as bad. The Japanese Government, it is true, has behaved with fine consideration; the "gentlemen's agreement" works smoothly; yet "so long as Japanese are regarded as ineligible for naturalization,

their status in the United States is precarious, and local differential treatment and legislation is inevitable."

What is the remedy? Mr. Gulick has ready a well-prepared and ingenious answer. First, let the tests for naturalization be made more rigorous. Secondly, let us use every available means to further the Americanization and proper distribution of immigrants. Finally, let us admit to the United States from each foreign land a number of persons not exceeding a small percentage of the number from that land who have already become Americanized. The aim of this proposal is to secure equal treatment for all foreigners, and thus to remove friction, and at the same time to harmonize our immigration policy with real American principles.

Arguing with all the plausibility of the first speaker for the affirmative in a debate, and, it should be said, with much cogency, Mr. Gulick refutes without difficulty some popular objections to his favorite plan. Intermarriage of the races, he rather reasonably contends, has no more to do with citizenship than have the flowers that bloom in the spring. Intermarriage, when it occurs, is normally the result of Americanization, and the granting of citizenship is a still more obviously normal outcome of the same process. It might be said, of course, that the removal of *any* restriction tends to facilitate intermarriage; but the point seems scarcely worth following up. And in general few of the common criticisms so far made of the percentage plan seem to have much weight.

There is one exception. The objection that the plan, while just in form, would not satisfy Asiatics, because in effect it would restrict them much more rigorously than it would Europeans, seems somewhat formidable. In his answer to this argument Mr. Gulick, indeed, produces less conviction than he does elsewhere. The truth is, he says in effect, that Japan would be satisfied. "As a matter of fact, Japanese who understand these proposals do not resent them. If all immigration to America is restricted on the same principle, that which they resent is removed, and they are satisfied." Moreover, if we are to discover any rational principle upon which to base regulation of immigration, we must begin, thinks Mr. Gulick, with the situation as it now is.

Japan is perhaps as likely to content itself with strictly impartial treatment as is any nation in the world. This seems the corollary of the truth that no nation more keenly resents humiliating distinctions. But there is such a thing as economic dissatisfaction, and this may not always yield to ethical argument. If foreigners are under economic pressure which makes large numbers of them want to come to this country, they will not really be satisfied with severe restrictions, no matter how impartial these may be. They will simply be, under Mr. Gulick's plan, deprived of an argument.

This is merely saying that the adoption of the percentage principle would not necessarily smooth out all possible disagreements with foreign nations over our immigration policy. But unless there is some other principle the application of which would accomplish this result, or unless it can be shown that the percentage plan itself would cause undue friction, Dr. Gulick's proposal may stand approved so far as its external effects are concerned.

There is also the question of its internal effect, and this, too, has an economic side. The crux of the immigration question, in peace times, is the standard of living. Can any improvement in naturalization laws reach the evil of a low standard of living—an evil which economists compare to a disease—without setting up a property qualification for voters? And indeed can examinations for admission to citizenship be made so effective as in fact to keep out large numbers of undesirables? Would not the difficulty of determining just what is meant by Americanization, or "assimilation," lead to great slackness in the administration of the law?

If satisfactory answers can be given to these and other practical questions of a similar nature, there would seem to be no obstacle to the general acceptance of Mr. Gulick's theory.

The theory is persuasively advanced, yet one cannot help thinking that it would command more respect if it were urged with a little less of the zeal of a propagandist. In dwelling upon the ethical side of his subject the author is somewhat given to diffuseness, while his enthusiasm for international brotherhood gives to his whole discussion a somewhat rosy coloring, making his plan seem perhaps less practical than it really is. There is, however, no lack in his book of proof to support statements made about immigration into America. Mr. Gulick examines statistics with thoroughness and with fairness.

SERBIA CRUCIFIED. By Lieutenant Milutin Krunich. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918.

If what Lieutenant Krunich has written were really and altogether what it seems to be in part—if it were in any abstract or pretentious way a treatise on the national spirit of Serbia, an interpretation, or a formal plea,—one would have to set it down simply as a very naïve book. Especially in the earlier chapters, there is, indeed, an overflow of emotion that strikes one as somewhat primitive or childlike—an unrestrained glorification of Serbia, a vehement, heartfelt hatred of Bulgaria, a loathing almost physical for Serbia's enemies and especially for Germans. The effect of unsophistication is increased by a somewhat overwrought and ecstatic style.

Different peoples, to be sure, have different temperaments. To the Anglo-Saxon the melting of the soul into an intense feeling of mingled hatred and pity may seem a kind of moral deliquescence. In the Serbian this very state appears to be consistent with the sternest, most deliberate heroism, if not the normal accompaniment of it.

One night, after five days' fighting before Nish, Lieutenant Krunich was lying in the grass outside the trench.

"Suddenly, in the midst of this silence, this beauty . . . a voice, a song! A beautiful manly voice on the Bulgarian side is softly and sadly singing a song. My God, a Bulgarian is singing! My whole being, intoxicated by the sweetness of this night, now fell into such an emotion under the influence of this voice, this song, that I became oblivious of place and reality. . . . '*La Tosca!*' I exclaimed loudly. 'A Mario in his last moments, in a sea of most dreadful human un-

happiness, feeling the sighs of the dead instead of the embrace of happy love, seeks with the last shriek of his heart his happy dreams! The dreams of love! And this Mario now is a Bulgarian! A traitor, murderer! No, no, I cannot believe it! . . . What desires this man, this unhappy Bulgarian?' I asked myself. I felt a powerful struggle which surged more and more through my being. I can never psychologically explain those moments. . . . I felt only as if a strange power had risen with a dreadful right in my soul, to destroy the song, this confession of a murderer, this sacrilege of the last beauty of a Serbian dream."

But if the mood of this personal record is quite different from anything that one would expect to find in an English, French, or American fighting man, it is in this very fact that the strength of the thing ultimately proves to lie. And the strength of it is, ultimately, very great—so great, indeed, that extremely tender-minded people cannot be advised to read Lieutenant Krunich's story. The reader must expect to be wrought up—not merely horrified as by blood and crime, but stirred in a more actively emotional way.

Chivalrous devotion to country, sensitiveness of soul—these are united in Lieutenant Krunich's way of reacting to war with a terrible clearness of vision and a raw sense of reality. In brief, no one else has drawn war-pictures quite so fearfully appealing as has this Serbian officer. Poor writing there is, doubtless, in the narrative, but there is also sincerity and power. The death of a dear friend, horribly wounded, in a hospital; the frantic protests of a feeble old sexton who tries to protect a graveyard from desecration by trench-diggers; the inconsolable sorrow of a company of Serbian soldiers for the death of a homeless child whom they have adopted and hungrily loved; the helpless pain of aged men and women; the unutterable grieving of a mother over a mutilated body,—these things are made not merely catastrophic, but as homefelt as the sufferings of a child. The violation of Serbian soil itself is described not merely as an affront to manhood, but almost as the dishonoring of a woman.

The book induces an acute, painful pity and a strong abhorrence of those who caused the war. In reading it, one forgets the larger aspects of the struggle and becomes simply an outraged human being.

PROFIT SHARING: Its Principles and Practice. A Collaboration. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1918.

The idea of profit sharing as a means of improving the condition of the working classes is not a new one. As early as 1870 it received much consideration by American philanthropists and social reformers. In 1889, there were in America thirty-two firms practising profit sharing, and in Europe the idea had been tried somewhat earlier.

Recently, as the result largely of labor agitation and unrest, there has been a renewed interest in the subject; yet the emphasis has shifted from the humanitarian side of profit sharing to its business side. It is primarily as a means of promoting business efficiency, and only secondarily as a means of benefiting the employe, that profit sharing is viewed by the modern employer.

This probably means only that the idea has come out of Utopia and entered real life; that it has ceased to be the possession of a few enthusiasts and has been adopted by practical men. Business is not less but more humane than it used to be. There is good reason, moreover, for the conviction that those reforms are best which have a sound economic basis. Yet the changed attitude toward profit sharing is of interest as showing that if innovations of the sort loosely called socialistic come in through business administration, they must come in very slowly. For the maxim, "Business is business", is ever the ruling principle in a social order based on economic competition; though, of course, the rule receives from time to time a more enlightened interpretation.

The spread of profit sharing has made a careful survey of the whole field both desirable and feasible. This work has been undertaken by competent hands. The men who have collaborated to produce the book *Profit Sharing,* recently published by Harper & Brothers, are: Arthur W. Burritt, treasurer of the A. W. Burritt Company; Henry S. Dennison, president of the Dennison Manufacturing Company; Edwin F. Gay, dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University; Ralph E. Heilman, professor of economics and social science in Northwestern University; and Henry P. Kendall, president of the Lewis Manufacturing Company and treasurer of the Plimpton Press.

These investigators have been especially interested in finding answers to certain practical questions relating to profit sharing. Does profit sharing promote efficiency? Does it prevent waste? Does it tend to stabilize labor? Does it lead to effective management?—to increased coöperation? Each of these questions is answered with a carefully qualified affirmative. The future of profit sharing is, indeed, in the well-considered view of the authors of this work, far greater than has been realized.

Certain principles, however, must be adhered to if profit sharing is to be successful, and these principles show quite accurately the extent to which ideal and practical considerations coincide.

Market wages must in all cases be paid; that is, profits allowed to employes must be in addition to wages and not a substitute for them. The payments, moreover, must be substantial. Again, the plan of profit sharing must be definite and suited to the needs of the particular business. Finally—and this seems especially worthy of note—it is always better to reward individual effort, when that is readily measurable, than to resort to the profit-sharing plan.

From the whole discussion two conclusions stand out as of chief importance for a general grasp of the subject. First: "While in certain circumstances profit sharing may be advantageously introduced among the rank and file, it is not believed that in groups of large size it will normally operate as a strong incentive to personal efficiency, increased effort, care, economies, or coöperation." Secondly, profit sharing must have a firm business foundation. "It must pay its own way, or fail."

In an appendix to the work are given a number of detailed plans for profit sharing which should be of real use to business directors,

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XIII

(March 5—March 31)

THE twelfth month after the American declaration of war against the Imperial German Government closes in the midst of the most critical situation that has developed since the opening days of the great struggle, nearly four years ago. As this is written—on the eve of April 1,—the long heralded and somewhat sceptically regarded German spring offensive has been on for ten days, and has driven the British and French lines back on a front of fifty miles and for a maximum distance of nearly forty miles, but that is of course not the average. The attack opened on March 21, on the famous Cambrai salient. For the first three days progress was slow, although the Germans brought into the fighting upwards of ninety divisions, aggregating considerably more than a million men, and supported them with vast concentration of artillery and big guns. The British lines received the brunt of the assault. Gradually they were forced back under sheer weight of numbers, fighting very gallantly, until the whole territory taken a year ago, at the time of the famous Hindenburg "strategic retreat," was again in German hands. Bapaume, Peronne, Noyon, Montdidier and a number of other battle-scarred places are again in the hands of the Huns.

But as this is written certain events making for renewed confidence in the power of the Allies yet to beat the Germans have occurred. The greatest of these is that unity of Allied command has been accomplished at last, in the appointment of General Ferdinand Foch, chief of the French General Staff, and French representative in the Supreme War Council of the Allies, to be generalissimo of the Allied forces in France. He is therefore at the head of the French, British and American armies.

Another event of much importance in this connection is that on this day, for the first time since the offensive began, the German assaults, although continued with vigor and insistence, were all repulsed, and the British and French positions restored to the ground given up the day before.

And of consuming interest to Americans, whatever may be the appraisal of its importance to the result of the battle, is the fact that an American army of more than 100,000 intensively trained and thoroughly equipped men, the flower of General Pershing's forces, are moving forward to take their share in the battle. It is a smaller force than the British had at Mons, in September, 1914, but its injection into this battle means that after twelve months of preparation, we are at length able to strike a blow on land at our enemy. We are beginning to get into the war.

In the twelfth month of our war with Germany, as in the eleventh month, there was much talk of peace, but this time with a vast difference. In the eleventh month President Wilson was still carrying on his appeal to the Austrian and German peoples to express themselves, no matter what their governments said. This long range debate with Hertling and Czernin was abruptly dropped this month. A new line of peace talk, coming almost wholly from the German Kaiser, with occasional strong support from Field Marshal von Hindenburg or one or two German newspapers has taken its place. But the peace of which the Emperor Wilhelm speaks is one not easily recognizable in anything that President Wilson has had to say on the subject.

Having forced the helpless Bolsheviki of Russia to sign their ignominious confession of disgrace and disaster the Austro-German statesmen turned their attention to the even more helpless Roumania, and on March 5 Count Czernin, the peaceful tone of whose talk had seemed especially hopeful to the President, threatened the hapless little Balkan nation with extinction if it did not at once agree to peace on the Austro-German terms. These included the cession of the Dobruja to Bulgaria, and a "rectification" of the Austro-Hungarian frontier for "strategic reasons," which meant cession of territory to Austria.

Next day Kaiser Wilhelm sent a number of telegrams of congratulation to different notables upon the occasion of the "glorious conclusion" of the war on the eastern front. To King Frederick August, of Saxony, he said: "I feel the greatest gratitude toward God and the army which has extorted this peace. Firmly trusting in the sword I face a future which will, after all heavy sacrifices, bring us victory and a strong peace."

Two days later, on March 8, the Kaiser replied to a telegram of congratulations from Philip Heineken, director of one of the great German steamship lines, saying: "The German sword is our best protection. With God's help it will bring us also peace in the west, and indeed the peace which, after many troubles and much distress, the German people need for a happy future."

Hertling and Czernin may talk as they like of peace and the instruments for making it, but when the German Kaiser speaks, the German sword has its due recognition.

There was silence among the Germans on the subject of peace for two weeks after that message to Heineken. Then, on the eve of the great offensive, the Kaiser, Hindenburg and others of the German leaders sent numerous messages of encouragement to the faithful all over the Empire. Telegraphing on March 21 to the Provincial Council of Schleswig-Holstein the Kaiser said: "The prize of victory must not and shall not fail us—no soft peace, but one which corresponds with Germany's interests."

That same day Field Marshal Hindenburg telegraphed the Posen Provincial Council: "God willing, we shall also overcome the enemy in the west and clear the way to a general peace."

They made plain to their people what they expected from the great offensive. The prize must be great for the price in blood was certain to be very high. The best information obtainable is to the effect that the German losses have exceeded anything hitherto occurring in this frightfully costly fighting. So, on March 26, the fifth day of the drive,

the Kaiser said to his favorite newspaper man: "Every one out here is staking everything. Every one out here knows and trusts we shall win everything. All Germany fights for her future."

Cologne and Berlin newspapers of the next day reveal the effect which the daily reports of success were having upon the temper of the people at home. Or were they only setting a bait to tempt a war weary people to further frightful extravagances? "It is self-evident," says the Cologne *Volks-Zeitung,* "that after what is now happening we can no longer conclude peace on the terms we were ready to accept a week ago. The enemy must be brought to a submissive spirit, and forced to grant everything we need in the future, especially in colonies and raw materials."

And the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Berlin feels free to reveal again the real spirit which the war necessities of the last year or two have been forcing it to conceal. "Down with the worship of the peace god," it cries. "The cry of vengeance, and our truly German hatred of England is ringing with renewed force throughout the Empire. Down with England!"

That same day, March 27, the Kaiser, swelling with glory and the triumph of his victorious army, which, having driven everything ahead of it for a full week, until, apparently, it had created a situation such that no Allied counter-stroke was feared, telegraphed the vice-president of the Reichstag a message of joy and pride in which he once again disclosed the true reliance of his heart and the true purpose of his course.

"We have grievously shaken England's army, by God's help," he said. "May the German people, and especially their chosen representatives, derive confidence anew from these achievements that the German sword will win us peace. May it be recognized that what is now needed is that the people at home, too, shall manifest, by their fortitude, their will to victory. The coming world peace will then, through the German sword, be more assured than hitherto, so help us God!"

The peace of the German sword—a strong German peace! Hindenburg has the same idea and merely phrases it a little differently. The successes of that week of offensive had started the congratulatory wires to buzzing, and von Hertling had sent a message to von Hindenburg, to which the Field Marshal replied: "Proud to be fighting under the leadership and under the eyes of the Supreme War Lord our troops are battling in a manner above all praise. The army will not relax until, with God's help, it has won for the homeland the good victory which it needs as the foundation for a future based on a strong German peace."

The great offensive which produced this exultation and induced this self-revelation on the part of the Kaiser and his followers had been in preparation for four months or more. During that time, reports had been coming to Allied headquarters of a concentration of material behind the German lines. Despatches from the Allied front indicated a corresponding preparation to meet it. There were reports of the gathering of material, of the digging of new trenches and so on until it was said that our defenses were twenty miles or more in depth. Military experts spoke of the line as "practically impregnable."

As day after day went by, and week after week of favorable weather brought no development from the Germans, doubt began to

be expressed as to whether or not there would be a German offensive. Then, on the morning of March 21, it began, with a furious bombardment of gas and high explosives for five hours, followed by wave after wave of German infantry advancing in mass formation as they did in the fall of 1914, in the first days of the war. They came in numbers and with a determination that counted no cost and would not be denied.

At no previous stage of the war has there been such a concentration of men and artillery. The Germans outnumbered the British three or four to one everywhere, and in some places as much as eight to one. The drive was on a fifty mile front, from a little below Arras to just north of La Fere. Day by day as the drive continued the German claims rose—from 16,000 prisoners and 200 guns to 25,000 prisoners and 400 guns; at length to 75,000 prisoners and more than a thousand guns. And after the first recession each day added to the list of places again under Hun domination.

From the first there was expression of confidence among the Allies, for their line was bent but not broken, and the German wedge was never able to separate British from French. The fighting front grew from fifty to ninety miles, as the huge salient was developed by the German push. And every day there was talk of a great counter-stroke—" when the right time comes "—which shall take advantage of German exhaustion and throw them back.

The Germans signalized their drive by opening fire on Paris with a new long-range gun, which threw shells of about 9 inches calibre a distance of more than 70 miles. It fired slowly and at intervals of a quarter hour or more. The first day it did little damage, although a few persons were killed and others wounded. But on Good Friday one of its shells struck the roof of a church in which a considerable number of worshippers were gathered. The shell broke through the roof and masses of heavy stone and building material fell, killing about 75 persons, of whom 54 were women, and wounding 90 more.

The selection of General Foch for supreme command was first reported on March 29. That same day General Pershing called on him and placed all the American forces in France at his disposal. The week of the German drive had brought numerous appeals for American help. Mr. Lloyd George, the British Premier, sent a message through Lord Reading, the British special ambassador to this country, and various observers in Paris cabled despatches of similar tenor.

" The American people will be proud to be engaged in the greatest battle in history," said General Pershing to General Foch. Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, who had been in Europe for two weeks or more on a tour of inspection of the American forces there, and of consultation with our Allies, publicly expressed his satisfaction with General Pershing's course. At the same time President Wilson cabled his congratulations to General Foch upon his appointment, saying:

" Such unity of command is a most hopeful augury of ultimate success. We are following with profound interest the bold and brilliant action of your forces."

A day or two later Mr. Lloyd George, announcing in the House of Commons General Foch's selection, spoke of the inestimable advantage always enjoyed hitherto by the enemy in having a single command, and remarked that at last the Allies will fight as a unit.

The announcement that Mr. Baker had arrived at a French port was made in Paris on March 10. The War Secretary, upon reaching Paris, made public a brief statement in which he said that we "are committed with all our resources to winning the war." Two days later the War Department announced that every energy would be employed to speed up the sending of troops to France. On March 14, the Administration began formally taking Congress into its confidence by having the members of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs meet with the War Council for a general conference. The state of war preparation was discussed at this conference and the production charts were shown to the Senators. They disclosed that the talk of unsatisfactory progress in aircraft production which had been going on for some time was well founded. It was revealed that this work was 74 per cent. behind schedule. The President had had a special investigation made on his own account first by an individual and then by a special committee not connected with the Administration. Over half a billion dollars had been spent and less then a dozen aeroplanes of the fighting type had been sent to France. Of course, great equipment has been accumulated, plants for construction of aircraft and machinery have been helped or erected, and a great force of men has been organized in the aviation section of the signal corps. But battleplanes have not been sent to France.

The Aircraft Production Board began an inquiry of its own, and the Senate Committee on Military Affairs resumed its investigation of war preparations with special reference to aircraft production. On March 26 there was an outburst of bitter criticism in the Senate, in which it was said that instead of the 22,000 planes which were to have been sent to France by July, according to the estimates of last year when the $640,000,000 appropriation was made, less than 50 actually would be sent. The estimate of last year had been cut down repeatedly, as time went on and it was seen that nothing like that figure could be accomplished. It had been dropped to 10,000, and then to 5,000, to 3,000 and even lower. But the actual figures given in the Senate debate were 37 to be shipped by July.

On March 20, President Wilson had a conference at the White House with the heads of several of the important war bureaus. The War Industries Board had been reorganized on March 5, under the chairmanship of Bernard M. Baruch. He headed the list of the President's advisers at this White House conference, accompanied by Mr. McAdoo, the Director General of railways; Mr. Hoover, the Food Administrator; Mr. Hurley, chairman of the Shipping Board; Mr. Garfield, the Fuel Administrator, and Mr. McCormick, chairman of the War Trade Board. It was intimated that the purpose of the conference was the co-ordination of war industries. Two days later the War Trade Board issued a long list of articles importation of which was placed under restriction as non-essential to the winning of the war.

On March 23 the Bureau of Ordnance of the War Department published a summary of the work of the Gun Division, showing anticipated and executed expenditures of $2,000,000,000 covering the erection of sixteen large plants for the construction of mobile artillery and cannon. At the beginning of the war this Division consisted of three officers and ten civilians. At the end of 1917 it had 500 officers and

3,500 civilians and by the middle of this year it will have 1,500 officers and 10,000 civilians. Many thousand cannon have been ordered. Several of the new plants are nearing completion and gun forgings are now being delivered. In the Senate outburst on March 26 it was said that we had lost six months in the production of field artillery through attempting to improve the recoil of the French 75, generally admitted to be the best field gun in service. But having failed to make the improvement we are now making the gun from the French plans, and will presently have a supply of American made French field guns for our army.

This Senate debate also brought forth charges of delay and failure in the ship-building programme. In a speech in New York on March 26 Chairman Hurley, of the Shipping Board, gave a mass of figures tending to show that the ship-building programme was making very good progress. Sir Eric Geddes, first lord of the British Admiralty, had spoken in the Commons on March 20, and presented figures to show that the total net loss of world's tonnage from the beginning of the war to the end of 1917 was 2,500,000 tons.

Mr. Hurley pointed out the fact that the Shipping Board had been compelled to develop new means of constructing ships in order to carry on any building programme. When the United States entered the war 70 per cent. of the capacity of the existing ship yards of the country was occupied by naval construction, and the remainder by private contracts. There were then 37 steel ship yards in the country. The Board has located 81 additional steel and wood yards since then, and has expanded 18 others. The 37 old yards have increased their capacity from 162 ways to 195, and thirty new steel yards are in process of construction which will have an aggregate of 203 ship-building ways, making 67 yards with 398 ways that very soon will be in full operation. Similarly the 24 old wooden yards, with 73 ship ways have been increased to 81 yards with 332 ways completed or nearing completion. Thus there are now in sight 730 ship-building ways, of steel and wood, which is 521 more building berths than England has. This is an industry built new from the ground up in very large part. Plant construction is nearing completion and the ship-building programme will be in full swing in a short time.

Meantime, after negotiating in vain for months with the Dutch Government for the use of the Dutch ships lying in American waters, which aggregated some 500,000 tons, President Wilson issued a proclamation on March 20 requisitioning the ships and turning them over to the Navy Department and Shipping Board to equip, man and operate. It was estimated that about 200,000 tons of Dutch shipping was lying in ports of our allies, and it, too, was to be requisitioned for allied service. The President's proclamation said that the ships were to be used for essential purposes in connection with the prosecution of the war. They are to be armed, which means war zone service. The navy announced that it had the guns and crews ready.

Throughout the month there has been discussion of the possible intervention by Japan in Siberia to prevent the practical acquisition of that territory by German influences, and to save the vast stores of war material heaped up at Vladivostock and other points for which transportation to Russia in Europe was never available. Japan has

regarded the Russian disintegration and the advance of German influence toward the east as very menacing to her own interests and to the peace of the East. It has been reported from Tokyo and from Paris and other points that the British, French and Italians were united in desiring to have Japan intervene. But Washington has made it clear that President Wilson is not of that mind. On March 4 London reported that the British, French and Italian ambassadors at Tokyo were about to ask Japan to safeguard allied interests in Siberia. The next day it was intimated in Washington that we would not join in that request.

Despite the signing of peace treaties with the Bolsheviki and Ukrainians the Germans continue a steady advance into Russian territory. On March 8 the government-controlled Wolff news bureau of Berlin sent out a despatch saying: "We have acquired a direct free route via Russia to Persia and Afghanistan."

President Wilson, however, clings to the hope that something may yet be accomplished by the Russians. On March 11 he sent a message to the Russian people through the all-Russian congress of Soviets, expressing "the sincere sympathy which the people of the United States feel for the Russian people at this moment when the German power has been thrust in to interrupt and turn back the whole struggle for freedom and substitute the wishes of Germany for the purpose of the people of Russia." He assured the Russians that this Government would "avail itself of every opportunity to secure for Russia once more complete sovereignty and independence in her own affairs and full restoration to her great rôle in the life of Europe and the modern world. The whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in the attempt to free themselves forever from autocratic government and become the masters of their own life."

Two days later the congress of Soviets voted, 453 to 30, to ratify the peace treaty with the Central Powers. On the same day it adopted a response to the President's message. It expressed the appreciation of the congress, first of all to "the laboring and exploited classes in the United States" for Mr. Wilson's message, and added: "The Russian Republic uses the occasion of the message from President Wilson to express to all peoples who are dying and suffering from the horrors of this imperialistic war its warm sympathy and firm conviction that the happy time is near when the laboring masses in all bourgeois countries will throw off the capitalist yoke and establish a Socialist state of society, which is the only one capable of assuring a permanent and just peace as well as the culture and well being of all who toil."

The day that message was received in Washington there came one from China to the effect that 20,000 Chinese troops would be ordered to Harbin and beyond to help guard against German aggression, and that the money for the expenses of this expedition would be found by Japan. Also there was a message from Japan reporting Premier Terauchi as saying in the Diet that intervention had not yet been decided upon. He added that the military situation had reached "a state of perfect preparedness."

On March 18 the Supreme War Council of the Allies, in Paris, issued a statement denouncing the German political crimes against Russia and Roumania and refusing to recognize the peace treaties. It

said that the war must be fought out " to finish once for all this policy of plunder, and to establish the peaceful reign of organized justice."

On March 21 Tokyo reported the assembling of the Elder Statesmen and the prospect of a Crown Council to consider intervention. Next day London suggested the possibility of allied intervention to allay distrust of Japan. And on the 24th General Terauchi replying to an interpellation in the House of Peers said: " The Government have not considered the question of intervention in Siberia. The Empire is not so powerless as to be frightened to such an extent by German penetration in the East."

Throughout the month there has been constant report of American activity on a small scale in the trenches in France. It was announced that our troops held trenches at four points, aggregating in all about four and a half miles of " front." The War Department makes almost daily announcements of casualties. That for March 31 showed totals of 181 killed in action; 163 killed by accident; 776 died of disease; 237 lost at sea—including the *Tuscania* victims—48 died of wounds; 22 captured; 41 missing and 780 wounded.

On March 6 President Wilson established four classes of decorations for service: 1. Distinguished service cross. 2. Distinguished service medal. 3. Service chevrons. 4. Wound chevrons. Several of the crosses and medals have been conferred.

(*This record is as of March* 31 *and is to be continued*)

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

WHAT WAR MEANS

(From The Indianapolis Star)

Colonel George Harvey, for one, has no doubt that we are at war, and he has a very clear idea of what is meant by war and of what we should do, being in war. Among other things he believes spies should be shot. He asks in his North American Review "how long before the sentimentalists in control in Washington will awaken to the fact that we are at war?" and goes on to say: "How long must the people endure the silly chatter of the Secretary of the Navy, who preaches the doctrine of love the German as thyself, or the Secretary of War spouting Sunday school platitudes, or the polished periods of the President reiterating the fallacy that we are not at war with the German people? How many more lives must be sacrificed before the people do justice? We are at war. The German people, whom we have been implored not to hate, with devilish cunning are daily committing murder and arson, impeding military preparation by crippling factories and machinery, killing men and women without compunction. The time for sentiment has passed, the time for action has come. The spy knows the penalty when he is caught, that penalty should be swift and certain; he should be sent not before a civil court, where justice is uncertain and legal technicalities govern, but placed on trial before a court-martial, where justice and not chicanery rules; and no politico-sentimentalist should have the power to set aside the sentence. 'The sword of justice has no scabbard.' Unless we keep the blade keen and let it fall remorselessly it will be turned against ourselves. A single spy shot will deter a score, but one spy cast loose because the web of justice can not hold is the encouragement to a hundred more. And yet—can anybody picture Newton D. Baker signing a death warrant?"

Colonel Harvey says further, and declines to apologize for his words: "Our duty is to kill Germans. To the killing of Germans we must bend all our energies. We must think in terms of German dead, killed by rifles in American hands, by bombs thrown by American youths, by shells fired by American gunners. The more Germans we kill, the fewer American graves there will be in France; the more Germans we kill, the less danger to our wives and daughters; the more Germans we kill, the sooner we shall welcome home our gallant lads. Nothing else now counts. There is no thought other than this, no activity apart from the duty forced upon us by Germany. The most highly civilized nations are united as they never were before, actuated by the same impulse. In England, France and Italy, among the English speaking peoples of the

new world, under the Southern Cross and on the torrid plains, they, like us, see their duty clear. It is, we repeat, to kill Germans."

The colonel's words sound brutal, but killing is what war means and, in spite of our growing army and of our wealth poured out like water, and of our food conservation and all the rest, many of our people still cherish the pacifist notion that the war will somehow end before we get far enough into it to do so wicked a thing as to kill a man.

WE ARE INTERPRETED

(*From The San Francisco Bulletin*)

The privileged classes, as vouched for by Colonel George Harvey, the editor of the most snobbish magazine in America, believe about as follows:

1. Our "war aims" must not be stated. To do so would be intelligent and in war time we must not be intelligent. Besides, it might shorten the war. (However, Mr. Wilson has stated them.)
2. We are not fighting this war "to make the world safe for democracy." (However, President Wilson says we are, and ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths per cent of the Americans who are doing the fighting and working think we are.)
3. We must not try to separate the German people from the German government nor the Austrian people from the German people. We must simply kill Germans. To admit that the masses in Germany and Austria are human beings capable of thought might lead to the same claim being made for the masses in this country. (However, President Wilson has already admitted as much.)

With these three articles of faith there goes a further belief that what the masses in the United States need is discipline, and that what the Government needs is more iron in its system, together with a sneaking suspicion that the German way of handling the common people is rather clever, after all. As a writer in the New York *Public* imagines them saying to one another:

"After all, you've got to hand it to Germany. They manage these things supremely well. No nonsense with labor agitators, and a fellow like Baker wouldn't last two minutes in Berlin!"

It is hardly necessary to point out the likeness between these traducers of the President, of the United States, and of the common people and that small band of plotters who are burning and destroying here and there in order to keep us from winning a war which they, too, declare is not to make the world safe for democracy.

But, between the two, stands the nation, sound and whole, and it believes that it is fighting this war for democracy, and it is fighting it for democracy. And the dust blown down the street by the afternoon breeze is not more quickly scattered than will be the human chaff which dares face the wind of human freedom which is coming roaring across the battered face of the world.

PROPAGANDA

(*From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*)

Colonel George Harvey thinks it is a pity we have entered the war with alluring rhetorical phrases ringing in our ears, and urges us to adopt the direction of the British Admiral who said he was in the war

to kill Germans. That is, we may not all agree that we are in the war to make the world safe for democracy, or for any other reason the definition of which can be agreed upon later. We can only agree that we are all in the war to kill the Germans before they kill us. The Colonel says in a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

> Our duty is to kill Germans. To the killing of Germans we must bend all our energies. We must think in terms of German dead, killed by rifles in American hands, by bombs thrown by American youths, by shells fired by American gunners. The more Germans we kill, the fewer American graves there will be in France; the more Germans we kill, the less danger to our wives and daughters; the more Germans we kill, the sooner we shall welcome home our gallant lads. Nothing else now counts. There is no thought other than this, no activity apart from the duty forced upon us by Germany. The most highly civilized nations are united as they never were before, actuated by the same impulse. In England, France and Italy, among the English-speaking peoples of the new world, under the southern cross and on the torrid plains, they like us see their duty clear. It is, we repeat, to kill Germans.

This illustrates pretty fairly, we believe, the principal advantage the Germans have over us in the war. Granting that we are equally matched in arms, the Germans are vastly superior in propaganda. Indeed, their propaganda has been in the past year the great factor in the war. It is said to have been entirely responsible for the Italian defeat, and it got in its fine work in Russia. Does the Colonel want to discard this powerful weapon and make it a walkover for the Kaiser? We think not. Nor is Mr. Wilson, who happens to be leading us, going to permit any such folly. He has seen from the beginning the necessity for definition. All the alluring rhetorical phrases of which the Colonel complains are his. If they ring in our ears, as the Colonel regrets, so much the better. We mean to ultimately make them ring in men's ears everywhere. Of course, we are going to kill Germans, but that is a consequence of having a cause. What the Colonel is trying to do is to back us into the war, and it can't be done.

THE ONLY WAY

(From The Bookseller)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, with its war articles and broad interests presenting world events and conditions by able and far-reaching writers, has never been more interesting, more illuminating than of late. And the publishers promise a continuously better magazine. The war articles have given the magazine an impetus that has resulted in increased sales and the material to come promises to still further increase its circulation. With the recent transport disaster, with its heavy loss of life, one reads Colonel Harvey's editorial article in the February issue with a new sense of its import and agrees with that fearless and forcible writer that the only way to end this world horror is to bend every energy to killing Germans. . . .

There is another thing that dealers who are alive to their business interests should attend to and that is to order with discrimination for the newsstands near the military cantonments, forts, army posts, and railway terminal stands. Give good display to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for its war numbers are such as to attract all the enlisted men. This publication, always interesting, has added to its attractiveness as well as sell-

ing features by including highly interesting material bearing upon the present war. If you are not already getting this publication, you can help your business by ordering it from your news company. Place the copies on your counter where they can be seen. The magazine has a big sale at the present time.

THE MOTION IS SECONDED

(*From The Lyons* [*N. Y.*] *Republican*)

Colonel George Harvey, the brilliant editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in the current number of that valuable and weighty magazine comes out in unmistakable language in a leading editorial in favor of killing the German spies. We have advocated this for the past year. We have thought all along that this Government has been too weak and sentimental and too tolerant of American traitors and German spies.

The time came long ago when German spies should have been shot in squads of twelve at sunrise in at least a dozen cities of this country. This would have had the effect to check the intrigues which have been going on and the destruction that has taken place by reason of the depredations of Germans in this country. Some Germans have not hesitated to set fire to American manufacturing plants and dynamite others and to commit every crime that they could commit which they believed would result in hindering this country in carrying forward the war to a successful termination.

These German spies are enemies that deserve death and they deserve it a hundred times more than the German soldier who stands in the line of battle and shoots at American soldiers. The German soldier who does this is fighting fair and is fighting in the open, but the spy, the sneak, the dynamiter, the assassin, who works in secret and who kills the innocent, the non-combatant, is the most despicable being on earth and the quicker every one of these slimy instruments of Germany are killed, the better it will be for this country.

We second the motion of Colonel George Harvey to kill the German spies.

AN APPARENT MISUNDERSTANDING

(*From The Rochester Post-Express*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW WAR WEEKLY quotes Secretary Baker's statement of January 21st that his brother, H. D. Baker, in order to relieve the War Department of embarrassment "had generously resigned" from the Engel Aircraft Company, which has Government contracts for nearly a million dollars' worth of airplane parts, and terminated his financial interest in the concern, returning his stock holdings to the treasury. But the possibility suggests itself that the Secretary may have been misinformed as to the admirable action of his brother, for the Cleveland *Leader* of February 3d announces that Brother Baker "is still actively directing the management of the Engel Company;" and the chairman of the board of directors testifies before a Senate committee that he is still the "executive head" of the concern, will remain in that capacity indefinitely, and that a part of the common

stock—" a million dollars, maybe "—was set aside for the three original owners of whom he was one. Of course this is not a matter vital to the nation's welfare, and Brother Baker is no doubt a patriotic man and useful citizen in any capacity which affords an outlet for his energies. The only point of interest is the apparent confusion as to the facts; and perhaps Mr. Creel, chairman of the committee on public information, may clear the matter up in the *Official Bulletin* as soon as he finds time.

JUDGED

(*From St. Louis Post-Dispatch*)

In the vicious assault of Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, on the Administration over the shoulder of Secretary of War Baker is the following paragraph:

> But it is not the enemy, whose ways are his own, who most concerns us. It is the Allies. And, so far as the world is informed, the Allies have no plans. Their Supreme War Council was summoned into being with a flourish of trumpets but quickly ended its first session with the sapient announcement that " unity of action " had been agreed upon. The United States was not represented officially.

What a wise thing it would have been on the part of the Supreme War Council of the Allies to have informed the world, including our enemies, concerning their war plans. What more could the council say with the least regard for prudence except that " unity of action " had been agreed upon?

The Colonel made a fool crack in that paragraph. Perhaps his whole assault may be judged by it.

OUR DEAD IN CAMPS

(*From Life*)

George Harvey in his WAR WEEKLY says we ought to pay more honor to our war-dead who die at home.

The names of those who die in France have been published, he says, in the *Official Bulletin,* but for ten times as many who have given their lives in camps at home there has been no roll of honor.

He thinks that if the *Official Bulletin* won't print their names, the other Government paper, the *Congressional Record,* ought to do it.

There is no doubt that the men who have died in camps at home as well deserve honor as those who have died abroad. But would anybody care, except Colonel Harvey, whether their names were published in the *Official Bulletin* or the *Congressional Record?* Does anyone but Colonel Harvey ever peruse either of those periodicals? Would anyone else know whose names were in them?

It may be they are read in newspaper offices, and that their lists, if they had them, would be copied in the daily press. If so, so do.

The death of a soldier in training camp is as sad as the death of a woman in child-birth. It is death at the threshold of adventure. Colonel Harvey is right. The roll of honor of our men who die for the war at home should be as carefully kept and published as the roll of those who die abroad.

THE PEOPLE PAY

(From The Boston Evening Transcript)

More than a month ago an appeal was made to the American Congress in the name of the American people, by Colonel George Harvey, for the publication in the *Congressional Record* of "the names of all American soldiers who have already given their lives to their country" and that the Record "inscribe daily thereafter the names of the thousands who are yet to die on the nation's roll of honor, to the end that the splendid sons of the great Republic shall not pass into the beyond 'unwept, unhonored and unsung.'" If the people as a whole endorse that appeal the Administration never lived and does not live today that would dare to turn a deaf ear. It is not the War Department, much less the Committee on Public Information, which is paying the cost of this war in life and treasure, sorrow and sacrifice. It is the people. If it does not help the enemy to know the home address of a British tommy or a French poilu, why should it help him to know the town and State and next of kin of a Yankee who dies anywhere along the American front that stretches from Manila to Lorraine?

THE SAVING GRACE

(From the Kennebec Journal)

Colonel George Harvey, who went down to Princeton University a few years ago and discovered Professor Woodrow Wilson and dragged him forth into the limelight, shouting: "Here is your candidate for President," has made another discovery. This time it is the deplorable, almost unforgivable weakness of the aggregation in Washington now sitting on the destinies of this nation. In this month's NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Colonel Harvey, who is its editor, publishes a scathing denunciation of the partisanship of the Administration, of its failure to care for the soldiers entrusted to it by the country, and especially of its failure to show proper recognition to the thousands of loyal young men who have died in this country's training camps, most of them largely because of red tape, lack of camp preparation for them, and wholly inadequate care. The arraignment in Colonel Harvey's own inimitable way is bitter in the extreme, but has the saving grace, we hope, of jarring Congress into taking action which he suggests for a roll of honor for our dead who were denied the opportunity to go farther than the training camps to fight for their country.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MUST CONGRESS GO?

SIR,—Will you please answer an earnest inquiry? It is, Why not abolish Congress? This may seem startling, but, honestly, has not Congress outlived its usefulness and become one of those unnecessary expenses everyone is being urged to cut off in war-times?

Is it possible to point to a single performance of the national legislature since March 1, 1913, at all commensurate with the expense, delays and annoyances of this obsolete and unwieldy body? Over and over again we read that the President has proposed to Congress certain legislation to which the leaders thereof seriously object, with the conclusion of the prescient reporter that, "Despite all objections, the Congress undoubtedly will do precisely as the President directs." And in every instance developments prove the accuracy of the prediction. Why, then, put the President to the trouble of going to Congress with his recommendations; the labor of impressing on the members that it is their duty to obey, not to think; and the delay of waiting—as he occasionally does—for Congress to act before putting his recommendations into effect?

It is true that Congress used to constitute a certain check on public expenditures, but not so now. It makes a great fuss and pother about passing "the big supply bills", and in the end does just what the President tells it to and—buys and distributes garden-seed. With the latest legislation ordered by the President, solemn enactments creating specific offices and apportioning the funds between the several agencies of the Government may be swept aside with a stroke of the Presidential pen, and a redistribution made at the discretion of the Executive.

We used to believe that Congress alone had power to make war, and the President did direct the passage of war resolutions in the cases of Germany and Austria-Hungary; but not so in the cases of Mexico and Hayti, where the bodies of over six hundred Haytians and several hundred Mexicans bear mute testimony to the fact that war was made; while the bodies of the American dead in Arlington prove that it was made by the United States.

Much time on the part of Senators, and brain-power on the part of the official reporters and newspapermen, have just been expended in an investigation by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. As a result, the members of the committee solemnly decided, in all seriousness, that the country needed a "War Cabinet" and a "Director of Munitions"—greatly to the annoyance of the President, who was thus compelled to start a Democratic Ananias Club with the Chairman of the committee as its charter member.

Time was when the Senate was supposed to possess an important function in advising the President regarding agreements with foreign nations and consenting to important appointments. But no one ever consented to Colonel House, or Dr. Hale, or even John Lind, and have they not all functioned just as beautifully as if the Senate, at the dictation of the President, had confirmed them? Was it necessary for the Senate to consent to the agreements with Villa, or with Carranza, or with Hayti? Why, the President has not even considered it wise to inform the Senate of the agreements entered into on behalf of the United States by his special ambassador at the Paris Conference; or about the pledges which he himself made on the part of this Nation to France and England through Balfour and Viviani; or of his formal recognition of Japan's special interest in China. Can anyone deny that as an advising and consenting body the Senate has passed the age of consent?

Why then should not Congress pass a single act—under cloture with debate limited to an hour in each house—abolishing itself for the period of the war and for eighteen months thereafter; delegating to the President authority to issue bonds, levy taxes and make disbursements, and to do whatever is, in his judgment, for the best interest of the country; empowering him to fill all offices he may see fit to create, at such compensation as he may deem wise, with his son-in-law? Would it not be infinitely simpler for the business men of the country to have to deal only with Messrs. Wilson and McAdoo, instead of with numerous and divers councils and commissions on national defense, imports, lingerie, exports, morals, publicity, fuel, shipping, food, and so on, ad lib.? Would it not be far more economical to permit these two statesmen to take such compensation as they see fit and dispense with several hundred members of Congress, drawing salaries aggregating $4,000,000, to say nothing of mileage, for doing nothing?

Then all these M. Cs., with their invertebrate protestations, their long winded quibbling, their sycophantic twaddle, could go home and swell the ranks of farm labor, where, God knows, they are needed.

These are war times, times when everyone is being adjured to cut red-tape, abandon precedent and practise thrift. They are days when innovations, total abstinence, woman suffrage, popular election of unpopular Senators, and personal purity are being accomplished by Constitutional amendment. Why then, in God's name, should we not boldly strike at our greatest extravagance and abolish Congress—by Constitutional amendment if need be—but abolish it anyway?

WASHINGTON, D. C. AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

CUSSING WILL HELP

SIR,—You have so often clothed in lucid and scintillating editorials my views on public questions, that I must confess my expectation to find in an early forthcoming issue of the REVIEW an article entitled " This is the age of little men," a subject explored several years ago by Marse Henry Watterson, when Kentucky sent a certain small man to the Senate.

The President sent a Commission to Paris to engage in an Allied conference on the war. At the head of this Commission was Colonel House, unknown to fame in America, except as a gubernatorial Warwick in Texas, until Mr. Wilson became President. Passing by Mr. Wilson's choice of

the other provincial celebrities composing the Commission, many of us, not interested at present in the perpetuation of either the Democratic or Republican party, are somewhat curious to know about how long it will be before a vigorous agitation is begun demanding that some of the great men of this Nation, men of experience and men of prestige abroad, are called into the service. England sent a Commission to this country immediately after we declared war headed by Mr. Balfour, one of her most distinguished statesmen, and as such known and recognized throughout the civilized world. France sent us a Commission headed by Mr. Viviani, an ex-Premier, and General Joffre, the commander in chief of her armies. England and France sent as heads of their Commissions men who were of world-wide renown and eminence, thus evidencing a high conception of the distinguished rank of such special ambassadors. We felt proud and complimented by the splendid personnel of these Commissions. The names of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Viviani and General Joffre were familiar words in America; but who in Europe knows anything about Colonel House other than a small minority who have studied American politics and probably formed the opinion that the Colonel was the one man who had acquired a sort of weird influence over our President? Why not Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, Mr. Root or Mr. Hughes? They are the four men best known in Europe, and particularly Mr. Roosevelt.

I never voted for Mr. Roosevelt, but I am praying for the opportunity to do so at the next election, and I believe there are many hundreds of thousands of American voters in my frame of mind. Possibly a Presidential knowledge of that sentiment in the country renders Mr. Roosevelt wholly ineligible. Then besides, these four best known Americans abroad happen to be Republicans, and that, with a good many other signs of the times, leads me to inquire whether or not we are fighting this war to make the world safe for democracy or fighting to perpetuate the Democratic party?

The time is past to talk about fighting this war along altruistic lines. We have got to get mad. We can't fight this war according to the rules of the prize ring, and this is no time for Democrats or Republicans. The only question we ought to ask in this country is—who is an American and who is loyal? We don't seem to realize that we are beset with real enemies abroad and infested with traitors at home. We ought to think more about our fighting the Germans than merely helping the Allies. When are we going to declare war on Bulgaria and Turkey and exhibit sense enough to proceed on the theory that the United States and all the Allied nations, so far as the war is concerned, constitute one political entity? Shall each nation shift for itself, and thereby give Germany a sure chance to win the war? It has been German strategy to destroy the weakest adversary first, taking them one at a time. The common clodhopper, if loyal, of course, has sufficient vision to see the imperative necessity of the United States declaring war on Turkey and Bulgaria. Shall we sit back and see Germany and Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, as a unit, fighting one of our Allies, and stand by and see one of our Allies destroyed, or shall we declare war against all our enemies? If it were not so serious, our position would be ludicrous. The folly of it is astounding. Oh, if I just had your power of expression! As it is I will have to stop and go to cussing.

MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA. GEO. S. RAMSEY.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE RUSSIAN SOUL

SIR,—Being for several years a faithful reader of your valuable periodical, I perused the article of Mr. Shaw in February, 1918, regarding the great Russian writer, Fedor Dostoevski. All this article is based on a mistake which I can explain by insufficient knowledge of the Russian language on the part of Mr. Shaw. The phrase, "the Russian soul is a mystery," was completely misunderstood and mistranslated by the words: "The Russian soul is a dark place" (*Russkaya dusha potemki,* which means "The Russian soul is the deepest mystery," but not dark).

I have no time to show that every point in this article is wrong, but I wish to express my deep desire for the better relations between two races in future, that no unclean hands and unclean purposes would touch the holy things and the shrines of both nations. When we are ready to put on the clean dress-shirt, we wash our hands if they are not clean; otherwise the shirt will be spotted, and the laundry will be accused instead of our own hands.

What about Dostoevski, who is respected in Russia as a prophet and who showed the purest and the cleanest sources of the Russian soul through awfulest crimes of the derelicts and the degenerates which were the heroes of this writer? I wish only to make a parallel with another far greater genius, but as well gentle—Shakespeare. If perverse mind will bring the attention of the reader to the heroes of *Pericles* and *Titus Andronicus,* with the description of the ugliest crimes and vices, or to many scenes of the Historical Chronicles or *King Lear,* and will leave without remarks the greatest ideas of Shakespeare, his strong propaganda against capital punishment, his unparalleled humanity at the rough time of the sixteenth century, his clemency even for the criminals, his unsurpassed kindness, many times higher than even in the Holy Scripture—then the reader may receive just the same wrong idea about the greatest humanitarian of England and of the whole world — Shakespeare.

Hands off, you all who want to destroy the shrines of the nation or of all humanity, for the purpose of some political propaganda! Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Pushkin, are our shrines, our saints, our glory. Isn't it enough for you that Russia, devastated by Germany, has fallen into the hands of the wickedest fiends who came from New York and Switzerland and who sell our country, our towns, our museums, our temples, to the enemy, who stir up the roughest instincts of the mob to destruction, and who are cheering their victory over the Russian nation, applauding our humiliation and our misery?

SEATTLE, WASH. DR. ALEXANDER KOHANOWSKI
(Secretary to the Russian Consulate).

P. S.—I return once more to the *leit-motif* of the article of Mr. Shaw: "The Russian soul is a dark place," instead of, as it ought to be, "The Russian soul is a deep mystery."

This last one phrase of Dostoevski—*Russkaya dusha potemki,* or: "The Russian soul is a mystery"—comes from a very popular Russian proverb: "Stranger's soul is a mystery," or in Russian: *chujaya dusha potemki.* In this proverb, a Russian had no intention to insult a stranger

as having a dark soul. The word *potemki* means "incapability to see anything by a blind man," and in this expression means only—and nothing else—"mystery." A. K.

A LITTLE LESSON IN LOGIC

SIR,—I have no doubt that you want to do your fullest bit in the prosecution of our great war, but do you think you are helping the cause by such "cutting and slashing" editorials as your "Plea to the President," which appears in your March number? What do you suppose would be the effect on the public morale and on the morale of the soldiers who are fighting in the field and training in the various camps if this editorial were echoed by all the magazines and newspapers of the country?

I have no doubt it is hard for you—it would be for me if I were in your place—to "forgive and forget" Mr. Wilson's blunderbuss in eliminating you from his supporters in 1911-12 after all you had done in support of his Presidential candidacy; and it is very natural for you to remember his refusal to recognize the "unspeakable Huerta" as President of Mexico, which you so strongly urged upon him, and perhaps you have not yet recovered from your disappointment on account of his defeating Mr. Hughes in 1916, whom you were so very, very, anxious to place in the Presidential office. But since Mr. Wilson is the people's chosen President, since he is the captain of the ship on which we are sailing over bloody seas, since he is Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, which are a wall of fire between the German war machine and our free government, is it not better that the people—and the army—should have the fullest possible confidence in his Administration?

As to your question whether a former pacifist like Secretary Baker can possibly prosecute the war efficiently as the head of the War Department, let me refer you to the cases of William McKinley and Abraham Lincoln, saying nothing about the cases of millions on millions of your fellow-citizens who deprecated war and were anxious to avoid a conflict with Germany, but are now ready to "do or die" in their country's cause.

NEWARK, OHIO. MILTON R. SCOTT.

[Our courteous correspondent seems to be laboring under an error of logic peculiar to a certain type of American mind. It consists in assuming that support of the Nation in its high purposes is synonymous with support of the Nation's administrative agents in their follies and ineptitudes. Let us paraphrase the second question of our correspondent's letter and turn it in his own direction: "What do you suppose would be the effect on the public morale and on the morale of the soldiers who are fighting in the field and training in the various camps if they thought that the stubborn stupidities of the men responsible for their lives and the safety of the Nation were deliberately concealed and condoned by those intrusted with the duty of public comment upon the conduct of the war?" Our correspondent, thinking reverently of Secretary Baker, refers to the attitude of Lincoln and McKinley toward *their* War Secretaries. Well, when Lincoln found that Cameron was unfit, Cameron went; and Alger did not survive the revelation of his incompetency as long as Baker has survived the revelation of his.—EDITOR.]

ALAS, THERE IS NO MONEY IN IT!

SIR,—In your WAR WEEKLY against President Wilson and his Administration you are certainly lending "comfort" if not "aid" to the enemy. I subscribed, expecting to find in the WEEKLY an honest review of events occurring in Europe and elsewhere in connection with the war. Instead I find nothing but abuse of the President and his Cabinet and of Mr. House. It becomes more and more evident that your WEEKLY is but a partisan newspaper of an extreme type to assist in carrying the fall elections of Congress against the Administration. You were no doubt influenced in starting this paper, either by your hatred of the President or because there was *money in it* from some source. The back page of your issue of February 16 is a contemptible libel and *you know it is such.* Mr. Lincoln was assailed while carrying the heavy burden of the war by men such as you, assassins of reputation. I do not care to have such a paper in my household to read when even my little children, who have been taught to be patriotic, exclaim about your crown sketch: "Papa, isn't this wicked?" Please discontinue sending me your WAR WEEKLY, but send it to your dear friends, the Huns in Germany. They will appreciate it, no doubt. You may keep my dollar.

PORTLAND, ORE. CORNELIUS GARDENER
(Colonel United States Army, retired).

NO, WE DIDN'T FORGET

SIR,—I have read with much pleasure your "Thank God for Wilson" in the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

I would like to ask you one question in connection with it, however. When you said that the country acquiesced in the President's decision that it was inadvisable to send a man without army training abroad in response to Roosevelt's request, did you momentarily forget that he had entrusted the control and management of the War Office to a man without Colonel Roosevelt's military experiences, to a man who not only had no training or experience of the kind, but was *constitutionally* unfit for the position? Did you forget the "blessed unpreparedness" which will cost so many lives and may lose the war?

No doubt our Minister of War is a most excellent man and citizen—but does he fit in the War Office at this time any more than you and Colonel Roosevelt in the "Burleson gaol"?

Ever since the denial of Colonel Roosevelt's request by the President, the lines in *The Lady of the Lake,* bewailing the absence of Rhoderic Dhu from the battle, have rung themselves through my mind:

> O, where was Rhoderic then?
> One blast from out his bugle horn
> Were worth ten thousand men!

Colonel Roosevelt would not need so many lessons as other men to be ready and fit anywhere.

ALASCADERO, CALIF. M. S. DEVEREUX.

MOBILIZING THE WAR SPIRIT

Sir,—Bearing upon your powerful and fascinating "Thank God for Wilson," in the January North American Review, I have hesitated some time about telling you how much it rode with me. Your suggestion that public men who can attract an audience should be utilized to mobilize and keep vibrant the war spirit of the nation interested me.

I have been doing that work upon my own initiative ever since the war began; have held two hundred war meetings; have addressed many thousands in different States and have particularly wrought among agrarians, who did not at once comprehend the profound significance of the war, which indeed none of us did perhaps.

I do enjoy the Review.

Sault de Sainte Marie, Mich. Chase S. Osborn.

UNIQUE

Sir,—I am enclosing my check for a year's subscription to the War Weekly, and thank you for the privilege of subscribing. For a number of years I have read The North American Review, in particular the editorial work of Colonel Harvey. Since the entrance of the United States into the world war, I have followed the Colonel's pen patiently, painstakingly and regularly. His fearless and intelligent critiques continue to be unique in the annals of American war literature. They perform a great and distinct public service to every thinking American who reads them. The pen of no living American is more brilliant, more caustic or more timely. I revere the patriotism which prompts their utterance.

Taunton, Mass. Silas D. Reed.

THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY

Sir,—A copy of The North American Review (March issue) has just been received by me and I have read with great interest a splendid article by Mr. Gilman contained therein about the Chicago Opera Company's organization which I have been able to bring to New York and present to the public of this city.

It is indeed very gratifying to receive such favorable mention and to have the same appear in such a publication as The North American Review.

With appreciation, and again thanking you,

New York City. Cleofonte Campanini.

WHO SHE IS

Sir.—In an article by Lawrence Gilman describing the Chicago Grand Opera Company, there is mention of "The most gifted and versatile singing-actress now living." Will you kindly advise who is here referred to?

B. A. Miller.

[Mary Garden.—Editor.]

BLUE BUT TRUE

SIR,—I think your current issue is rightly colored—blue. It is blue all through. However, it is better to know the truth, for the truth may make us free of a lot of philandering pacifists and doddering incompetents. Keep a-going. I wish to God we had you and Theodore and a few more like you in charge of things.

MT. CLEMENS, MICH. FRANK E. NOLLIS.

ENDORSED

SIR,—As an American citizen, I read with approbation your article, as quoted in Sunday's New York *Tribune,* on our war with Germany. The TRUTH—so eloquently and trenchantly expressed by you—should, and I believe will, be accepted and endorsed by the overwhelming majority of our countrymen.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS. LUTHER A. LAWHON.

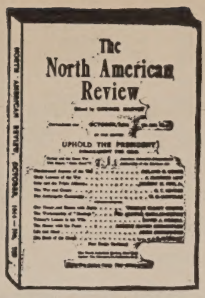
A SENTIMENTAL IDENTITY

SIR,—Your sentiments are mine.

It is a pity that you are not the editor of a penny paper with a daily circulation of one hundred million.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. EDWARD G. LONGMAN.

1918



June

One-Hundred-Fifth Year

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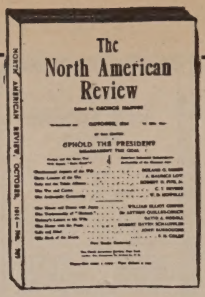

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(Continued on second page following)

THE ROMANCE OF VARNISH

FIRST ARTICLE

I am to write a series of brief articles on varnish for "The North American Review." I do this because almost every one knows very little about varnish. If I succeed in being interesting I am sure I shall be informing, and the general public should know more than it does about an article in almost universal use, which engages the attention of more than three hundred concerns and employs a capital of a great many millions of dollars.

What is varnish? An invisible—almost invisible—film that covers nearly everything of use or ornament. It is on the chair you sit on, the table you eat on, the automobile you ride in, the floor you walk on, the bed, of wood or brass, that you sleep in, the phonograph that sings to you, the can that holds the salmon that sustains you, the gun that will bring you victory, liberty, and justice.

Yet you never see the varnish, you see the things the varnish is on.

And it beautifies and preserves—but I am speaking now of good varnish—bad varnish "goes off" very soon. Its base is the gum of the copal tree that lived ages ago and is found fossilized in places where all traces of vegetation have long since disappeared. To the melted gum is added linseed oil and turpentine. It seems very simple.

It is so simple that fifty years ago when, as a boy soldier, just home after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, I was led by a fairy's visit (I do not say what kind of a fairy) to engage in the business, I was told by a country carriage-maker, whose business I sought, of the then old days when the travelling varnish-maker used to appear with his small copper kettle and his stock of raw material and stay for a day while he made the carriage-maker his stock of varnish that should last a year, or until his return.

Simple indeed and simple days. Was it good varnish? Good and bad are relative. How could it be good from to-day's point of view? Yet it answered. It had to.

It is a far cry from the itinerant varnish-maker of those days, with his hastily constructed fireplace in the open field, to the varnish factory of to-day, with its fireproof construction, its great storage tanks, its long array of great kettles, its elaborate system of pipes and pumps, its strainers and filters, its chemists, its testers and its complete scientific equipment. A far cry indeed.

FRANKLIN MURPHY
Founder Murphy Varnish Company

Lewis P. Brown
is a student at Hebrew Union College, of the University of Cincinnati. He is not of draft age, and he has been unable to enlist because of failure to pass his physical examinations.

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President of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, writes informingly on one of the achievements in industrial and social insurance.

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is a Southerner by birth. For some years past she has lived in New York, where she has been engaged in literary work. Her poems have appeared in numerous magazines.

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whose writings have won her international repute, is a native of Philadelphia. Among her volumes, nearly all of which are illustrated by her husband, are *French Cathedrals, Monasteries and Abbeys,* and *Our Philadelphia.*

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Professor of English Literature at Yale University, was graduated from Yale in 1887. He has edited many English classics, and has published *The Permanent Contribution of the Nineteenth Century to English Literature, Essays on Modern Novelists, Essays on Russian Novelists,* and many others.

Joseph S. Auerbach,
one of the distinguished members of the New York Bar, is also well-known as an author. Two volumes of his *Essays and Miscellanies,* for which Mr. Joseph H. Choate wrote the introduction, met with much commendation from the more important critics.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JUNE, 1918

THE PERIL OF THE FUTURE

A VITAL QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED

BY THE EDITOR

STEP by step the strategic plans of German conquest are being disclosed. Long ago, we assume, all persons of information and perspicacity dismissed, if indeed they had ever accepted, the impudent pretence that Germany was forced into the war by unexpected events and undertook it in self-defence, and became convinced that she deliberately planned the war and entered it at her own chosen time for the purpose of extended if not world-wide conquests. But it has required the progress of affairs to demonstrate the full scope and purport of her plans. Hitherto the most commonly recognized and most notable scheme of national expansion in the world has been that of Russia, in seeking through two centuries of effort a commercial outlet and frontage on the high seas at a point where they are never barred with ice. That has been a great and persistent undertaking, and it has largely determined the whole trend of Russian foreign policy and has had a profound influence upon the international affairs of both Europe and Asia. Yet it is now seen to have been a comparatively trifling thing by the side of the predatory policies of the Hohenzollerns, even if we consider nothing more than the attempts of the latter to secure control of maritime highways, which have been by no means the whole or even the major part of their ambitions.

The first important step in the campaign of conquest was the partition of Poland, which Frederick the Great conceived

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and executed largely for the sake of securing by the theft of Danzig an import frontage and a great harbor on the Baltic Sea, as also for connecting two parts of Prussia into an integral whole by seizing the territory which lay between them. The sequel to this was the seizure of the southern part of Denmark, which greatly increased Prussia's frontage on the Baltic, gave her a frontage on the North Sea, and provided her with an eligible route for an inland waterway connecting those two frontages. A little later the conquest and annexation of Hanover gave her an extended North Sea frontage.

At this point she could well afford to suspend for the time her operations in that direction, and seek strategic conquests elsewhere. She therefore turned to the east. Negotiations with the Sultan of Turkey secured concessions through which Germany was to have special privileges on the Bosporus and Dardanelles, an outlet on the Syrian coast of the Mediterranean Sea, control of the Euphrates Valley, and an outlet on the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean. That was a gigantic scheme of German hegemony clear across two continents, from the North Sea to the Indian Ocean, tapping the Mediterranean Sea by the way. Through her most subservient tool, Austria-Hungary, she at the same time planned to secure an outlet down the Vardar Valley to the head of the Aegean Sea, and by the rape of Bosnia and Herzegovina to confirm greatly the German position on the Adriatic. Further domination of the Mediterranean was sought in the attempt to seize Morocco and thus possess one side of the eastern gateway to that sea; the frustration of which attempt by France, Great Britain and the United States won for these countries the most savage resentment and hatred of the Huns.

German aggressions in the Pacific began with the attempt to crowd America and Great Britain out of Samoa and to win all those islands for the German colonial empire. Other steps in the same direction included the seizure of various lands and groups in the East Indies and Polynesia, and also an important foothold on the Chinese coast. Militant intrigues were also initiated for the acquisition of the Philippines, which were frustrated by the expedition and intrepid resolution of George Dewey; another cause of wrath against the United States.

There remained the western Atlantic and the Caribbean,

and the Isthmian Canal route between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The list of German schemes in that direction is a long one. It comprises the attempt, led by Dr. von Holleben, to meddle between the United States and Spain in the spring of 1898; and the balking of at least one of the negotiations for the American purchase of the Danish West Indies; by which means Germany hoped to prevent the extension of United States influence thither. Other intrigues aimed at the acquisition of the Dutch West Indies by Germany. The defeat of the negotiations for a canal treaty between the United States and Nicaragua in 1902 was due very directly to German influence over the then Nicaraguan minister to the United States, and the same game, with a somewhat different ending, was played at Panama. It was through German influence that Colombia was persuaded to reject the canal treaty, Germany then being engaged in an attempt to secure for herself the reversion of the old de Lesseps canal concession at Panama, intending to complete the work and make it a German canal across American soil.

All these various and variously-resulting drives at waterways and sea frontages antedated the present war. In this conflict they have been continued, together, of course, with the development of other schemes of conquest. The conquest of Belgium was effected partly as the first step in a drive at Paris and France by the route of supposedly least resistance, and also for the sake of gaining a working frontage on the British Channel. Serbia and Montenegro were conquered largely in order to promote the schemes already mentioned for German dominance on the Aegean and the Adriatic. The Baltic Provinces of Russia are being annexed to Germany in order to give her full possession of the continental shores of that sea, and the German conquest of Finland has been essayed with the object of pushing northward to the Kola Peninsula so as to gain on the Terian and Murmanian coasts frontages on the White Sea and the Arctic Ocean. The seizure of Ukrainia is intended to make the Black Sea a German Lake, and the attempt to set up a German province in the Caucasus is meant to give Germany a footing upon the shore of the Caspian.

Formidable as are these schemes of waterway domination, they are not by any means the whole of the German campaign of conquest. The prosecution of them has greatly facilitated others, one of which is now beginning to loom up

with a portentousness not surpassed by any other feature of the entire situation. In the course of the highly successful drives along the coast of the Baltic and the north shore of the Black Sea, Germany has crushed and demoralized Russia, deprived her of her sea coasts, and isolated her from the rest of Europe. Whatever may be the status and the prospective outcome of the war on the western front, it is indisputable that Germany has already completely won that on the eastern front. She has achieved the conquest of Russia, and it now rests with her to determine in what manner she shall most advantageously employ the results of that conquest.

Already she has utilized those results in three important ways. One is the withdrawal of hundreds of thousands of troops from the east for service on the western front. It is well within bounds to say that the recent drive in Flanders and Picardy would not have been undertaken but for the collapse of Russia, or, if undertaken, would not have been nearly as formidable as it was. The second is the securing of vast supplies both of food and of munitions of war or the raw material for them. Alsace and Lorraine were stolen in 1871 chiefly for the sake of their iron mines, but in seizing Russia the Huns have secured immeasurably richer mines of iron, the chief platinum mines of the world, one of the richest of oil fields, vast cotton plantations, and the granary of Europe; and much of this wealth is immediately available for the supplying of wants and for the allaying of discontent. The third way in which the conquest has been utilized is the unifying and confirming of the whole German people in support of the Government. There can no longer be complaints that the war is a failure or that it is being waged for nothing. The Imperial Government can claim that it has " made good ".

Now all this is on the supposition that Germany elects to continue the war in the west, as indeed she is doing. But there is an alternative, which has been somewhat more than hinted at. That is, for Germany to content herself with her eastern conquests, which are by far the greatest ever made by any nation in modern times if not ever in the history of the world and to abandon her efforts in the west. That would mean withdrawal from France and Flanders, and fortification of the old frontier of Germany, to protect that empire in its new conquests. That would place Germany in an exceedingly strong position. We do not say that it would be im-

pregnable. But if in more than three and a half years Germany, minus her eastern army, has been able to hold the Allies in check on their own soil, what would be her capacities for defence when fighting defensively on her own soil, and plus the great force which she was able to draw from the eastern front? If she should elect to adopt such a course, the Allies would be greatly nonplussed and embarrassed. They could not logicaly and consistently give up the war, yet they would find the difficulties of pursuing it far greater than before.

We do not say that that is what she is going to do. But it would be foolish not to recognize the possibility of her doing so, and even the probability of it in certain contingencies. There can be little doubt that she would adopt that course in preference to confessing defeat all around and suing for peace or offering unconditional surrender. Neither can there be any doubt that the strategy of her accomplished campaign thus far has placed her in a situation in which to adopt that course would be easy and hopeful of success.

As for the potential results of such a course, they must be obvious. The Allies must either accept that settlement as an ending of the war, or must refuse to do so and continue the war for the purpose of undoing it. If they should elect the former course, Germany, reenforced with the population and the inestimably great resources of the Russian Empire, would be admirably situated to prepare herself for a renewal of the war not many years hence, in circumstances far more favorable for herself than those of 1914. Her man power, and her power in all other respects, would be vastly greater than in the present war, both positively and comparatively, while her opponents would be just so much the weaker; and she would have foes on only one side instead of on two.

These considerations would, we may confidently assume, compel the Allies to refuse to recognize that settlement and to continue the war. They would have to do so against a united and augmented Germany, backed by almost boundless resources and fighting on a single front. We must believe that the result of even such a conflict would be the overthrow of the Huns. That would be a necessity of civilization and of Christianity. But it would be a stupendous task. At the present time Russia is so disorganized as to be of little value to its conqueror. But the course which Germany has been pursuing in Ukrainia indicates unmistakably that she is bent upon the reorganization and restoration of

Russia for German profit at the earliest possible moment.

In that outlook lies an immense peril—perhaps the greatest that has ever confronted the world. We have expressed faith that the Allies would now reject any proposal that would give to Germany a free hand in the East, despite the fact that she would speak as a conqueror and could well afford to make most liberal and tempting offers to the Allies in the West and even to Italy. But we have to confess that our sense of certainty with respect to the future is not strong. Assuming, as we trust we may with confidence, that the Germans have come to realize that they cannot break through and presently will begin to intrench themselves with their customary skill and thoroughness, what then? To say, as many do say, that because they will have failed to achieve their immediate purpose the war will have been won by the Allies is, to our mind, to talk nonsense. The enemy has only to "dig in" and stay there. If the most powerful military machine ever known could not pass our far less effective force, what chance have we of smashing his defenses to and beyond the Rhine this year, next year or ever, for that matter?

It is easy enough to shout "We are going to win; of course we are; anybody who suggests a possibility of our losing is a traitor," etc., etc.; they are heartening words and we like to hear them; but *how* are we going to win? That is what we want to know.

Suppose the frightful business continues, as probably it must, for several years or even for one year and the situation remains substantially unchanged, the Allies having drawn from America and the enemy from Russia in about equal proportions, and then Germany suddenly proposes to turn back all she has won in the West and to keep only what she has won in the East, what are we going to reply? What is stricken France going to feel and even perhaps say? What, England? What, the people of America? What,—and this is the gravest question of all—President Wilson? What, ourselves, for that matter? We simply do not know and cannot foresee. But we do realize that the peril of having to face such a situation is not only, as we have declared, immense, but even perhaps far more imminent than we imagine. It is something, therefore, that we should begin to think of and to prepare for, with the utmost seriousness.

Is it not probable that the time will come when we shall

have to determine how much of the world's obligation to civilization we of this generation are bound in honor to assume and how much we are warranted in passing on to our successors?

That surely is the way we are drifting. So far as is known,—and information to the contrary, if there be any, invariably leaks out,—neither our Allies nor ourselves have formulated any plans for actually winning the war. We are simply expecting Germany to lie down. We have not even a great policy in common, except as to defensive fighting in France. Great Britain, perceiving the danger of such a situation as we have indicated arising, is eager to put Japan into Russia to head off German mobilization of the mighty man power of that distracted and prostrate country, but President Wilson refuses assent upon the ground that to do so might induce somebody to suspect the sincerity of our declarations that we seek no conquests.

Who that somebody is Heaven alone knows. It cannot be any one of the Allies; that is certain. It may, of course, be Mexico, but we hardly think so. Probably it is Germany or Turkey or both—our " adversaries," as Mr. Baker sweetly calls them. In any case, the United States objects to and actually prevents the prosecution of the war in the East after the manner deemed most advisable, if not indeed absolutely essential, by our " associates." We do not maintain that the President may not have satisfactory reasons for pursuing this course, but we do insist that he assumes a tremendous responsibility if, as Mr. Creel informs us, he does so merely to preserve appearances in the eyes of anybody who might pretend to mistrust our motives.

We would not for a moment distract the attention or the energies of the Government and the people from the most pressing need of hurrying men to France. On the contrary, we would concentrate all efforts to that end, not only to atone partially for our criminal negligence in the past, but to meet, so far as it lies within our power, the very exigency which we have depicted as likely to arise. Precisely as Germany " speeded up " in the hope of securing a decision in her favor before the Allies could get America in, so should America put forth every ounce of strength to help to achieve something somewhere before Germany can get Russia in.

But doing all this need not and should not prevent simultaneous consideration of other equally dangerous problems to

come, with a view to reaching correct solutions promptly. For ourselves, we rejoice to say, we find the present situation fairly satisfactory; it is the only too obvious peril of the future that fills us with apprehension.

THE EVILS OF PARTISANSHIP

It is a pity that we cannot recast the old adage about laws being silent amid arms, or arms silent amid laws, and say *Inter arma factiones silent.* There is need of it, now more than ever before in all our history. There has been need of it before; or at least the evils of faction in wartime have been felt. In the Revolution there were Tories. In the undeclared French war there were Gallicans and Anglicans. In the War of 1812 there was the Hartford Convention; the reputation of which is the worst thing about it. In the Civil War there were Copperheads. To-day, apart from the Pacifists and Bolsheviki and what not else, there is too great an inclination to draw party lines between the two great parties, without thought of the effect upon the national welfare.

By this we do not mean to condemn or to decry criticism of the Government or the legitimate functions of an opposition party. We believe in criticism; and God knows the Government has now and then deserved it. We believe in an opposition party, watchful, alert and outspoken. But we do not believe in criticism or in opposition that is mere nagging or attempts at destruction. They should be instructive and constructive. Particularly, we do not believe, at a time like this, in supporting the Government's policy through thick and thin just because the head of the Government belongs to your party, or in criticising and condemning it simply because you belong to the other party.

Such factionalism has not, of course, universally prevailed. Some of the strongest disapproval and criticism of the present Administration have come from members of its own party, and some of its strongest support has come from the opposition party. Yet now, with a general election looming in the distance, there is an obvious inclination to draw party lines sharply and to seek party advantage at the polls —we will not say, at the cost of national interests, but at least without so far exalting them above mere party considerations as we could wish.

We have said that this has been done before. It is interesting to recall what happened in 1862, though without any suggestion that it should be repeated. Faction raged fiercely against the Administration at that time, not in spite of but because of Lincoln's war policy. Dissatisfaction and denunciation prevailed. The one supreme issue was whether the Government, in the midst of the great war, was to be supported or not. On that issue there was an almost nation-wide reaction against the President and his policy. The great free States of the North went against him—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois. The Democratic opposition in the House of Representatives was increased from 44 seats in the Thirty-seventh Congress to 75 in the Thirty-eighth, and the Republican majority was reduced to only twenty. In fact, only the three "Border States" saved the Republicans from being placed in the minority and saved the Administration from having to face a hostile majority in the House. Lincoln's shrewd policy toward Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, and the presence of Federal troops in them, caused those States to return Republican delegations and thus saved Congress for the Administration. Two years later, in 1864, there was a still greater landslide in the other direction, the Administration being overwhelmingly supported.

It must be recognized that our governmental system, as differentiated from the systems of European States, gives not merely opportunity but also some measure of provocation for such factional movements. That is because we have fixed terms for Congress, fixed dates for general elections, and an Executive irresponsible to Congress—save in extreme cases, of impeachment. Whether we wish it or not, therefore, we must have a Congressional election every second year, and when an election is held, it is extremely difficult to suppress or to prevent factional rivalries. In Great Britain it is possible to avoid such an opportunity for partisanship by the simple expedient of extending the Parliamentary term. The present British Parliament was elected in December, 1910, for a term of not more than five years, and met in January, 1911; so that it has already exceeded its normal term by more than two years. In such fashion, quite impossible here, the rousing of party passions in a general election, and the danger of an enforced and perhaps detrimental change of administrative policy are avoided; and

they may continue to be avoided until after the end of the war.

While thus a stability and continuity impossible here are secured there, the British—as also the French—system provides for a degree of flexibility and responsiveness to public sentiment and adaptation to changing needs also impossible under our system of a fixed Executive and irresponsible Ministers. While Parliament remains unchanged, numerous changes have been made in the Cabinet, and doubtless will hereafter be made whenever they seem desirable. That is because the Prime Minister and his colleagues, unlike our President and Cabinet, have no fixed terms, but have a tenure dependent upon the will of Parliament. There can be no question that the Cabinet changes which have occurred in both Great Britain and France have been beneficial and have resulted in increased efficiency in the prosecution of the war. What changes would have occurred here, had the Executive been dependent upon Congressional approval, may be an interesting subject for conjecture. It is quite conceivable, however, that one or two changes might advantageously have been made.

There can, of course, be no thought of changing our system at this time, if indeed it is ever deemed desirable so to do. We must continue with fixed terms and with irresponsible executives. But it may well be submitted, both to political leaders and officials and to the people, whether it is not possible for us, in this time of supreme need, voluntarily and in a measure informally to secure for ourselves the chief advantages of the one system while retaining the form of the other. We must have a Congressional election this year. But it should be possible for us to exercise a restraint upon partisan passions and ambitions, so that the aim of all will be not to win a majority for this or that party, but to secure the election of a House composed of the best men—the best men for the present crisis—regardless of party affiliations. Similarly it would be commendable and honorable in the Executive, although quite secure against removal by a hostile vote, to seek continually to command the confidence and approval of the representatives of the people.

In such fashion, while retaining our present system, with its undoubted advantages, we should also enjoy the advantages of the other systems. We should have a continuity and stability of policy, and yet a flexibility and a responsiveness to the will of the people. We should avoid the spectacle of

patriots lambasting each other at the hustings instead of slaying the Huns in the trenches.

ENEMY SPEECH MUST GO

THE speech of the Hun must be abolished in America. That is evidently the widespread popular judgment, backed up and enforced to an increasing extent by official authority. We referred last month to the then steadily growing movement for the exclusion from the schools of German textbooks obviously designed as agents of Teutonic propaganda, and for the discontinuance of the teaching of the German language, unless to a limited extent in some of the higher grades. That excellent movement is meeting with a gratifying measure of success, and it is now being appropriately complemented with another for the suppression of the German periodical press. Some of the foremost German newspapers in the country have voluntarily suspended publication or gone out of existence altogether—if we may call that voluntary which is done under overwhelming moral compulsion or in prudent anticipation of legal constraint. In many places, including some of the largest cities, newsdealers will no longer handle German papers, and in some places there have been issued municipal ordinances or administrative decrees forbidding under penalty the sale of them.

This movement is being much discussed, pro and contra, a few prominent American papers affecting to consider it intolerant and short-sighted; though apparently on altogether mistaken grounds. The notion seems to prevail with them that the purpose of the suppression of the German press is to prevent German propaganda, which is quite erroneous, and which, if it were true, would stamp the movement as futile. Of course, German propaganda should be suppressed and prevented, by any means which may be found necessary. But it would probably be not at all necessary to abolish the German press for that purpose, since it is of quite insignificant importance as a propagandist. Its utterances can be watched just as carefully and just as thoroughly as those of the English-printed press, and can be dealt with in the same way. Moreover, German papers are read only by Germans, and it is not so much to them that Germany aims to present her propaganda as to Americans. Thus one line of propaganda in an English-printed paper would be more effective

for Hunnish purposes than a column in a German sheet.

It is therefore not for that reason that the German press is denounced and is to be abolished, but rather because its existence is at all times inimical to American national unity. It retards the growth of Americanism among a numerous class of immigrants and their descendants. It prevents or delays the political assimilation of naturalized citizens, and makes for the perpetuation of an alien element in the state. Such things are great evils. It is obviously desirable for all immigrants to become not merely legally naturalized but also mentally and spiritually acclimated and assimilated, so that they will think American thoughts and get into practical and controlling sympathy with American institutions and with the spirit of American democracy.

That desirability is generally conceded, excepting by Germans. They too generally deny and resist it. Of all the immigrant elements of our cosmopolitan population, Germans have ever been the most insistent upon retaining the language of the Old Country together with its manners and social customs, and have been most reluctant to become thoroughly Americanized. In consequence, there have long existed in various parts of the country populous German colonies, in which German is almost exclusively spoken and read, together with great German societies and leagues existing in all parts of the country, the avowed object of which has been to perpetuate German speech and German customs in this country, and to keep the affections of Germans in America fixed upon the transatlantic Fatherland. Nor are the members of these colonies and societies, and the readers of German papers all actual immigrants. They are largely the children and more remote descendants of immigrants. Thousands of people who were born in this country and whose progenitors for several generations were American citizens, speak and read the German language by choice, and cherish German customs and German ideals above those of the United States.

That is an exceedingly undesirable state of affairs, and it is very intimately associated with the maintenance of the German press in this country. It is thus associated in a dual manner, as both cause and effect. It is largely the cause of the existence of the German press, because it creates a demand for it. The German press in America exists because there are so many people who want it and are ready to sustain it. On the other hand, this large alien population is in a sense

an effect or a result of the German press, because that press, by supplying the wants and catering to the sentiments of immigrants and their children encourages them to neglect to learn English and to remain alien in mind and spirit.

How great an evil this is may be seen from the examples of other lands. There are various bi-lingual or polyglot countries in the world, and in every one of them the diversity of language has militated against national unity and has been a fruitful source of trouble. That has been the record of Canada, where of all countries in the world there is the most excuse for duality of speech. In South Africa the language question was for years one of the most formidable causes of friction between Afrikander and Outlander. In Belgium the difference in language has been one of the chief causes of disagreement between Fleming and Walloon. Austria-Hungary has long been notorious for its numerous language-problems, which have frequently led to government crises and to violent revolts.

Like causes produce like effects; and with all our patriotic pride we cannot maintain that this country is so superior or so exceptional as to be exempt from the common rule. We do not want, we must not have, such language problems in America. To avoid them it will be well to discourage as far as possible all alien prints, save as they may be desired to serve a temporary purpose. When numerous immigrants come hither who are unable to read English, it is doubtless better that they should have papers in their own language than none at all. But the existence of those papers should not in the least restrain them from learning English as rapidly as possible, and when they have done this they should substitute English for foreign papers. To regard the alien press as a permanence, intended to cultivate and confirm the permanent use of foreign tongues in America, is thoroughly reprehensible and indicates a lamentable failure to understand the spirit of the American Republic.

Entirely apart from all this, however, and quite regardless of what may become of the other alien press, this thing seems quite indisputable: That when we are at war with a country, whose avowed object is the subversion of our civilization and the substitution of its own, it is worse than folly to tolerate the continued and active existence of an agency which, voluntarily or involuntarily, makes for sympathy with that country. The patrons of the German press in the

United States either are or are not loyal. They sympathize either with America or with Germany. If they are not loyal, if they are pro-German in their sympathies, then without hesitation they should be treated as enemies and should be deprived of their alien prints. On the other hand, if they are loyal, if they sympathize with America against Germany, they should demonstrate that fact by renouncing German prints and German speech and identifying themselves with the nation in language as well as in all other respects. In either case, the alien enemy tongue should be silenced.

WHERE WE LET JUSTICE FAIL

ANOTHER international tribunal of justice has come to naught. Perhaps it is too much to say that that at The Hague has entirely failed. Monstrously flouted and defied and temporarily crushed into nothingness it has been, by the brutal treason of the Hun; but we must hope that after the Blond Beast has been slain the great court, founded amid so high and noble aspirations of humanity, will be rehabilitated in far more than its former strength. For the time, however, and for the greatest occasion which the world has ever known, that court and all the fine conventions which surrounded it, have failed in utter nothingness.

The second failure is of lesser magnitude, and has passed with immeasurably less notice, yet in itself it is of much importance and it reflects upon this country a reproach of responsibility which we should gladly have escaped. We refer to the abandonment of that Central American Court of Justice which was designed to be, and which for a time actually was, to the five Central American Republics what the Permanent Tribunal at The Hague was to be to all the world. Indeed, the lesser court was in intent and organization the more perfect and relatively the more potent of the two.

There was much need of it. Those five states had for a hundred years had a peculiarly troubled history. Therefore their resources had remained undeveloped, their progress had been checked, and they had become a byword among the nations. In this court it was purposed to end their troubles by assuring the unbroken prevalence of peace and justice among them through the substitution of law for violence. Never did a community of nations more gracefully, confidently or

auspiciously submit themselves to a mutual moral suzerainty.

In that fine achievement the United States was peculiarly interested. It was under moral obligations to be, as atonement for the past. For it must be confessed that this country had not dealt well with its southern neighbors. At the very beginning it had discouraged the splendid aspirations of the Panama Congress. Later through the deviltries of Walker, the buccaneer, it had incurred unmeasured resentment and suspicion. At other times it had shown itself more ready to exploit sordidly than to aid generously. It was therefore gratifying to have our Government invite the five states to hold a conference under its benevolent auspices at Washington, and there, with its moral participation, to enter into treaties for their common welfare.

That conference was epochal; in no respect more than in the establishment of the court at San Jose. For the first time in the history of the world a company of sovereign states, "for the purpose of maintaining unalterable peace and harmony in their relations, without in any case being obliged to have recourse to the employment of force," created an international tribunal composed of jurists who were to devote their entire attention to its duties, and bound themselves to submit thereto for settlement "all controversies and questions which might arise among them, of whatsoever nature they might be, in the event that their respective chancelleries had not been able to reach an agreement." We are not sure that in its external activities the United States ever did a nobler thing than when it acted as moral sponsor for that achievement.

It was ten years ago that the court thus established began its work, and it promptly proved itself as efficient in practice as it was exalted in theory. Numerous causes were submitted to it, some of them of a character that without it would probably have provoked destructive war. In fact, it was recognized by all that at least two international wars were averted by its jurisdiction, as well as several domestic insurrections. Its judgments were rendered promptly, and were unhesitatingly accepted as authoritative and binding. It presented for some years to the world an unprecedented and inspiring spectacle of once turbulent states dwelling harmoniously under the sway of a public law analogous to private law—an example which the world might well have emulated.

But a few weeks ago that tribunal was abandoned and

dissolved, with no promise of its ever being restored; and for that catastrophe it is difficult entirely to free the United States from blame. The chief cause of offence was the treaty which was made between Nicaragua and the United States in 1913, to some provisions of which the other states objected. Thus it was held that Costa Rica, Salvador and Honduras fronted upon the Bay of Fonseca equally with Nicaragua—as they certainly do—and that therefore Nicaragua's cession or leasing to us of islands in that bay and commanding all its shores was a matter of legitimate concern to those states. Again, Nicaragua conceded to us the sole right to construct an interoceanic canal across her territory; while it is notorious that the San Juan River, which would certainly be a part of that canal, forms the boundary between Nicaragua and Costa Rica and is therefore half owned by the latter state.

It would be idle to pretend that these expressions of concern on the part of the three states were not well founded. That fact was practically conceded by our own Government when the Senate, in ratifying the treaty, stated that nothing in it was intended to affect any existing rights of those states. But that well meant declaration was really in itself offensive, since it was practically an agreement between the United States and Nicaragua concerning the interests of other nations; which should, of course, have been extended so as to include those nations. It naturally did not satisfy them, and they asked the United States to let the matter be passed upon by The Hague. We must feel a large measure of regret and shame to say that this request was refused by our Government.

As a last resort, the three states carried the case to the Central American Court of Justice, which decided the suits of Costa Rica and Salvador in their favor. Nicaragua, feeling secure in the quasi protectorate of the United States, denied the authority of the court and disregarded its judgments. After that there was of course only one thing to do. A court repudiated and flouted by its own makers could not longer exist.

For this unhappy ending we must hold ourselves trebly responsible. Our first error was in making such a treaty with Nicaragua without at the same time negotiating with the other states which, by our own admission, were legitimately interested in some of its terms. A capable diplomat should have perceived at the outset that Nicaragua had no monopoly of the Bay of Fonseca or of the San Juan River, and would

have deemed it just and politic to consult the states which shared her interest therein. There is little doubt that the three would have been ready to listen to proper representations on the subject, and to have come to equitable terms which would have made our position there much stronger than it could possibly be under a treaty made with only a single Power.

The next error was in so cavalierly refusing to submit the case to the tribunal at The Hague, and thus repudiating our own professions and, worst of all, throwing the dispute back to be fought out among the Central American States themselves. While reference of it to the San Jose court was doubtless proper, it would have been still more appropriate to send it to The Hague.

Finally, we erred in not exerting diplomatic influence to compose the controversy, after it had been carried to the Central American Court and Nicaragua had shown her unfortunate inclination to disregard that tribunal. It should have been possible for us, even at that eleventh hour, to satisfy the just demands of Honduras, Costa Rica and Salvador, and to have saved the San Jose court from being discredited and dissolved. Whether it is now possible to undo the mischief already done, and to reestablish the court, is a grave question, which our Government cannot morally afford not to try to answer in the affirmative. It would be an everlasting reproach to us to have that tribunal vanish after ten years of beneficent existence, because of our own inept or sordid diplomacy.

AMERICAN PROPAGANDA NEEDED

THERE is urgent need of American propaganda in the Allied and neutral countries. It may seem strange to say so. Americans have traditionally been reputed experts in the art of blowing their own horns. Among ourselves, indeed, there is plenty of talk. Perhaps there is more talk than information; yet in spite of the official ostrich-attitude we fancy that reading, reflecting and clear-minded folk are getting an increasingly comprehensive notion of what is and what is not going on. But talk among ourselves and knowledge among ourselves are very different things from information about us among other nations.

A year ago or less we were talking fifteen to the dozen

about having anywhere from twenty to fifty thousand airplanes in service by this time, and about having a million and a half trained soldiers marching toward the Rhine. Of course, intelligent Americans, to the manner born, discounted all such flub-dub pretty much as it deserved. They knew that while such achievements were what we should perform, there wasn't a ghost of a chance of our doing them. But people " over there " didn't discount it. They took such talk at its face value. They had heard and seen so much of our boasted American enterprise and energy that they were quite prepared to expect any achievement by us, and certainly were inclined, as they had a right to be, to expect us to fulfil those promises.

And now Sidney Low tells them that after more than a year of our participation in the war we have precisely one airplane—just one, count it!—in France, and that Great Britain and France will have to continue to bear the burden of the war for a considerable time yet, before America can take any decisive part in it. In that he tells the truth, and the people " over there " believe him, though against their own wishes; and they wonder why there is so vast a difference between our promises and our performances. It is natural and indeed inevitable that they should thus wonder, because all the explanations which are familiar to us are quite unknown to them. They heard of our promises, and now they hear what Sidney Low says about our non-fulfilment of them, but they have heard nothing between the two. No wonder that they think it most almighty strange. We should hate to say out loud what they would be quite justified in thinking about it; and about us.

We need, therefore, American propaganda. We need that the American purpose and attitude in the war shall be made clear, and that our progress and in some cases lack of progress shall be frankly and truthfully reported and explained. To cite a few specific cases: Our Allies should be informed, not merely as Sidney Low has done it, that we have only one airplane " over there ", but also why there has been so exasperating a delay, and what a chance there is of better results now that a practical and capable man has been put at the head of the air craft business. In like manner, they should be informed of the reasons for delay in shipbuilding, and of the difference between Schwab and Denman, or Hurley, and what is likely to come of the change.

In other words, there should be international co-ordination, in popular knowledge as well as in military command. We are all agreed that it was a fine thing to make Foch Generalissimo. It would be impossible to extend the same principle to civil government. But at least it would be possible to have all the allied nations completely informed of the doings of the others. There is an old saying and a true one that it is a fatal mistake for a defendant to mislead or to deceive his own lawyer. But it is certainly as bad for a Nation to deceive or at any rate to fail to inform fully its own allies.

We have been fully informed concerning our Allies. They long ago saw to that. They sent authoritative commissions hither to tell us what they were doing. Some of them maintain here permanent bureaus, commissions, or what not, of information, which are continually at work. They have done admirable work; tactful, helpful, all but indispensable. They have conduced to a high degree of understanding on our part of the condition, prospects and purposes of our Allies, and, consequently, to such appreciation and confidence as should always prevail among allies if their cooperation is to be effective.

That is precisely the sort of work which needs to be done by ourselves and for ourselves in European countries, especially in England and France; and we are not sure but that the need of it is greater than was the need of European propaganda here. That is because Americans as a rule have been and are much better informed about Europeans than Europeans are about Americans. Objectively, we are cosmopolitan; subjectively we are provincial. We are pretty well informed about the world at large; and we vainly imagine that all the world is as well informed about us. But it isn't. The intelligence which European countries receive concerning American affairs through the press is so meagre and ill-proportioned as to be little better than worthless, when indeed it is not actually misleading and mischievous.

Time was when we appreciated this need, and met it. In the days of the Civil War the Government was superbly served by Adams at London and by Dayton at Paris. But they were not enough. Their work was not merely supplemented but worthily complemented by that of our "unofficial commissioners," such as August Belmont, Thurlow Weed, Bishop McIlvaine, Archbishop Hughes and Henry

Ward Beecher. The services of these men were simply inestimable in practical value. They expounded and pleaded the American cause as it could not otherwise possibly have been done. To officialdom, to business men and financiers, to social leaders, to intellectual leaders, and to the masses of the people, their appeal was direct with the force of personality, and it was effective. Of Mr. Beecher, whose mission ranged from visiting the Queen at Windsor to speaking to riotous mobs of half-starving workingmen at Manchester and Liverpool, it has been said that he confirmed the Sovereign and converted the subjects.

We need such work to-day, no less than we needed it then. It cannot, obviously, be done by our stated ambassadors, any more than it could have been done fifty-odd years ago; though, of course, it must be done under unmistakable official authority. Colonel House cannot do it all. Even such a unique superman as his amazing panegyrist portrays in the New York *Evening Post* would not be sufficient for the task, in addition to the multifarious other duties which he is supposed to perform at Washington, D. C., at Dallas, Texas, and Heaven only knows where not. Besides, he addresses himself to Kings and Presidents and Chancellors and Prime Ministers. But there are others who also need to be addressed. We cannot ask him to bear a message to the people. Yet that message must be borne.

There is at Washington a vast and costly establishment known as the Committee on Public Information. In its condition of chronic creelismus it may be a question whether its information is greater than its misinformation, or perhaps its obfuscation. But its existence affords an apt suggestion of the nation's greater need. That is, of a suitable agency of public information, not for Americans, who do not need it, but for the Allied and neutral peoples, who do most sorely need it, and who need it not for their own sake but for ours. They can, perhaps, get along very well without understanding us; but can we get along without being understood by them? If "coordination" is the talisman of success, is it not desirable to have coordination, not merely among the various departments of our own Government, and not merely among the various Allied Governments, but also among the Allied peoples who stand behind those Governments and without whom the Governments would be futile and impotent?

We believe that one of the most creditable and most profitable things that our Government could do, would be to invite, perhaps informally or even formally, as a commission, two or three representative citizens to take the lead in a systematic American propaganda in the Allied and neutral countries. They should be men representative not merely of the Government and certainly not merely of a party, but, in the amplest and most unmistakable sense, of the American people and of their spirit in this war. Their purpose should be not to whisper in the ears of distinguished personages or to essay any of that secret diplomacy which we have renounced and repudiated, but to make American policy and American purposes known in the widest and therefore most effective manner, so that friends and foes alike may justly understand what is meant by America's participation in the war.

There is no man in the nation so eminent or so pre-occupied that he would not be honored by such a mission and that he should not be ready and eager to accept it. There is none who is suited for it and whose undertaking of it would be of value to the nation, whose political antecedents or whose partisan affiliations should debar him from being chosen for it. "It's war we're in, not politics," and it is in ungrudging recognition of that fact that patriotic propaganda should be directed.

SAVINGS AND GAINS OF WAR

War is not all waste. The enormous sums which are being raised by taxes and loans, which are being appropriated by Congress, and which are being expended by the militant departments of the Government, are not all to be lost, blown away in powder and shot and sunk to the bottom of the sea. Some of them will, of course, thus be disposed of. There is an appalling amount of waste, of necessary as well as of wanton destruction of property; more, proportionately, in this war than in any other. Uncounted millions of dollars worth of shells and of other devices for use exclusively in war are being utterly destroyed. All this is in addition, of course, to the unspeakable ravages on the land, the razing of cities and forests and orchards, and the supreme loss of human life.

But not all of the money will be thus used. Not all the

cost and effort of war is lost. Much of it, far more of it than we are likely to think, is of permanent value and profit in peace. By our so-called war expenditures we are conferring vast benefits upon the world entirely apart from that of merely winning the war—which is the greatest benefit which can at this time be bestowed. Note, for example, the work of the Shipping Board, upon which hundreds of millions of dollars are being expended. That is done on the immediate account of the war. If it had not been for the war it would not have been done at all. And the hundreds of ships which are being built will be used first of all to help us win the war. But they will afterward, for a much longer time, be used in the commerce of years of peace.

For years we have been lamenting, and with cause, our lack of an adequate mercantile marine and our consequent decline to insignificant rank among the commerce-carriers of the high seas. It will be a happy and most gratifying achievement to have that marine, lost to us in a former war, far more than replaced and America restored to more than her former rank, through the exigencies of another war. It would of course have been monstrous to plunge us into the war just for the sake of that achievement. But now that we are in the war for other reasons, it would be folly not to improve fully our opportunities in that respect, and in doing a great war work to do a comparatively great work for peace.

It is a great gain that as a result of this war we are becoming far more self-reliant as a nation and, in the noblest meaning of the term, more self-sufficient than ever before. Hitherto we have been dependent upon foreign lands for many essential articles which we could and should have supplied ourselves at home, if only we had had the ingenuity, the enterprise, the gumption. We have, for example, been looking to Germany for dyes and many other chemicals and drugs, of which the raw materials, ironically enough, came from our own country. If the war had not occurred, we might have gone on indefinitely in that fashion, dependent upon an alien land for necessities of industry and also of health and life. But when the war cut off that source of supply, through sheer necessity we set ourselves about the work which we should have done long before, and the result is that we are now in a fair way of supplying our own wants, perhaps even better than they were supplied by Germany. That great gain is a by-product of the war.

The war is teaching us to practice intensive agriculture, and to improve all the land. The nation has been awakened to the discreditable fact that our margin of food production beyond our own actual domestic needs is very narrow, because we let so much of our land lie waste, and because we do not get as much from it, acre by acre, as we should; not more than half as much as Germany. The necessities of the war, emphasized by scarcity of food and high prices, have set us pretty vigorously to mending our ways. Waste land is being cultivated, and cultivation is being made more thorough, so that presently we may be making two bushels of potatoes or what not to grow where only one bushel grew before. Doubtless we ought to have done this without the stimulus of war, but we did not; and therefore we must regard with gratification the doing of it as another of the by-products of the war, of immense prospective value to us in the coming years of peace.

We are learning economy and thrift. It used to be said, not without truth, that a French family could live well on what an American family wasted. We are now learning to correct such habits, partly through the stress of high prices and partly under legal compulsion, and are effecting savings of hundreds of millions of dollars a year. This, too, we ought to have done without the war, but did not. The war has driven us to it, and we must therefore offset the enormous wastefulness of war with this great correction of the wastefulness of peace.

It seems probable that we shall also learn, because of the necessities of the war, to utilize far more fully some of our sorely neglected natural resources. The scarcity of fuel last winter set men to considering ways and means of making use of the gigantic water power which in many parts of the country is neglected and is running to waste, and the congestion of the railroads has already caused the Government to turn to the rivers and canals as supplementary or complementary channels of transportation. Our neglect of these latter has been one of the most discreditable anomalies of our economic history. Nature has endowed us with such a multitude of natural waterways as no other land enjoys, needing nothing but a little improvement to fit them for use; and also with a unique opportunity for the construction of artificial waterways of inestimable service. Yet for years we have not only failed to improve our opportunities, but

have actually been going backward and abandoning the few waterways which we once utilized. Our chief enemy in this war, though not nearly as well endowed and adapted as we, has more than three times as great a system of inland waterways as we, and it is a fact of universal acknowledgment that to those waterways she owes a great part of her marvellous industrial and commercial achievements in time of peace, as well as her marvellous efficiency in mobilization and transport in time of war. It is not the least of the good services of the war that it is rousing us, through necessity, to give to this matter the attention which it deserves.

These are some, by no means all, of the good effects of the war upon our national economy. They cannot justify the evil of the imperial wretch who precipitated the war, and they cannot compensate us for the irreparable losses of the war. But they do afford an appreciable degree of consolation, and also of inspiration, in the knowledge that through the processes of the war we are promoting the industries, the profits and the blessings of peace.

PATRIOTISM AND SACRIFICE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

AFTER dinner in a Massachusetts Avenue house not long ago, a gentleman whose platinum-buttoned, heavily-corded white silk waistcoat indicated considerable interest in dress, and the means to indulge it, took up the matter, where the host had dropped it, of doing one's bit. The host had not said what he was doing. He didn't need to. Everyone knows who knows Washington to-day.

The gentleman of the indicative waistcoat said that as he could not get into uniform and there did not seem to be exactly the right place for him in Washington, he was going in for saving food. He was, in fact, limiting himself to two slices of toast with his morning coffee. He had long been accustomed to three, or even four. He was now living religiously up—or rather down—to two; never made an exception of a single morning, except, perhaps, Sundays.

Now, if everybody would do what he was doing, he said, one or two slices of toast multiplied by everybody would equal so many slices a day, which, in turn, would equal so much wheat flour, which would in so many weeks or months be so many tons saved for the wheat-hungry English and French and Italians and Belgians. He took a second Havana, and beamed patriotically and sacrificially on our group.

The last time that I was in Antwerp, proud old Flemish city of trade and wealth, was in March, 1917. It was after we had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany and were moving obviously on toward war. The Commission for Relief in Belgium was preparing to take its staff out of the occupied territory of Belgium and Northern France where we had been " relievers " for nearly two and a half years, and I was going out to Rotterdam where our food-ships unload,

and then across to our head office in London to report on the situation inside.

It was not an encouraging situation. Ever since the first of February when the Germans had declared their danger zones about the United Kingdom, including all of the Channel, not a single one of our food-ships had reached Rotterdam. The stocks of food in our central depots in Belgium were dangerously low, and the communal depots could not be kept fully supplied. This meant that thousands, hundreds of thousands, of Belgians, who had heretofore got their food from the communal depots, were forced into the soup lines which were always provided for first.

In Antwerp, proud old city of well-to-do Flemish burghers and large families, formerly comfortably housed and fed, the soup lines had increased from fifty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand persons. The soup kitchens and lines themselves were multiplied, but the queues were stretched out to more than double length, and the waiting in them was long. Twelve women fainted as they waited in a single line one day. Half of the men, women and children in wealthy, proud, old Antwerp were getting food from the *soupes!*

Now, an interesting and wonderful and noble thing about this is that there was a way open to many of the *Anversois* and the other Belgians forced into the soup lines in the other cities and towns and communes of the country, to avoid the humiliation of the *soupes* and to have more food than they could get there. This way was, to work for the Germans; to go to Germany and work for high wages—at least, the German placards all over the city of Antwerp and all over the rest of Belgium promised high wages—in the German war factories, or to go to the Flanders front and dig trenches or cut up timber for the trenches, or do any of several things that the Germans much wanted these starving Belgians to do.

But they would not do it; they waited in line for a cup of soup and a piece of bread every day for weeks and months and years. And they fastened pieces of old rags on to wooden soles and wore them for shoes. And they made coats out of old blankets, and blankets out of anything. But they said little about this, and did not beam patriotically and sacrificially on other people, for everybody was doing it, and only we few Americans were there to listen and see, and we were mostly too busy trying to make sure that the soup kitchens

had something to make soup out of, to find time to listen or look.

After seeing Belgium and France and England in wartime, I sometimes wonder if America is really in the war at all. There are men in uniform, and there are many posters of the Food Administration and the Liberty Loans, and I saw headlined in the newspapers only this morning the fact that an American sergeant had killed a German. More Americans will have killed more Germans by the time this is published, and the Germans will have killed—ah, I stumble at writing it!—perhaps even many Americans. But more than a million Frenchmen have been killed, and by the time this is published the English " Roll of Honour " will be near the million mark, too, for they are going dreadfully fast these days.

We Americans are patriotic, in this war; but, as for sacrifice, except for the few families already bereft of son or father and those more numerous others whose sons have already gone across and are justifiably suffering constant anxiety because of this, we have not made the beginning of a beginning.

The Food Administration has, indeed, worked us up gradually from " don't waste," through a " wheatless day," and then two, a week, and a " meatless day," with later an added " porkless " one, and " save sugar " and " save fats," to a pound and a half of wheat flour limit a week, or, if you are well-to-do and can easily buy many other things, to no wheat at all until the next harvest. And the Fuel Administration has had a " tag-the-shovel " day, and then some chilly Mondays, quickly returning to warmer ones when we objected. And the Treasury has asked us to make our investments in safe securities of lower interest rather than in less safe ones which pay higher interest when they pay any at all.

That, put roughly, is about the extent to which our patriotism has led us to sacrifice.

All this is not to decry the quality of our patriotism or its potency to lead us sometimes to real sacrifice. But so far it simply has not done it.

Perhaps it has not needed to yet. But the Food Administration seems to think differently. It has tried to make evident the opportunity for sacrifice, even if it has not really asked for it, because from what it knows of Belgium and

France and Italy and England, it sees a real opportunity and a real need for a little American sacrifice in the way of eating.

Take the single matter of sugar, for example. Italy and France are now allowing themselves an average of about seventeen ounces of sugar a month per capita. We are " saving sugar " on a consumption basis of over one hundred ounces a month per capita. We do not eat quite all of this on the table or use it in cooking. We drink part of it at the soda fountains, and use up a much smaller part in various factories that produce neither edibles nor potables. But we do actually eat about eighty ounces a month.

Then there is meat. The English now get their meat on ration cards; also their butter, margarine and other fats. They allow themselves twenty ounces of meat, including poultry and game, a week. This is the weight as the meat comes from the butcher, including the bone. To encourage " self-suppliers ", the Englishman who catches or raises his own rabbit may eat all of it without weighing it! But in this time of war, and sacrifice for the sake of winning it, we are eating meat, not including poultry and game, at the rate of fifty ounces a week per capita.

Again take the matter of the control of public eating places. There has been constant complaint from the housewife to the Food Administration that it was most discouraging to try to live up to the specific suggestions of the Food Administration appeal for food conservation when the hotels, restaurants, dining cars and clubs were not playing the game also. There was similar complaint in England.

What the Food Administration has done is to renew, more pressingly, its appeals to the managers of the public eating places, and just now it has been promised by a large group of managers of first class hotels and restaurants, that they will toe the mark squarely. In fact, they have offered to keep their toes a little behind the mark chalked down by the Food Administration, and have pledged themselves to use no wheat at all in their kitchens and dining rooms until the next harvest. That is a fine pledge; let us assume that it will be honestly and finely lived up to.

But what the English have done in this same matter is to take no chances—not that I do not prefer the American way, if it works. By Government order the actual quantity of food that may be served in the English public eating places

is strictly and specifically limited. The present allowance of the staple foods is: meat up to the total of your meat card allowance, twenty ounces (as it comes from the butcher) a week; three ounces of bread at breakfast and dinner, two at luncheon, and one and a half at afternoon tea; one-third of an ounce of butter, margarine and other fats at each of the three meals, and one-fourth of an ounce at tea; no sugar at any meal or at tea except that one-seventh of an ounce per person may be used in preparing luncheon and one-seventh in preparing dinner.

This sounds drastic. It is drastic, and is drastically enforced, as anyone who has had recent experience in London hotels and restaurants can assure you. It is really approaching sacrifice in eating. I met a very hungry man the other day who looked the part; he had just come across from England.

England, all along the line, is backing up its appeal for voluntary support of food economy—they say "food economy" over there where we say "food conservation"—by legally enacted and enforced government orders under the Defence of the Realm Act. It is under this act that their Ministry of Food—we call ours Food Administration—is organized and endowed with large power.

The Food Controller of England has authority on a parity with that of the Admiralty or Ministry of War. Our Food Administrator has a very limited authority; he has achieved most of his results by appeals and agreement. He asks people not to hoard or waste food. In England, hoarding and wasting of food are crimes. Marie Corelli was fined three hundred and fifty dollars not long ago for hoarding. For similar foresight, a member of Parliament was recently fined and had his surplus private food stocks confiscated. A captain and steward and fireman of a small steamer were fined and sentenced in March to six months' imprisonment for putting twenty-eight loaves of stale bread in the boat's furnace!

Finally—because we must not make our catalogue tiresomely long—let us refer to the subject, always an all-important one in connection with food physiology and sociology, of bread; or, better, to widen it, of cereals—not meaning by this term breakfast foods, as has come to be a common American usage, but all of the food-grains, wheat, rye, corn, oats, barley, rice, et cetera.

The French are a bread-eating people. The diet of France is 52% bread; 48% other things. We rely on bread for less than 40% of our eating. Any considerable limitation in the quantity and quality of bread in France means sacrifice. Well, French patriotism has led to French sacrifice in the matter of bread. All the wheat flour used in France is obtained by milling the grain at an extraction rate of 85%; that is, from every one hundred pounds of wheat, eighty-five pounds of wheat flour is made. We are milling at 74%.

This action of the French in milling at 85% means an inclusion in the flour of certain outer, rougher parts of the grain usually discarded from the flour for use as animal feed. This grey wheat flour is mixed with from 15% to 30% of flour made from other cereals, corn, barley or rice usually. When this mixed flour is baked into bread, the bread is doled out to the people on ration, by means of bread-cards. The ration adopted in March of this year is about two-thirds the amount the people have been accustomed to. The price of this bread is kept low by government subsidy, so that all may be able to buy the permitted ration, but the price of meat and other foods is so high that it is practically impossible for a large part of the people to make up the bread deficiency in their diet by increasing the use of other foods. The bread situation in France is truly one of sacrifice, of patriotic sacrifice.

Now we of America have a direct relation to this French sacrifice; we play an important part in connection with it; we play this part whether we wish to or not; we are unavoidably associated with it. We can ameliorate it or make it more severe. We have before us inescapably the question of whether to make it a greater sacrifice or a lesser one. Theoretically, I hear the loud answer of all of us: We will make it a lesser one; we will help those noble French, those wonderful French, those sublime French who are to-day carrying the torch of patriotism before the world.

Practically, our answer is less loud, though it is not a shameful answer, it is not wholly discouraging. But it is less loud; the reason of this is that the proper practical answer calls for a little sacrifice.

The situation is simply this: France has sent her men from the farms to the battle-fronts. She has had little fertilizer. She has lost several million acres of agricultural land to the Germans. She had bad weather for her crops

last year. Altogether she is so reduced in food productive power that this reduction and the bad weather let her have last year but 45 per cent of a normal wheat crop. Even in peace time France produces less wheat than she eats. Always she must get wheat from outside; now she must import it on a wholly unusual scale; and it is just now that it is especially difficult to import.

Australia is simply too far away; it is impossibly expensive in tonnage, because of the time element, to get the Australian wheat. Some can come from the Argentine, a little from India. But the great bulk of the imports must come from America .

The situation is almost identical for England, Italy and Belgium.

This makes a great wheat demand on us—a demand far greater than can be met from our normal surplus. What to do? Nothing simpler than to point this out; but doing it—well, there is where our opportunity for a little sacrifice comes in. We must simply eat less wheat. What we do not eat can go to France and the other Allies. In the next three months, that is, until the next harvest, we should restrict our eating of wheat—not of cereals generally, but just of wheat—to one-half our usual use of it. If we reduce the wheat consumption of the whole country to a weekly per capita average of a pound and a half of wheat flour, we can still send overseas that minimum amount indispensable for their "carrying on." If we eat more, we can't.

But there is a considerable group of people in this country who simply must have more than a pound and a half of wheat flour a week. Bread is the most convenient and the cheapest of foods, hence the man who must make his money go farthest in an attempt to get even enough to eat must buy bread or the wherewithal to make it. The corollary is that some others must get along without any bread—that is, wheat bread—at all. Those of us who can buy other foods to take its place, as meat, fresh vegetables, and other cereals to be used as breakfast foods, quick breads and the like, must do it so as to keep the national per capita average down to six pounds of wheat flour a month.

We may call this sacrifice if we like. If we do, then here is a beautiful chance not only to be patriotic but to sacrifice something—our taste, perhaps, certainly not our health, for the best physiologists assure us of that.

Those five hundred managers of first-class hotels and restaurants who met the other day in Washington and the day after in New York—for there was not room enough in Washington for them to stay over night—and solemnly pledged themselves to use no wheat at all in their kitchens and dining rooms from April 14th until the next harvest made a good start. A great many households have done the same. More ought to.

So much, then, for wheat and the opportunity it gives us for sacrifice.

Surely there must be other opportunities. The wheat sacrifice is merely the one that happens just now to be very clearly defined and very much needed. The others will reveal themselves to the man or woman looking for them.

Buying Liberty Bonds can be made a sacrifice. Cutting out one's luxuries and cutting down one's comforts in order to lend money to the Government and to the Allies is a sacrifice of sorts, although buying Liberty Bonds by transferring savings deposits or converting securities is hardly to be called that.

The thing to do is to try to visualize what the people inside the steel ring about Belgium, and the marvelous people of France, and the nobly muddling-through people of England, are doing.

Inside that steel ring about Belgium a whole people of seven and a half million imprisoned bodies and sorely beset souls has made constant, universal, terrible sacrifice for nearly four years to maintain a spiritual and (to the extent possible in the face of machine guns at street heads and in open places) a physical resistance to the German Juggernaut. The Teuton government in Belgium has kept up ever since the days of the invasion a persistent attempt to break down this resistance by brute force, insidious intrigue and open invitation to an easier life.

But the Belgians have chosen suffering and sacrifice rather than surrender of national and personal honor.

The French *morale,* after an inconceivable sacrifice of men, money and material, was never higher than now. England has given most of its best and is now giving the rest, and living a life of repression quite beyond our present understanding. All these people are making the superlative sacrifice. Our opportunity is beginning.

We must try to put ourselves somewhere near them in

this common opportunity and need for individual repression of luxury and comfort. We are with them heart and soul and army and navy in this great struggle against darkness and catastrophe. But we must also be with them as individuals, as a hundred million earnest and eager individuals committed to go the limit. They are going the limit already; we must go it, too. When we get to that stage there will be nothing to this war but a winning. If we never get to it, there will be every chance of a losing. The Germans know this and they are counting on our selfishness. Are they making their usual mistake in judging the psychology of a people? Or are they, for once, not?

VERNON KELLOGG.

ENGLAND'S FEMININE WAR WORKERS

BY LADY KENNARD

WE see her photograph in every picture-paper, and every breeze that blows wafts to our ears another tribute to her name. And yet, how few of us have met her in the flesh: the woman who works to win the war? This not for the reason that her being is but chimerical, but for the fact that she works so hard that no time is left for play. Her services are voluntarily given, she boasts no uniform, she is not even honored by a number, often she has attained no distinction save a friendly nickname, for her tasks carry her beyond the haunts where people see and are seen.

I intend to give her first place in this, my thank-offering to my sex. The others will be dealt with later: the women who work and win promotion and decorations, the women with careers. It is not for me to decry them, but, as the women who have found *remunerative* work in war, they rank but second to those who have been content to find remuneration in satisfying the need war brings for altruistic effort.

The canteen worker, for instance. Her daily drudgery began with the outbreak of hostilities, and, when the fight is over, she will drop back to where she sprang from, usually a comfortable home where beds are made for her and dishes washed. Her social standing amongst feminine war workers is like that of the dustman in peace-time occupations. Her duties take her out in all weathers to do the nastiest kind of things, she is as necessary to this new life as was the harbinger of domestic cleanliness in days of peace, and as unappreciated. Life holds for her no promise of promotion, and her job is usually accomplished at night time and towards dawn, when all the living world is near to death. Even the soldiers she serves with sandwiches and coffee have grown to regard her existence as a matter of course, and grumble mightily when a buffet they patronize turns out to be, by

chance, understaffed. Yet, how many of those soldiers have carried away her cheery: "God Speed!" as their last farewell, how many more have found her kindly sympathy their first realization of "Blighty"? I have known women—grandmothers at that—criticized as follows: "Oh, So and So?—*She* doesn't overwork herself!—yes, I believe she *does* work at a canteen" (oh, the intonation!) "but one never hears of her *doing* anything!" And then, I have helped such ladies to pack their little satchels with a few war bread sandwiches and a thermos flask, just at the hour when I myself was sitting down to a comfortable evening meal, and watched them from the window, hail a bus at the corner to take them an hour's journey to the station canteen which counts upon their presence for its being. I lived in the same house with one of them once, and, just occasionally, on raid nights, when sleep had been interrupted, I have heard her stumbling up the stairs towards three o'clock admittedly "very tired", but cheerful still, full of details about the raid, the bombs, and the delightful characteristics of the "Tommies" of the night's drafts.

More potent heroines, still less publicly acclaimed, are the scores of girls in their teens who have undertaken the same occupation in France. Nothing exciting there, mind you! No firing-line thrills, nothing of interest to see, still less of interest to do. Just the day's hard work and the difficult sleep of nights, paralyzed by cold in winter, dust stifled in the summer time. Their mails irregular, their friends forgetful, with hands coarsened and complexions spoiling, they have carried on and are continuing to carry on, thinking sometimes a little wistfully, as their letters prove, of the dances, the flirtations and the weddings happening at home.

A prototype to the above, unto whom, together with the Canteen Worker, is the highest honor due, is to be found in the Pantry V.A.D. She has passed no examinations, lacks all technical knowledge, and accepts, nevertheless, all those unpleasantnesses which are a portion of the unofficial subordinate obliged, for form's sake, to wear a uniform. All regulation V.A.D.s, secure in their regimental tabs and standing, are the first to scorn her, unto whose feet the paradise of "wards" is generally forbidden ground. Qualified nurses' probationers make her their drudge. Sisters pretend that she does not exist, and the committee which runs any hospital where she may have been gratefully accepted, long

ago, as a worker, never again consider her, except to present her with a bill for broken china when she leaves, generally because of varicose veins or physical breakdown. Yet not an officers' hospital in England but would come to a standstill without her. She knows this perfectly well, because she alone can competently judge the work she has undertaken. She grumbles a little at home, pities herself in the pantry, and laughs a little, quietly, when she reads in the newspaper of the public vote of thanks tendered to the officials of her hospital. She has plenty of proof in daily life that "The Boys" know all about it and are grateful. That is all that matters, so she—carries on!

Before turning to the salaried workers of the war, this list, which aims at a Biblical standard in its motto: "—and the last shall be first," must include the woman who stays at home to keep her house in order. Home does not necessarily imply the one that she has planned and furnished in her early married days, before the war; it is usually someone else's "home", very far away, and, from her point of view, depressingly un-homelike. She is the woman who follows the drum, and whose journeyings may drag her from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Her income is dwindling, consequently so also is her household staff, and all the while her responsibilities are growing together with her children. She does a great deal of her own house work, all her own mending, and, incidentally, knits a number of soldiers' socks. She has plenty of time for thinking, whilst her husband, once a well-to-do city clerk, tramps the country in ill-fitting puttees, wondering why he was ever born. And her thoughts turn to a future in which things cannot but grow worse. The time will come when the raison d'être of it all will have faded into a series of cyphers on an envelope marked: "B. E. F." and when there will not even be the occasional evenings to look forward to which still mark "his" homecoming. But, at this period, she washes the baby, or turns her seam, or tidies a cupboard and—carries on!

Mark well the fact that these three: the Canteen Worker, the Pantry V.A.D. and the Woman who follows the Drum, are practically the only war workers who have systematically held to the same job since the winter of 1914, thus proving the metal of their soul to be of purest gold. For the alloy of human nature has ever been an almost universal lack of fixity of purpose.

These are the women Victoria Crosses of the war, and the following have earned the D.S.O.:

I will write of them in the order of their coming, as best I can remember it.

The birth of the Munition Worker occurred in the dark ages. Her advent was first whispered, then publicly rumored, and only became reality to me when a school friend turned up suddenly to dinner one evening, in overalls. "You don't mean to say?" I queried aghast, "that you've—?" "Yes, I'm making fuses," she announced. "And what is a fuse?" (I had been wanting to know for weeks!) "Well, I can't quite describe it," she said, "but I'm told that I'm awfully good at making them." For the first time in the history of our acquaintance that girl had pocketmoney, for the first time since I had known her she looked contented. I do not mean to imply that the one thing resulted from the other—she was not that kind. She was almost irritatingly happy and more busy than seemed quite nice. This all happened, you see, before the days when semblance, at any rate, of occupation became a necessary passport for mutual toleration and respect.

The Munition Worker lives on, more flourishing, perhaps, but less joyous nowadays than when, as pioneer, she scorned to conform to type. Dukes' daughters and factory girls still work side by side, but they have lost something of their sense of humor through the finding of a common level. Mostly spendthrifts whilst still in embryo, they incline towards vulgar ostentation when fully fledged, but they have those most human virtues: justice and generosity. Send round a penny collecting card into a gathering of their clan, and as much benefit will accrue to the charity, provided that it be a popular one, and judged deserving, as can be mulcted at social matinées. Cheerfully tendered, moreover, and, as often as not, anonymously. I have heard it rumored that these women are spoiled, that they have been overmuch considered and over paid. It is true that welfare centres have been instituted for them in hundreds, canteens and recreation huts provided, classes offered and lecturers sent there free of charge. Surely, however, it is wiser to exaggerate the good we try to do them than to risk exaggeration of the harm they might do themselves? And the army of women that sprang forward wholeheartedly to put their shoulders to a creaking, dangerous wheel, will never do more than threaten to aban-

don it should bad times come, which cannot, at any rate, prove worse than those already sampled and surmounted!

Following closely upon the heels of the Munition Worker came the Government Clerk. She represented in pathetic hundreds the poverty-stricken ranks of the women whom life had overlooked. The bulk of those earliest volunteers who answered to the call for typists, shorthand writers, accountants and masters of foreign tongues was composed of the host of superannuated teachers, daughters who had elected to " stay at home and look after mother," and women doomed for various reasons to spinsterhood and oblivion. Imagination painted for them a roseate future comprising soft pile carpets, comfortable leather furniture and fires ever burning—an office Utopia, in short, to make up for life with a big " L," hitherto missed at home. At first they hardly realized the worth of " pay "—it was the material comfort for which they yearned. Disillusionment followed swiftly regarding this latter, but the weekly pay envelope taught them independence they had never thought to gain, plus self respect. Their juniors, better favored, less in need, marked the altered carriage of these derelicts, and instituted a veritable siege of Government Employment Bureaus. Work—paid work—was found for all, and its inauguration proved comparatively simple with results quite moderately satisfactory to the Powers at the Head.

Contemporaneous with the advent of the Munition Worker and the Government Clerk was the first appearance of the Woman in Khaki. I am not going to enlarge upon the score or so of denominations into which her original corps has since divided itself by reason, not only of its growing numbers, but also because of the immense scope of work it has undertaken in contemporary times. I have neither the space nor the technical knowledge necessary for such a dissertation. Even my unprofessional eye, however, has enabled me to judge of the extent to which she has become essential to the machinery of warfare. Equally so, my untrained ears have resounded to the tales of all that she has accomplished since those early days when one was wont to cast amused glances over small squads of perspiring women drilling in the spring sunshine of Hyde Park. That was in 1915, before conscription came. They were all " Tommies " then, these women, almost pathetic in their apeing of the training and uniform which had hitherto marked the man of war.

They are commissioned officers now, and have in their hand the organization of an army dependent upon which are the most essential supplementary parts of the machinery of the trenches. They have grown into skilled mechanics, motor drivers, transport workers, military private secretaries, makers of aeroplanes and a dozen other things. They police themselves and work their own promotion. They represent the finest, strongest, healthiest promise of our race, for they are mostly the girls who will be the mothers of the future. Their hours are long and their work is hard—yet, of all the women war-workers I have seen, they look the most contented. No one smiles at them now, and they themselves smile out most radiantly upon the new military world which they have half created.

First cousins to them are the Women in Navy Blue, born later but no less efficient. These comprise the women policemen whose work is left for guessing, but to whose services each soldier man one meets pays tribute. And together with them can be classed the " Wrens " whose duties lie with the Senior Service, but whose coming has been so recent that they have not yet had time to prove themselves as a component part of a very splendid sisterhood.

My subject would be incomplete without mention of the Women Workers on the Land. Myself, I live in London, and have had, consequently, little opportunity of judging them. But, remembering my own innate recoil from answering that particular call when it appeared in every newspaper and on every placard in the city, and visualizing my frantic search for excuses for not doing so, I can but acclaim as heroines those women and girls who went. Imagination suffices amply for depicting all that is repellent in such duties—actuality could but prove more distasteful still! Every feminine instinct is outraged by a life which brings one out of bed at dawn and throws one into it again at sunset with bones and muscles at war; in the course of it she wears unbecoming clothes, handles blistering implements and comes into direct contact with every insect that crawls at each essential turning of the sod! And yet, not only did many thousands of women throw themselves into the breach at once, but they held to their job and are holding yet. It is not even as if they were well paid, for they earn but the meanest laborer's wage. Perhaps it is the fact that they are manipulating the very soil that fathers, brothers and husbands are

dying to defend which has given them this power to carry on.

I have purposely reserved my epilogue for treating of the Nursing Service. No written words, however, could hope to do justice to women whose records have been graven in marble and preserved in the annals of empire. Tribute has been paid them in full measure by the only beings whose tendering could have been, by the nurses themselves, appreciated: namely, by the generals, officers and men for whom they have worked and, sometimes, died. Women like myself, debarred through force of circumstances from joining their ranks at the outbreak of war, have thereby forfeited the right even to acclaim them, except silently and in their prayers.

But the work of the regulation V. A. D.s who are their subordinates and destined one day to fill their ranks is still a fit subject for my pen. This work is undertaken, often without pay, in England and in France, by women and girls who flocked from every forgotten nook of the Empire in the earliest days of the war, and clamored for patriotic occupation. Such an army required many months of strenuous organization, and the only persons who could be spared for the task had to be preliminarily chosen from the units of the army itself. Confusion and misunderstandings came as an unavoidable result of amateurish legislation, and thereunto can be directly traced the multiplicity of carping criticism which this admirable institution has had to bear. All contumely, however, has died a natural death before the universal efficiency reigning now. The V. A. D.s are divided into numbered regiments, and on their shoulder-straps this number gleams, together with an initial, marking the town of origin. They have their colonels (or commandants), captains and non-commissioned officers. They wear an arm stripe for each year's service, and are in all things, and at all times, subject to strict military discipline, any infringement of which would be promptly reported to headquarters and dealt with there. Their scope of work covers extensive ground. According to rank, they may be deputed to any kind of occupation, from that of commandant of a hospital to that of ward maid. Some of their duties are civilian ones, such as office keeping, accounts, etc.; others relate entirely to the nursing profession. All depends upon a few preliminary first aid "exams" which some of them have passed, and others not. The only difference between these "official V. A. D.s" and those "unofficial," eulogized in my earlier paragraph, is to be

found in the fact that the former have been officially enrolled at headquarters and appointed to a regiment or "detachment," as it is called, whereas their prototypes have missed this recognition through laziness or through ignorance, as the case may be. The official V. A. D., provided that she has the necessary qualifications and inclination, can become a hospital probationer after a set period of training, after which she passes into the eminence of the nursing profession, whither this article does not claim to follow her.

Let the *envoi* of appreciation which, it is hoped, will spring to the hearts of all who read these pages, be sent to the social workers of the war. I have placed them last upon the list so that they may obtain true worth of gratitude for all that they have done.

Does contemporary life admit of anything more suicidally wearisome than an hour spent in the querulous, treacherous atmosphere of a committee meeting? Or is there anything more unacceptable to the average and entirely untrained feminine intellect than the responsibility of organization? And yet the days of just those women whose career and training have fitted them for nothing but continuous pleasure are spent in "getting through" committee meetings and "getting up" entertainments, flag days, etc. They have given their men—gave these, in fact, more spontaneously in the first days of the war than did, in proportion, the middle and lower class; they have given an enormous percentage of their wealth; they have given, and continue to give, in ever increasing ratio, their time. And what, in this world, remains more precious than this same time, once the men have been taken and the money dwindles? One can go still further and point out that they have set an example of will power, fortitude and endurance which will, as much as anything accomplished by all the rest of the men and women of England put together, enable the nation to carry on to victory!

LADY KENNARD.

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND

BY JOHAN F. SCHELTEMA

The sacred armies and the godly knight
That the great sepulchre of God did free.

THE legendary lore of Jerusalem has a story to the effect that every year in the night of the 18th of March, namely, the day on which, A. D. 1313, the burning at the stake of Jacques de Molay marked the suppression of the Order of Knights Templars, whose last Grandmaster he was, an apparition disturbed the solemn quiet of their rubble-hidden burial vault at Ophel. Unsheathing his flaming sword, a messenger from heaven, clad in heavy armor under the flowing white cloak with the red cross that distinguished them during their lives, entered the place where they had hoped to find rest after their valorous deeds in the service of the Lord, and asked with thundering voice and awful mien: "Who, then, is to cleanse God's warriors of the stain that the Holy Sepulchre is still in Paynim hands?" And the poor, mortified knights of Christ, forced to an answer by their dreadful visitor's insistent interrogation, that broke the silence of their mournful repose over and over again, could only find heart for the feeble response, while they moved uneasily in their tombs: "None from our midst: our Temple is destroyed. Not unto us the task of reclaiming the Holiest; not unto us, O Lord!"

Henceforth the Templars can slumber calmly until they wake to the blast of the last trumpet. The grim spectre of reproach for unaccomplished vows is laid. It needed another Godfrey of Bouillon to do it and he has been found. After 673 years of continuous Muhammadan dominion since the Kharizmians, driven from their homes by the Tartar invasion and invited West by Sultan Ayyub, had ended the intermittent sway of the Franks in Jerusalem, an army commanded by Sir Edmund Allenby occupied the town on

Tuesday, the 11th of December, 1917. His entering on foot by the Jaffa Gate, commonly called "the friend," made him fulfill, thanks to an ingenious if far-fetched play on his name, an alleged prophecy which predicted that "he who shall exalt Jerusalem among the cities of the earth will come to her unmounted, humbling himself before God (Allah) and the Prophet (an-Naby)." Whether it was foretold or not, last Christmas saw a British general officer as protector and defender of the Holy Sepulchre, a title which seemed dignified enough to the first Christian ruler of a domain whose royal sovereignty he had refused, because "a king should not be chosen where God suffered and was crowned with thorns."

Now, as eight centuries ago, when mediæval Europe set out on its oriental excursions prompted by devotional ardor, its fortuitously educational tours in the form of crusades, the capture of Jerusalem reopens the eternal question of predominance in the Near East, of control over the old-established routes of commerce by land with farther Asia. Yerushalayim — founded in peace! — an ancient hill-fort already in the time of Melchizedek, priest-king of Salem, who "brought forth bread and wine" to Abraham and blessed him, has sustained a full score of sieges in the ceaseless clash of arms for supremacy of trade; has consequently become a Babel of tongues and religions, a confusion of peoples and races, that do "not understand one another's speech" nor customs nor modes of worship. Christian, Jew and Moslem meet there on a spot consecrated by the origins of the dogmas that spiritualize their labors, each considering his faith the only true one. The very holiness of the place unchained tempestuous rage in dismal contrast with the hopeful mystery of final redemption from sin and sorrow, of the going up from the doom of evil to pure, immortal joy we attach to it. And behold, on that "theatre of nations," as Gibbon so properly calls it, the curtain is raised for another act in our world's great drama, an episode connected with our war of wars.

At one of the conferences held in London to devise ways and means for keeping within bounds the rivalries among the European Powers, intensified by the Balkan imbroglio, then worse confounded by the Turkish revolution, a diplomatist of long experience remarked that, after all, it did not matter very much whether he and his confrères in session could stave off a general conflagration which, if not precipi-

tated by squabbles in the cock-pit of Eastern Europe, was sure to come anyhow on account of conflicting claims in Western Asia. Just there Syria with Palestine is one of the most coveted places in the sun, a traditional bone of contention. So much so that its map, dotted with battle-fields, can well serve for an illustration of military tactics and strategy in marches and counter-marches from prehistoric times to our present day. Rather loosely constituted in its component parts, it lacks precise boundaries as a whole. The term Palestine in particular has no positive geographic value nor does it convey the idea of a political unit. Running North and South " from Dan to Beersheba," the section of the mountain rampart between the Syrian desert and the Mediterranean so designated creates the impression of a projection of Europe along the latter's basin into Asia as Spain is a projection of Africa into Europe. Its Mediterranean climate, too, helped it to exceeding prominence among the meeting-grounds of East and West, made it a fit locality for the birth of the Messiah and the dissemination of His Gospel. Hallowed through His teachings and death, yet thereafter as before the scene of grievous dissensions, it has been cut up by the Sublime Porte according to the exigencies of Ottoman administration. The *liwa* (district or department) of al-Quds, lit. " the Holy," comprising Jerusalem and environs under an independent *mutassarif* (prefect), covers a territory almost identical with the new testamental Judaea; Western Palestine is incorporated into the *vilayet* (province) of Bayrut; Eastern Palestine is under the jurisdiction of the *waly* (governor) of the *vilayet* of Suriya (Syria), who resides at Damascus.

For the government of alien subjects, says a close observer, the guiding word in the Turkish language is *akilâneh,* which means " skillfully." There has always been and still is much difference of opinion concerning the methods employed by the Turk in exercising his administrative skill, especially with regard to the infidels whose false invention denies the super-excellence of his faith. While a good many, and among them Christian missionaries of repute, who know him well, defend him as kind-hearted and naturally tolerant, others echo and re-echo the estimate associated with the Near Eastern policy advocated by the school of Bright and Cobden, which delighted in gibbeting him as " an irreclaimable ruffian who should be improved off the face of the earth as soon as

may be." National aspirations and international jealousies had doubtless something to do with such extreme views, enmities engendered already during the crusades, ambitions culminating, for instance, in Napoleon's plans for Eastern conquest; clashing in divided counsels over Muhammed Aly's efforts to expand Egypt toward the Persian Gulf, in the Syrian troubles, in the Turco-Grecian and Turco-Russian conflicts—divers flamings up of the ever-smoldering Eastern Question.

After entering upon its modern phase with the treaty of peace concluded between Russia and Turkey at Kuchuk Kainarjy on July 21st, 1774, and affecting the Napoleonic wars, the Eastern Question was ignored—and for good reasons—at the Congress of Vienna and the subsequent Congresses of the so-called Holy Alliance. The Treaty of Paris established a system of guarantees which aimed at putting the Ottoman Empire under a sort of tutelage and would have facilitated its partition, a foregone conclusion since in 1699 the Peace of Karlowitz marked the beginning of its decline, if the interested Powers had been able to agree on their claims to the Grand Turk's heritage. The Congress of Berlin, revising the Treaties of Paris and London, emphasized the political doctrine that the Sick Man on the Golden Horn is responsible to Christian Europe for his demeanor in the domains still remaining to him after successive amputations. In Article 62 of the treaty which terminated and crowned its travail, it also recognized the protectorate of France over the Latin Christians in the Levant, without, however, specifying her "acquired rights," but discountenancing any attempt to change the *status quo* of the Holy Places. Far from clearing the situation with respect to those ticklish problems, the quasi-prophylactic reservation and injunction became in its vague phraseology a new source of contention. France, founding her privileges in the Near East upon numerous treaties and agreements which in the course of four centuries confirmed and amplified the Capitulations granted in 1535 by Sultan Soliman II to King Francis I, was not disposed to overlook Austrian and Italian encroachments on her protectorate in its widest sense, including her supervision of the Roman Catholic clergy, secular and regular, even though she is anti-clerical at home. Russia was accused of more zeal than discretion in her propagandism of the Greek Orthodox faith.

Further complications ensued in consequence of the advent on the scene of Emperor Wilhelm II of Germany as the protector of the protestants in competition with Great Britain; as the protector of German Catholics on the strength of Pan-Germanic arrogations; as the protector of Islâm, too. In fact, chameleon-like, he revealed himself as willing and ready to pose for anything, to assume any rôle which could mask the real object of his visit in his real quality of an august commercial traveler, bent on smashing with his mailed fist all obstacles to a world monopoly for his firm, the house of Hohenzollern and—at a most respectful distance behind as a partner of slightest importance—Germania. If, a thousand years earlier, the Teutons under Arminius, annihilating the legions of Varus in the forest of Teutoburg, had made their debut as an essentially warlike people, increasingly opposed in the coming ages to classic civilization, that heirloom of the Latins they despised, their imperial exponent of our day, seeking an outlet in the East for their growing commercial and industrial energy, found also the Anglo-Saxons barring their path. Yet it was one of that race, Cecil Rhodes, who is said to have opened the Kaiser's eyes to the chances offered by Turkey in Asia as a stepping stone for conquest in the track of Alexander the Great to offset lost opportunities in Africa, improving upon the frustrated plans of Napoleon the Great. However this may be, rather than the spirit of Bismarck, apathetic to a degree in the matter of colonial ventures, it was von Moltke's that, in 1898, animated his Majesty on his picturesque journey to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, ostensibly undertaken to attend in person the consecration of the German Church of the Redeemer, built on the site of the long demolished Chapel of Santa Maria Latina, in 1869 presented for that purpose to his father, the then Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, by the Sultan Abd' al-Majid.

The diligently advertised, spectacular event reminded one of Isaiah's plaint: "Cry, O city; thou, whole Palestine, art dissolved: for there shall come forth from the north a smoke"; and the crowning ceremony on the Muristan gave fresh food for the conviction that history repeats itself. Had not Pope Gregory IX, excommunicating the other German Emperor, a Hohenstaufen, who graced the Holy Land with his presence, preceding this Hohenzollern by seven centuries, styled him a henchman of Mahound, the Antichrist, that

traveled to Jerusalem not as a crusader or pilgrim, but as a pirate? Piracy takes a multitude of forms according to circumstances and times. Friedrich II appropriated by means of his marriage with Yolante, daughter of King Jean de Brienne, also the fair and pleasant "daughter of Zion" with all the territory she held, the principalities, counties, baronies and seignories that depended on her, to the extent his arms and diplomacy could prevail. Wilhelm II. of wider vision, thought of universal dominion, coveting continents. The gigantic enterprise, described in current parlance as the five B's (Berlin-Byzantium-Baghdad-Bassorah-Bahn), was to give him a kind of preventive mortgage on the Near and Middle East to start with. A direct result of the Kaiser's first visit to Sultan Abd'al-Hamid II in 1889, which inaugurated German ascendency in Turkey, it grew from the small beginning of the concession in the previous year of a railroad doubling the already existing one from Haydar Pasha on the Bosporus, opposite Constantinople, to Ismid, some sixty miles in length, and to be run through to Angora. Between 1893 and 1896 a branch line was constructed from Esky Sheher to Konia (Iconium). On March 5th, 1903, Zihni Pasha, Turkish Minister of Commerce and Public Works, and the President and Directors of the Anatolian Railway Company signed the convention which provided for an extension from Konia instead of Angora, as in von Pressel's original plan, to the Persian Gulf, by means of the Imperial Ottoman Baghdad Railway Company. Paid for by loans negotiated through the intermediary of the Deutsche Bank, this Pan-Germanic triumph raised in the Central Empires an enthusiasm by which the depth of disappointment at the scheme's impending collapse can be gauged.

The news of the recent happenings in the Holy Land, while the British army in Mesopotamia holds the projected railroad's main eastern station, carries indeed evil bodings for its completion and later exploitation under German management. Throwing back the Turkish troops that were to invade Egypt, and following the way of Philistine migration, the British army in Palestine seized in rapid succession Beersheba and Gaza, the key, as Napoleon considered it, of Syria to the North and the Nile Delta to the South. After the taking of Askalon on the 9th and of Jaffa on the 17th of November, a halt was called to wait for the French and

Italian contingents despatched to participate in this modern crusade, led in turn by Sir John G. Maxwell, Sir Archibald Murray and Sir Edmund Allenby, warriors of no less prowess but greater discernment and political sagacity than their famous predecessor, Richard of the Lion Heart. Though Hebron was found evacuated, the enemy offered resistance at Bethlehem and several other places whose names conjure up images of peace and good will rather than murderous combat. In the night of the 8th of December the Turkish garrison withdrew from Jerusalem and on the morning of the 9th the civil authorities came forth with a flag of truce to surrender the town. To quote the *cinque cento* poet once more:

> The walls were won, the gates were opened wide.

. . . . . .

Like General Maude's proclamation to the inhabitants of Baghdad, General Allenby's to those of Jerusalem, read in four languages at the base of the Tower of David, immediately after his unpretentious but none the less highly impressive formal entrance of the town, was a model of soldierly statesmanship on lines quite different from the threatening declaration promulgated as an earnest of Jeremiah's prediction by Cyrus, King of Persia. In his dispositions for a wise exercise of his functions as military governor of al-Quds of the Moslemin, General Allenby showed also much necessary tact. One of his orders provided for the continued Moslem guardianship of the Qubbah as-Sakhrah in the Haram ash-Sharif, the chief Muhammadan shrine on the sacred hill where Jehovah had hovered in a cloud; where David had seen His angel, standing " between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand "; where Solomon's temple stood and the new one that replaced it, and Herod's temple; the silent corner of the high place where the Avim and the Anakim used to sacrifice in their prehistoric age; where Hadrian raised an altar to Jupiter, turning the city of the son of Jesse, which is Zion, into the Roman colony of Aelia Capitolina. So, with respect to the Bayt al-Maqdis, the home of the sanctuary, prospective Moslem subjects were appeased and propitiated by measures calculated to impress upon them Great Britain's solicitude for their religious needs and wishes, on a par with the substitution of a British for a Turkish guard to the caravan that conveys from Cairo to Mecca the *kiswah,* the annually renewed covering for the

Ka'bah. Notwithstanding the Emperor Wilhelm's assurances to successive Grand Signiors at Stambool, the German attitude toward Islâm compares most unfavorably with these attentions: General von Falkenhayn, for example, directing Turkish operations from Aleppo, has scandalized the true believers, by establishing himself with his *giaur* German staff in the principal house of prayer there, the *jami'* Zakariya, where tradition points out the grave of that righteous doubter, John the Baptist's father.

Reasons accumulate why Sir Edmund Allenby, pushing on from Jericho for a junction with Sir William R. Marshall, commander of the late General Maude's army in Mesopotamia, should prove as formidable a hindrance to the realization of the Kaiser's oriental dreams as Sir William Sidney Smith was to those of Napoleon. A junction as contemplated, after the taking of Mosul, by an armament moving northward from Baghdad, and the armament now proceeding from Jerusalem toward Damascus and Aleppo, reinforced, perhaps, by troops from Cyprus, descending upon Mersina or Ayas to occupy Adana, would mean the cutting of the lines of communication between Asia Minor and Syria with Arabia. General Marshall is badly hampered by the failure of disintegrating Russia to second his movements; General Allenby, on the other hand, has in his favor the support given to him by allied Arab tribes, that harass the Hejâz Railway and swarm up east of the Jordan, covering his right flank. His victorious march to Aleppo and Killis (Mustimieh), the meeting-point of the Syrian railways with the railways east to Ras al-Ayn in the direction of Mosul, and west and northwest to Alexandrette, Konia, Haydar Pasha and Smyrna, might settle the fate of the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire, at least in so far as their southern portion is concerned, despite its secret treaty with Germany, which guaranteed Turkish rule in those regions. The initial wresting of Palestine from the Grand Turk's clutch augurs well for the consummation in the near future of the " bag and baggage " policy, conformably to the words of the Qurân (chapter of *al-araf,* that is the partition between paradise and hell): " Unto every nation there is a prefixed term; therefore when their term is expired, they shall not have respite for an hour, neither shall they be anticipated."

The ultimate restriction contained in this pearl of wisdom, fallen from the mouth of the Prophet, is highly pertinent to

Palestine at a new parting of the ways in her fortunes. Provisionally under martial law, administered by a British military governor, with the British flag flying dominant over Jerusalem and the French and Italian flags hoisted over French and Italian property such as convents and schools, whose will the Holy Land be to have and to hold after the conclusion of peace? Prized beyond estimation for its religious associations and of the utmost strategical value, especially to Great Britain as a bulwark to Egypt and a coign of vantage for the protection of an overland route to India more direct than the German Baghdad Railway, it possesses only moderate attractions in an agricultural or industrial sense. Though a large part of the Jordan valley can, no doubt, be reclaimed by irrigation, elsewhere there is little room for the farmer's or live stock raiser's pursuits, except in the plains of Esdraelon and Sharon, and Upper Galilea. At this moment no more than about four or five thousand square miles of its soil are under cultivation. It has no navigable rivers. Its mineral wealth consists principally of some phosphate, some traces of rock-oil in scattered localities, and sulphur and asphalt in the vale of Siddim, collected by the gatherers of salt on the shores of the Dead Sea, the Lacus Asphaltites of the Romans and the Bahr Lût, Lot's Sea, of the Arabs. Malaria asserts itself severely and so does the insidious sore which in its most malignant varieties blossoms out as the vexatious, unornamental Jericho boil or Aleppo button.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Palestine has known a good deal of immigration even before the Hebrews came and the Philistines and the Greeks, who populated the cities of Decapolis, and later the Arabs. In 1856, six years after Ludwig Ross began to advocate German colonization in the Holy Land, a number of Americans settled in Jaffa, but their experiment miscarried: some could not stand the climate and died; the survivors moved away. More success attended the " Temple " colonies founded by Christoph H. Hoffmann of Wurttemberg, also in Jaffa, in Hayfa, Sarona, Rephaim and Jerusalem. Moslem Circassians, seeking refuge from Russian attempts at conversion, were given new homes by Sultan Abd'al-Hamid II on the east banks of the Jordan and along the Hejâz Railway, and developed that region according to their primitive notions of husbandry. Sinking artesian wells, building dams for water storage, draining the

country and covering it with eucalyptus plantations to keep off the malaria, the thousands of Russian Jews who, equally in search of religious freedom, fled to Palestine between 1881 and 1914, did rather better; and their thriving colonies, of which that at Petah Tikwah is the oldest, are now consolidated under the auspices of the Palestine Colonization Association after having been financed at a loss by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. Whatever industrial concerns exist, handicapped by lack of coal and iron, are also mostly owned or managed by Jews, notably the tanneries and dyeshops, the soap factories at Nabulus (Shechem) and the trade in oranges at Jaffa. Thanks to Hebrew activity, the slender material resources of the Holy Land were increasingly utilized up to the breaking out of the war. And, strengthening the claims based on the relations between ancient Palestine and Israël, these obligations of modern Palestine to the Israëlites of the present dispensation have doubtless influenced the intention of the Powers of the Entente, formulated by Mr. Balfour, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to establish for the Jewish people after their long wanderings and mournings for the palace that lies desolate, a national home in the shadow of Mount Zion, its corner-stone and foundation.

JOHAN F. SCHELTEMA.

GRADES OF MEDICAL OFFICERS IN THE ARMY

BY MAJOR LOUIS L. SEAMAN, M.D.

A GRAVE crisis for the American soldier awaits the decision of Congress—a military question of most serious import—although to the casual observer it may seem comparatively trivial. It is embodied in the bills introduced by Mr. Owen in the Senate, and Mr. Hicks in the House, for "fixing the grades of the commissioned officers of the Medical Corps of the United States Army on active duty, and for other purposes," and is as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the commissioned officers of the Medical Corps and of the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States Army on active duty shall be distributed in the several grades in the same ratios heretofore established by law in the Medical Corps of the United States Navy. The Surgeon-General shall have authority to designate as "consultants" officers of either corps—and relieve them as the interest of the service may require.

Sec. 2. That the Medical Corps, through its officers, shall have supervision and control of the hygiene and sanitation of posts, camps, commands and troops under such regulations as the President may establish, with authority to issue and enforce such orders as will prevent or diminish disease, except that when such orders interfere with necessary war operations the military commander may suspend them.

All of which means as follows:

Shall the American soldier in the present war be sacrificed to preventable diseases, through red tape and the petty jealousies of Line and Staff officers—as has occurred to a frightful extent in past wars—or shall he be allowed to retain his health under the most advanced science of the age?

That is the real question Congress is asked to settle,—and when it is remembered that in every war in which the United States has engaged, indeed in all the prolonged wars

of history (except the Russo-Japanese War), the medical officer has had to combat the foe that has caused eighty per cent of the mortality—never less than four times, and often twenty times as many as the artillery, infantry, mines and all other methods of physical destruction combined, there should be no question as to the result.

The Surgeon General of the Army asks for higher rank for the members of his Corps—that they shall be graded the same as in the Medical Department of the Navy—because it will add to the prestige of the Corps, and thereby increase their influence. Unquestionably increased rank will have some effect, especially when it is remembered that the Reserve Corps to-day constitute over eighty per cent of the total Medical Corps of the Army, and is made up of the cream of the American medical profession. But at the hearing before the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate on March 15th, when discussing sanitary regulations and recommendations made by medical officers, Senator Owen said:

A brigadier general of the line does not hesitate to disregard advice bearing on typhoid fever or pneumonia which is given by an officer of subordinate rank, and unless the Medical Department has rank it is difficult for the line officers to realize that the advice which the medical officer gives should be taken upon the basis of its merits and not upon the basis of the rank of the one who makes the recommendation. Upon that point I think General Gorgas should explain to the Committee his opinion.

Gen. Gorgas.—I think that is the real argument from the standpoint of efficiency for this increased rank.

Later Senator Hitchcock asked this question:

Suppose a division commander or a camp commander refuses to take the advice of a medical officer—advice which the medical officer deems essential: Has he any way of bringing it up to you, and can you issue superior orders to compel the recognition of the medical officer's advice through your rank as compared with the rank of that officer?

Gen. Gorgas.—Cases of that kind are constantly coming up, where the medical officer disagrees with his division commander. He sends it up through the adjutant general. You know, I am just an advisory officer. I have no direct authority anywhere. The adjutant general sends it over to me practically for advice, but my action would go with regard to it. If I concur with the medical officer, the Secretary and adjutant general would take it into consideration. Of course, they are the final authorities in the matter.

Sen. Hitchcock.—The Secretary and the adjutant general would finally decide the question?

Gen. Gorgas.—Yes.

Sen. Hitchcock.—So that your power is only advisory?

Gen. Gorgas.—My power is only advisory.

Sen. Hitchcock.—And even if there were a brigadier general on the spot, his powers would be only advisory?

Gen. Gorgas.—In the Medical Department? Yes, his powers are only advisory.

Sen. Hitchcock.—So that mere rank does not give authority?

Gen. Gorgas.—It does not give authority.

Thus it is seen the medical officer or department in the Army to-day has no authority. Without some authority—which may be exercised without interfering with the strategy or military operations of war, i. e., when the army is not actually engaged in battle—it is possible his department may again prove a humiliating failure, as it has in every war in which our forces have ever engaged. I have been present, either as an officer or observer, in eight wars—in every continent in the world—and I assert that the medical officer in our Army has not even the privileges which would enable him to maintain the health of the men who are entrusted to his care. He selects recruits because of their youth, health and physical ability to withstand the hardship of war. It should be his business, first, last and nearly all the time to maintain this condition—and he would do it if given adequate authority. Then, if he failed, he should be court-martialed and dismissed from the service. But he has no authority—not even over the ration. The vast majority of diseases which incapacitate an army result from auto-intoxications, which could be prevented by proper dietary. Witness the Spanish-American War, where in a period of three months, as stated in the report of the Surgeon General, "293 men died from battle and other casualties, and 3,681 from disease"; and in this army of 170,000, there were 158,000 hospital admissions, or ninety per cent, although three-fourths of the men never left the camps of their native land. The Japanese army had for the same period about four per cent hospital admissions, *including their wounded,* or about 1/22 times as many. The vast difference in these figures illustrates the value of a medical and sanitary department properly equipped, and empowered to enforce practical sanitation and supervision of the dietary. I believe that if this department had been properly systematized, with

sufficient numbers, with supervisory control over the ration, and with power to enforce sanitary and hygienic regulations, the units of our Army would have returned to their homes at the close of the Spanish-American campaign in better physical condition than when they entered it.

Disease is the silent foe that lingers in every camp and bivouac. It is this foe, as the records for the past two hundred years prove, that has been responsible for four times as many deaths as the guns of the enemy, not to mention the vast number of invalided, and pensions, the cost of which every twenty-five years is equal to the entire cost of the war from which they resulted.

Every death from preventable disease is an insult to the intelligence of the age, and when it occurs in the Army, where the units are subject to discipline, it becomes a governmental crime. The State deprives the soldier of his liberty, prescribes his hours of rest, his exercise, equipment, dress, diet, and the locality in which he shall reside, and in the hour of danger expects him, if necessary, to lay down his life in defense of its honor. It should, therefore, give him the best sanitation and the best medical supervision that the science of the age can devise. For just as surely as the engineer who disregards the signal, or the train-dispatcher who gives wrong orders, is responsible for the loss of human life which follows, so Congress is responsible for the thousands of soldiers' lives stupidly, criminally sacrificed,—not on the glorious field of battle, but in camps from known preventable causes. It is for these men, never for those who fall gallantly fighting, that I offer my prayer.

The rank of Surgeon General should be commensurate with the importance of the department of which he is the head. He should be a member of the War College, and responsible only to the Secretary of War, or to the President. There should be conferred upon him and his subordinates final authority in all matters of sanitation and hygiene, except in the emergency of battle, when, of course, all authority should devolve upon the officers of the line.

The importance of the medical as compared with other Staff departments has never been sufficiently recognized or appreciated in our country. Until it is clearly realized that the most important function of the medical officer is the prevention of disease rather than its cure, the old custom will prevail. To be efficient, the medical officer must not

only be a good surgeon, but a sanitarian, a bacteriologist, a chemist, and an administrator. Upon him devolves the duty of preventing disease, and his part in maintaining the effectiveness of the units makes him a most important factor in the military establishment.

The following resolution was submitted by the writer at the meeting of The International Congress of Military Surgeons in St. Louis, 1904, and, after favorable report by the Executive Committee, was unanimously adopted:

> Resolved, That the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States now assembled, respectfully petitions Congress at its next session to reorganize the medical departments of the United States Army and Navy on a broad basis similar to that of the countries most advanced in military sanitation, giving to their officers equivalent rank, dignity, and power, and to their personnel ample numbers for the proper care of the ill and injured in military and naval service.

The adoption of the bills introduced by Senator Owen and Representative Hicks will go far toward rectifying a humiliating failure—one which, if the present war is sufficiently prolonged, may result in the defeat of our army, for more wars have been decided by disease than by bullets.

LOUIS L. SEAMAN, M.D.

THE JEW IS NOT A SLACKER

BY LEWIS P. BROWN

The foreign born, especially the Jews, are more apt to malinger than the native born.

THUS we read in the original manual of instructions for the Medical Advisory Boards connected with our selective draft. In the present manual this anti-Jewish remark has, by order of the President and the Secretary of War, been deleted. Had the remark been made in one of the less advanced of the European countries to-day, it would have occasioned little or no surprise. But in America, and coming from an official source, it is, to say the least of it, rather staggering. An attempt to account for its appearance and for the unhappy anti-Jewish prejudice it is but one manifestation of, gives rise to much interesting speculation.

Now there is no evidence whatsoever to prove that the foreign born Jews more often malinger than the foreign born non-Jews. Similarly it cannot be shown that the Jews, foreign born and native together, are less loyal to their country than are their non-Jewish compatriots. (On the contrary, according to the Bureau of Jewish Statistics the Jews, who form hardly three percent of our total population, have produced over four percent of our total armed forces.) How, then, shall we account for this anti-Jewish prejudice? How is it that even in official circles the notion obtains that the Jew is an almost consistent "slacker"? The prejudices of common people can be completely attributed to ignorance. But not so the prejudices of more or less intelligent and fair-minded officials. How much truth, then, underlies this opinion concerning the Jew?

It seems that at least this much is true: that flagrant instances of malingering on the part of Jews do at times occur. Such instances are marked not by their frequency so much as by their intensity. And because of this intensity they impress

most deeply the minds of those brought into contact with them. That is probably why the impression obtains that " especially " the Jews malinger. Officials connected with the draft boards tell us—and, it seems, very truthfully—that there are some Jews in this country to-day (fortunately they are very few) who will go to almost any length in their attempts to evade conscription. They will involve themselves in a whole maze of lies, they will perjure their souls and maim their bodies rather than serve in the army. They are "slackers ", of course, but yet their " slacking " is not sneaky, mean, and " yellow". It is " red "; it is imbued with a peculiar zeal and passion. It is a type of " slacking " altogether anomalous —and also for that reason, most impressive—to the American born and bred.

For of course, these strange "slackers " are, almost to a man, neither American born nor bred. They may well be termed un-Americanized Jews. And any intelligent understanding of the existing notion that the Jew is a " slacker " presupposes an intelligent understanding of the life and history of this un-Americanized Jew.

The un-Americanized Jew is one who lives in this country but is not yet essentially a part of it. He is just what his name implies—an *un*-Americanized Jew. He is usually a newly-arrived immigrant. Sometimes he has lived here a decade; sometimes two; seldom more than that. Often he is already a naturalized citizen of America—political status makes little difference to one's method of thought and life. But most usually he is still a complete foreigner in this land. He is usually from Russia; but that is merely because the latest wave of immigration to this country happened to be from Russia.

What this un-Americanized Jew thinks of war can be quite briefly told. He thinks it the ugliest institution on man's earth. He hates war; he hates everything that smacks of war. Therefore he will seldom enlist of his own free will. He will seldom even submit unreluctantly to conscription. Rather he will sometimes malinger unblushingly. He will often strain every nerve—and pull every wire—in his attempt to evade the draft. And he will make his attempt not shamefacedly and with downcast head, but deliberately, almost proudly, without a qualm of conscience.—There is nothing to be gained in attempting to deny these facts. I am a Jew and a right brother to this man, but I would not attempt to

deny them. Of course, I deplore them; I am thoroughly ashamed of them; I am exceedingly glad they are true of but very few Jews; but nevertheless, I cannot deny they *are* true of those few. I know it is just because those facts are true—no matter of how few—that the impression does exist that *all* Jews are "slackers."

But, though I am thoroughly ashamed of my brother's conduct, I find it difficult to blame him for it. He is far less at fault for his aversion to war than is the saint for his aversion to vice—or the " idle rich " for their aversion to work. This terror of war is bred in his bones; he imbibed it with his mother's milk. His whole soul rebels at thought of the " pride, pomp, and circumstance of war ". If this un-Americanized Jew sometimes attempts to evade conscription, there are many reasons for it.

In the first place, he is a foreigner, and as such, intellectually averse to war. War, he thinks, is waged only for conquest of territory. Patriotism, he believes, is merely one man's love for another man's country. When you tell him we are fighting for Democracy, he goes to the atlas to see just how large Democracy is. He cannot conceive of waging wars for ideals. In the " old country " they do not wage them —at least, not that kind.

In the second place, he is a Jew, and as such, emotionally averse to war. He is constitutionally antipathetic to physical violence. He has nothing of the berserker in him. His mediæval teacher, Maimonides, cautioned him to avoid extremes and, willy-nilly, he has done so most religiously. And war is entirely a matter of extremes. . . . The dashing heroism we Occidentals so greatly admire, the heroism of those who go out into the wild places of the earth and wrestle with soil and beast and fellowman, that heroism is in part a mystery to him. It puzzles him and he feels lost when he meets with it. However, he does not despise it. The animal within him is not so dead but what tales of wild adventure will strike responsive chords within his breast. Yet he realizes only dumbly that that *something* stirring men to stake their all on one mad fling against the Infinite is a something that partakes of the divine. And that something remains foreign to him always —until he is Americanized.

Not that he is devoid of heroism now. But his heroism is less primitive, less glaring and spectacular. His life is not like the rocket which rends the dark with one red flash and

then, sputtering, dies out. It is rather like the candle which, through the long hours of the night, flickers dimly in the window of the cottage on the moor. He does not claw the naked earth amid the mountains of the West. He rather claws old rags and bones in some foul cellar on Hester Street. He seldom dreams of martial glory or of empire and dominion. He longs rather to teach his son to read the *Chumish* well. He will die for his convictions as his fathers died before him, but quietly and seriously and without gay bravado.

It is not that the martial spirit is non-existent in the Jew, but that it has been almost crushed beneath centuries of servility and oppression. And is that at all surprising? After but four centuries under Roman rule the Britons lost almost entirely the sense of fight. Is it any wonder then if after fully twenty centuries under far worse than Roman rule, without a country and without a right, these Jews seem also to have lost that sense of fight?

Powers neglected tend to atrophy. Fish in subterranean streams will lose the sense of sight. Ducks out of water will lose the ability to swim. And so men unable to use physical force lose altogether the sense of fight. Their bodies wither, and if they are to live their minds must now protect them. Their minds must become wily and sharp. Their whole life must become cerebral. They must live by their wits.

Now that is just what happened with the Jew. Early in this era he lost his country and his freedom and found himself adrift in a wide unfriendly world. Of course, had his people combined and united, then, no matter how small, it might yet have attempted to resist further aggression. But in a little while his people was scattered to the four corners of the civilized world, was scattered everywhere from England to the Upper Nile, from Portugal to the Caucasus. By the might of his arm it was impossible for him to prevail. And yet to live and to live a Jew he felt it his God-given duty. Well then, since he would preserve his life and physical prowess could not avail him, he had to fall back upon mental acumen. Since it availed him naught to whet his sword, he filled his coffers instead. It was not that the Jew was inherently a financier. But he simply had to collect shekels or else—he had to die. And collecting shekels for centuries long he soon forgot altogether that there was another weapon with which to fend off aggression. So when he was attacked he did not even dream of physical resistance. He had no confi-

dence in his own fighting powers, and his comrades were few and unable to aid him. All he could do, then, was bribe. And he bribed right and left with his hard-earned shekels—can you or I blame him for that? He was fighting for life and he had but one weapon—money, money, and money alone. Rebel, fight, resist with armed force? Good Heavens, no! He had not done that for centuries. How could he attempt it now? How could he?

That is why this brother of mine is to-day estranged from the physical. That is why emotionally he is averse to war. He has not played that game of death for nearly two milleniums. Yes, *once* he was a mighty warrior (do you remember Samson, Saul, and David,—*and the Maccabees?*). But *now* . . .

Can you wonder then if his sallow cheek blanches when of a sudden he is called to go out and kill? Can you blame him then if his bony hands tremble when ordered to go and shed blood?

But that is not all.

Many of these un-Americanized Jews are not afraid of this war merely because it is war. For those of them from Russia (and the majority of them are) it has a further and more poignant terror—the draft. Our draft recalls to them that other draft. It recalls to them the Russian draft with all the misery it entailed—its cruelty and torture, its foulness and despair. They remember how it would tear them from their homes, from their sanctified tables and hallowed synagogues, and would thrust them out among brutes of men, bestial Cossacks, who took delight in crushing their already half-crushed souls. It recalls to them those ugly years of unclean meat and unclean men and unclean thought and life. They see again in this, our draft, the darkest cloud in the dark sky of their dark Russian days.

That is why many of these un-Americanized Jews are so fearful of this draft—they think it a return to the Russian way of life. So, as in Russia, they feel it only right to strive their utmost to evade it. In Russia it was as rare to see a Jew graciously submit to conscription as it would be to see a Belgian happily submit to deportation. It was considered almost a duty of the Jew to attempt to escape conscription. It was literally true that the three great events in the Russian Jew's life were birth, exemption, and death. I have heard of and known men who lived for months on foul bread and water that

they might be too slight and weak when their time of service came. Men swallowed vials of the fieriest of spirits that their hearts might wildly palpitate when their examination came. Men bribed with their last *kopecks* the corrupt officials of the Czar, that they might remain in quiet and escape those years of pain. Can you blame them? I cannot. My father, my grand-father, and my great grand-father did it, and, had I been in their places, I would have done the same.

But that does not mean I would attempt it here. I know that here conscription assumes a far different aspect. I know that here the soldiery is clean and fine and manly. I know the officers are decent, fair, and honest. I know that the ideal soldier here is not the sneaking bully but the hail-fellow-well-met. Yes, *I* know all this, but—and here lies the root of the evil—my un-Americanized brother does not.

Can you wonder, then, if he is sometimes a "slacker"? He cannot help it. He knows no better. For all he knows our soldiers may be but newer Cossacks, and our President in war-time but another *Ivanye Ganov*. And for his ignorance and for his dread of war he deserves not harsh censure but rather kindly sympathy. You who walk free and lightly through the terrors of the hour, remember that he, poor foreign Jew, stumbles heavily beneath the burden of twenty centuries of unremitting woe. Shall you then ask him to walk with your alacrity and sprightliness? If you would measure him by your standards, then aid him to be like you. Teach him your ways and your thoughts. Americanize him. Do not ridicule and deride him. There is much that you are learning and will learn from him. Do not sneer at him; do not scorn him. (It is just the sneers and scorn of the *Goyim* that make the Jews so clannish.) But approach him sympathetically and he will readily respond. It is the sun and not the storm that makes the rosebush flower. . . .

If his obstinacy should make you lose patience—and patience runs very short in war-time—remember that the work of centuries cannot be undone in a moment. Just bear with him a little—until he is Americanized. You will find it worth your while.

LEWIS P. BROWN.

THE GOVERNMENT AND WAGE-EARNERS' INSURANCE

BY FORREST F. DRYDEN

The most striking achievement during the year 1917 in insurance matters was the substitution by the United States Government of a well-considered plan providing for protection to the military and naval forces of the United States against death, illness and accident in place of the present pension system. While in the strictly technical sense of the term the plan cannot be considered as insurance, since the premiums are totally inadequate to meet the probable loss that will be experienced under conditions of warfare without a parallel in military or insurance history, nevertheless, the Government measure emphasizes the fact that life insurance has now become a public as well as a private necessity. If further proof were needed, it is found in the approval which has met the operations of the War Insurance Bureau. The amount of war-risk insurance issued on the lives of those in the military and naval forces of the United States is now more than fourteen billion dollars. To clearly emphasize the magnitude of this achievement it should be pointed out that this amount is more than the total insurance in force in the five largest companies in the United States, and the youngest of these companies is more than forty years old.

As has been said, it should be borne in mind that the premium paid by the insured is admittedly inadequate, the theory of the plan being that the premium charged the insured is fixed at a yearly net term rate based on conditions of peace, the Government assuming the payment of the extra premium created by the war hazard. No insurance company could provide this protection at the Government rates without drawing upon the funds contributed by other insurers, the use of which without the policyholders' con-

sent would be an illegal diversion of their funds. In addition thereto, the extent of the hazard is so stupendous that few private companies, if any, could sustain the loss which will be entailed. The plan, as adopted, was, therefore, necessarily one for the Government and not for private operation.

The companies, however, have been able to render valuable assistance toward the success which has been secured. Through their combined agency force, as well as by direct appeals from their officers, they have been largely instrumental in inducing its universal acceptance by those for whose benefit it was created. The only substantial criticism made against the plan was that the Government should eliminate the premium feature in its entirety. As the amount which the insured pays is an insignificant portion of the cost it was urged that any individual contributions might be eliminated, in order to avoid possible discrimination and not leave unprotected those who needed its protection most. It was felt, however, by the framers of the bill, as well as by Congress, that it was desirable that the individuals constituting the Army and Navy should feel a personal responsibility for the protection of those dependent upon them, and that in addition thereto they should not be placed in the position of mendicants, but that it should be clearly recognized that the Government was assuming only the war hazard which had been created by reason of their response to the Government's call. The universal acceptance of this protection has largely, if, indeed, not entirely, nullified criticism along these lines, and the fears of those who expressed this view have not been realized.

The profound change in the universal appeal which life insurance makes to the average citizen has occurred since the Civil War. At that time the amount of life insurance in force was insignificant, and notwithstanding that its value was even then clearly realized, its universal use was considered practically impossible.

During the long intervening period of years an army of life insurance agents has been effectively at work disseminating information on insurance and inculcating habits of systematic savings and thrift among every element of the population. First, however, as an effective agency in behalf of the rational thrift education of the people, credit must be given to the system of industrial insurance, established in the United States in 1875, upon the basis of the long-

established principles of ordinary legal-reserve life insurance, modified to meet the needs and conditions of wage-earners and their dependents. Within less than fifty years this form of insurance has been developed to extraordinary proportions, not only in this country, but practically throughout the entire civilized world.

At the present time, according to a conservative estimate, the number of industrial policies in force in this country is about 36,000,000, providing not less than $5,000,000,000 of insurance protection. Since for obvious reasons the business is practically limited to the urban population of the United States, estimated for 1918 at 51,500,000, the per capita of industrial insurance may be conservatively placed at $97.00 for the population affected, or at the ratio of 70 industrial policies to every 100 urban inhabitants.

Primarily these results are attributable to the effective insurance education of the masses in systematic habits of saving. It is chiefly on account of the weekly-premium-payment system that voluntary deductions from wages on account of insurance have become a matter of habit, and it may safely be assumed that savings habits thus developed in one direction must, in due course of time, become effective in many others, and the conclusion seems justified that the wide diffusion and remarkable success of the first and second Liberty Loan subscriptions—and as this is written the outlook for the third is equally good—are largely due to the development of rational habits of savings through the instrumentality of industrial insurance. The service thus rendered to the nation at a time of national peril admirably reflects the broader aspects of life insurance as a social-service institution. The fact, however, must not be overlooked that in addition thereto the industrial companies have assumed their proper share of Liberty Loan subscriptions. Every dollar thus subscribed represents the savings of wage-earners through these companies, aside, of course, from their financial interests in ordinary insurance, which, within the last twenty years, has made extraordinary progress, in consequence of the effective insurance education gained through many years of satisfactory experience with insurance on the weekly-payment plan.

It is rather difficult to estimate with accuracy the amount of ordinary insurance in force with wage-earners insured with industrial companies, but it is a fact of enormous social

and economic importance that, dating practically from only 1886, when active efforts at ordinary insurance development among industrial policy holders were first inaugurated, the amount of such insurance on January 1, 1918, in force with twenty American industrial companies was approximately $3,600,000,000 (including Canadian business). Of this vast sum, certainly not less than two-thirds represent ordinary insurance in force on the lives of American and Canadian wage-earners, aside from the more than $5,150,000,000 of insurance in force on the industrial plan.

In the history of American industrial society there is no more gratifying and conclusive evidence of genuine progress than the achievements revealed by these statistics of industrial and ordinary insurance protection in force among our wage-earners and their dependents, most urgently in need thereof. In the future unquestionably even more, and probably much more, satisfactory business results will be attained, but considering the difficulties arising out of apathy, indifference and suspicion, all of which had to be overcome in the development of both industrial and ordinary insurance among wage-earners in former generations, often ruthlessly exploited by promoters of visionary plans of mutual aid, by lotteries, by then-permissible forms of reckless speculation, etc., our insurance progress during the last forty years may properly be placed among the most notable evidences of a true civilization and of the attainment of an extraordinary degree of social and economic security by American and Canadian wage-workers, in the furtherance of plans of voluntary insurance, and without compulsion or coercion of any kind whatever.

There are those who are impatient with what has been done and who insistently demand the introduction of European systems of so-called social insurance, resting upon un-American principles of political and social life. There is unquestionably a legitimate sphere for State interference under conditions of exceptional national stress and strain, but it would be a most serious fallacy to assume either the necessity or the permanent advantage of a more general application of social-insurance principles to the wage-earning element of the population, influenced in their conduct by the higher standards of American labor and life. For, aside from the economic advantages of voluntary thrift and its obvious relation to the national welfare in time of war, the

exercise of the voluntary thrift function is of the utmost importance as a factor in the moral progress of a people. A government may establish a compulsory system of insurance, upon the basis of experience gained through the successful conduct of private enterprise, but it may, after all, fail conspicuously in its effort to meet the social and economic, as well as the moral, needs of those concerned.

In a larger sense, all modern life insurance companies are social-service institutions. They are tending more and more towards the attainment of the highest possible degree of efficiency, economy and liberality. They are becoming indispensable subsidiary agencies of the Government in the furtherance of the larger plans and purposes of a well-considered national policy. Perhaps the most concrete illustration of the force of this conclusion is the rapid growth of so-called "Group Insurance." This form of insurance admirably combines the interests of the employer and the interests of the employee, in an effort to increase the economic security of the wage-earner's family in the event of his death or disability. The element of cost is reduced to its lowest possible proportions. The security itself is equivalent to that of a Government bond. The effect of a group insurance policy is to bind more closely together the employer and the employee and to reduce the economic waste resulting from an unnecessary labor turnover. More than this, however, are the higher humanitarian aspects, which influence broad-minded and far-seeing employers of labor to realize that the welfare of the employee and those depending upon him is to him a matter of paramount duty, the effective discharge of which is best facilitated by the application of insurance principles to the successful solution of a problem which in the past was left only too often to apathy and chance. The principle of group insurance will unquestionably be further perfected and its application will become more general, to the mutual satisfaction of both the employer and the employee. Group insurance, however, illustrates but one of the many unrealized possibilities of the further development of the principles of wage-earners' insurance on a voluntary basis. The future in this respect was never so full of promise as it is at the present time.

FORREST F. DRYDEN.

A PEACEFUL REVOLUTION IN PENOLOGY

BY ORLANDO F. LEWIS

MEN's thoughts in general are not focussed in these days upon prison reform. Yet precisely in these years of the Great War there is occurring in the penological principles and methods of American prisons a fairly speedy and basic revolution. I do not refer to the honor system and to the daring experiments in self-government undertaken in Auburn and Sing Sing prisons since 1913. Those striking movements are already, not ancient history, but nevertheless aligned somewhat in their proper perspective in the historical sequence of reformatory steps in American prison administration. What I refer to is a still newer movement, revolutionary in its character, which has as its basis the utilization of scientific exploration of the make-up of the individual delinquent.

It is now well known that it is the purpose of the Government to conduct at each cantonment thoroughgoing psychological and psychiatric tests of the mentality of each of our soldiers. Already it is estimated, from tests now available for study, that some two per cent. of the military forces of the country are so mentally backward as to be of little or no available use in the defense of the nation. Never before has such an attempt been made to determine ability for war in terms of psychology and psychiatry. And, upon the results obtained from sporadic tests in several cantonments, the Government now purposes to apply the scrutiny of mental specialists to all of "our boys in khaki". The incompetents must be weeded out, that in the time of vital stress the military organization may not fall down in spots where the enemy might break through. And, furthermore, the incompetents must be weeded out at the beginning of the intensive training of the cantonments, in order that they may not clog up the machinery of military education, and that the Government may not be put to the useless expense of trying to edu-

cate for war those whose mental capacity precludes the adequate assimiliation of such training.

The scientific study of mental deviations is no new thing. The insane have been housed in asylums for generations. We are familiar with the principles of the unchained, kindly treatment of the insane as sick persons, and not as those possessed of demons or of criminal natures.

But the Government is going much further than that. It is now saying that it can utilize a group of psychiatrists, to determine mental deviates who are far from being as conspicuously mentally defective as the insane, but who are nevertheless in many stages of mental incompetency.

From the comprehensive analyses of the psychiatrists and the psychologists there will be discovered not only mental deficiencies but mental abilities. It is anticipated that in many instances the special man for the special job can thus be quickly picked, and fitted into his proper niche in the great war machine. The cantonment is, until the sifting process takes place, a great melting-pot, a great multitude of still undiscovered potentialities. The slow process of military training is in itself a sorting process, but only as a by-product. What the Government hopes to do, through calling in the mental specialists, is to set up the sorting and classifying processes at the beginning, instead of relying solely upon the school of military training.

I have cited these remarkably progressive steps which the Government has taken, not only because they are little short of revolutionary, but because they are in the main but a highly-magnified parallel of the "new movement" in prison reform referred to at the beginning of this article. It is of no importance now to trace a possible connection between the psychiatrical research undertaken in Sing Sing prison, or in the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington, and the introduction of psychiatrical methods in the cantonments. It *is* important to see that what is now officially undertaken by the Government in the cantonments is recognized in an increasingly large number of correctional institutions as fundamental to an adequate effort to reform its inmates. The "new penology" of 1918 demands, in short, the absolutely necessary presence of the psychiatrist and his sorting system within prison walls. And to an extent not dreamed of (save perhaps by some psychiatrists) a few years ago, the *reform* of the individual prisoner is now seen to be, not merely

a matter of change of heart, or of industrial training for life, or of determination to succeed, but of comprehensive individual *readjustment* of the individual's abilities and disabilities to the demands of the competitive life that he will enter at the close of his prison sentence.

Let me make this clear by tracing very briefly four outstanding historical stages in the conception of " reformation ", as applying to the prisoner. The idea that prisoners should be reformed is over a century old.

As relating to adult offenders, and particularly to convicts, reformation connoted at first in the main a *religious, spiritual conversion.* It was not the job of the prison but of the chaplain or the occasional prison missionary to effect the reformation of the inmates. Prisons were conceived of as massive, towering, gloomy and even cruel deterrents of crime. Hence the inhumanity of the construction of Sing Sing between 1825 and 1830, with its catacomb-like cells, void of light and ventilation, sweating dampness and chill. Hence, also, the vicious rule of mass-movements and of perpetual silence; of ready floggings and of callous oblivion. The prison, and its administration, aimed to make the commission of crime a horrible danger through the terrific penalties. Into these Bastiles the chaplain might come, and save, here and there, a soul if he could.

Slowly our prisons came to their second stage in the conception of the meaning of " reformation ". The opening of Elmira Reformatory in 1876 was both a proclamation and a confession. A proclamation that the duty of the State was to educate prisoners for subsequent self-support in the life after prison, and not simply to punish for the crimes of the life before prison. A confession, that terroristic methods in prison were a failure, if the sole method of administration. The second stage in American " reformation " was, therefore, a remarkably well worked out system of industrial, physical and school training; so surprisingly insurgent and modern, for the time, that it marked the beginning of the era of State reformatories of adults throughout the country. Only the convicts between the ages of 16 and 30 were thus favored in New York, but in other States fewer restrictions as to age or the seriousness of crimes were made.

With the establishment of Elmira Reformatory there was also introduced into the United States the indeterminate sentence, and its necessary complement, parole. The indeter-

minate sentence abolished the fixed sentence, and set a maximum limit to the time of stay of the prisoner, at some time within which he might, if his industry and his conduct warranted it, be released to " try out his wings " on parole; under official supervision. In short, the advent of the reformatory system, with its grades within the institution, its varied branches of training, its indeterminate nature, and its subsequent modified liberty for the inmate outside the walls, placed the burden of reformation mainly upon the individual inmate. It was a system requiring intelligent understanding by the inmate, and responsibility for his conduct and activities.

A third stage in the development of the concept of reformation began to develop with the advent of the twentieth century, namely, the " honor system ", and still later, as applied to adult prisoners, the so-called " self-government " system. The last decade and a half have prominently emphasized *character-building* as a reformatory method. Trust the prisoner. Develop his sense of loyalty and responsibility. Put him into positions of temptation, that he may learn to withstand temptation. Bring out the good that is in him. Treat him as a human being. See his essential likeness to other men, not his unlikeness.

It appeared ultimately that there was no one " honor system ". Indeed, there was generally no definite system, but just a development of the elements of risk in prison administration through the granting of privileges to the chosen inmates. The honor system came into being when the possibilities of escape or of trouble-making by inmates became greater than the provision made by the prison for guarding against such possibilities. The honor system meant taking a chance—often a very long chance. Judge Lindsay sent boys and adults with their own commitment papers to institutions, unaccompanied by an officer. Warden Tynan, also of Colorado, worked gangs of prisoners on roads even more than a hundred miles from the prison, without the deterrent rifle or shotgun. Warden Homer, of Great Meadow Prison, New York, sent out farm gangs under similar conditions. And all over the country, between 1910 and the present date, wardens and superintendents have with increasing frequency tested successfully the feasibility of such acts, which often passed over into actual " stunts " in the public mind.

Now, the honor system assumed the normality of the prisoner's mind. It connoted an appreciation of responsibility. If a prisoner ran away, it was frequently explained that a poor choice of prisoner had been made by the warden, because the prisoner turned out to be feebleminded. The honor system was, by and large, a quid-pro-quo arrangement. The warden gave increased privileges, in return for a definite or tacit agreement by the prisoner not to escape or to start trouble. The honor system therefore demanded of the prisoner intelligence to understand his ethical obligations, and of the warden it demanded personality and efficiency. Personality, because adherence to the obligations of the honor system focussed generally in loyalty to the warden, who must be thought of as square and as a " white man ". Efficiency, because a flabby, amiable, white man could not retain the respect of the inmates. The honor system was characterized by Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne as an integral part of a benevolent despotism. The relationship of the inmate to the warden was the basic factor in the success of the system.

As an insurgent departure from the honor system arose the self-government system, which is not yet beyond experimental stage in methods, although the principle underlying the methods is accepted fairly generally by at least the theoretical penologists of our country. The fundamental thesis of the self-government system is that all the results achieved by the honor system can be better achieved, and are of far greater social value, if they do not arise as a bargain between warden and prisoner, but as by-products of a mutual relationship between prisoner and prisoner. Freedom of mind and movement within the prison is necessary in order to train prisoners for the greater freedom after the prison life. But that freedom should be used to help the prisoner to understand his social and civic relations to his fellows. Hence the mutual features at Auburn and Sing Sing, the elections of officers and delegates by the inmates, the inmates' court, the entertainments and classes managed by the inmates. Theoretically, also, the warden should subordinate himself, and exercise little direct influence upon the prisoners' activities, having once defined the limits of the freedom of the prisoners. It amounted to an effort to create within the prison walls an approach to the complicated problems of democracy outside the walls. If politics raged outside, they were legitimate inside. By suffering injustice and even graft

at the hands of fellow-inmates, the prisoners would acquire the sense of justice and of discipline, and would have a clearer conception of their own anti-social past in society outside.

The thesis was fascinating, and sufficiently correct to excite huge interest throughout the nation. Mr. Osborne's personality and insurgency added to the spectacular features of the Sing Sing administration between 1914 and 1916. But, for a number of reasons, this huge, unprecedented, tumultuous, popular undertaking carried with it enough of hemming and complicated factors to make it unclear, within the limited time of the experiment. Had Russia undergone revolution in 1914 or 1915, the apparently inevitable consequent political upheavals and social bewilderment might have had lessons for the self-government experiment at Sing Sing.

Let it not be thought that the undertaking in Sing Sing resulted in failure. Far from it. We are still too near it to be able to survey it comprehensively and in the light of ultimate results. But self-government, more restricted by considerable than in 1915, exists in Sing Sing today, with two quite contrasting opinions as to its efficiency and its scope.

We are now entering upon a period in prison administration in which the psychologist and the psychiatrist will have broad scope. Their fundamental thesis is that all reformatory methods are liable to failure—and have largely failed in the past—for the simple reason that the individual delinquent has not been thoroughly known. Therefore he could not be thoroughly treated. Each single prisoner is a separate, and often highly complicated, problem. How expect that even a group - treatment, let alone a mass - treatment, could be effective? Indeed, it is not primarily a question of *reformation,* but of individual *readjustment.* Of what avail, in the securing of high percentages of " reformations ", are shops and honor systems and efforts at self-government, if a considerable proportion of the inmates of prison are mentally so deficient or erratic as to make it impossible or improbable that they can be regarded as responsible, or that they can go out into the world and earn their own living in the hard manual or physical way in which the bulk of prisoners have to work, if they are to keep out of prison again?

For nearly a decade, increasing doubt has been expressed as to the mental normality of the prison population in general. We have been passing through an era of psychological

" tests ", applied to the inmates of correctional institutions by persons varying widely in training. Strikingly extreme percentages have been announced. For a time it was claimed that the Binet-Simon tests, and their developments, in this country could with considerable accuracy determine the mental age, and consequently the feeblemindedness, of prisoners. Several years ago the following list of findings in different institutions was announced:

	Feebleminded
Massachusetts State Industrial School for Girls	28%
New York State Reformatory, Elmira (male)	37%
New Jersey State Reformatory, Rahway (male)	33%
New York State Reformatory, Bedford (female)	37%
Massachusetts Industrial School for Girls	50%
Maryland Industrial School for Girls	60%
New Jersey State Home for Girls	33%
Illinois State School for Boys	20%

Although estimated percentages varied widely, certain facts struck all observers. Custodial treatment for the most seriously feebleminded was imperative. Feebleminded women of child-bearing age were social menaces. Prostitution was recruited to an undetermined extent from the ranks of the feebleminded. Feebleminded families propagated their kind. The strain cropped out even where normal persons intermarried with feebleminded. All over the country the prison and reformatory wardens, superintendents and officers called for special institutions for the care of this group. Feebleminded inmates clogged the machinery, industrial and reformative, of the correctional institutions.

Moreover, the population of the prisons and reformatories was changing in nature. Probation was, to use the graphic words of one prison administrator, " skimming the cream off of the prison population ". The Court deferred the period of imprisonment during good behavior. Thousands of men and women were spared the stigma of a prison career. But the residue—those who went to prison—were found to be less normal, on the whole less efficient, less intelligent than were the prison populations of the past. The prison problem was approaching more the nature of a custodial problem.

Then the psychiatrists began to appear, with their vigorous pronouncements. They were alienists, a group differing from the psychologists, whose training had been with the

"normals" rather than with the "abnormals". From the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington came to Sing Sing, upon an appropriation supplied by the National Committee on Mental Hygiene, maintained by the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Bernard Glueck, to be the director of the psychiatric clinic at that ninety-year-old institution. The State of New York had voted, through its legislature in 1916, to make the most radical departure yet announced in any American State. A receiving prison and clearing house were to be established at Sing Sing prison. Every prisoner committed to a State prison in New York—there are four of them—must first pass through this center of comprehensive mental, physical and industrial examination at Sing Sing. All the features of the new Sing Sing should converge upon the adequate analysis of the individual delinquent. Pending the erection of this great reception prison, which will provide for 1,000 inmates, the physically little, but socially highly important, psychiatric clinic at Sing Sing has been operating for a year.

I quote Dr. Glueck as to the field of the psychiatrist in prison, and as to the clearing house:

> It is not because the psychiatrist promises to solve the problem by some magic procedure, but because it is in the nature of these disciplines (psychology and psychiatry) to devote themselves to the understanding of human behavior, whether such behavior be normal or abnormal. The psychiatrist in his daily experience utilizes methods of procedure which are intended to bring about better adjustment in maladjusted individuals, and it is hoped that because of this experience he may be of assistance both as a diagnostician and as a therapeutist in the field of criminology.

In the matter of the place of the clearing house in prison administration, Dr. Glueck says:

> The clearing house is an accepted institution in the modern industrial world. It is an institution which makes possible a clear delineation and characterization of the individual members of large groups, for the purpose of bringing about a better classification and better adaptation.
>
> In connection with the problem of crime, a clearing house is to serve as an auxiliary institution for the administration of the law, whose object it would be to make such an observation of the individual offender as will enable it to furnish dependable recommendations:
>
> First, to the Court in cases of demonstrable, diminished or absent responsibility;
>
> Second, to the administrators of penal and reformatory institutions in all cases, with the object of bringing about such a relationship

between the prisoner and the institution as will tend to produce the maximum degree of adjustment between him and society upon his release from the institution.

Let me point out that Dr. Glueck here indicates two functions of a clearing house. First, to help the Court in its decision as to the proper institutional or extra-institutional disposition of the case at the bar. Secondly, to help the institution itself to employ reasonable and adequate methods for the readjustment of the inmate.

A year's intensive examination of hundreds of cases at Sing Sing has led Dr. Glueck to the following analysis of the outstanding groups in the prison population:

1. *Accidental offenders,* not pathological.
2. *Normal young adults,* capable of learning useful trades, in whose criminal career economic dependence has played an important role. Can be taught and materially improved for the battle with life on the outside.
3. *Normal prisoners of more advanced age.* Not likely to acquire a trade through instruction in prison. The prime consideration in the case of these men is the extent to which they may be made useful to the State during their incarceration.

The above groups constitute about forty to forty-five per cent. of the prison population, and are mainly first offenders. With these groups the State should do all it can to prevent relapse into crime. In short, about half the prison population will react relatively normally to normal methods. Here, incidentally, is the part of the population with whom the honor system and self-government will be most successful.

Three other groups were singled out by Dr. Glueck. These are the problem cases of the institution—the challenge to modern penolgy to solve:

4. *The insane delinquent.* Require transfer to a hospital for the criminal insane, or careful supervision in the prison.
5. *The feebleminded delinquent.* Various stages of arrested mental development. A considerable number require permanent segregation in an institution for defective delinquents, where they might be self-supporting. The percentage of recidivists (repeaters in prison) is relatively large among the feebleminded.
6. *The psychopathic delinquent.* This is a class less understood by the layman. Such inmates have a mentality which, while not placing them within the well-recognized categories of mental disease, brings them decidedly outside the pale of normal human beings. They con-

tribute largely to the ranks of the recidivists. In many respects they constitute a greater menace than either the insane or defective delinquent.

Here is, then, speaking in general terms, the problem of the prison today: a population half of which is relatively normal, mentally, and half of which is mentally abnormal, with all degrees of deviation. The psychiatrists are already telling us that we have in the prison populations a highly complicated set of mental problems, and that we are basically wrong in assuming the general presence of full responsibility.

Percentages, in this early stage of the newest penology, are dangerous. If the psychologists and psychiatrists are right, our prisons face the difficult processes of a new development, namely, the adequate analysis and the adequate individual treatment of the delinquent. No wholesale training plan, with shops and the like, will suffice. No wholesale turning loose of prisoners into a yard, and wholesale expectation that they will find their own democratic solutions of social relationships and of obligations to each other and to the prison, will suffice. No general belief in the religious conversion of a prison population to a better life on earth will suffice. "Man, know thyself!" is the echo ringing in the ears of those to whom the psychologists and the psychiatrists have spoken among prison administrators.

It is to be seriously doubted if this new addition to the penological forces of reform will bring any panacea. That the individual prisoner will be much better understood in the future than in the past is unquestionable. But social and economic conditions outside the prison will lead many inmates back in time to the institutions.

But there lies the present, and enormously promising, direction of the new penology, before us. Moreover, there is today an alliance of the penologist, the administrator, the educator, and the scientist, all bent on seeking the solutions of prison discipline, such as has never occurred before. This alliance must reach far back of the prison, into the court, the school and the family. The principle of the clearing house must be recognized as a necessity in court procedure. Probation officers make reports today to the judge on social and economic factors in the "cases" before them. But the Court needs, fully as much as the report of the probation officer, the report of the psychiatrist—not in every case before the Court, but in many. And back of the Court is the school,

where the record of the child should be consecutive from the entrance of the youngster into the classroom. Further back, all the time, must our preventive work go.

Our obligation to the individual prisoner increases as we understand what the obligation is. We know, now, that we do not know enough about the prisoner. Knowing that, we shall be derelict if we do not adopt the means to find out, and then act adequately.

Unquestionably we need the psychiatrist. His field is constantly increasing. The Police Department of the City of New York has maintained a psychopathic clinic until recently, with surprisingly good results. Many cities have established similar clinics in connection with their courts, among them Chicago, Cincinnati, Seattle, St. Louis, Boston and Philadelphia.

The criminal court is the great gathering place of those charged with or guilty of crime. Here is the focus for the most humane and sagacious justice, if the Court rises to its duty. From here the human being who needs upbuilding should not, if it is possible to prevent it, be sent to prison. But above all, it should be known what the human being before the bar of justice needs. The psychiatrist, in many instances, can tell us when no one else can.

He can pick out of the stream the mentally defective, the feebleminded with psychopathic tendencies, the alcoholic without criminal tendencies, the sick, the persons suffering with infectious disease, the drug addict, the constitutional inferior, the "borderland cases", and other mental deviates. The Court has at present no such agency.

There have been penological revolutions in the past. Now comes a peaceful revolution—literally, a turning around to the scientists for light. We are in a period of popular interest in abnormal psychology. Psychoanalysis has gripped the attention of the public. Our dreams are being turned inside out, and symbols, sublimations, repressions and blockings are becoming familiar terms. The eternal search for the springs of human conduct has taken another direction. Its reflection is already found within the most progressive prisons and reformatories.

ORLANDO F. LEWIS.

CHANGE

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

She sits in her familiar place.
  There is so little change!
The sunlight filters through the quiet leaves,
  That scarcely disarrange
Its amber patterns on the garden seat.
  As blue as other years, the larkspurs are,
  And through the lattice of the pergola,
The fading roses shatter at her feet.

There is so little change! She turns
  Half wistful, now and then,
As though she listens mutely for a step,
  That may not come again.
Her hands are busy as in other years,
  And many a snowy bandage, deftly rolled,
  Is laid upon love's altar, but of old,
Her eyes knew not this misty rush of tears.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

A STRANGER IN MY NATIVE LAND

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

CERTAINLY, I feel a stranger in my native land, and it would be sheer affectation if I pretended I did not after living out of it for thirty-three years.

It is true that there was not a moment of those thirty-three years when America did not mean home to me. I never thought, I never spoke of it as anything else, and I was not to be laughed out of the habit by English friends who professed themselves amused when I gave the name to a place I so persistently stayed away from. But America, even to oblige me, was not standing stock still during my long absence. As time went on I could hardly have recognized in myself the young, eager seeker after adventure who had sailed for Europe in the dim, remote Early Eighties. Common sense warned me that home had changed as radically, that it would prove no longer home as I remembered it. In my most sentimental mood I could not hope to return to an America unchanged, untouched, unimproved, unspoiled, an America full of real Americans, an America whose ways were simple and whose standard did not refuse comfort where luxury could not be afforded, an America where everybody met on equal terms, an America where the old order ruled. It would have been pleasant, just as it would to find the friendly old houses of other days with the same pictures on the same walls, the same chairs set at the same angles, the same cloth laid at the same hours on the same hospitable tables. Of course, the friendly old houses have gone, except in a few cases which I treasure as one might rare and precious heirlooms. And, equally of course, the old America has gone. But, though I knew what to expect, it is a disappointment, now I am at home, to feel not at home but homeless, bewildered by the big differences in my country and the people, embarrassed by the small differences in myself.

I pass lightly the difference in the way home looks, houses shooting up skyward as they never did in my youth, the once empty streets congested with traffic, the slow horse car replaced by the clanging, earth-shaking trolley, the shop windows displaying a luxury undreamed of a generation ago, less green about and more posters—everywhere, the familiar background all but vanished. Home is cruelly foreign in my sentimental eyes. Had I had my way, Philadelphia would not have grown an inch or got rid of a single brick. I cannot deny that, in many respects, it has improved in appearance. If it has lost much in tranquil picturesqueness, it has gained in impressiveness, though, apparently, at too fast a pace to keep up with harmoniously throughout. It is splendid in its skyscrapers, unbelievable in its boulevards, ambitious in its schemes for further improvement. But, on the other hand, where it is not splendid and unbelievable and ambitious, it is shabby and neglected and can boast the dirtiest streets I have ever had to take my walks abroad in. I speak of Philadelphia because it is the town I have seen most of since my return. Of New York I have seen enough to know that it has made itself more splendid without falling into such an abyss of dirt. Most towns in the country, I fancy, are going through the same transformation and probably carrying it out more after the pattern of Philadelphia than New York. But change in looks, though it hurts more than almost any other change, is going on, and must go on, the world over.

I pass as lightly the difference in the people, who have grown as foreign as the land. I left them so American that they could assimilate the foreigner who then came to our country to benefit himself and not the capitalist. I find them so foreign that my fear is they will assimilate the American, who, after all, is too fine a type to be sacrificed. To speak of my own immediate experience: In the house where I am staying, I have an Irish chambermaid, a Greek waiter, a Dalmatian handy-man. At the near station my boots are blacked by an Italian, at the near tailor's my gowns are pressed by a Pole. When I go into the shopping streets, every other sign bears a foreign name; when I glance over the list of births and deaths and marriages it seems as if the Boche must be already in possession. Yesterday, music called me to the window and a procession of hundreds passed, each bearing that Russian flag which I, for one, never care

to see again—Slavs, I have learned from the morning's paper, making a patriotic demonstration. Why should they make it as Slavs and not as Americans? And it is not Philadelphia alone that has been invaded and conquered. All America during my absence has been turned, not into the melting-pot some call it, but the dumping-ground, the refuse heap of Europe. The longer I am in my native land, the nearer I seem to get to the inevitable day when we real Americans, like the Indians, shall have our reservations and when our successors will come to pay their quarters to stare at us as curiosities. But of this change in the people I say less, because I am far more concerned with the change it has made in the national manners.

I am not to be outdone in admiration of the perfect State governed by the people, for the people, or in appreciation of our great statesmen who planned to make it ours. But I long since discovered that perfection is seldom attained in this imperfect world and, in my most patriotic mood, I have never mistaken America for Utopia. However, when I look back, it seems to me that if we had not come up to our statesmen's ideal for us, we had worked out an agreeable substitute for ourselves.

In my memory, democratic life at home was friendly and easy-going, ruled by the comfortable feeling that every citizen was as good as every other citizen, no matter how wide the gap opened between them by money and brains. There was no pretense of anybody being superior or inferior, and whoever thought himself superior, and was so foolish as to take others into his confidence, found out quickly to his cost that nobody agreed with him. The people who did the governing for themselves, when they happened to meet, met on equal terms, despite the inequality in the manner of their lives and the nature of their business. They did not meet, I admit, with the charm and grace and delicate intelligence with which the French have disguised the failure of equality. My enthusiasm for the past could not mislead me into presenting my countrymen with the fine shades of politeness they never possessed and never wanted to. But if they were without the little courtesies that soften the hard edges of life, they might have given points in kindliness to every other people in the world. Americans were, above all, kindly in the democracy of my memory. Kindliness ruled all their relations. They accepted the chances of life and of their own

ability and were neither cowed nor exalted by the result. The sort of work they did or did not do was as little of a barrier as the respective scale of their fortunes, and though they lived their social lives apart, they could, when brought together, treat each other as if they were all rational human beings and not merely masters and servants, employers and employees, leagued class against class in undying enmity. I do not think that imagination or sentiment can be altogether responsible for this pleasant picture of American Democracy as I see it down the long vista of the years.

With my impression of our Democracy of to-day, I doubt if imagination plays any part at all, much as I would prefer to believe it did. I allow for the disappointment of the native returning from exile, who wants everything precisely as, and where, it was in her memory, which is precisely as and where the native who stayed at home had been struggling not to keep it. But the most liberal allowance cannot explain away the change I find nor my conviction that, if we do not take care, our manners will soon be as un-American as our people. My countrymen have not improved in politeness, but they have lost considerably in the kindliness that answered the purpose of daily life every bit as well, if not better.

On landing in New York, I wondered to see in elevated, subway and surface cars a printed appeal from the president of the Interborough to his conductors asking them to treat passengers as they would be treated themselves. But my first few days' experience made me wonder still more why he did not publish a similar appeal to passengers. When I get into a crowded car I do not want to take a place from a man who is probably far more tired than I—I am not sure that I enjoy being offered a place by anybody since the first time a young girl in a London bus insisted on giving me hers and so revealed to me, as no looking-glass yet had, the whiteness of my hair and the number of my wrinkles. But it added to the amenities of life when the man would have been ashamed to sit while the woman stood. Try as I might to argue myself out of it, I was shocked in New York always to see the men sitting and women standing, as I am now in Philadelphia to see great hulking young negroes filling the seats of the trolleys and women of any age hanging on to the straps. And it shocks me in the same way to be hustled by men in the streets, to have swing doors swung by men in my

face, seldom to have a man pick up the parcel I drop, to be waited on in restaurants as if the waiter's business was to thrust it down my throat—to be reminded that this is a free country in which you may be as rude as you like, that equality permits no civility. I begin to understand why public officials go further than the president of the Interborough and *order* their employees to be civil. Altogether, my first weeks at home have kept me busy trying to find out why people whose business is to do certain kinds of work for me, work that pays them well, should make it an occasion for rudeness.

I do not think I am far wrong in laying part of the blame upon our foreign population. Many of these foreigners have in their own lands manners that we must envy and might well adopt, but that they rid themselves of with amazing alacrity on our hospitable shores. I look back to French and Italian restaurants in which it was a delight to be waited on by the Italian and French waiters, who, in ours, are often the worst offenders; and their case is typical. The trouble probably is that the Europeans who come to us do not understand our American free-and-easiness. They mistake it for rudeness, so unlike is it to their own code of politeness, and, by being rude in what they fancy is the American way, they hope to show how quickly they have become Americanized. Their example perhaps reacts on the native Americans who grow a little ashamed of their old kindliness. This, anyway, is the amiable theory by which I endeavor to comfort myself.

But whatever the real explanation may be, more of the blame lies with the people who accept, unprotestingly, a new un-American want of courtesy that verges on insolence. We Americans have the reputation of being too easy-going—up to a certain point. But once we get to it, we also have the reputation of rising in our wrath. I should say we have been carried miles—leagues—beyond in this matter of manners, and yet we are not rising and, instead of wrath, we are showing a meekness we never had the reputation for. It is difficult to believe that Americans have been busy evolving the virtue of meekness while I have been away; it used to be so unlike my countrymen to turn the other cheek under any provocation. But it is no easier to believe that they have lost confidence in themselves, so essential a part of the American easy-goingness was it never to be afraid of anything. As I have come recently from England, I know

that the democratic spirit of the day can and does breed fear. But, surely, in our country we are too used to the habit of democracy to be frightened by its novelties. And yet why, if we are not meek, if we are not afraid, do we put up so cheerfully with a sort of rudeness that does not legitimately belong to us? I am conscious, too, of something like fear in our increased sensitiveness to criticism, our shrinking from the outspoken truth on this or any other subject. An English friend, here on one of the innumerable propaganda missions of the moment, confided to me that what struck him most in Americans was their timidity. I laughed at the time, but I have been wondering ever since if he, the real stranger, had instinctively got to the root of the evil.

I am as puzzled by the apparent readiness to accept the very un-American line that is being drawn to-day between superior and inferior. If the American who thought himself superior in the old days was obliged to keep it quiet, the American of the present generation who thinks himself inferior insists upon everybody knowing it and proclaims as loudly his determination not to stay inferior but to take his turn at bossing the show straight through. Every citizen is not content to be as good as every other, but the citizen who rebels against the monopoly of capital by claiming the monopoly of labor, plans to be a good deal better and does his best not to let the other forget it for a moment. It is the meekness of the other in trying not to forget that puzzles me most. The same spirit prevailed in England before I left; but there, where the class hitherto claiming superiority has had its recognized day too long not to lose grip upon the privilege, I was not surprised. The new doctrine, however, threatens the American's old belief that in our country we are all born equal—that we all have, anyway, equal opportunities. But from assiduous, and I hope intelligent, reading of the papers and from much talk with the enlightened whose knowledge of our country is more intimate than mine could be as yet, I gather that we must now make it our duty to prepare for the coming social revolution and, whether we be jurist or publican, pauper or millionaire, artist or mechanic, skilled or unskilled laborer, to recognize the new line unquestioningly and to get ready to take our place with becoming submission on the side appointed to, not gained by, us.

Again I am puzzled by the amazing contrast that has de-

veloped since my time between the excess of luxury and the excess of discomfort, among not only different classes of workers, but people of the same social group, even in the life and conditions of one and the same person. If many Philadelphians live like princes, many resign themselves without a murmur to a degree of inconvenience I would not ask my worst enemy to endure, though at the present moment I am enduring it myself. For some, not so much as a crumpled rose-leaf destroys the luxurious succession of the best breakfasts, lunches and dinners eaten in any town in the world; others are sent by every meal, through the cold or the heat, to the cheerless boarding house or the restaurant where whatever little self-respect they have left wilts under the reception that awaits them. Those who do not take their drives regally in the best motors and taxis to be found anywhere must fight their way into dirty, overcrowded trolleys and hang on to a strap. Garbage lies at the front door of residences that are palaces within. From an opera house that on an opera night is almost alarming in its flaunting of wealth, the audience go home through streets that for filth could give points to the little Italian towns at which my youthful American nose once turned up in contempt. The same extremes face each other wherever one goes or whatever one does.

And again, I am left marvelling at the meekness with which the luxury is paid for "through the nose," or with which discomfort is endured. I am told there is no use fighting against conditions in one's own household, still less in politics. But curiously, in my own filthy, ill-kept, down-at-the-heel town of Philadelphia, though I can see that most of the time the citizen is afraid to complain, when he summons up courage and does, the municipal tyrants are no less afraid of him; as was shown recently, when a little wholesome protest brought about the cleaning of the streets for what looked like the first time in centuries. This encourages me to hope that things are not so bad as they seem and that success in political life and decency in private life are not prizes for the high bidder alone. I have an idea that we Americans so enjoy washing our dirty linen in public that sometimes we would rather make believe our linen was dirty than lose the chance of a washing. But I must admit that I have now to do a good deal of tipping I never would have done in the old days, and that the wheels of daily life would run very rustily

if I refused to do so. Without the tipping, called bribery by the bold, the political wheels would not run at all, if I am to believe a sober-minded citizen who defended the police—Philadelphia's political scapegoat at the moment—on the grounds that, if they were corrupt, they were not to blame since every other official in the country has his hand out, too. And I fear that the system must have gone far when I read in a newspaper a serious plea for factories to keep on turning out rubbish the people like in order to give our munition workers something to throw away their big wages on, and so pamper them into sticking at their job for a price the uninitiated might think an inducement in itself. In England and France when munition workers, earning more than ever before in their lives, squandered their money on pianos and jewels and high living, the extravagance was criticized and condemned. To cater to such extravagance looks uncommonly like another variety of tipping, and probably the munition workers themselves would be the first to resent such an objection, but it is disquieting to think there could be even one American so timid of soul as to recommend it.

Perhaps it is because I am fresh from England, from three and a half years so much nearer the battle-field that, in our way of taking the war, I feel a weakening of that alert American imagination supposed to be one of our great national assets. It is true that England is separated only by the Channel from the horrors of war, and that in that country the constant movement of troops, the men home from the front, the wounded, the air raids, are continual and eloquent reminders of what those horrors are. I never knew how wide the Atlantic is until now, when its endless miles stretch between me and the Zeppelins and Gothas, the wounded soldiers and war-stained khaki, that I had grown too well accustomed to. So far from it all do I feel over here that I can understand how infinitely further it must be for those who have never been over there. But, after all, we had the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the Ambassadorial intrigues against " those idiotic Yankees " to stir our imagination when we were not in the war, if it had not been stirred already by the devastation of Belgium and Northern France. Now that we are in the war, with the youth of our country in camp and trenches, our casualty lists beginning and our vessels sinking, our papers shrieking a story out of every war blunder and profiteering scandal, the grim realities we are

up against should make imagination's task the easier. But I question if life could go on so smoothly in the usual way if, as a people, we had risen to the full appreciation of the tragedy in which we now have our part to play. I do not need to be told on what a colossal scale we set about playing that part. To me, watching from the other side, our promptness was almost miraculous. Washington had scarcely declared war before the English papers were rejoicing in our enormous loans to the Allies, our doctors and nurses were lending a touch of American color to the London scene, our sailors everywhere were proving the presence of American ships in English waters, our soldiers were marching through the London streets to thrill me with patriotism as I saw how fine a type, spare-limbed, straight-backed, clean-faced, the ragbag of nations which is America has produced. But now that I am at home, there are moments when it seems as if political squabbles and a chorus of criticism had drowned for the public the hum of machinery going on from one end of the land to the other and the tramp of armed men at drill in camp or already bound for the trenches.

I left a London sad, tragic, grim; its once crowded streets all but empty of traffic; the nights dark, sinister, alive with the noise of battles in the air; the days consecrated to war and the preparations for war; the people drawing their belts tighter round their waists, their fireless grates forcing them to close half their houses; amusement after amusement dropped because of the difficulty of getting from one part of the huge town to the other, also because war left less and less leisure save to men home on leave. And the sadness was not in the town alone, but in the people, the tragedy grown with time too heavy to be thrown aside as in the first light-hearted years, the gleam of hope from last summer's campaign overshadowed, blotted out by the Italian disaster. "Business as Usual" had got to the end of its run, no longer mistaken for anything save the bitter farce it was, and the people knew themselves to be face to face with the bare, stark facts, shorn of their glamor. I did not have to see France to be gripped by her sorrow and desolation.

And so, haunted by her gaunt spectre, steeped in the grimness of England, it hurt me to get to New York and Philadelphia and to find them on the surface as gay as if such a thing as war had never been heard of. Lights blazed

at night as if, secure from the danger of air raids, America was unable to imagine the equal danger in not lowering them to save the fuel essential to the Allies—though it is fair to add that, in the interval, much of the blaze has been extinguished. Motors and taxis thronged the streets, and do still, as if, because there was no shortage of gasoline with us, we could not imagine the seriousness of the shortage of petrol with the Allies. It may be that by comparison with peaceful days, famine now stalks in American kitchens and larders, but to me every dinner, every lunch, is a feast, as if we could not imagine the truth, too plain in London, that the world's supply of food is dwindling. I know the scarcity of food may seem an exaggeration while butchers' shops are full of meat and confectioners' overflow with sweets and grocers make as brave a show as ever. The same signs of plenty kept England from believing until stern need had her by the throat. But we have had the advantage of England's mistake and, besides, conditions have got to a pass when we should see unaided our own mistake in clinging to luxury and extravagance when, to be content with comfort, would lessen the actual want of the people with whom our fate is linked. We work hard, we give in charity, we pay big taxes, we buy Liberty Bonds by the billion, but I am afraid we still draw the line at the sacrifice of luxury and pleasure. The theatre prospers, so does the opera, and far more the vaudeville and the movies. The world dines and dances, it crowds Palm Beach and Atlantic City, it fills the newspaper society columns with gossip. Headlines on one page may tell of the retreat, the loss, the death of the men who bear the burden of war; on the next, in type as large, they announce: "Dinners, Card Parties and Theatre-Going Occupying Society." Society is occupying itself in other ways, too—is doing its bit; but society could do a bigger bit or it would not have the surplus energy to make those headlines possible, or, I might add, to warrant the interminable columns of fashion news and fashion advertisements, the endless reports, with illustrations, of the pleasure-seekers by the sea.

I may be reproached for narrowing my vision, for blinding myself to the great things that have been done during my absence, especially of recent years. Instead of depressing myself over mere matters of habit and courtesy, or the inevitable mistakes of the public and the playing down to them of the press, it may be thought I should have sought encourage-

ment in the suffrage victory won by the women whose position is as the poles apart from what it was in my youth, to the victory won by the people who think their old conditions slavery compared to their new, to the victory won by the legislation which is making a saint of the freeborn American, despite himself. But my interest has been in my own impressions of my own country and what is characteristic of it, not in my opinion of the tendencies which it shares with the world. Women almost everywhere have been fighting the same battle. Labor almost everywhere has been bent on regenerating society. Legislation almost everywhere has been eager to force virtue upon mankind. These movements belong to the age rather than to any one nation. We could have shared in them without a change in the essentials that make us Americans. It is because there has been change in these essentials, because we are no longer American in the old way, which was a good way, that my home-coming has brought me disappointment and regret in the midst of my pleasure. It is therefore natural that my first and strongest impressions should be of the changes that mean to me loss.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL: REALIST

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

On a mellow day in the early autumn of the year 1900, I sat on an old wooden bench in the open air with an English gentleman, and listened to his conversation with a mixture of curiosity and reverence. The place was one of the fairest counties of England, the town on the other side of a screen of trees was Dorchester, and my seat-mate was Thomas Hardy. I remember his saying without any additional emphasis than the actual weight of the words, that the basis of every novel should be a story. In considering this remark, which came, not from a doctrinaire, but from a master of long and triumphant experience, I could not help thinking that what seems axiomatic is often belied by the majority of instances. In the field of art, as in the field of religion, what ought to be seldom is. An honest critic, who should examine the total product of prose fiction for any given year in the twentieth century, might frequently fail to find any story at all.

As we look back over the history of the English novel, it appears that every permanent work of fiction has been a great story. *Robinson Crusoe, Clarissa, Tom Jones, Humphry Clinker, The Bride of Lammermoor, Pride and Prejudice, Vanity Fair, David Copperfield, The Mill on the Floss, Richard Feverel, The Return of the Native, Treasure Island, The Last of the Mohicans, The Scarlet Letter, Huckleberry Finn,* although they represent various shades of realism and romanticism, have all been primarily stories, in which we follow the fortunes of the chief actors with steady interest. These books owe their supremacy in fiction—at least, most of them do—to a combination of narrative, character, and style; and every one of them, if given in colloquial paraphrase to a group about a camp-fire, would be rewarded with attention.

In order to illustrate what I mean by a realistic novelist

whose happiest effects are gained by writing good stories with real characters, I know of no better choice among contemporaries than Archibald Marshall. Mr. Marshall is not a man of the highest original genius, which is all the better for my purposes, for original genius can and will go its own way, performing miracles that lie outside the scope of this essay. But Mr. Marshall is an admirable novelist and an artist of such dignity and refinement that only twice in his career has he written a novel that had for its main purpose something other than truth to life; in each of these two attempts the result was a failure.

I know how difficult it is to "recommend" novels to hungry readers, for I have written prescriptions for many kinds of mental trouble, yes, and for physical ailments as well. I know that *Treasure Island* cured me of an attack of tonsillitis and that *Queed* cured me of acute indigestion; but I have no assurance that other sufferers will find the same relief. Yet I have no hesitancy in recommending the stories of Archibald Marshall to any group of men or women or to any individual of mature growth. One scholar of sixty years of age told me that these novels had given him an entirely new zest in life; and I myself, who came upon them wholly without preliminary introductions, confidently affirm the same judgment. Of all the numerous persons that I have induced to read these books, I have met with only one skeptic; this was a shrewd, sharp-minded woman of eighty, who declared that she found them insupportably tame. I can understand this remark, for when girls reach the age of eighty they demand excitement.

Those who are admirers of Mr. Marshall's work will easily discover therein echoes of his own experience. He is an Englishman by birth and descent, familiar with both town and country. He was born on the 6th of September, 1866, and received in his home life and preliminary training plenty of material which appeared later in the novels. His father came from the city, like the father in *Abington Abbey;* he himself was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, like the son of *Peter Binney;* it was intended but not destined that he should follow his father's business career, and he worked in a city office like the son of Armitage Brown; he went to Australia, like the hero's sister in *Many Junes;* he made two visits to America, but fortunately has not yet written an American novel; he studied theology with the inten-

tion of becoming a clergyman in the Church of England, like so many young men in his stories; in despair at finding a publisher for his work, he became a publisher himself, and issued his second novel, *The House of Merrilees,* which had as much success as it deserved; he tried journalism before and during the war; from 1913 to 1917 his home was in Switzerland; now he lives in a beautiful old English town, a place hallowed by many literary associations, Winchelsea, in Sussex.

In 1902 he was married and lived for some time in Beaulieu in the New Forest, faithfully portrayed in *Exton Manor.* He spent three happy years planning and making a garden, like the young man in *The Old Order Changeth.* Although his novels are filled with hunting and shooting, he is not much of a sportsman himself, being content only to observe. His favorite recreations are walking, reading, painting and piano-playing, and the out-door flavor of his books may in part be accounted for by the fact that much of his writing is done in the open air.

Like many another successful man of letters, his first step was a false start; for in 1899 he produced a novel called *Peter Binney, Undergraduate,* which has never been republished in America, and perhaps never will be. This is a topsy-turvy book, where an ignorant father insists on entering Cambridge with his son; and after many weary months of coaching, succeeds in getting his name on the books. The son is a steady-headed, unassuming boy, immensely popular with his mates; the father, determined to recapture his lost youth, disgraces his son and the college by riotous living, and is finally expelled. The only good things in the book are the excellent pictures of May Week and some snap-shots at college customs; but the object of the author is so evident and he has twisted reality so harshly in order to accomplish it, that we have merely a work of painful distortion.

For six years our novelist remained silent; and he never returned to the method of reversed dynamics until the year 1915, when he published *Upsidonia,* another glaring failure. Once again his purpose is all too clear; possibly irritated by the exaltation of slum stories and the depreciation of the characters of the well-to-do often insisted upon in such works, he wrote a satire in the manner of *Erewhon,* and called it a novel. Here poverty and dirt are regarded as the highest virtues, and the possession of wealth looked upon

as the sure and swift road to social ostracism. There is not a gleam of the author's true skill in this book, mainly because he is so bent on arguing his case that exaggeration triumphs rather too grossly over verisimilitude. He is, of course, trying to write nonsense; a mark that some authors have hit with deliberate aim, while perhaps more have attained the same result with less conscious intention. Now Mr. Marshall cannot write nonsense even when he tries; and failure in such an effort is particularly depressing. He is at his best when his art is restrained and delicate; in *Upsidonia* he drops the engraving-tool and wields a meat-axe. Let us do with *Peter Binney* and with *Upsidonia* what every other discriminating reader has done: let us try to forget them, remembering only that two failures in fifteen books is not a high proportion.

Of the remaining thirteen novels, two attained only a partial success; and the reason is interesting. These two are *The House of Merrilees* (1905) and *Many Junes* (1908). The realism of the former story is mixed with melodrama and mystery; these are, in the work of a true artist, dangerous allies, greater as liabilities than as assets. He has since happily forsaken artificially constructed mysteries for the deepest mystery of all—the human heart. In *Many Junes,* a story that will be reprinted in America in 1919, we have pictures of English country life of surpassing loveliness; we have an episode as warm and as fleeting as June itself; we have a faithful analysis of the soul of a strange and solitary man, damned from his birth by lack of decision. But the crisis in the tale is brought about by an accident so improbable that the reader refuses to believe it. The moment our author forsakes reality he is lost; it is as necessary for him to keep the truth as it was for Samson to keep his hair. Furthermore, this is the only one of Mr. Marshall's books that has a tragic close—and his art cannot flourish in tragedy, any more than a native of the tropics can live in Lapland. The bleak air of lost illusion and frustrated hope, in which the foremost living novelist, appropriately named, finds his soul's best climate, is not favorable to Archibald Marshall.

It was in the year 1906, and in the novel *Richard Baldock,* that he came into his own. This book, which will make its first American appearance next autumn, contains a story so absorbing that it is only in the retrospect that one realizes

the vitality of its characters and the delicacy of its art. There are no heroes and no villains. Every person has the taint that we all inherited from Adam, and every person has some reflection of the grace of God. There is no one who does not say something foolish or ill-considered; there is no one who does not say something wise. In other words there are no types, like "heavies," "juveniles," and "ingenues." As is the case in nearly all the novels by its author, we are constantly revising our opinions of the characters; and we revise them, not because the characters are untrue, but because we learn to know them better.

Every fine novel and every fine drama must, of course, illustrate the law of causation—the principle of sufficient reason. But characters that run in grooves are not human. In *Richard Baldock,* we have, as we so often have in the work of Archibald Marshall, strife between father and son —a kind of civil war. This war, like many others, is begotten of misunderstanding. There is not only the inevitable divergence between the older and the younger generation, there is the divergence between two powerful individualities. We at first sympathise wholly with the son. We say to ourselves that if any man is foolish enough to sacrifice all his joy in life to a narrow creed, why, after all, that is his affair; it is only when he attempts to impose this cheerless and barren austerity on others that we raise the flag of revolt. At the deathbed of the young mother, one of the most memorable scenes in our author's books, we are quite certain that we shall never forgive the inflexible bigot; this hatred for him is nourished when he attempts to crush the son as he did crush his wife. Yet, as the story develops, and we see more deeply into the hearts of all the characters, we understand how the chasm between father and son is finally crossed. It is crossed by the only durable bridge in the world—the bridge of love, which beareth all things.

In 1907 appeared one of the most characteristic of Mr. Marshall's novels, *Exton Manor.* It was naturally impossible for any well-read reviewer to miss the likeness to Anthony Trollope. If I believed in the transmigration of souls, I should believe that Archibald Marshall was a reincarnation of Trollope, and William De Morgan a reincarnation of Dickens. In an interesting preface written for the American edition, Mr. Marshall manfully says that he has not only tried to follow Anthony Trollope, "but the whole body of

English novelists of his date, who introduced you to a large number of people, and left you with the feeling that you knew them all intimately, and would have found yourself welcome in their society. That particular note of intimacy seems to be lacking in the fiction of the present day, and I should like to have it back."

To all those who have not yet read a single work by our author, I counsel them to begin with *The Squire's Daughter,* and then take up—with particular care to preserve the correct sequence—*The Eldest Son, The Honour of the Clintons, The Old Order Changeth.* These four stories deal with the family and family affairs of the Clintons, and together with a separate book, *The Greatest of These,* belong to Mr. Marshall's best period, the years from 1909 to 1915. When I say the "best period," I mean the most fruitful up to the present moment in 1918. He is still in the prime of life, and it is to be hoped that he may yet surpass himself; but since 1915, perhaps owing to the obsession of the war, he has not done so. *Watermeads* is a charming story, and in *Abington Abbey,* which now has an excellent sequel, *The Graftons,* he has introduced us to another interesting family; but none of these books reaches the level maintained by the Clinton tetralogy, nor penetrates so deeply into the springs of life and conduct as his most powerful work, *The Greatest of These.*

To read the Clinton stories is to be a welcome guest in a noble old English country house, to meet and to associate on terms of happy intimacy with delightful, well-bred, clear-minded men and women; to share the out-door life of healthful sport, and the pleasant conversation around the open fire; to sharpen one's observation of natural scenery in summer and in winter, and in this way to make a permanent addition to one's mental resources; to learn the significance of good manners, tact, modesty, kindly consideration, purity of heart—not by wearisome precepts, but by their flower and fruit in human action. To read these books is not to escape from life, it is to have it more abundantly.

If, as Bacon said, a man dies as often as he loses his friends, then he gains vitality by every additional friendship. To know the Clinton family and their acquaintances is not merely to be let into the inner circle of English country life, to discover for ourselves exactly what sort of people English country folk are, to understand what family tradition and

ownership of the land mean to them—it is to enlarge our own range of experience and to increase our own stock of permanent happiness, by adding to our mental life true friends—and friends that are always available.

Not since Fielding's Squire Western has there been a more vivid English country squire than Mr. Marshall's Squire Clinton. The difference between them is the difference between the eighteenth and the twentieth centuries. He is the man of the house, the head of the family, and it is not until we have read all four of the stories that we can obtain a complete view of his character. He is a living, breathing man, and we see the expression on his face, and hear the tones of his voice, which his daughters imitate so irresistibly. With all his pride and prejudice, with all his childish irritableness, he is the idol of the household. His skull is as thick as English oak, but he has a heart of gold. He is stupid, but never contemptible. And when the war with Germany breaks out in 1914, he rises to a magnificent climax in the altercation with Armitage Brown. We hear in his torrent of angry eloquence not merely the voice of one man, but the combined voices of all the generations that have made him what he is.

Yet while Mr. Marshall has made an outstanding and unforgettable figure of the fox-hunting Squire, it is in the portrayal of the women of the family that he shows his most delicate art. This is possibly because his skill as an artist is reinforced by a profound sympathy. The Squire is so obtuse that it has never dawned upon his mind that his wife is a thousand times cleverer than he, nor that her daily repression has in it anything savoring of tragedy. In the third book, *The Honour of the Clintons,* intense and prolonged suffering begins to sharpen his dull sight; and the scenes between the old pair are unspeakably tender and beautiful. Mr. Marshall never preaches, never tries to adorn the tale by pointing a moral. But the wild escapade of the daughter in the first of these stories, and the insistence of the mother on a superior education for the twins, exhibit more clearly than any letter to the *Times* could do, what the author thinks about the difference between the position women have held in English country homes and the position they ought to have.

Of all his characters, perhaps those that the reader will remember with the highest flood of happy recollection are

the twins, Joan and Nancy. In the first novel, this wonderful pair are aged thirteen; in the second, they are fifteen; in the third, they are twenty-one. Mr. Marshall is particularly skilful in the drawing of young girls. Whatever may be woman's place in the future, whatever she may drink or smoke or wear or say or do, there is one kind of girl that can never become unattractive; and the Clinton twins illustrate that kind. They are healthy, modest, quick-witted, affectionate, high-spirited; when they come in laughing and glowing from a game of tennis, and take their places at the family tea-table, they bring the very breath of life into the room.

In *The Eldest Son,* which, of the four delightful books dealing with the Clinton family, I find most delightful, there is a suggestion of the author's attitude toward humanity in the procession of candidates for governess that passes before the penetrating eyes of Mrs. Clinton. Her love for the old Starling—one of the most original of Mr. Marshall's creations—has not blinded Mrs. Clinton to the latter's incompetence for the task of training so alert a pair as the twins. Of all the women who present themselves for this difficult position, not one is wholly desirable; and it is plain that Mrs. Clinton knows in advance that this will be the case. She is not looking for an ideal teacher, for such curiosities are not to be found on our planet; the main requisite is brains, and she selects finally the candidate whom many society women could immediately dismiss as impossible, the uncompromising, hard-headed, sexless Miss Phipps, who has about as much amenity as a steam-roller. Miss Phipps bristles with faults; but they are the faults that spring from excess of energy, from a devotion to scholarship so exclusive that the minor graces and minor pleasures of life have received in her daily scheme even less than their due. But the twins already possess everything lacking in the composition of their teacher; what they need is not a sweet, sympathetic companion: what they need is what nearly every one needs, mental discipline, mental training, and an increase in knowledge and ideas. In this dress-parade of candidates we have a miniature parade of humanity in the large; no one is faultless; but those who have an honest mind and an honest character have something essential. And who knows but what the shrewd and deep-hearted Mrs. Clinton did not also see that in the association of this mirthless female with two young

incarnations of vitality and vivacity, both parties to the contract might learn something of value? Miss Phipps is about to discover that the countryside in winter has resources entirely unguessed at by her bookish soul; that there are many of her countrymen and countrywomen who find in outdoor sport a secret of health and happiness. When she looks out of the window at the departing riders and hounds, she learns, in the words of our novelist:

> All this concourse of apparently well-to-do and completely leisured people going seriously about a business so remote from any of the interests in life that she had known struck her as entirely strange and inexplicable. She might have been in the midst of some odd rites in an unexplored land. The very look of the country in its winter dress was strange to her, for she was a lifelong Londoner, and the country to her only meant a place where one spent summer holidays.

I am aware that the most insulting epithet that can be applied to a book, or a play, or a human being is the word "Puritan"; and I remember reading a review somewhere of *Abington Abbey* which commented rather satirically on the interview between Grafton and Lassigny, and most satirically of all on the conclusion of the interview, which left the stiff, prejudiced, puritanical British parent in possession of the field. But once more, Mr. Marshall is not trying to prove a thesis; he is representing the Englishman and the Frenchman in a hot debate, where neither is right and neither is wrong, but where each is partly right and partly wrong. Each says in the heat of the contest something injudicious, even as men do when they are angry. But when Lassigny literally takes French leave, we do not care who has scored the most points; the real winner is the one who is not present—the girl herself. For when two men fight about a woman, as they do somewhere every day, the truly important question is not, which man wins? The only real question is, does the woman win? It is perhaps better to win by a quarrel than to win the quarrel.

In the novel *The Greatest of These,* which is in some respects the most ambitious and the most effective of all its author's works, we have an illustration of his favorite method of portraying the shade and shine of human character by placing in opposition and later in conjunction two leading lights of two large classes of nominal Christians—a clergyman of the Church of England and a minister of the Dissenters. The novel begins on a note of sordid tragedy, as

unusual in the books of Mr. Marshall as a picture like the Price household is in the work of Jane Austen; here it serves to present the forthright and rather self-satisfied Anglican, who little dreams of his approaching humiliation; he is brought into conflict with a lay Zeal-of-the-land Busy, whose aggressive self-righteousness is to be softened by the very man whom he looked for to strengthen it. Here too, as in *Exton Manor,* we come as near as we ever come in Mr. Marshall's books to meeting a villain—in each case it is a woman with a serpent's tongue. Every page that we turn in this extraordinary book lessens the distance not merely in time but in sympathy between the two leading characters; the evangelical Dissenting preacher is drawn with just the sympathy one would superficially not expect from a man of Mr. Marshall's birth, breeding, and environment. He is in some ways the author's greatest achievement; whilst his less admirable wife is so perfect a representative of the busy city pastor's helpmate that we can only wonder how it is possible to put on paper any creation so absolutely real. There is not one false touch in this picture. William Allingham wrote in his diary after reading one of Browning's poems, "Bravo, Browning!" Upon finishing this story which I do not fear to call a great novel, I could hardly refrain from a shout of applause.

Mr. Marshall is a twentieth century novelist, because he is happily yet alive, and because he writes of twentieth century scenes and characters; but he is apart from the main currents of twentieth century fiction, standing indeed in the midst of the stream like a commemorative pillar to Victorian art. He has never written historical romance, which dominated the novel at the beginning of our century; he has never written the "life" novel—beginning with the hero's birth and traveling with plotless chronology, the type most in favour since the year 1906; he has never written a treatise and called it a novel, as so many of his contemporaries have done. Every one of his novels, except the two unfortunate burlesques, is a good story, with a good plot and living characters; and he has chosen to write about well-bred people, because those are the people he knows best.

I call him a realistic novelist, because his realism is of the highest and most convincing kind—it constantly reminds us of reality. So far as Mr. Marshall's Victorian reticence on questions of sex is concerned, this strengthens his right to

the title Realist. As Henry James said, the moment you insist that animalism must have its place in works of art, there almost always seems to be no place for anything else. If a novelist is to represent real life, he must make subordinate and incidental what in a novel like *Bel-Ami* dominates every page.

Archibald Marshall is a realist. He represents cultivated men and women as we saw them yesterday, as we shall see them tomorrow. He seldom disappoints us, for among all living novelists, while he is not the greatest, he is the most reliable.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

AUTHORSHIP AND LIBERTY

[The following extended extract from the oral argument of Joseph S. Auerbach before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court (First Department), in the supression of *The "Genius"* by Theodore Dreiser, is printed in the REVIEW as a timely and forceful contribution to freedom of thought and expression.—THE EDITOR.]

May it please the Court:

AT the instance of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, through threat of arrest of the publishers, *The "Genius,"* by Theodore Dreiser, has been suppressed as an obscene book; and you are asked in this agreed case to determine whether such unwarranted action shall be judicially upheld.

In the controversy are involved questions of more importance than are usually submitted to a court of justice. For if the circulation of a book of its achievement can be forbidden, this officious and grotesque Society will have been given a roving commission for further mischief, and freedom of thought and expression dealt a staggering blow from which it will not soon recover. If, on the other hand, your decision be as we think it should be, it will undo a great injustice not only to a distinguished author and to the community at large, but will be a kind of charter right for author and publisher and even the participant in public debate.

In order to accomplish this you need not be opposed to some agency for the suppression of vice manifesting itself by way of lewdness in the printed word or picture, though in my opinion such duty should devolve upon the legally constituted public authorities charged with the prosecution of crimes. If we are to have another agency, surely there must be such a judicial determination as to its legitimate province, that it will not be invited to run amuck at reputations and property rights, and by threat of arrest do that which is equivalent to issuing execution in advance of judgment.

Let me say also that you are not called upon to endorse all the scenes or episodes of the book, standing alone or even in their context; for Mr. Dreiser is not asking of the Court commendation of his literary excellence, but a judgment restoring to him the property rights of which he has unjustly been deprived. On the contrary, it may well be that you will dissent from the propriety and necessity for some of them, and would not care to be sponsor for all the book contains on some pages by way of heightened color; you may have little or no liking for its principal character or for any of its characters, or admire its style or subject-matter, or be willing to subscribe to all of the author's philosophy of life. In more than one of these particulars I should be in accord with you. We may say the same of many books which have made literary epochs, and even of those which have had to do with the advancement of civilization in the world.

So long ago as the middle of the last century, when freedom of thought and expression was far from being what it is to-day, the *Madame Bovary* of Flaubert, a classic now, was not condemned nor its author or publisher punished, though the work was by no means in all respects approved by the French Court.

Yet the inquisitorial censor who by prying into *The "Genius"* can find the objectionable view as to morality and decency, must certainly have his sensibilities rudely shocked if he turn to some of the pages of *Madame Bovary*. The judges said this by way of conclusion:

> But whereas the work of which Flaubert is the author is a work which appears to have been the result of long and serious labors from a literary point of view and from that of a study of characters; that the passages indicated by the order of reference, however reprehensible they may be, are few in number if they are compared with the whole extent of the work; that these passages, whether it be in the ideas which they expose, whether it be in the situations which they represent, all contribute to the unity of the characters which the author has wished to present, even in exaggerating them and in infusing into them a realism vulgar and often shocking:
>
> Whereas, Gustave Flaubert protests his respect for good manners and for all that relates to religious morality; that it does not appear that his book has been, like certain other works, written with the sole aim of giving satisfaction to the sensual passions, to the spirit of license and of debauch, or of ridiculing those things which should be surrounded by the respect of all:
>
> That he has committed the error only of losing sometimes sight of the rules which every writer who respects literature like art, in order

to accomplish the good which it is called upon to produce, should be not only chaste and pure in its form but in its expression:

Under these circumstances, as it is not sufficiently established that Pichat, Gustave Flaubert and Pillet have rendered themselves culpable of the offences which have been imputed to them;

The tribunal acquits them of the accusation brought against them and discharges them without costs.

Nor is it your function any more than it was that of the French judges to be critics of social offences not the subject of judicial review. As the Court in a case I shall refer to later has said: "It is no part of the duty of courts to exercise a censorship over literary productions."

Before giving a summary of *The "Genius,"* let me ask you also to keep in mind what is so well stated in *People* v. *Muller,* 96 N. Y., particularly at page 411.

The test of an obscene book was stated in *Regina* v. *Hicklin* (L. R. 3 Q. B. 369) to be, whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave or corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and who might come into contact with it. We think it would also be a proper test of obscenity in a painting or statue, whether the motive of the painting or statue, so to speak, as indicated by it, is pure or impure, whether it is naturally calculated to excite in a spectator impure imaginations, and whether the other incidents and qualities, however attractive, were merely accessory to this as the primary or main purposes of the representation.

Accepting this rule as correct, let us see how *The "Genius"* stands its test.

It is a book of nearly seven hundred and fifty closely printed pages. It is a study of men and things, intense, sombre and often gruesome—persisted in at times to the point of tediousness—and neither the principal character, Witla, nor any of its characters attracts the reader. That anyone would turn to this book to gloat over its licentiousness is unthinkable, for it compels attention and interest by reason of its almost epic breadth of view as to some phases of life, to which we may not wisely shut our eyes.

Witla, the "Genius," is born in a town called Alexandria, in Illinois, somewhere toward the close of the last century, and reared in a home not so ordered as to give a right direction to the thoughts or aims of youth. The boy is weak and anæmic, and along with the artistic taste which he longs to develop, he has dreams of great fame. But at the outset we see in him the early manifestations of unbridled amorous

desires destined to drag him down as he seeks to rise; and one of the early episodes of the book is with a young girl, ending, however, only in a kind of cheap love-making.

Moody and odd, slothful in study, he is moved often by a conception of life which is crude, if not corrupting. He begins his career on the town newspaper and later starts for Chicago to try his fortunes there, with a few dollars in his pocket. This is as Chicago appears to him:

At page 36 we read:

> The city of Chicago—who shall portray it! This vast ruck of life that had sprung suddenly into existence upon the dank marshes of a lake shore. Miles and miles of dreary little houses; miles and miles of wooden block-paved streets, with gas lamps placed and water mains laid, and empty wooden walks set for pedestrians; the beat of a hundred thousand hammers; the ring of a hundred thousand trowels. Long converging lines of telegraph poles; thousands upon thousands of sentinel cottages, factory plants, towering smoke stacks, and here and there a lone, shabby church steeple, sitting out pathetically upon vacant land. The raw prairie stretch was covered with yellow grass; the great broad highways of the tracks of railroads, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, laid side by side and strung with thousands upon thousands of shabby cars, like beads upon a string. Engines clanging, trains moving, people waiting at street crossings—pedestrians, wagon drivers, street car drivers, drays of beer, trucks of coal, brick, stone, sand—a spectacle of new, raw, necessary life!

Again at page 39 we read:

> It was a city that put vitality into almost every wavering heart; it made the beginner dream dreams; the aged to feel that misfortune was never so grim that it might not change.
>
> Underneath, of course, was struggle. Youth and hope and energy were setting a terrific pace. You had to work here, to move, to step lively. You had to have ideas. This city demanded of you your very best, or it would have little to do with you. Youth in its search for something—and age—were quickly to feel this. It was no fool's paradise.

Such vivid description characterizes the author's art so that it may fairly be said to be the rule and not the exception.

He gets a job at storing stoves, but his pay is but a few dollars a week; and finally after having been brutally threatened by one of the workmen he leaves the place and secures a position with a real estate concern at eight dollars a week, only to be thrown out of employment when the enterprise fails. He buys a suit of clothes on the instalment

plan; hires himself out as a driver for a laundry at a slight increase in wages, begins making sketches and meets a laundry-worker who becomes his mistress. He then obtains a position as collector for a furniture company, at an increase sufficient to enable him to enter upon the study of art. Allowing himself five dollars a week for living expenses, he spends the remainder for necessaries of life and for amusement. He is fortified in his views of what he thinks is the justifiable freedom of the studio by his experience in art study and by an affair with one of the models. These are his thoughts of the artistic life (at page 50):

> There was what might have been termed a wild desire in the breast of many an untutored boy and girl to get out of the ranks of the commonplace; to assume the character and the habiliments of the artistic temperament as they were then supposed to be; to have a refined, semi-languorous, semi-indifferent manner; to live in a studio, to have a certain freedom in morals and temperament not accorded to the ordinary person—these were the great things to do and be.

On returning from a visit to his home he meets Angela Blue, who is later to become his wife. He gets a position on a Chicago newspaper, is engaged to be married, and comes to New York City, where his art struggles are described with much detail. He paints street scenes with some success, and several are accepted as covers for magazines.

Beginning with his life in Chicago, his relations with two women are given some importance and their injurious effect upon his purpose in life begins to manifest itself to the reader, though perhaps not to Witla.

At page 117 he is visiting at the home of the girl to whom he is engaged, and the morality of the girl's mother, Mrs. Blue, is contrasted with his own.

> He could feel in her what he felt in his own mother—in every good mother—love of order and peace, love of the well being of her children, love of public respect and private honor and morality. All these things Eugene heartily respected in others. He was glad to see them, believed they had a place in society, but was uncertain whether they bore any fixed or important relationship to him. He was always thinking in his private conscience that life was somehow bigger and subtler and darker than any given theory or order of living. It might well be worth while for a man or woman to be honest and moral within a given condition or quality of society, but it did not matter at all in the ultimate substance and composition of the universe. Any form or order of society which hoped to endure must have individuals like Mrs. Blue, who would conform to the highest standards and theories of

that society, and when found they were admirable, but they meant nothing in the shifting subtle forces of nature. They were just accidental harmonies blossoming out of something which meant everything here to this order, nothing to the universe at large. At twenty-two years of age he was thinking these things, wondering whether it would be possible ever to express them; wondering what people would think of him if they actually knew what he did think; wondering if there was anything, anything, which was really stable—a rock to cling to—and not mere shifting shadow and unreality.

He attains recognition as an artist; sells some pictures; marries Angela Blue from a sense of obligation, and goes to Paris, where he might legitimately expect great success. But his Paris pictures show a falling off in ability. He further deteriorates; and during what should have been the maturity of his powers, he can paint no pictures. The reason is not left to conjecture, for at page 246 we read:

It was his hope that he could interest America in these things—that his next exhibition would not only illustrate his versatility and persistence of talent, but show an improvement in his art, a surer sense of color values, a greater analytical power in the matter of character, a surer selective taste in the matter of composition and arrangement. He did not realize that all this might be useless—that he was, aside from his art, living a life which might rob talent of its finest flavor, discolor the aspect of the world for himself, take scope from imagination and hamper effort with nervous irritation, and make accomplishment impossible. He had no knowledge of the effect of one's sexual life upon one's work, nor what such a life when badly arranged can do to a perfect art—how it can distort the sense of color, weaken that balanced judgment of character which is so essential to a normal interpretation of life, make all striving hopeless, take from art its most joyous conception, make life itself seem unimportant and death a relief.

Not only is his course not defended, but on the contrary the author holds him up to the reader as "the coward, the blackguard, the moral thief that he knew himself to be" (page 263).

The weakness of Eugene was that he was prone in each of these new conquests to see for the time being the sum and substance of bliss, to rise rapidly in the scale of uncontrollable, exaggerated affection, until he felt that here and nowhere else, now and in this particular form, was ideal happiness (p. 285).

He gives up all attempt at art. His health fails; his money is gone; he obtains work as a day laborer, and his wife

goes back to her home so as to be able to exist. He recognizes the cause of the punishment visited upon him.

> To tell the truth, great physical discomfort recently had painted his romantic tendencies in a very sorry light for him. He thought he saw in a way where they were leading him. That there was no money in them was obvious. That the affairs of the world were put in the hands of those who were content to get their life's happiness out of their management seemed quite plain. Idlers had nothing as a rule, not even the respect of their fellow men. The licentious were worn threadbare and disgraced by their ridiculous and psychologically diseased propensities. Women and men who indulged in these unbridled relations were sickly sentimentalists, as a rule, and were thrown out or ignored by all forceful society (pp.393-4).

Now a married woman becomes his mistress.

After a time he obtains a position in the advertisement department of a newspaper, and subsequently becomes advertising manager of a concern with a large salary.

Then he meets the eighteen-year-old Suzanne, and is deluded into the belief that nothing else counts but another contemptible amorous affair, for which he is prepared to sacrifice his wife and his position. His savings invested in a real estate scheme are swept away; his wife dies giving birth to a daughter; and Suzanne, after removal from his influence, quickly forgets him; he turns unavailingly for consolation to philosophy, to religion and to Christian Science.

Toward the end of the book he again takes up painting, with some of his old ability restored to him. The final effect of his experience on his character is given at page 733:

> Under the heel of his intellectuality was the face, the beauty, that he adored. He despised and yet loved it. Life had played him a vile trick—love—thus to frenzy his reason and then to turn him out as mad. Now, never again should love affect him, and yet the beauty of woman was still his great lure—only he was the master.

Such in briefest outline only is the scheme of this book. Why Mr. Dreiser may have written it is not the subject of inquiry here, but only whether he is entitled to say what he has said. Yet from the point of view of the man of letters there are as many reasons why he should have written *The "Genius"* as that Rolland should have told in *Jean Christophe* the long story of the hero's adulterous intrigue with the wife of a friend who had welcomed him to the shelter of a

home, or that Galsworthy was willing to be responsible for *The Dark Flower,* and more than one other like book.

Leading men of letters of England and from the Authors' League of this country have raised their voice in condemnation of its suppression. And we have collected in the brief a few of the views of distinguished critics as to the book, though we do not give these quotations because it is necessary for you to assent to them in order to decide this case in favor of Mr. Dreiser. For whether you are in sympathy with the favorable comment of such distinguished critics as Mr. Gilman or Mr. Huneker or Mr. Mencken or prefer to accept the rhetorical arraignment of Mr. Stuart P. Sherman or the supercilious silence of some other college professors concerning Mr. Dreiser—as they labor to present their superior academic views concerning the province of fiction—is of little or no importance in this controversy.

The whole preposterous campaign that has been carried on against such books as *The "Genius"* finds its excuse in the shallow notion that the adult must be fed on the same kind of mental food as the child. Inasmuch as indolent parents betray a trust towards their children by not standing sentinel over their course of reading and intellectual and moral training until they reach mature age, a book intended for thoughtful persons must be suppressed by some Vice Society, lest the susceptible young be contaminated by contact with it! In disregard of the accepted rule of law and common sense, the application of a general principle is to be measured by and subordinated to the possibility of an individual hardship!

In the present case there is a claim urged which goes beyond even this absurdity. For in the defendant's brief this reason (italicized as in the quotation) is given as substantially the sole justification of the action of the Society:

> In these pages are included accounts of what the Society claims to be indecent conduct in art studios, and the seduction of the woman who afterwards became the wife of the principal character; adultery with two other women and improper relations with a young girl, a guest in the home of the principal character and his wife; *and the immorality of the whole story and its demoralizing tendency are claimed to rest upon the proposition that all of these women had these experiences without apparent harm to themselves or their position in society.*

Is there any more superlative degree to which nonsense may attain?

As the character of Witla is developed there are graphic scenes of his amours, on a few pages out of a volume of over seven hundred pages. Taking them all, first and last, they are, in the author's judgment, part of the setting of Witla's character—poor enough at best, with only now and then some faint recognition on his part that life is opportunity. It does not require any argument, but merely the statement of the fact, to convince us that a thing in one environment may be objectionable from the point of view of morals and even good taste and quite unobjectionable in another. Text is not to be ripped out of context and given an interpretation like that which the exhorter at protracted meetings or even the prominent divine from the pulpit in days gone by delighted to give to Scriptural chapter and verse. A nude model in the artist's studio is accepted as appropriate; exposed elsewhere it may well be the height of impropriety. Even a great picture in a gallery, that is an inspiration for the artist, may not be suitable to reproduce for indiscriminate circulation or for exhibition in the shop window. The Penal Law again and again discriminates in punishment for the same offense, according to the time, place and circumstance of its commission.

This obvious distinction is pointed out with much force in the case of *People* v. *Tylkoff,* in the Court of Appeals, at page 196, of Volume 212.

> It is obvious that the question whether a given act or word is indecent must within limitations be tested by the prevailing common judgment and moral sense of the community where it is performed or uttered (*People* v. *Muller,* 96 N. Y. 408), and further that such determination may be largely influenced by the particular circumstances and conditions under which a given act occurs. For instance, in a public meeting called to decide whether a particular woman should be appointed a policewoman or social worker it might be entirely appropriate and proper truthfully to disclose concerning her that she was an improper person for such appointment because of the bad character indicated by the word set forth in the present indictment and which while perhaps somewhat harsher in sound is entirely synonymous with other words frequently used in public discussion or reports without any resulting thought of an affront to public decency. On the other hand, without excuse or reason to use such language of a woman in a public and mixed gathering assembled to consider no subject which made the same relevant or appropriate might properly be found to be an outrageous and indecent act.

From the point of view of probability as to the development of character, are we not to say this as to *The "Genius":*

Even admitting that the subject-matter or the style of the book is not engaging, we must see that, on the whole, Witla with his temperamentally narrow, characterless outlook upon life and shut-in horizon, and deprivation of the advantages of adequate home-training or enlightening experience in the world, acts precisely as one would expect him to act. Moreover, no other character of the book does that which can fairly be said to be unnatural or unreasonable for the man or woman to do.

* * * * * * *

The question is not whether the passages which the Society for the Suppression of Vice censors can be published separately as a book, but whether they are in an appropriate context in *this* book. The question is a relative, not an absolute one, and resolves itself into this: Can such a character as Witla be portrayed by an author?

Among the dust-covered books in my library are the works of Thomas Bowdler. On turning to his "bowdlerized" Shakespeare I found that, with all his squeamishness, even he—appreciating the distinction I refer to—avoids the mutilation of many a passage wherein there is often language not appropriate for parade in conversation with children. A censor who objects to parts of *The "Genius"* would probably not be edified by such undeleted lines as these:

> Ah, dear Juliet,
> Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
> That unsubstantial death is amorous,
> And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
> Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

You will find, too, on examination that Bowdler has often been equally sane, as for instance when he reproduces scene after scene from *Measure for Measure.* Necessarily this was so, since recalling the plot of *Measure for Measure,* we must recognize that if he had acted otherwise he would have been obliged to suppress it altogether. For the action of this absorbing drama turns largely on the intrigue of a lecherous hypocrite, to buy a noble woman's virtue with the ransom of her unprincipled brother from a sentence of death.

Men of understanding know that life is not a pleasing story or a play ending well, a holiday procession or a diverting pageant to be viewed with unctuous satisfaction by the amiable professor from the college window. They know that

looked at from many points of view it is a great tragedy which neither we nor the saints nor even professional altruists are permitted to interpret or understand—a struggle between contending forces where often the standards of right are yielded to might and injustice. It is not our part to dogmatize about life, and even religion deprived of some of its old orthodox views as to the compensations of an hereafter, must stand by the side of agnosticism, mute and reverent over the inscrutable decrees of Fate or Providence.

* * * * * * *

Permit me to call your Honors' attention to a few of the cases on our brief, wherein the right to circulate books has been the subject of litigation.

In 1897 the trial of the publisher of the English translation of D'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death* took place and he was acquitted. Yet the *Triumph of Death* in so-called lewd description goes much further beyond *Madame Bovary* than *Madame Bovary* goes beyond *The "Genius."*

There are two other well-known cases in which the opinions are models of a proper judicial attitude for this case.

In *Matter of Worthington,* reported in 62 State Reporter, the right was involved to sell *The Arabian Nights, Tom Jones, The Works of Rabelais, Ovid's Art of Love, The Decameron of Boccaccio, The Heptameron of Queen Margaret of Navarre, The Confessions of Rousseau, Tales from the Arabic* and *Aladdin.* Judge O'Brien said this:

> It is very difficult to see upon what theory these world-renowned classics can be regarded as specimens of that pornographic literature which it is the office of the Society for the Suppression of Vice to suppress or how they can come under any stronger condemnation than that high standard literature which consists of the works of Shakespeare, of Chaucer, of Laurence Sterne, and other great English writers, without making reference to many parts of the Old Testament Scripture, which are to be found in almost every household in the land. The very artistic character, the high qualities of style, the absence of those glaring and crude pictures, scenes and descriptions which affect the common and vulgar mind, make a place for books of the character in question, entirely apart from such gross and obscene writings as it is the duty of the public authorities to suppress. It would be quite as unjustifiable to condemn the writings of Shakespeare and Chaucer and Laurence Sterne, the early English novelists, the playwrights of the Restoration, and the dramatic literature which has so much enriched the English language, as to place an interdict upon these volumes, which have received the admiration of literary men for so many years.

And further, at 117:

> A seeker after the sensual and degrading parts of a narrative may find in all these works, as in those of other great authors, something to satisfy his pruriency. But to condemn a standard literary work because of a few of its episodes would compel the exclusion from circulation of a very large proportion of the works of fiction of the most famous writers of the English language.

In *St. Hubert Guild* v. *Quinn,* in 64 Miscellaneous Reports, Judge Seabury held concerning the question as to whether the volumes of Voltaire were obscene:

> The judgment of the court below is based upon a few passages in each of these works, and these passages have been held to be of such a character as to invalidate the contract upon which the action has been brought. These few passages furnish no criticism by which the legality of the consideration of the contract can be determined. That some of these passages, judged by the standard of our day, mar rather than enhance the value of these books can be admitted without condemning the contract for the sale of the books as illegal. The same criticism has been directed against many of the classics of antiquity and against the works of some of our greatest writers from Chaucer to Walt Whitman, without being regarded as sufficient to invalidate contracts for the sale or publication of their works. * * *
>
> It is no part of the duty of courts to exercise a censorship over literary productions.

The defendant's counsel asserts in his brief that in coming to a conclusion as to whether or no *The "Genius"* is obscene, you are not at liberty to make comparison between it and other books. This position is not supported by the authorities he cites, which go only to the extent of stating that where an author is on trial, there may not be submitted for the consideration of the jury the entire body of literature, nor the jury required to read a certain number of books before arriving at a verdict. Naturally enough this is proper, since bounds must be set to the introduction of evidence.

The correct view under the decisions we quote on our brief is that the accepted standards of literature do furnish a basis of comparison, since necessarily opinions concerning a specific thing undergo revision as such general standards change. We do not have to search far to find the illustration to make this abundantly clear. Books critical of the Bible, which were once considered blasphemous and subjected the author not only to public condemnation but punishment, may now be written and published, without even unfavorable

comment in either a court of law or the court of public opinion. The Church itself has almost ceased to protest against the views of distinguished divines as well as laymen that belief in none of the miraculous incidents of the Bible—including even the birth of Christ—is essential to religious faith. In drawing-room conversation, as well as in public discussions, matters to-day are freely spoken of in detail which could scarcely be hinted some time since without offense. We have had the sanity to welcome back *Mrs. Warren's Profession* to the stage.

What a man like Mr. Dreiser may be able to do further with his maturer art when he comes to deal with some of the menacing things of this day and generation—for all of them will not have been burnt out, even by the fires of war—we cannot know. Do we wish to destroy a pen such as his because it is not the pen of the exhorter? And are we entitled to expect much of him if we relegate him to a desk with some official of the Society for the Suppression of Vice looking over his shoulder to tell him what he may and what he may not write?

* * * * * * *

Do we wish to ignore the fact that somewhere between the depravity of criminals and the aspirations of worthy men—in a territory whose debatable boundaries have never been fixed—there are the Witlas, with just about his attenuated hold upon decency and morality and honor? Do we wish the book we applaud to give itself the supercilious air of indifference as to the ominous whereabouts of such a place and the existence of those who people it? Shall it deal with things as they are or as we have been drugged into believing them to be or as we wish them to be? Shall we covet truth or credulity? Are we forever to be on the lookout for the book that lures us to the delectable hour and to slippered ease? Shall authors aim at subserviency to what George Santayana in his *Winds of Doctrine* terms the "genteel tradition"? Are we not willing, now and then, to welcome a protest against the smug satisfaction of much of the writing of to-day—with its starved vocabulary and structural weakness and paucity of ideas and homiletic nonsense, in disregard of the privilege and high calling of authorship?

We shall err grievously if we fail to understand that the right answer to such inquiries in and out of Court is of grave import not only to society but to the Republic.

Even if you are not disposed to agree with me as to the justifiable province of fiction, the decision must be in favor of Mr. Dreiser. For not only is vice not glorified by him, but the effect upon Witla's character of licentious excess and the flouting of social conventions is in a measure disastrous. The slave of his carnal passions, he rises in the world only to fall again, until he determines upon his emancipation; and at the end it is clear that whatever success he may thereafter attain is likely to be measured by the persistence of that resolve. If Witla cannot be said to be wholly ruined by evil propensities, he certainly is not elevated by them. Although only now and then he has a realization of how unstable he is in high purpose,—and this in part is the moral of the book or even in a sense its tragedy—the reader throughout knows of it, and never once does he excite our sympathy or have an inkling himself of the finer issues of life, except when he determines upon some assertion, feebly lived up to, of mastery over himself and his desires.

So the book parts company with Witla, unrepentant, perhaps, for there is nothing in his conduct so far as he can see calling for repentance, but quite evidently disciplined if not chastened by an experience which, if it has taught him nothing else, has at least taught him the folly of persistence in stupid, degrading error. It may even be that he looks into a future where he shall be able to lay claim to character as well as fame. For the last we see of him is in a new home with his baby child, his sole precious possession now,—his little " Flower Girl." He has carried her asleep in his arms to her couch and tucked her in and has gone out of doors under the skies of a November night.

> Overhead were the stars—Orion's majestic belt and those mystic constellations that make Dippers, Bears, and that remote cloudy formation known as the Milky Way.
>
> Where in all this—in substance, he thought, rubbing his hand through his hair, is Angela? Where in substance will be that which is me? What a sweet welter life is—how rich, how tender, how grim, how like a colorful symphony.
>
> Great art dreams welled up into his soul as he viewed the sparkling deeps of space.
>
> The sound of the wind—how fine it is tonight, he thought.
>
> Then he went quietly in and closed the door.

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Permit me to emphasize these thoughts in closing:

It is not alone Mr. Dreiser's book which is on trial before you, but interests affecting the community and the State. For when the voice of courageous criticism, protest, warning or comment concerning law or custom or life has died out because of the injunctions of courts and the mandates of arrogant legislation, or is heard in feeble utterance because of the threat of punishment, from irresponsible and officious agencies or of obloquy from a mistaken public opinion, men will indeed be bondsmen. The suppression of this book is only a new manifestation of the increasing disposition of men not to desire knowledge of the truth, provided ignorance ministers to their peace of mind. So foreboding is this tendency that I hope your Honors will not regard the following illustrations as irrelevant to the present controversy.

In many ways which I do not stop to refer to, but with which all thoughtful persons are conversant, the Church itself is not, in the words of the Prophet, valiant for the truth while it feeds men on the husks of creed and doctrine, who famish for the nourishment of a quickening faith.

Even this world-war was due to the refusal of France and England as well as ourselves to know of the truth. For Germany had announced in degenerate revelry, in book and essay and lecture, from the housetops and from the throne, her malevolent, hellish purpose to rule or ruin. Not alone were we answerable for neglect of this warning, since chivalric France just before the storm was to burst upon her was turning her thoughts to the staging of the frivolous Caillaux Trial; and England was covering with dishonor her greatest General, who was merely pleading for an army of a few hundred thousand additional men wherewith to defend her imperilled Empire. Can we doubt that fearlessness to see the truth would have avoided this war which threatens civilization with an awful desolation, if that bent line of battle in France be ever broken? Nor is this menace a remote menace having to do with some future ideal State and citizenship. It is something immediately concerning us, for on the steadfastness of that bent line waits the appalling issue whether the men of our country shall be slaughtered or crucified or doomed to a degrading bondage, and the leprous hand of lust be reached out for the sacred person of the American woman. To visualize such desolation with reference to this very room, it would mean that in the place of you who sit in this High Court,—of which we

of this City and State and Country are very proud,—would be the fawning Prussian hireling to pronounce the will of Junkerdom; and we know that such a will is the death of Justice. Yet we are confronted with all these hideous possibilities because of the disinclination of the world to look fearlessly upon the uninviting side and things of life.

Let us not deceive ourselves by regarding these thoughts as remote from this case. For to-day we of the multitude by turning away from the Truth whenever it presents a forbidding or even an unconventional countenance are in the degrading, perilous bondage of an intellectual formalism. It is a bondage which, among other things—by interpreting words to be things, emotional ideals to be ideas, creeds to be faith, superstition to be religion, appearances to be realities and many a new-fangled notion to be the equivalent for the old-fashioned values—has brought us to the cross-roads where we must take one of two paths; that for which ignorance or craven subserviency to popular prejudice is the sign-post, or that where knowledge which is unafraid is pointing the way. One is easy to travel, for it goes downwards with the heedless, motley crowd, but it abounds in treacherous places; while the other, even if it require the arduous journey amid prospects often disheartening, has the exhilaration of the upward climb with an undaunted company, and reaches the heights at last.

Mr. Dreiser insists that in his uncompromising portrayal of character he has invited us to know of truth by seeing life as it is and not as some visionary souls would conceive it to be. Shall the ascetic zealot, the obsequious time-server, the professional reformer, the blatant demagogue or their hired man be commissioned by the courts to deny to him this privilege? Nor is it extravagant to say that your favorable disposition of this case will contribute in no small measure to fortify and sustain men in the determination no longer intellectually to " halt between two opinions "—as the people of Israel, when arraigned by the prophet Elijah, were halting in their religious beliefs between Baal and Jehovah.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

FIELD-NOTES OF A CRITIC[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

EVERY life, said John Addington Symonds, has its drawbacks: the life of the saint, its pangs of mortified flesh; the life of the sensualist, its battles of lust and intervals of drowsy *crapula;* the life of the dreamer, its evanescence of delight and its unslaked appetites. So, too, the life of that least of God's creatures, the critic whose task is the appraisal of art on the wing, has its unique drawback, undramatic but disquieting. This special difficulty of the critic who must regard the arts as they pass before him on the swift wings of their contemporaneity, estimating the strength and beauty of their flight and guessing at their destination, is a difficulty of recognition. On the one hand is his obligation "to project and steep himself, to feel and feel till he understands," as Henry James has instructed him; "to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient, and yet plastic and inflammable and determinable." On the other hand are the concrete problems of the undertaking. Is Schoenberg important or negligible? Is young Mr. Leo Ornstein a pathbreaker on his way to sun-smitten heights, or is he a psychopathic curiosity? Who is telling the truth about Cubist painting: Mr. George Moore or Mr. Willard Huntington Wright? How cordially should we weep for those who looked without ribaldry upon the fabulous "Spectric" poetry of those criminal harlequins, Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke and Mr. Witter Bynner, alias "Knish" and "Morgan"?

Such problems as these are not instances frivolous or extreme: they are urgent and terrible and constant. There are critics of exceeding sensibility who sputter like a frying egg when Mr. Ornstein's name is mentioned; there are other critics, equally to be esteemed, who accept him without a

[1] *Horizons,* by Francis Hackett. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1918.

tremor of misgiving. Ornstein happens to be an aesthetic Issue, like Carl Sandburg and Masters and Brancusi and the later painting of Arthur B. Davies. In the face of these challenging apparitions you can, of course, be piously indignant, Viewing with Alarm; or you can be magisterially contemptuous; or you can have pressing business with a man around the corner, and thus avoid committing yourself; or—you can project and steep yourself, after the Jacobean formula, and feel and feel till you think you understand; and then, with a prayer to God and a defiant curse for posterity, you can speak your mind. If this is not a life with a drawback, beside which that of the saint is as an aphrodisian consummation, one misses the significance of the word.

We think of Mr. Francis Hackett as among the unterrified—a critic who has said, with Thomas à Kempis: *Da mihi, Domine, scire quod sciendum est.* His special distinction among those who in our country are observing and reporting the parade of current letters is that he has made this drawback of the critic seem unreal. Criticism, he truly perceives, " is an art limited by the critic's capacity for emotion. Without *rapport* there can be no criticism." Our critical academics are untroubled by any awareness of this need: they do not, as he says, " savor the wine of literature until they see the orthodox name on the orthodox cobwebbed bottle. They do not arouse and foster the feeling for literature; they thwart and kill it. . . ." With labels and cobwebs Mr. Hackett is exhilaratingly unconcerned; and in his " field-notes of criticism "—as he unassumingly calls this collection of studies—he is as open to new contacts, and as keen for them, as patiently eager and eagerly patient, as plastic and inflammable, as even Mr. James could wish.

This is a rare thing in our American criticism—this imaginative combustibility, this quick responsiveness of the appraising mind. " What is new in literature," said William Sharp a good many years ago, " is not so likely to be unfit for critics, as critics are likely to be unfit for what is new in literature." We in America have never been rich in critics who were able to disprove their unfitness for what is new in literature. One recalls them, as of yesterday and to-day—a congealed and timid company, for the most part, clinging with pathetic trust to their shibboleths and fetishes and muttering their creeds; one sees them crouched (as Stevenson

might have seen them) " round that little idol of part-truths and part conventions which is their deity, crying out upon ' blasphemy ' or ' indecency '—and becoming, in the process, truly blasphemous and indecent themselves."

These critical " field-notes " of Mr. Hackett's are the reportings of a subtle and sensitive observer of the Anglo-American literary scene during the past decade. Within this term Mr. Hackett has studied and annotated such variously consequential phenomena as the outgivings of Mr. Howells, Mrs. Wharton, Professor Stuart P. Sherman, Winston Churchill, Sherwood Anderson, Arnold Bennett, George Meredith, Henry James; Samuel Butler and James Joyce, H. G. Wells and Dostoevsky, Synge and Tolstoy, Rupert Brooke and Vachel Lindsay; Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Maurice Maeterlinck, Ralph Barton Perry, and Bertrand Russell. And there are memorials to certain incidents of the American stage, some pretty thoroughly forgotten, some unimportant, some worth rewarding by a backward glance—*Mr. Lazarus,* and *Watch Your Step,* and *Old Lady 31,* and *Misalliance,* and *Good Gracious Annabelle,* and the engrossing plays for a negro theatre by Ridgely Torrence. Mr. Hackett's wit, which flows with reckless incontinence, is profitably occupied in exhibiting the Broadway sentimentalities of Miss Crothers' *Old Lady 31* and the spectacle of the T. B. M. yearning toward the pseudo-nudity of a leg-show, " like a large fish floundering after a butterfly." But was it worth while giving permanent space between covers to such divertissements (shrewd and corrective though they are), when Prof. Stuart P. Sherman's spear knows so many brothers? Broadway, paphian or sweetly maudlin, is small and ancient game for so lethal a marksman as Mr. Hackett, when more pestiferous breeds are still extant.

Mr. Hackett disavows pretensions to " the deeper criticism ", with " its aspiration surpassing the aspiration of the reviewer . . ., spaciously planned and bravely carried on . . ." His deprecation is to be respected. Yet, so creative a thing is a warm and valiant critical impulse, that even a disjointed body of haphazard reviewing may exhibit imaginative and spiritual integrity; and this is precisely what comes to pass for the appreciative reader in Mr. Hackett's case: the recognition of a critical spirit singularly inquisitive and uninhibited; honest and susceptible; poetic, pliant, adventurous. This is criticism uncommonly

fine-fingered and acute. It can touch Mr. Howells and feel that "there is nothing about him, not even the oppressed patience which seems so large a part of his goodness, that vitiates his artistic being." It can touch Mrs. Wharton and feel that "with a higher sense of comedy, other realities would emerge in her landscape which, under the light that is habitual with her, is somewhat cold and bleak." Valuing the effectiveness of her satire on the absurd pretentiousness and false zealotry of the women of the American "culture" club in *Xingu*, it perceives, too, that "the satirist's acid scarifies them too deeply in their social character. . . . It is in dealing with such women as these, women who if anything would err on the side of amiability, that Mrs. Wharton becomes frigidly conventional." Understanding such as that proceeds from manifold and sympathetic scrutinies; it has seen our American existence from more than one angle.

Mr. Hackett is buoyantly unimpeded, unbeholden to formula. Taboos do not exist for him. He is not, like the majority of those who in America communicate to us their aesthetic responses, primarily a conserver of the moralities and incidentally a student of the interplay of life and the creative imagination. He is not of those who, as he says, "cower behind the moral life of the race to peer at art": who "call an artist moral names simply for giving life as he sees it": who "blame him, not for failing in his art of presenting life, but for presenting a view of life that does not edify." He is a valuable influence in American criticism because he studies our aesthetic yield without pietistic or doctrinaire prepossessions, with an eye unfilmed by conventional assumptions and spurious refinements. Our long devotion to the flaccid in art may some day be a little less depleting because of his astringencies. He sees not only what American writing is, but what it might become with an added courage and sincerity, an added delicacy of insight, an added curiosity about loveliness; with less of that reverence of inertia which is a cardinal defect of our intellectual life—reverence for sterile and invalid things, for attitudes and dogmas and dishonest certifications.

And he can be persuaded and persuasive in speaking of the Democracy that, with Vachel Lindsay, is not merely a phrase: "It is something poignant of the people. It supposes an absence of classes, a conjunction of all kinds of human beings. It is that faith in the excellence of human

beings which makes life worth living. It finds that excellence by inclusiveness. It is different from any other and all other religions. It has at root a kind relation to God because it has a kind relation to man. It is more than liberty, equality and fraternity. It is a feeling that the mortal planet is a good and decent place to live in and on. It is the thing Lincoln had. It is the thing Whitman had. It is the thing Emerson partly had. It is the thing that the West has, and not the East so much, the thing that the Negro took away from the South and yet the thing that abides, though not singularly, in America. . . . It may be religious. Perhaps it is. It comes down from the mountains, it walks among the people, it plows through snow to say who will be president." And further, in amplied reference to Lindsay: "Where else in this country of emergence is there in combination nationalism so free and swinging, religion so vigorous, human contact so unprejudiced, beauty so adored? Sometimes it is the adoration of beauty we attend at, mere services in her name. But not seldom he is at the heart of conviction and ecstasy and splendor. The man who tramped as a beggar through our States could afford to go light because of his affluence. He had every man for his comrade. He went afoot with a people. He marched with the moon and the sun."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE WARFARE OF TO-DAY. By Lieutenant Colonel Paul Azan. New York. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918.

What sort of war, from a military standpoint, is this which we are now waging—and which, in conjunction with our Allies, we must and shall win? A war, one readily answers, that exceeds all past wars in the number of men engaged, in the variety and complexity of the technical means employed, and in the greatness of the economic strain upon all the combatant peoples. If one is asked to be more specific, one feels quite safe in saying that the new thing in the present struggle is "trench warfare."

Not much greater than this, really, is the amount of military knowledge we may, in general, expect to gain from the reading of numerous war books and from an eager effort to make out the meaning of the news from the front as reported in the daily papers. Yet we cannot, of course, satisfy ourselves with three commonplaces and a half-truth. We feel that if our judgment is to be sane, our hope rational and steady, we need, as citizens, not to say as soldiers, a broad comprehension of the military problem.

That such a comprehension must require primarily a careful study of technique is one's natural first impression. An officer must possess a great deal of technical information, and a civilian who means to understand modern warfare needs, it may be readily assumed, the same kind of knowledge first of all. But this view is erroneous in that it attaches undue importance to minor facts. Even the soldier, though he must be a specialist, needs to learn principles quite as much as he needs to learn rules.

This is a truth the full bearing of which is not always easily grasped even by eager and intelligent learners, as Lieutenant Colonel Azan discovered when he was lecturing on modern warfare to student soldiers at Harvard.

"When I set forth the necessity for collaboration between the infantry and the artillery," records M. Azan, "not a hearer took notes; when one of my comrades explained that the bottom of the trench was 1.7 m. below the surface of the ground and 2 m. below the top of the parapet, every pencil jotted down the precious information."

The point is that the formation of a trench must necessarily depend a great deal upon the purposes that it is intended to serve and upon the nature of the ground. "What is the use," asks M. Azan, "in saying that the trench should be 1.7 m. deep if, as in the Yser region, water is found at .3 m. (10 inches)?" In the same way most of the

precise rules for carrying on military operations are subject to notable exceptions and limitations. For this reason, the author repeatedly cautions his readers against the tendency to memorize details such as the distances to be maintained between several lines of attacking troops, or the exact way in which during an attack the " specialists " are to be distributed.

In order that we may really begin to understand the war in its military aspect, Lieutenant Colonel Azan would have us first firmly fix in our minds the conception that this is not a war of trenches but *a war of positions.* To call it a war of trenches is to use inexact and misleading language. " The war is no more a war of trenches than it is a war of artillery, a war of asphyxiating gas, or a war of grenades."

For three years each side has been trying to " break through," by attacking vigorously in determined zones. In other words, each combatant has been attacking certain positions—a position being a strong point " usually corresponding to some geographical region and comprising several less important elements, also corresponding to the terrain, called centres of resistance." When by the capture of positions in a defensive line a deep and broad breach is made, the whole line, being threatened from the rear, may be obliged to retreat or crumble.

Like most fundamental ideas, this of " positions " is in itself extremely easy to understand—which, perhaps, is just the reason why it was for a long time overlooked. To make clear its full application, however, one would need to rehearse a large part of M. Azan's discourse on the theory and practice of modern warfare. Of course, it is only by a careful study of details—a study which M. Azan, through his French lucidity and his scholarly precision, makes as easy as possible for his readers—that one can obtain anything like an adequate practical grasp of the principle; but there are one or two corollaries that are immediately enlightening. In the first place, it is obvious that the object of all battle plans is not to occupy certain stretches of territory but to destroy the opposing army by breaking down its defences: to understand this truth enables one better to estimate the significance of gains or losses. In the second place, it is clear that the so-called " war of movement " can be but the phase of pursuit in the present war of positions, and that its appearance will be the sign of victory for one side or the other: to know this, is to dismiss much vain speculation.

Besides this fundamental principle of modern warfare, Lieutenant Colonel Azan teaches, with equal thoroughness, another great lesson—the lesson of organization in its two aspects of specialization and collaboration. Everyone knows, of course, that soldiers have to be trained to expertness in many things besides marksmanship and the manual of arms, and that team work is a necessity. But it is safe to say that few of those who have yet to read this book have formed anything like adequate conceptions of the degree and variety of specialized skill required every day at the front, or of the importance and difficulty of securing mutual understanding among the various parts of an army. The planning, the map-making, the transmission of orders and information along the line and between front and rear—all this requires a

degree of system, of individual good judgment, of coolness in emergencies, that we at home but faintly understand.

Notable for clearness and breadth of view, this treatise of Lieutenant Colonel Azan's is by no means lacking in precise facts; and the details are filled in from precious experience—experience gained at the expense of toil, and danger, and bloodshed. There is not a single fact in the book, however, which does not contribute to an understanding of the military problem as a whole. Moreover, always alert to prevent misconceptions, the author guards as carefully against overdependence upon principle as against misleading emphasis upon particulars. He shows us the difference between red tape and real efficiency in the presence of an active enemy; he makes us see what the work of an officer really is.

If anyone still cherishes the secret hope that this war may be won almost any day merely through some extraordinary stroke of luck, or some strategic inspiration, or some sudden outburst of valor, on our side, or through some oversight on the part of the enemy, this book should bring him to a more practical frame of mind and a sterner resolution; for it reveals in a very striking and convincing way the real magnitude and complexity of the task that our American armies must help to accomplish. Of very great interest in this connection are the author's observations on the training of troops in America—a subject upon which Lieutenant Colonel Azan is qualified to speak with authority: it is to be hoped that his advice has not come too late to be of use in the present crisis. More than any exhortation, this book of tested theory and grim, practical war-wisdom will prove stimulating to Americans—both soldiers and civilians—because it tells just what is involved in the military task we have undertaken.

Europe's Fatal Hour. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1918.

Superficial people assume that when the Teutonic Powers have once been completely defeated, international crime will have been effectually discouraged for the future, and progress will continue uninterruptedly along the old lines. Thoughtful people are not contented with so easy an optimism. They see, in the first place, that it will be extremely difficult to ensure peace and progress by any new political devices or by any redistribution of territory. In the second place, they see that the hope of the world lies in a revision of ideals: there must be an ethical change.

This change is even now going on. It seems clear that after this war is over men will find that their whole attitude toward life has altered. Not only will they look upon large questions with new eyes, but they will feel a difference in their subconscious reactions, their impulses, their ideals. The lesson learned from the war will be formulated in a thousand different ways. Emphasis will be laid anew upon "efficiency" and "preparedness"; peace will be extolled as never before; progress will be re-defined. But what is the great underlying lesson that we are to learn?

This is the question that Ferrero, the historian of ancient Rome, has set himself to answer in his book, *Europe's Fateful Hour.* He finds the solution of the problem in a very simple principle, derived from his study of antiquity.

Common sense and common conscience have always taught men that blessings limit one another; but the spirit of man revolts against limitations. Man is extreme even in his virtues; he builds towers of Babel; he is wise overmuch. Sometimes for brief periods there is wise living. The earlier Puritans, for example, had a large measure of sweet reasonableness; they loved God and did not despise life. But the later Puritans tended to sour fanaticism. We, their descendants, have reacted against the extreme of moral rigor; we have made the discovery that it is possible to be good without being dismal; but we have not reverted to the orderliness and equable force of Colonel Hutchinson and his fellows. On the contrary, it is easy, at least for our young people, to believe that it is possible to combine irresponsibility and "efficiency," to be entirely care-free and perfectly good. We want *both* extremes. Our rich men set no limits to their wealth, or to their philanthropy. They do not know when to stop getting money, or when to cease building libraries and endowing charities.

These are small illustrations. Everywhere may be seen the conflict between the ideal of quantity and that of quality, between power and perfection, between Romanticism and Classicism. Everywhere one may perceive the effort to achieve a paradoxical reconcilement of opposite extremes. The world has hoped to secure peace by preparing for war; it has tried to admire all ideals equally and has pursued contradictory aims with unexampled energy. "Our age desired power, but it also desired, in all sincerity, character, equity, justice, truth, good. It was easily angered if any one doubted of these virtues. Unfortunately, if it wanted these blessings, it was not the less constrained, by dominating passions and interests, to sacrifice them daily to its desire for riches and power."

Of the ideals of quality and perfection, the Latin races are the traditional custodians; and although these nations themselves have indulged not a little in the sin of immoderation and power-worship, the great overturners and breakers-down of the classic ideals of civilization and morals have been the Germans. They have, for one thing, perverted classical scholarship. Imitating their example, the rest of the world, before the war, had fallen into the way of regarding the classics as thorny sciences; and it was in a way to lose the true message of Greece and Rome. But the tendency to transform or altogether to disparage the study of the classics is, of course, but a striking symptom of a general disease—a disease that had originated in all countries at the same time, but that had taken firmest hold upon Germany.

Other peoples admire the *great;* Germany, the colossal. "The great is pure quality, whereas the colossal is quality with a large admixture of quantity. Stern intellectual discipline and humility are absolutely essential not only for the creation of the great, but also for its right understanding and appreciation. The colossal, on the contrary, is one of the myriad forms of human vanity and is readily

understood and admired even by minds of coarser fibre, wholly devoid of education." It is based upon a sort of false mysticism which seeks the infinite in vagueness, in the absence of limitation, in boundless and grandiose desires. .

But is not the secret of German success precisely that sense of order which is claimed as the especial possession of the Latin races? It is necessary to be clear on this point. Ferrero answers without hesitation, No. Order is not simply organization. Order is above all "the sense of the limits which a society ought not to overpass if it does not wish to see reason transform itself into folly, truth transform itself into error, beauty transform itself into ugliness, and good transform itself into evil."

Ferrero's fundamental idea is simple enough—so simple, indeed, that it would seem scarcely to require two hundred and fifty pages of print for its explication. The treatise is indeed prolix and eloquent rather than concise and analytical. Its central idea, however, appears to be as profound as it is simple, and its implications are wide and deep. To have stated the idea clearly, to have called attention arrestingly to the extent of its possible meaning—this is no mean achievement. Ferrero seems to have outlined a great and vital truth—a truth that is perhaps very close to *the* truth. There is something wholesome and inspiring in his exhortation to the world to return to the worship of that God who is "the august guardian of measure."

PROBLEMS OF THE PEACE. By William Harbutt Dawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918.

When a crime is committed by an individual the ethical sense of mankind demands the punishment of the criminal. Revenge, it is true, is not the animus; but punishment is punishment—and it involves restraint and privation. Is there any reason why the same logic should not be applied to nations? To this question William Harbutt Dawson replies, in effect, that if it is out of the question to indict a whole nation, it is even more impracticable to punish a whole nation.

In a sense Germany is even now being punished. Se is sustaining enormous losses on the battlefield—making bloody sacrifices in a cause which, if she ever learns the truth, will fill her soul with loathing. At home her people are said to be upon the verge of starvation. The judgment of history will be against her—and age-long infamy in the sight of the whole world is no light matter. Yet all this does not seem to be enough. Germany, we say in our hearts, is a criminal, and she should be punished as criminals are punished.

Thus it appears that for the majority of men the ideas of justice and retaliation are almost inextricably intermixed. And history hardly furnishes a precedent to show the world how to deal with an international crime so monstrous, so deliberately premeditated, as that which Germany has perpetrated. Such is the ethical problem. The answer certainly cannot be given by a purely pacifist philosophy; indignation, even when it is righteous, may be a poor counselor; and so perhaps we cannot do better than listen to the warnings of caution and common sense.

These are set forth by Mr. Dawson with that cool logic and that weight of conviction which always assure for this writer's views an attentive hearing. Though attached to moderation on principle, the author does not simply urge the practice of this virtue; rather he points out the formidable difficulties in the way of a punitive policy. His reasoning is hard to resist.

Proposed measures of economic retaliation range in practicability from the trade boycott of the Central Powers by the Allied nations to the internationalization of the Kiel Canal—"a measure," remarks Mr. Dawson, "at least more sensible than the alternative proposal, which is that it should be filled up." All these suggestions the author analyzes conscientiously, with the result that he finds them all defective. Stated simply, the unavoidable conclusion appears to be that commercial retaliation would mean not the punishment of Germany, but rather a continuation of the war under a new form; and it would mean that the real purpose of the Allies had failed. Moreover, the methods employed would necessarily be crude and wasteful. "As a simple weapon of commercial warfare, even a tariff of the ordinary kind is a device of questionable efficiency; far from being an arm of precision, it is at best a cumbersome blunderbuss with an ugly kick and an evil way of dispersing its shot indiscriminately. It is far worse with a trade boycott."

Proposals for political retaliation include projects of map-making of which the most extreme is the dismemberment of the German Empire. A thorough examination of even the more moderate and plausible of these plans strongly suggests that there is something vitally wrong with the conception on which they are all based. For example, to take from Prussia her Polish territories against her will would entail the expatriation of more Germans than Poles, and the last state of the Polish question would be worse than the first. Nor could anything but evil result from reversing the political situation in Austria-Hungary, by taking three millions of Germans bodily out of Austria and placing them under their old enemies, the Czechs. Changes, to be sure, are desirable. In Austria-Hungary a third kingdom comprising large Czech and Slovak populations might well be created. The southern Slav nations might advantageously be federated. But political changes should not be made rashly or in a spirit of retribution. It is really a very debatable question whether anything would ultimately be gained by excluding Germany wholly from the Near East or by depriving her of her colonies. As for the dismemberment of Germany, that, if it were possible, would be a signal for a new war for national unity. But in fact it would be a dismemberment in name only; for the states of the empire are organically united by interest and by feeling. Spiritual and economic dissection is beyond the power of political surgery.

Willy-nilly we must reckon with Germany in the future, and in some sense we must be reconciled to her. Unless the Allies should have the will and the power utterly to destroy her, she will remain a great nation, with power both passively and actively to help or harm the world. She will recover her strength. "I predict with confidence," writes Mr. Dawson, "that the rapidity of this recovery will even more startle the world than did the recovery of France after 1870." She will seek alliances, and she will find them, for alliances have always been determined in the long run by interest. Ill-judged retributive

measures, then, would mean a resumption of the old European system, with its dangerous division of nations into hostile groups and its unsafe doctrine of the balance of power.

With a command of facts, a nicety of reasoning and a patience in analysis, that enforce respect, Mr. Dawson discusses all the difficult and delicate problems of the peace that is to follow the present war. The question of indemnities, of reparation, of the disposition of Alsace-Lorraine—these and many other questions he presents in a somewhat unexpected but very clear light. Always he inclines toward astonishingly moderate views. He even advocates, though admitting the moral right of France to say the last word on the subject, a compromise with regard to Alsace-Lorraine. It is difficult in this and some other cases to keep one's point of view so entirely objective as a proper appreciation of the argument doubtless requires. One occasionally feels that plain moral principles are safer guides than somewhat doubtful inferences from confusing evidence. But on the whole, Mr. Dawson's treatise expresses a point of view that cannot be left out of consideration.

The conclusion of the whole matter would seem to be that the victory of the Allies must be in the end a moral victory. A political and moral regeneration of Germany is what we must hope the war will lead to. If the evil spirit is driven out of Germany, then indeed we may dispense with retaliation; but if not, retaliation, Mr. Dawson seems to believe, would be worse if possible than a practical restoration of the condition that existed before the war. Moral victory, however, depends upon material victory; and material victory must be complete. It must also, alas, be costly: moral evils are not removed by easy triumphs.

THE MAKING OF A MODERN ARMY, AND ITS OPERATIONS IN THE FIELD. By René Radiguet, General de Division, Army of France. Translated by Henry P. du Bellet, formerly American Consul at Rheims. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1918.

More limited in scope and less philosophic in thought than Lieutenant Colonel Azan's treatise upon modern warfare, General Radiguet's little book, *The Making of a Modern Army,* perfectly fulfills the modest purpose declared by its author. It will certainly aid Americans "in reading between the lines of the *communiqués,* in comprehending the plan and the importance of individual engagements, and finally in enabling those who have relatives at the front to realize fully the importance of the parts assigned to them."

The book is, moreover, an admirably clear and concise manual of war knowledge. To young men who are expecting to become officers in the American Army it should be of very great use as affording a rapid yet somewhat detailed account of the facts and methods with which they will need to become thoroughly familiar. The principal points in regard to the work of every kind of troops, the value and use of every variety of weapon, the duties of officers, including those of the chief and his staff, are all fully outlined. The making of trenches and the organization of trench systems are carefully explained. With-

out waste of words the author makes plain the practical reasons for things. Attack, defense, withdrawal, all the phases of combat, are set forth with the accuracy and with the sense of relative importance that one would expect of an experienced commander.

The ordinary reader will find in this volume, besides a concise description, clear as a blue-print, of the mechanism of a modern army, many facts that will help him to realize the huge scale of the work—for example, the striking fact that between the 12th and the 19th of April one four-gun battery fired about 3,600 shells per gun. Since this is a normal figure, it is easy to see that millions of shells are fired on a large front in a few hours. There are also citations of special acts of bravery in the book, as well as many interesting suggestions, among which one may note a hint concerning the desirability of arming soldiers with automatics for hand-to-hand combat.

More than once the author emphasizes the formidable thoroughness and determination of our enemies. He describes, for instance, the systematic fashion in which the Germans have prepared defensive positions in their rear. On the other hand, the superior physical condition and higher morale of the Allied troops give ground for confidence. The Germans, according to General Radiguet, were constrained to adopt the plan of training bodies of "shock-troops" for assault, because they had found that attacks with ordinary troops were ineffectual. The shock-troops are volunteers induced to enter specially dangerous service by the promise of better rations.

Some of General Radiguet's remarks have direct reference to America. With respect to aeroplanes, he urges Americans to sacrifice their pride as inventors and to adopt types of planes from among the best now used by the French, the British, the Italians, and even by the Germans. He makes clear why France needs American civil engineers and railroad men. A suggestion that he offers with respect to the training of troops in America seems extremely practical. In learning the work of attack and defense, the soldiers, he urges, should be trained upon "an exact reproduction of the shell-torn fields on which the American troops are destined to manœuvre in Europe."

The military information that is so important just now could not be obtained in a clearer form than in this book of General Radiguet's, nor could it be had from a more reliable source.

"Over There" with the Australians. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett, Anzac Scout. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918.

No troops have awakened more enthusiasm than the Anzacs; none better deserve admiration and gratitude. And there is a special appeal to the imagination in the story of their gathering and of their exploits. Captain Knyvett tells how the men poured in from the back country to the points of concentration; there was no transportation available, and so they walked. The Government took notice of their spontaneous movement and sent officers to meet them. The men were dressed in blue dungaree suits in lieu of uniforms and they were drilled along the road. They went with light-hearted courage, a high spirit of

adventure. There is in the tale an epic quality which all that we know of the time when America, too, had a back-country teaches us to appreciate.

These men, who set out so zestfully on the road that was to lead to Gallipoli and to Pozières and Thiepval and Bapaume, were filled with physical vigor and with the superb confidence that physical vigor gives; they had youthful enthusiasm, the pioneer love of overcoming difficulties. They were intensely proud of their country and eager "to prove her worth as a breeder of men." By a natural and free impulse they were drawn into the war. If there had seemed to be deliberate heroism, moral resolution, in their behavior, the phenomenon would be less impressive; but they simply obeyed without much thought the instinct to fight for the right.

The men were taken to Egypt for training. Kitchener knew well the best place in which to train Australian daredevils, and "it was Egypt and the desert," declares Captain Knyvett, "that made Gallipoli possible."

Instances of bravery, individual and collective, abound in the story of the Dardanelles campaign. A characteristic exploit, exactly the kind of exploit that Americans most strongly react to, is that of the New Zealander Lieutenant Freyberg (now Brigadier-General Freyberg, V. C.), who swam, towing a raft, from his ship to the coast at Bulair and by lighting flares kept a whole Turkish army in momentary expectation of an attack; after which he swam five miles out to sea, searching for the destroyer that was to pick him up, and then, when he had floated several more hours, was picked up exhausted and half dead. In the record of Australians and New Zealanders at Gallipoli and in France there are numerous instances of just such gameness; and the initiative, the dauntless courage, of these troops in battle is inspiring.

If there is any work more trying to nerve and soul than that of a scout in No Man's Land one would like to know what it is. Captain Knyvett's simply related deeds are terrifying to think about. How many persons understand what this scouting means? How many know, for instance, that the scouts are trained for work in the dark by being made to go through the ordinary soldiers' exercises blindfolded, until they gain the extra sense that a blind man has?

After long and meritorious service, Captain Knyvett was struck by a bomb and badly smashed. In a French hospital he partially recovered, but one of his legs was paralyzed and he was sent home to Australia. The grafting of a nerve upon the injured nerve of his leg made him an active man again, and he returned to the front. [Captain Knyvett has since succumbed to the effects of his injury.—EDITOR.]

Blunt and somewhat boyish in style, astonishingly effective in phrasing now and then, Captain Knyvett's narrative possesses a raw realism and a bare sincerity that go right to the heart. The author writes in an absolutely simple, conversational manner. He does not carefully work up anecdotes; he does not seem to try for jocularity or for the effect of atmosphere or flavor in describing a soldier's life. In consequence, no other narrative of personal war-experience so insistently, though undesignedly, suggests to the reader the searching question, Am I capable of such devotion to duty?

BLOCKING NEW WARS. By Herbert S. Houston. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1918.

It is, of course, one thing to argue that a commercial boycott would be wise as a measure of retaliation against Germany and quite another to maintain that economic pressure, or the threat of it, might help to prevent wars. In the latter case one has to compare the cost of engaging in commercial warfare with the cost of armed conflict. The comparison, as made by Mr. Herbert S. Houston, results in the conclusion that the grand total of the imports and exports of all the belligerent nations for 1912 falls far below the sum expended by each of these nations for war purposes in a single year. Nor can it be reasonably objected, as Mr. Houston further points out, that the effect of the proposed plan would be heaviest on non-combatants; "for as the less cannot exceed the greater, economic pressure alone, as a preliminary force to prevent war, will never be so hard upon women and children and other non-combatants as economic pressure in time of war."

The plan, Mr. Houston makes plain, has the support of many experienced business men, and so cannot be regarded as a dream of economic theorists or peace enthusiasts. If properly developed, it might lead not only to greater security against international lawlessness, but also to greater convenience in the transaction of business between the citizens of different nations. Both of these purposes would, it seems, be served by the establishment of an international clearing house and an international chamber of commerce.

The real effectiveness of the scheme is what most needs demonstration. As Mr. Houston acknowledges, the contention that if a league of nations pledged to employ economic pressure in the interests of peace had existed before the outbreak of the present war, Austria might have been held in check, is subject to the important qualification, "if Germany had been a member of the league." But, needless to say, Germany, whether she belonged to a league of nations or not, might easily have prevented Austria from going to war. In order to estimate the value of the device, one must consider what its effect would have been upon Germany herself. Germany, no one doubts, had counted the cost and would have taken the plunge in any event.

As has often been pointed out, commercial intercourse does not necessarily mean friendship, nor is mutuality of commercial interests a safeguard against the menace of militarism. The plan of using the threat of commercial warfare as a restraint seems, however, to be a logical part of the programme of the League to Enforce Peace, which is generally regarded as on the whole the most hopeful suggestion that has been made toward preventing war. The commercial boycott would introduce an intermediate stage between the breaking-off of diplomatic relations and the declaration of war. Its application would have the effect of calling the bluff of any bellicose nation, without actually precipitating hostilities.

Although Mr. Houston's treatment of the subject is rather too brief to carry complete conviction, his book is of value as setting forth a carefully formulated programme, argumentatively explained and backed by considerable authority.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XIV

(*April* 1—*May* 1)

WHEN the thirteenth month of American participation in the war against Germany opened, the great drive of the Central Powers in their spring offensive was in full swing. Already it had resulted in substantial gains of territory for Hindenburg's forces, and Berlin was celebrating the capture of a large number of guns and many thousands of British prisoners. Throughout practically all the month the drive continued, with occasional halts for reorganization, but with steady gain for the German arms. Their progress, however, became slower and slower as the extension of their lines increased their own difficulties, and as the Allied position improved and resistance was strengthened. Finally, almost at the close of the month, the Germans met a distinct and disastrous defeat. They had forced the British out of their positions on the Messines Ridge and had advanced their salient to the south of Ypres. That was the beginning of their last success. On April 29th General von Arnim, with sixteen divisions, delivered an all day assault on a fifteen mile front. The Germans were met by heavy machine gun cross fire and were literally mowed down. Thirteen of von Arnim's divisions were broken up and thrown out of the fighting. At this writing no renewal of the drive has been attempted.

Meantime, on April 15 General Foch had been formally appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies in France. Up to March 25 he had been serving as special adviser of the Supreme War Council at Versailles, and since March 25 he had been giving instructions, but only as to strategy. Since April 15 he has been giving orders as Supreme Commander on the Western front, and Italian and American troops are in his army, as well as British and French. The American forces in France have been put on the lines as rapidly as possible, brigaded with both British and French troops. On April 20 the Germans in considerable force attacked a part of the line held by our troops at Seicheprey, but were completely repulsed after hard fighting. Berlin reported the capture of 183 Americans. General Pershing reported that we had suffered rather severe losses, but there has been no confirmation of the Berlin report of this capture.

Toward the close of the month Germany began pushing Holland in a manner indicating an intention to drive the Dutch into the war. A pretext was made of the old question of transportation of sand and gravel. The month closed with the situation very critical for the Dutch, although possibility of a settlement has not been exhausted.

The steady progress of the German drive was accompanied nat-

urally by a rising tide of annexationist sentiment. The intransigeants recognized their day and again talked of indemnities and of "compensation for their sufferings, their sacrifices and their losses." There was much open expression of their determination to seize the iron deposits of France and to disregard the claims of Belgium.

While this was going on there was occurring a singularly interesting and significant series of events, centered at Vienna and aimed, apparently, at an effort to take advantage of the temporary success in arms to promote a "German peace." This series opened on April 2, when Count Czernin addressed a deputation of the Vienna City Council. He began with the boast that "with the signature of peace with Roumania war in the East is ended," and, after further felicitation on that fact, proceeded to discuss President Wilson's speech of February 11, in reply to the Czernin address of January 24. He acquitted the President of any intention to drive a wedge between Vienna and Berlin, saying "he does not desire that and knows that it is impossible."

Count Czernin then joined Count Hertling, the German Chancellor, in declaring that the four principles of Mr. Wilson's speech "are a suitable basis upon which to begin negotiations about a general peace. The question is whether or not Mr. Wilson will succeed in uniting his Allies upon this basis."

After describing the efforts which he alleged the Central Powers had made to avoid a new offensive, Count Czernin said:

"A short time before the beginning of the offensive in the West, M. Clemenceau inquired of me whether and upon what basis I was prepared to negotiate. I immediately replied, in agreement with Berlin, that I was ready to negotiate, and that, as regards France, I saw no other obstacle to peace than France's desire for Alsace-Lorraine. The reply from Paris was that it was impossible to negotiate on that basis. There was then no choice left."

Having thus intimated again to the United States their willingness to consider peace, ostensibly on the Wilson basis, Count Czernin went on to advise the President, the Allies and the Entente generally in indirect but no less forceful phrase of the real character of the peace the Central Powers are seeking. "We are fighting," he said, "united for the defence of Austria-Hungary and Germany. * * * Whatever may happen we shall not sacrifice German interests any more than Germany will desert us. Loyalty on the Danube is not less than German loyalty."

Thereupon the Austrian Foreign Minister threw in a little discussion of the terms of peace with Ukraine and Roumania, as if by way of interpreting what he expected in a peace with France, Great Britain, Italy and the United States. He said that the peace with Ukraine and Roumania included "full protection" for "our interests in the questions of grain, food supply, and petroleum," as well as "indemnification for the injustice innocently suffered by many of our countrymen owing to the war." Then he added, "I do not intend to go begging for peace, or to obtain it by entreaties or lamentations, but to enforce it by our moral right and physical strength."

"Those who continuously beg for peace," he continued, "are despicable and foolish. * * * To endeavor to conclude peace at any price is despicable for it is unmanly, and it is foolish because it

continuously feeds the already dying aggressive spirit of the enemy. * * * The leaders of the people must consider that certain utterances made abroad produce just the opposite effect from that they desire."

This speech evoked immediate and bitter retort from Paris and led in a short time to the downfall of Count Czernin. When Premier Clemenceau was asked about Czernin's statement that he had initiated a peace move, he replied with only two words, "Czernin lied."

Washington took this remarkable speech as a new peace drive, launched by the Central Powers at what they regarded as a favorable moment, when their armies were making substantial progress on the Western front. It was a calculated effort to entrap President Wilson by seeking to appeal to his well known readiness to consider peace at any stage of the war, provided there appears a possibility of securing a genuine peace on decent terms. Also Czernin probably had in mind the possibility of driving a political wedge between Great Britain and France, but Clemenceau's terse and vigorous comment upset the calculations of the Teutonic statesmen. Subsequent developments showed that Clemenceau was prepared very amply to back up his charge.

On April 5 the French Government issued a statement disclosing the fact that an interview had been had in Switzerland between Count Revertata, counselor of the Austrian Legation at Berne, and Count Armand, an official agent of the Paris Government. But it was at the Austrian's initiative and Count Revertata wrote of it as held "with a view to obtaining from the French Government a proposition to Austria which might lead to future peace and be of such a nature as to be susceptible of being endorsed by Austria and presented to the German Government." The French statement added that "Count Czernin in his speech not only did not tell the truth, but told the opposite of the truth, which in France is termed 'lying'."

On April 11th Emperor Charles of Austria personally entered the controversy with a telegram to the German Kaiser saying "I accuse M. Clemenceau of piling up lies to escape the web of lies in which he is involved, making the false assertion that I in some manner recognized France's claims to Alsace-Lorraine as just. I naturally repel this assertion. At the moment when Austro-Hungarian cannon are firing along the Western front, no proof is necessary that I am fighting for your provinces."

That same day the French Government made public in Paris the text of a letter written by Emperor Charles to Prince Sixtus de Bourbon, his brother-in-law, and sent by Prince Sixtus on March 31, 1917, to President Poincaré. In this letter Emperor Charles, after asserting the solidarity of the peoples of the dual monarchy and their determination, spoke of the bravery, resistance and dash of the French and hoped that "his keen sympathy for France, joined to that which prevails in the whole monarchy, will avoid a return of the state of war for which no responsibility can fall on me."

"With this in mind," continued the Emperor Charles, "and to show in a definite manner the reality of these feelings, I beg you to convey privately and unofficially to President Poincaré that I will support by every means, and by exerting all influence with my Allies,

France's just claims regarding Alsace-Lorraine." To this unequivocal declaration regarding France's rights in Alsace-Lorraine, the Austrian Emperor added a declaration about Belgium which, he said, "should be entirely re-established in her sovereignty, retaining entirely her African possessions, without prejudice to the compensations she should receive for losses she has undergone."

This disclosure produced rage in Berlin, dismay in Vienna and rejoicing in Paris and the Allied capitals. Vienna gave numerous explanations in defence—the letter was written by the Duchess of Parma, mother-in-law of Emperor Charles, and the Emperor had merely added some lines over his signature: the letter as published in Paris was garbled: the letter as published was a false version: the letter was a forgery, etc. Before the publication of the text, the Austro-German press had referred to it as a pure invention.

The downfall of Czernin came promptly after the publication of this letter. On April 15 it was reported both from Holland and Switzerland. At the same time it was announced that Emperor Charles had telegraphed to the German Kaiser, "Clemenceau's accusations against me are so low that I have no intention longer to discuss this affair with France. My cannon in the West are our last reply." That same day he accepted Czernin's resignation, but continued him temporarily in charge of foreign affairs. It was said in explanation of Czernin that he had not known of Emperor Charles's letter to Prince Sixtus until the French made it public. The latest attitude of the Austrian Government is that the letter to Prince Sixtus was forged and it now professes to be endeavoring to learn who was responsible for the delivery of the forged letter to the French press.

On April 17 Baron Burian, Minister of Finance in the Austrian Government and former Minister of Foreign Affairs, was recalled to the Foreign Office to take Czernin's place. He is a super-reactionary who may be expected to attempt to outdo the German Junkers.

It has also developed from Paris that Prince Sixtus had received two letters from Emperor Charles. The second has not been made public, a fact which may have some bearing upon the Emperor's refusal longer to continue the discussion.

If Czernin was really desirous of evoking a declaration from President Wilson on the subject of the possibility of peace, he was promptly successful, although no doubt he did not seek exactly what he got. On April 6 the campaign for the Third Liberty Loan began. President Wilson went to Baltimore to open the campaign and to review a division of troops from Camp Meade. It was an inauspicious day for peace talk. The President began his speech by saying:

"This is the anniversary of our acceptance of Germany's challenge to fight for our right to live and be free, and for the sacred rights of freemen everywhere. The nation is awake. There is no need to call to it. We know what the war must cost, our utmost sacrifice, the lives of our fittest men and, if need be, all that we possess."

In this speech President Wilson notified Germany and her Allies of the intention and readiness of the United States to use force to the utmost, without stint or limit, to accomplish victory.

"I call you to witness," he said, "that at no stage of this terrible business have I judged the purposes of Germany intemperately.

* * * I have sought to learn the objects Germany has in this war from the mouths of her own spokesmen, and to deal as frankly with them as I wished them to deal with me. * * * I have sought to learn from those who spoke for Germany whether it was justice or dominion and the execution of their own will upon the other nations of the world that Germany's leaders were seeking. * * *

"They have answered—answered in unmistakable terms. They have avowed that it was not justice but dominion and the unhindered execution of their own will. The avowal has not come from Germany's statesmen. It has come from her military leaders who are her real rulers. * * * We cannot mistake what they have done in Russia, in Finland, in the Ukraine and in Roumania. The real test of their justice and fair play has come. From this we may judge the rest. * * *

"I accept the challenge. I know that you accept it. All the world shall know that you accept it. * * * Germany has once more said that force and force alone shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether right as America conceives it or dominion as she conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind. There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: force, force to the utmost; force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

The next day, telegraphing to King George of England, in reply to greetings on the anniversary of American entry into the war, the President said:

"Permit me also to assure your Majesty that we shall continue to do everything possible to put the whole force of the United States into this great struggle."

The month closed with vigorous preparation to carry out the purpose thus so clearly expressed by the President, to put the entire force of the nation into the struggle. Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, having returned from his inspection of American troops in France and his conferences with our Allies, took to the House Committee on Military Affairs the estimates of the War Department for appropriations for the ensuing year. He based these estimates upon an unlimited army, and he told this Committee that it was the desire of the President to raise, equip and train the largest number of men possible. Alteration of the existing law which requires the President to raise troops in increments of 500,000 was desired. The estimates submitted aggregate about fifteen billion dollars, which Mr. Baker requested Congress to appropriate for the service of the army for the next year. That sum is considerably larger than the entire expenditure of the Government for the current year. At the same time Mr. Baker announced the early calling to the colors of several hundred thousand more men and reiterated his statement of belief that we should have more than one million five hundred thousand men in France before the end of the year. Shipments of men and supplies to Europe have been greatly accelerated already and will be further increased.

Congress has been working on various measures designed to assist in the equipment of the country for war. Two of these have been exceptionally controversial. One was the bill intended to confer upon

the President extraordinary powers with reference to co-ordination and reorganization of Governmental departments. The other is designed to enable the Government to punish disloyalty and sedition.

The month has seen practical confession of failure in one of the most important measures of preparation—the production of aircraft. On April 10, the Senate Committee on Military Affairs rendered two reports of its investigation into this question. The majority report called the Signal Corps work greatly disappointing; contained pointed criticism of the Government for procrastinating, neglect to arrive at quick decisions, and for misrepresenting the progress of the aviation programme. The minority report laid emphasis upon the fact that contracts had been let for the production of a large number of battle planes in France. During the remainder of the month the subject was before the Senate repeatedly and numerous ugly insinuations of criminality were made. Direct charges did not become public, however. On April 24 the situation reached a climax in the reorganization of aircraft production. President Wilson appointed John D. Ryan, of Montana, president of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and a member of the Red Cross War Council, to be Chairman of the Aircraft Board and Director-General of Aircraft Production in place of Howard E. Coffin. Major-General George O. Squier, head of the Signal Corps of the army, was displaced as head of the aviation section and a new division of aeronautics was created with Brigadier-General William L. Kenly as its head.

In pleasant contrast with the situation regarding aircraft production was the work of the United States Shipping Board. The demand for more men in France, emphasized by the progress of the German drive, resulted, naturally, in increased efforts to stimulate ship production in this country. On April 2 Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the Shipping Board, telegraphed every shipyard in the country that "the American people want ships, not excuses." March deliveries were 30,000 tons under estimate. He demanded a general speeding up.

On April 9 it was announced in Washington that by additional restriction on imports, by withdrawing ships from the less necessary trades, and by obtaining neutral tonnage, the United States had been able to put 2,762,605 tons of shipping into the North Atlantic service to carry men and munitions to France. Of this amount 2,365,434 tons were registered as American. Japan had promised about 250,000 tons by summer.

On April 16 a new post was created in the shipping organization—that of Director General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. It was filled by the appointment of Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Mr. Schwab is to have "practically unlimited powers in connection with the work of construction of all shipyards of the country doing work for the Fleet Corporation." That announcement was made at the White House, following a conference with the Shipping Board representatives and Mr. Schwab with the President. Mr. Hurley continues as Chairman of the Shipping Board and President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and Charles Piez continues as Vice-President of the Fleet Corporation. The post of General Manager of the Fleet Corporation previously filled by Mr. Piez is abolished.

On April 19 Mr. Schwab opened offices in Philadelphia, taking all the division chiefs of the Fleet Corporation connected with ship construction and about fifteen hundred employees with him, and it was announced that the operating department would be removed to New York. It was also announced that the output of tonnage for April would be about 240,000 tons and that the indicated output for the year would be more than four million tons. The month closed with a signal triumph for the Shipping Board in the launching of a 5,500-ton steel ship in twenty-seven days and three hours after the laying of the keel.

The campaign for the Third Liberty Loan has occupied the entire month. It closed with a substantial over-subscription in practically all of the twelve districts. At this writing it is too early to give the figures, but it is known that the loan has been the most successful undertaken by this Government, and probably the most successful of all those taken by the Allies in the number of subscribers. Preliminary figures show that probably more than 17,000,000 individuals have taken part in subscribing to this loan. This is another evidence of the accuracy of the President's statement at Baltimore on April 6 that the nation is awake.

[*This record is as of May* 1 *and is to be continued*]

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

LET MASSACHUSETTS LEAD

(From The Boston Transcript)

At the dinner tendered Lord Reading by the Lotos Club a fortnight or more ago, Colonel George Harvey made a suggestion pertinent to the times which has not found favor with professional politicians of either party. On that account it has attracted all the more attention among the people to whom "nothing else matters until the war is won." The suggestion was that the usual campaign preceding the election of a new House of Representatives, which the Constitution fixes for November next, be abandoned, to the end that the people might be spared the annoyance of the blare of partisan trumpets and give ear only to counsel and constructive criticism intended to speed up the conduct of the war and hasten the day of victory. The election must be held, but the campaign could easily become so nominal that the mass of the people would pay little attention to it and content themselves only with an examination of the records on the war of the candidates seeking reëlection. No congressman who has opposed either directly or indirectly the vigorous prosecution of the war since the declaration of hostilities ought to be reëlected. The number of those is not large and it ought not to require a campaign from coast to coast to defeat them. Concentration upon the opponents of the war and its left-handed supporters would accomplish the desired result of weeding these men out of Congress and replacing them with duly qualified citizens to whom the winning of the war as swiftly as possible is the paramount purpose of their lives.

Fortunately for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, its representation in both houses of Congress is without any taint of disloyalty, and it includes no cuckooes. Of the sixteen congressmen in the House, fifteen will be candidates for re-election. They are Representatives Treadway, Gillett, Paige, Winslow, Rogers, Lufkin, Dallinger, Tinkham, Greene and Walsh, Republicans; and Representatives Phelan, Tague, Gallivan and Olney, Democrats; and Representative Fuller, Independent. Representative Carter, Republican, will retire from Congress at the end of his term, and therefore his successor must be chosen. So far as the fifteen candidates for re-election are concerned, however—the Republicans and the Democrats—we can think of no good reason why the suggestion of Colonel Harvey should not be adopted by the people of Massachusetts. The traditional policies of peace times upon which the parties divide are not uppermost in the mind of the electorate today, but have very properly been subordinated to policies that concern the conduct of the war. The

Democratic members of the delegation, as well as the Republican members, have not abandoned their allegiance to their country and set up in its place an allegiance to the administration. Their loyalty has been loyalty to the Government and not to the personality of any member of the administration. This is not to say that every member of the delegation has been wise in all of his criticisms or in all of his compliments, but no member of the delegation has ceased to function as a congressman or is guilty today of uttering the cuckoo cry "Don't criticize—energize," a slogan of cowardice which is the successor of "Safety First" in the lexicon of national self-abasement.

In other years it will be possible to strengthen the delegation by the election of a number of men better qualified for congressional service. We can well afford to make loyalty the acid test this year—loyalty to congressional responsibility, the loyalty of intelligence and courage. Such a test the Massachusetts members of the House of Representatives, both Republicans and Democrats, can pass. What is true of the Massachusetts congressmen is true of the Massachusetts senators. In Lodge and Weeks the Commonwealth has two representatives in the Upper House of Congress whose fearless pressure for maximum efficiency in the conduct of the war is daily felt at both ends of Pennsylvania avenue. To recall either one would be worse than a loss to Massachusetts; it would be a disadvantage to the nation.

Massachusetts may well lead in the adoption of Colonel Harvey's timely suggestion by serving notice on the professional politicians to keep out of this State this year, and by re-electing the whole Massachusetts delegation at Washington in recognition of the loyalty with which they have supported the prosecution of the war, opposed its misconduct wherever they believed they found misconduct, and stood by the Government in its every forward step toward victory. Let us keep these men on the job until the war is won or until one of them falls a victim to the sneaking hope of a premature peace. The professional politicians will not welcome the idea that this is an off year for them. But this is the people's war; they will pay its costs; they are the only sovereigns in this country. Their representatives at Washington are their head servants and nothing more.

DOWN WITH NINCOMPOOPISM!

(*From The Louisville Courier-Journal*)

The President spoke well at Baltimore, as, barring an occasional slip of tongue, he speaks everywhere and always. The born pacifist finds it hard to change himself into a warrior. But Woodrow Wilson was not born a pacifist. He accepted pacifism as a part of the gospel of Sweetness and Light to which he became a convert during his literary salad days and has pursued it professionally as President of the United States.

He has learned the needful lesson in the White House. His present answer to the gage of battle thrown down by the Kaiser leaves nothing to be added or desired. It aroused the listening Marylanders to a high pitch of enthusiasm. . . .

The President has gotten bravely over the conceit that we are fighting only the autocracy, headed by Billy Be Dam'd, and his militarist Blood Tubs, not the German people; to Hell with them, along with the Hohenzollerns! Forced by Germany to take up arms in defense of all we hold near and dear, we are fighting to shield our wives and children from the defiling hand of the Germans. We are fighting to protect our homes from a beast that knows no mercy, a beast whose lust is destruction. We are fighting to preserve the institutions we love, the liberty we cherish, the freedom that belongs to us. We are fighting in France because it is there we can strike the enemy, but if we are defeated in France we shall be conquered in America; no longer freemen, but slaves of the most merciless and brutal taskmaster the world has known. Nor is it true that for the German people we have no feeling of hate. As George Harvey truly says, "you can no more separate the German Government from the German people than you can separate the bite of the mad dog from his blood," proceeding to show that the wickedness and infamy of the German people is in their blood; and the corruption and poison of their blood that have made them—not a small class or a caste, not their rulers alone, but the whole people—a nation of savages; and then, writing in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, he says:

> Nor is it true that the Prussian alone is guilty. The brutality of the Prussian cannot be exceeded, for that were impossible, by Bavarian or Saxon, but in the refinement of their cruelty, their beastliness, their inhumanity, between North and South German there is little choice.
>
> With this premise established our duty lies clear before us.
>
> Our duty is to kill Germans. To the killing of Germans we must bend all our energies. We must think in terms of German dead, killed by rifles in American hands, by bombs thrown by American youths, by shells fired by American gunners. The more Germans we kill the fewer American graves there will be in France; the more Germans we kill the less danger to our wives and daughters; the more Germans we kill the sooner we shall welcome home our gallant lads. Nothing else now counts. There is no thought other than this, no activity apart from the duty forced upon us by Germany. The most highly civilized nations are united as they never were before, actuated by the same impulse. In England, France and Italy, among the English speaking peoples of the new world, under the southern cross and on the torrid plains, they, like us, see their duty clear. It is, we repeat, to kill Germans.

That is the way to "spit it out." To the devil with the sensibilities of those nincompoops who waste their sympathies over the sufferings of the lobster as his complexion turns from dirty blue into delicate pink, while they are unmoved by the misery of the Belgians and the French. Down with nincompoopism! The millions of easy-going Americans, flattering themselves they are Christians because they feel no hate, to whom the war has as yet no meaning, need to be aroused to a realization of what the war means, not only to them, but to their men; that it is the lives of their men against the lives of Germans.

"We do not know how many Germans we have yet to kill," says George Harvey, to which the *Courier-Journal* suggests a million, or more, nor all of them on the battlefield, for there are hundreds, maybe thousands, of spies and secret agents, who must likewise be looked after.

Nor an end of the war until the Stars and Stripes float over Potsdam, until the boys in khaki are quartered in Berlin and have made Unter den Linden their own, until Bill the Damned hangs from a cross-

bar in front of the Schloss, and justice has been rendered by the German nation and people—ample, pecuniary justice—to Serbia, Belgium and France.

"UNANIMOUS CONSENT"

(From The Evening Mail)

Our good friend Colonel George Harvey and others who are urging the election of senators and congressmen next fall on a unanimous consent platform—that is, by agreement of Republicans and Democrats on candidates—ignore the fact that this was never intended to be, and is not now, a unanimous-consent government.

Ours is a government by parties—by political division of the people. It has never been better governed than when the party in power found itself faced in Congress by a spirited, critical minority; it has never been more poorly governed than when the party in power has had an overwhelming majority in Congress, and King Caucus, backed by executive decree, has legislated by steam-roller.

We are not to forget—indeed, in these days we must not forget—that the preamble to our constitution begins "We, the people of the United States * * *" The people have many opinions. They view events great and small from many angles. Every citizen is entitled to express himself as he believes to be for the best interest of the government. Sound thinking for the country is not confined to Washington, whether in the White House or in Congress; the truest interpretation of the aspirations and purposes of our nation comes from the ballot box. Take it by and large, as we look back through our century and a quarter of years, our election figures from time to time have pointed the way to our destinies more wisely, more safely, than have the voices of our statesmen.

Election day is our day of judgment by the people. It is the bulwark of our government, the best anchor we can tie to. It is never more so than in times of stress. It must be free from manipulation by two-party agreements. We must have a free Congress if we are to have a real Congress. Republicans and Democrats are one in the resolve to fight this war to a victorious finish, whether it takes one year or ten; but Republicans and Democrats may differ greatly as to the conduct of the war. In so doing, provided their differences are based on honest and broad grounds, they really help win the war. They uncover mistakes before mistakes prove disastrous; they make optimism justify itself, instead of leaving it to run riot in imagination.

President Wilson has had a more solid support from Republican senators and congressman than any President has ever had in war time from political opponents. He has had a more helpful, broader support from Republicans than he has had from his own party. He has been more bitterly assailed by Democrats than by others; and he has assailed Democrats—the latest his friend Senator Chamberlain—more bitterly than he has assailed Republicans. At the same time, Republicans have not hesitated to call attention to the weaknesses—some inevitable, others not inevitable—of the administration's methods, plans and delays. It cannot be truthfully said that the criticisms from the Republican side have been captious, petty or not well based. Men of the type of Senator

Lodge have remained silent under great pressure from war conditions to speak the truth to the country. They have waited hopefully for a change for the better; they have resisted demand after demand to make known the facts before them; they spoke only when silence had become a menace to the true interest of our country.

Such an opposition is an inspiration to good government, to responsible leadership. It ought to be welcomed, not opposed, by those in authority. Whether it is welcomed or not, the people, we may be sure, will insist upon it. No combination of party managers, if one should be attempted, could avail against the popular determination to have Congress what it was intended to be—the free expression of the people's desires and opinions.

THE "STAATSZEITUNG" AND THE CONSTITUTION

(*From The Staatszeitung*)

Colonel George Harvey, who so ably edits THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, can lay claim to inclusion among our most distinguished citizens. Yet, even he is neither "two-thirds of both Houses" of the Congress nor "the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several states." A certain presumption might consequently attach to the Colonel's attempt personally to amend the Constitution of the United States by passing over the Congressional elections this autumn, were his motives for the suggestion not so patently good. Colonel Harvey apparently looks with apprehension upon a change of Congressional complexion that might lessen the earnest coöperation between the Capitol and the White House in the prosecution of the war. The Colonel worries needlessly—even dangerously, when his worries move him to so very radical a suggestion as that which he made at the dinner given to Lord Reading the other night.

The Republican party has an honorable war record. A Democratic President has received from its representatives in the Congress sound counsel and unflinching support. On more occasions that one, when Democratic legislators on Capitol Hill developed signs of truculence, Republicans put through legislation asked for by the President and demanded by the situation. It is idle, therefore, to say that the country has anything to fear from an election which might return a Republican to the Congress from a district at present represented by a Democrat. To say it, is to indict the whole Republican candidacy of disloyalty. The record of the Republicans now in the Congress disproves the indictment, even before it is delivered.

Colonel Roosevelt very frequently says some very foolish things. There is no questioning his loyalty, however, even when he "lets himself out" as he did down in Maine the other night. "It is the duty of the Republican Party", said Colonel Roosevelt in his Portland speech, "to stand like a rock against inefficiency, incompetence, hesitation, and delay no less than against any lukewarmness in serving the common cause of ourselves and our allies." Sometimes the Colonel is given to finding "inefficiency, incompetence, hesitation, and delay" where they do not exist. This statement of principles, however, and of the duty of the Republican party is eminently sound. The same principle and the same duty are recognized by the Democratic party. It is, therefore, difficult

to see what either has to fear from the other as a result of an election required by the Constitution.

Under the political systems of other parliamentary countries general elections may be waived. Under our own, elections must be carried out as they are definitely provided for by the fundamental law of the land. So ingeniously conceived is our Constitution, however, that while a change in the political complexion of the Congress may be effected every two years, only death or impeachment can change the Executive until the term for which he is elected has expired. This condition has sometimes resulted in peace time in predicament. There is no danger whatever of it resulting so in war time. So far, party lines have been obliterated in the Congress. They will undoubtedly continue so until the end of the war.

There would, therefore, appear to be no good reason why the Constitution, rather than Colonel Harvey, should not have its way this year, as it has been allowed to have it for the last one hundred and thirty years. While we gladly admit our admiration of the Colonel's many distinguished and estimable qualities, we are compelled to say that we think his recent novel suggestion something of a slur on both the Democratic and Republican parties.

A LOTOS DREAM

(*From The Brooklyn Times*)

The unmistakably American writer for the *World* who described the banquet of the Lotos Club, and the even more profound student of the laws and institutions of the United States who prepared a headline for the stirring and striking article the writer produced, distinguished our good friend, Colonel George Harvey, as the chief, the exemplar, the archetype of all the Bolsheviki, in their exuberant interpretation of the speech the Colonel made. Probably no one in all this broad land was more amazed than Colonel Harvey when he read at the top of the first column on the front page of our contemporary, this revolutionary caption: "Keep Wilson In As the President, Colonel Harvey Urges." Nor did his amazement lose its momentum, we venture to say, when he found it printed in black and white that

> Original sponsor for President Wilson in 1906, later a predictor of Mr. Wilson's defeat by Justice Hughes, and after Mr. Wilson's election, his bitter critic and lampooner, Colonel Harvey, nevertheless, last night deplored the injection of political partisanship into affairs at Washington, and urged the two great parties reach some agreement whereby Mr. Wilson might retain office without the animosities and expense of a contest at the polls, presumably for the duration of the war.

We confess that when this paragraph assaulted our sense, we cried out, "Colonel, don't!" We prepared rapidly an appeal on behalf of the rights and liberties of our fellow countrymen, and the Constitution in deadly danger, from Phil, old scout, to Philip the day after. We felt rushing up in us a plea to Colonel Harvey to give the matter reconsideration—not in the Lotos Club, but somewhere else.

Fortunately, before we committed this to type, we read on. And on. And brought up, bang, at the end of Colonel Harvey's speech without finding a single reference to the election for a President of the United States, to be held, in accordance with law and custom, in the year 1920.

Having thus followed the lines in our vain quest, we read between the lines. Still the matter of the next Presidential election remained remote and untouched by any thought of Colonel Harvey's. He did speak of the coming Congressional elections. He did say that the legislative branch of government should remain in political harmony with the executive branch. He did urge that this be assured by an agreement of the leaders of both the great political parties to unite on all the present members of Congress, except the few whose disloyalty was easily ascertainable, or already ascertained. "True," said Colonel Harvey, "we must observe the form of an election, but there should be but one issue—loyalty to country, to civilization and to God."

Our concern for the Constitution is relieved. Colonel Harvey does not intend to commit a revolution. He just wants everybody to vote for the Democratic candidates in the coming election, who are already in Congress, or the Republicans who are already in Congress. With the exception of one or two here and there, whose names, doubtless, he will furnish on application. So far as the Colonel is concerned, we shall go right on being a Republic. But our contemporary should realize that the Lotos Club is dangerous except for seasoned veterans who can remain cool under the heaviest artillery fire.

"FATUOUS NOTIONS OF DUTY AND LOYALTY"

(From The Evening Sun)

Colonel George Harvey—like some other contemporary thinkers—has a strange idea of the United States Constitution. He seems to think it is an elastic bag with reversible lining.

His latest simple and easy proposition is that the Congress elections falling due in the early winter of this year should not be held or should be turned into a mere farce, the Constitution and the laws to the contrary notwithstanding, because in his opinion they are not necessary. He launched the idea at a Lotos Club speech on Wednesday evening. He thought the setting aside of the election was a mere matter of arrangement between the leaders of the two political parties. This looks like a neat, modern adaptation of Congressman "Tim" Campbell's famous remark.

Colonel Harvey's rosewater inspiration is quite characteristic of the period. Fatuous notions of duty and loyalty take the place of robust common sense. He fears that an election may be made the occasion of partisan striving. Well, what of it, if partisan rivalry bring out wholesome criticism and healthy competition for popular favor by demonstration of ability to serve?

What could possibly be more welcome to smug self-sufficiency and inefficiency, should they by any remote chance creep into high places, than an "arrangement" that would guarantee them against the acid test of the popular suffrage?

RHETORIC AND SPILT MILK

(From The Evening Globe)

Colonel Roosevelt is unquestionably right in saying that it is by shooting rather than shouting at Germany the war is to be won. Rhetoric has

done good (for a democracy is necessarily a government by talk), but it has done about all the good in the present crisis of which it is capable. The need of the hour is for acts, and, as far as possible, a tongue-tied leadership. Blessed is the man who can control his lips in this crisis and whose energy goes into doing.

But as rhetorical proclamations of purpose and boastful announcements of what is about to be done no longer help much, so unbridled criticism is of slender use. That unwarranted delays have occurred is patent. That the President in many respects has failed to measure up to the ideal is sadly true. But under our form of government we cannot change horses even though there should be desire to do so. The President is in office. This is a fixed fact of the situation. Such being the unalterable condition, it is not easy to see what good comes from railing at his leadership. If milk has been spilt it is not to be recovered by complainings. The President is the centre of national authority and action and he must be supported.

But disregarding the series of admitted mistakes that have been made, Colonel Roosevelt does a great public service by raising his voice to educate public opinion to the need of making preparations on the theory that the war will not be short. In August, 1914, as all can now see, this country was guilty of a great blunder when it failed to enter the war when Belgium was violated. But no one is warranted in complaining of a fellow citizen on this account. As far as we are aware THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and *The Globe* had a monopoly of the view that neutrality was impossible in the presence of the issue raised. But neither the President nor even Colonel Roosevelt saw the reality, although they both now see that if it had been recognized at once the war would have been over long ago. The colonel's eyes opened within three months, while the President's remained closed for two and a half years, but except in the matter of quicker perception the mistake was the same. Here was an error that really counted and which must not be repeated by assuming that Great Britain, France, and Italy will do our work and that hence there is no reason for America to disturb herself. It is as immoral as it is unwise for us to rely in this way on the sacrifices of our allies. We must show by acts that we are not slackers in the great business of saving civilization.

WHO FIRST DAMNED WILLIAM?

(From The Philadelphia Public Ledger)

We appreciate the kindliness of our correspondent who compliments us on having dubbed the Kaiser "William the Damned" in a recent editorial on this page; but credit for having originated the phrase should be given, we believe, to Colonel George Harvey. It's a good one.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE SCRIPTURES ON THE WAR

SIR,—

The following Scriptural applications to the War may be of interest to your readers.

Uncle Sam: For himself:

"Blessed be the Lord my strength, Who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." (Ps. CIV, 1).

"I call heaven and earth to record this day" (Deut. XXX, 19), that "by the space of three years" (Acts XX, 31), "I laboured for peace" (Ps. CXX, 7).

"The nobles . . . sent many letters" (Neh. VI, 17), "rising up early and sending them" (Jer. XXV, 4), "And the king answered them roughly, . . . saying that" (2 Chron. X, 13), "he hath described a boundary upon the face of the waters" (Job XXVI, 10), "wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby". (Is. XXXIII, 21).

"Woe is me!" (Is. VI, 5), "In the valley of decision" (Joel III, 14), "I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, and had no comfort". (Ps. XXXIX, 2).

Why he had no comfort:

"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground" (Gen. IV, 10).

"In the day that thou stoodest aloof, in the day that strangers carried away his substance, and foreigners entered into his gates . . . even thou was as one of them." (Obad. ii.)

"Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty". (Judges V, 23).

"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art luke-warm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth . . . Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing: And knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." (Rev. III, 15-17).

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark VIII, 36).

His Excuses:

"Am I my brother's keeper"? (Gen. IV, 9).

"I said unto the nobles, and to the rulers, and to the rest of the

people, The work is great and large, and we are separated . . . one far from another". (Neh. IV, 19).

"Ye have not passed this way heretofore." (Josh. III, 4).

"When he shall roar, then shall the children tremble from the West." (Hos. XI, 10).

"For as yet the people had not prepared", (2 Chron. XX, 33).

"It is a rebellious people . . . which say to the seers, See not; and to the prophets, Prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits." (Is. XXX, 9, 10).

"They cry, Peace, peace" (Jer. VI, 14).

"Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him" (1 Sam. III, 7).

His call:

"And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel said, Speak; for thy servant heareth". (1 Sam. III, 10).

"Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit here"? (Numb. XXXII, 6).

"Prepare ye war against her, and let us go up". (Jer. VI, 4).

"Arise ye, and pass quickly over the water". (2 Sam. XVII, 21).

"Go, borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels; borrow not a few". (2 Kgs. IV, 3).

"Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships . . . to bring thy sons from far". (Is. LX, 9).

His response:

"We have sinned . . . we will go up and fight". (Deut. 1, 41).

"Now I have prepared with all my might". (1 Chron. XXIX, 2).

"I will bring thy sons from the East, and gather thee from the West: I will say to the North, Give up; and to the South, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the end of the earth". (Is. XLIII, 5-6).

"And all the people said, Amen, and praised the Lord". (1 Chron. XVI, 36).

For our Army and Navy:

"Ye shall pass over before your brethren armed, all the mighty men of valour, and shall help them, until the Lord have given your brethren rest . . . then shall ye return unto the land of your possession, and possess it." (Josh. I, 14-16).

For Germany:

"The Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land, because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. There is naught but swearing and breaking faith, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery." (Hosh. IV, 1, 2).

For the Kaiser:

"Thou hast said, I am a god, I sit in the seat of God". (Ezek. XXVIII, 3).

For the Crown Prince:

"I am a worm, and no man: a reproach of men, and despised of the people". (Ps. XXII, 6).

For the Kaiser's sons severally:

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day . . .
A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand:
But it shall not come nigh thee."
(Ps. XCI, 5-7).

"They are in no peril of death, but are lusty and strong.
They come in no misfortune like other folk: neither are they plagued like other men.
And this is the cause that they are so holden with pride: and overwhelmed with cruelty.
Their eyes swell with fatness: and they do even what they lust."
(Ps. LXXIII, 4-7).

For von Emmich (Aug. 1914):

"I passed over upon her fair neck". (Hosh. X, 11).

For the Governor-Generals of Belgium and Poland:

"And he commanded the task-masters of the people, and their officers, saying" (Ex. V, 6), "Everyone that is found shall be thrust through; and everyone that is taken shall fall by the sword. Their infants also shall be dashed in pieces before their eyes; their houses shall be spoiled, and their wives ravished." (Is. XIII, 15-16). "I will not pity nor spare, nor have compassion." (Jer. XIII, 14).

For von Hindenburg:

"He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass". (Job XIX, 8).

For the Submarine:

"I will prepare destroyers against thee, everyone with his weapons". (Jer. XXII, 7).

"His soul draweth near to the grave, and his life to the destroyers". (Job XXXIII, 22).

"I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer". (Ps. XVII, 4).

For Drs. von Bernstorff and Dumba:

"They also did work wilily, and went and made as if they had been ambassadors" (Josh. IX, 4); "in whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes". (Ps. XXVI, 10).

"Are not his servants come unto thee for to search, and to overthrow, and to spy out the land"? (1 Chron. XIX, 3).

"The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords" (Ps. LV, 21).

"It was not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour: for then I could have borne it . . . But it was even thou . . . mine own familiar friend." (Ps. LV, 12-14).

"So he returned with shame of face to his own land". (2 Chron. XXXII, 21).

Their confession:

"Thou hast known my reproach, and my shame, and my dishonour". (Ps. LXIX, 19).

To those who are willing to accept a German peace:

"This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: he will take your sons, and appoint them unto him, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen . . . and he will set some to plow his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and the instruments of his chariots. And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your oliveyards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. And he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers, and to his servants. And he will take your menservants, and your maidservants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your flocks: and ye shall be his servants." (1 Sam. VIII, 11-17).

For the Secret Service:

"Go, I pray you, make yet more sure, and know and see his place where his haunt is, and who hath seen him there: for it is told me that he dealeth very subtilly. See therefore, and take knowledge of all the lurking places where he hideth himself, and come ye again to me . . . and I will go with you . . . and will search him out." (1 Sam. XXIII, 22-23).

For the Shipping Board:

"I have considered the things which thou sentest to me for: and I will do all thy desire concerning timber . . . my servants shall bring them down . . . unto the sea: and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be discharged there, and thou shalt receive them." (1 Kgs. V, 8, 9).

"Let him make speed, and hasten his work." (Is. V, 19).

For all German-Americans:

"As free, and not using your freedom for a cloak of wickedness." (1 Pet. II, 16).

For Belgium:

"And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy trouble, and from the hard bondage wherein thou was made to serve, that thou shalt take up this parable against the King . . . and say, How hath the oppressor ceased! . . . that smote the peoples in wrath with a continual stroke, that ruled the nations in anger, with a persecution that none restrained. The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing . . . Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming . . . the worm is spread under thee, and worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Day Star, son of the morning! How are thou cut down to the ground, which didst lay low the nations! And thou saidst in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God . . . I will be like the Most High. Yet shalt thou be brought down to hell, to the uttermost parts of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, they shall consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms: that made the world as a wilderness, and overthrew the cities thereof; that let not loose his prisoners to their home"? (Is. XIV, 3-17).

The Watchword for France:
" Thou shalt not pass ". (Gen. XXXI, 52).
The Watchword for England:
" Though they roar, yet can they not pass." (Jer. V, 22).
For Italy:
" And he pressed him: howbeit he would not go." (2 Sam. XIII, 25).
For Russia:
" He feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand "? (Is. XLIV, 20).
Our purpose for Germany:
" Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free ". (Jn. VIII, 32).
For the faint-hearted at home:
" In quietness and confidence shall be your strength ". (Is. XXX, 15).
For the world, after the war:
" I saw a new heaven, and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away ". (Rev. XXI, 1).

STUART L. TYSON, M.A. (Oxon.)

[NOTE: The translations used are the Authorized, the Revised, and that in the Anglican Prayer Book Psalter.—AUTHOR.]

CODDLING LABOR

SIR,—I wish to express my hearty approval of the editorial appearing in the March number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW under the heading of, " Wanted, a Leader."

For some time it has seemed to me that unless active steps were taken to disclose to the thinking people of this country the actual condition of affairs existing in our Government, and through public demand compelling the replacement of the weaklings and incompetents with whom the President has surrounded himself, the war would either be immeasurably prolonged or we would stand a very great risk of being defeated. This publicity and effective criticism can, of course, only be brought about through the press, and it was, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction and approval that I read your article as being a decided step in the right direction.

I wish to call your attention to a matter which has received very little comment by the press, and that is the reduction of working hours for the Delaware shipbuilders. The occasion imperatively demands that every loyal citizen should exert himself to the utmost according to his capabilities, and the country might reasonably expect that these shipbuilders should voluntarily increase their working hours; yet, urged on by their leaders, they demand not only abnormal increase in pay, but a reduction of working hours and the closed shop. Although the very existence of the nation is at stake, the Shipping Wage Adjustment Board—or at least two members of it—in the absence of Mr. Coolidge grant the reduction of working time demanded, giving the men the eight hour day with a half holiday on Saturday. When we are continually being told that the successful prosecution of the war and the maintenance

of our own soldiers at the front demand the maximum output possible of shipping in this country, yet these two men, Mr. V. Everett Macey, an officer of the National Association for Labor Legislation and professed union man, appointed by the President, and Mr. A. J. Berres, Secretary-Treasurer of the International Association of Machinists, nominated by Mr. Gompers, have the daring to actually reduce the working hours in the face of their loud protestations of loyalty and determination to aid in winning the war.

The public generally has not had this deliberate act of treachery brought to its attention in a sufficiently forceful manner, and I would urge that you look into and confirm these facts and bring them to the attention of the public in a suitable editorial.

As a manufacturer I have been keenly alive to the activities of the labor leaders during the war and the complete manner in which the present Administration has placed itself on record as aiding and abetting labor in all its demands. Having had many experiences with these activities and knowing what they result in, I am fearful of what may be before us unless public opinion can compel the Administration to halt in its present course.

Although a complete stranger to you, I trust you will appreciate what has induced me to write you in this manner.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. LOUIS W. DOWNES.

MAKE IT SO!

SIR,—Why, with our bedlam of preparatory war work and particularly our noisy machinery in the Committee on Public Information, have we not a Directory of War Activities in every postoffice, national bank, Red Cross headquarters, the principal public libraries, municipal employment offices, and a hundred other stations where men, women and money, with a desire promptly to throw their help into the national crisis as volunteers or employees, may, by a ready reference, connect with an attentive Government department or agency without the loss of time, bewilderment, disappointment and disgust which now prevent the country's talent from landing on the right spot?

After this German sentence I need not discuss the great utility of such publication, in a thin-papered popular edition the sale of which would pay for the whole project.

That would be mobilizing the still dormant national potentiality ready and willing to serve.

At present the man in the street, the shop, the laboratory, farm or office doesn't know who's who, what's what, or where to go with his patriotic force in a unified scheme to fight with the whole nation, not its soldiery alone.

NEWARK, N. J. H. W. WACK.

(Four Minute Man, New York and New Jersey.)

AN OLD FRIEND

I have been a reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for many years, and think I have an unbroken file since 1890—nearly thirty years. I read Colonel Harvey's articles with great interest. I think he is one of the most pungent and forceful writers of the day. His

criticisms of the Administration and conduct of the war are constructive and ought to do something toward eradicating the spirit of partisanship which is too powerful in Washington just now. If the President could be induced to avail himself of the biggest and ablest men, regardless of their political faith, a long step toward efficiency and ultimate success would surely be achieved.

Why don't you offer the WAR WEEKLY to the general public as well as the subscribers to the REVIEW? In my opinion it is deserving of the widest possible circulation.

LOS ANGELES, CAL. T. D. M.

DISSENT

SIR,—I admire the brilliant style of Mr. Harvey's writings, but I am persuaded that the author's general attitude of carping, stinging criticism of the Administration serves *no good purpose* in this hour of the Nation's peril. I regard President Wilson as the greatest, the wisest and the most far-seeing statesman in the world—the very hope of democracy. He should have the sympathy and the ardent support of every sincere and warm-hearted American citizen. The *spirit* of Mr. Harvey's utterances does not appeal to me.

PUYALLUP, WASH. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

HELPING THE LIBERTY LOAN

SIR,—The Liberty Loan Committee directs me to thank you for your kindness in granting us permission to reprint in pamphlet form Gov. Strong's Liberty Loan article from the April NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. There has been much favorable comment on this article, and we are gratified to be in a position to use it in our Publicity Campaign for the Third Liberty Loan.

Your patriotic coöperation is very much appreciated.

NEW YORK CITY. J. I. CLARKE,
(Assistant Director of Publicity, 2nd Federal Reserve District.)

YES, WE HAVE THOUGHT

SIR,—I am of the opinion that it would be a great satisfaction to you and a relief to the reading public if you could finally decide whether Mr. Wilson is the greatest President we ever had or a horrible mistake.

Every great editor has some people who look to him for political guidance and adopt his opinions as their own; have you ever thought of what must be the state of mind of your particular followers in respect of Mr. Wilson?

NEW YORK CITY. S. B. SMITH.

BRIGHT IDEA FROM HONDURAS

SIR,—An English friend, who has but recently returned from a three months' visit to his birthplace, after reading "Wanted, a Leader," remarked: "Apparently both London and Washington are having similar trouble, a leader who is determined to have no one about him who might eventually overshadow him."

To me, this was quite a new view of the matter.

SAN PEDRO SULA, HONDURAS, C. A. R. B. WATSON.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. CCVII

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Regulation of Railroads. By Samuel O. Dunn. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1918.

Face to Face with Kaiserism. By James W. Gerard. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1918.

Nocturne. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1918.

The Pretty Lady. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1918.

The Stucco House. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1918.

Battering the Boche. By Preston Gibson. New York: The Century Co., 1918.

Runaway Russia. By Florence MacLeod Harper. New York: The Century Co., 1918.

Flashes From the Front. By Charles H. Grasty. New York: The Century Co., 1918.

Europe's Fateful Hour. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1918.

Front Line. By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1918.

The Limits of Our Democracy. By W. H. Mallock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1918.

Social Democracy Explained. By John Spargo. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1918.

The Flying Teuton. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1918.

Where Do You Stand? By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1918.

"The Dark People"—Russia's Crisis. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1918.

War Time Control of Industry. By Howard L. Gray. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1918.

Thomas Hardy. By Harold Child. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1918.

Mid-Channel Chants. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Co., 1918.

In the Days of Victoria. By Thomas F. Plowman. New York: John Lane Co., 1918.

Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: John Lane Co., 1918.

The Son Decides. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1918.

Militarism and Statecraft. By Munroe Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1918.

The Passing of the Great Race. By Madison Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918.

The Voice of Lincoln. By R. M. Wanamaker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918.

Five Tales. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918.

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The Unpublished Correspondence of Madame de Stael with Thomas Jefferson. These letters, compiled and translated by Marie G. Kimball, have a remarkable bearing upon present-day events.

Other Contributors scheduled for the Review are

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Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P., one of England's ablest critics
James H. Hyslop
Amy Lowell
Captain Arthur Hunt Chute.

WHAT HAS YOUR RED CROSS MONEY DONE?

IN the first place, it has enabled the American people, through the Red Cross, to help care for its army and navy.

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At home—the millions of woolen sweaters, mufflers, socks and other comforts for the men in camps; the work of sanitation around cantonments and the help and advice given dependents of soldiers and sailors—these are things which will "make you, your children and your children's children, in whatever part of the world they may be, proud of being Americans."

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Space for this advertisement contributed by publishers of The North American Review.

PURPOSES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S WAR WEEKLY

To help to win the war;
To save America;
To beat the Huns to their knees;
To smash Autocracy;
To get fair play for the Government;
To obtain justice for all;
To interpret and analyze events;
To applaud good service;
To expose and denounce inefficiency;
To protect our soldiers;
To secure durable peace quickly;
To uphold the constitution;
To support our Allies to the limit;
To oppose continuing alliances;
To postpone vexing domestic problems;
To demand full concentration;
To assure economic equality for America;
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NEW YORK

Metals and Minerals that help win the war

A Statement from the U. S. Bureau of Mines

IN this year of 1918 the paramount desire of our country is to accomplish a "great task in a great way." All our attention is focused on great things. We think in billions and millions—men, money, food, ships, guns. Everything looms large to our eyes.

Yet in the background, overshadowed by these more obvious things, are factors which wield a vital influence in shaping the future destiny of our country. Certain metals and minerals, of which the public hears little, are such factors.

Quality as Well as Quantity

Coal, iron, steel, copper, are words on every tongue. But how many of us ever mention manganese, chromium, nickel, pyrite, sulphur, or mercury—all metals or minerals upon which victory largely depends, for they are the metals and minerals that determine the *quality* of our production!

The country must not only manufacture munitions of war in great quantities, but also munitions of the highest quality.

It is not sufficient that we have armored steel vessels; their armor must equal, or be superior to the armor of the vessels of the enemy.

It is not sufficient that we have guns equal in size and range to those of the enemy; they must also be equal, or superior, in the quality of the material from which they are made, in order that they may not fail when most needed.

It is not sufficient that we have an amount of ammunition equal to, or greater than, that of the enemy; it must also equal or surpass the enemy's ammunition in power.

Where These Metals Count

Manganese and ferro-manganese are essential for all high-grade steel production. Without chromium and nickel it is impossible to make the highest quality of linings for our cannon. Mercury is essential to produce fulminate for caps and primers. Sulphur and pyrite are the basic supply of sulphuric acid required to make all explosives.

At the present time this country is sadly deficient in these rare metals. By far the larger portion of them is imported. Yet all of them occur within our borders, and investigation and experimental work would doubtless render them available and make this country independent of all outside sources.

So long as any of these essentials must be obtained from foreign sources, the United States will be to that extent dependent and we should be dependent *in no particular*.

Van. H. Manning

Director United States Bureau of Mines

★ ★ ★

The Hercules Powder Company gives publicity to this important statement by Mr. Manning not only as a patriotic duty but also because of its intimate connection with the matters which he mentions.

This connection is two-fold. Explosives made by the Company play a very large part in producing the ores and metals upon which the country depends for victory in the war.

In turn our production of explosives depends, as Mr. Manning points out, upon the supply of sulphur and pyrite, which is not at present as great as it should be.

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